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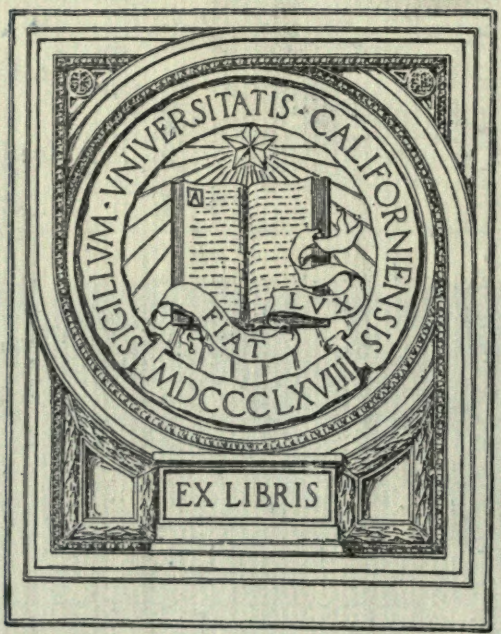

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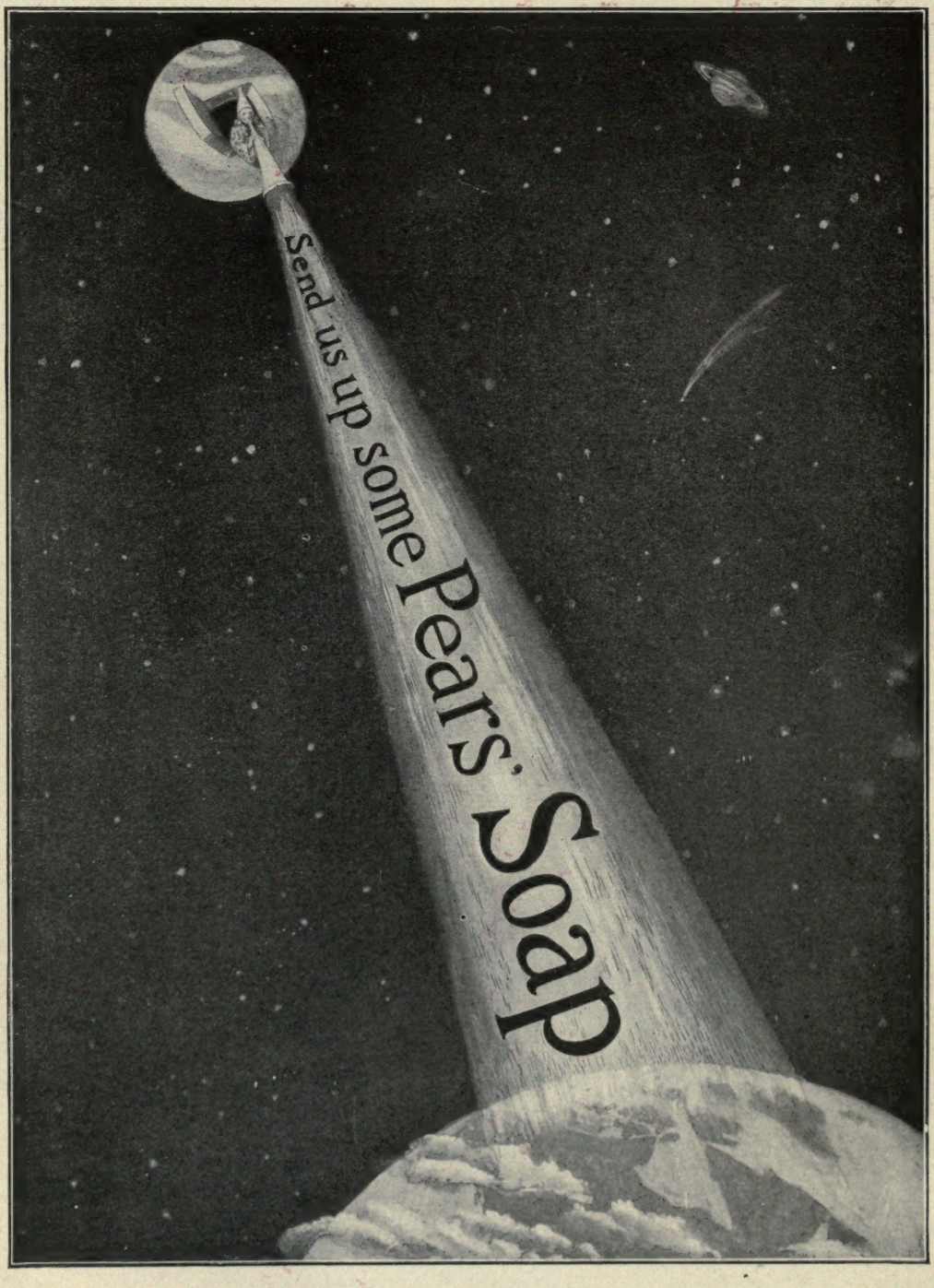

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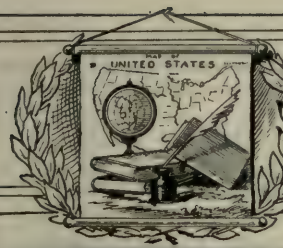

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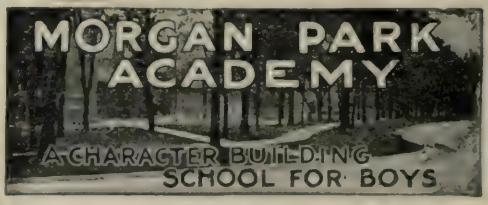

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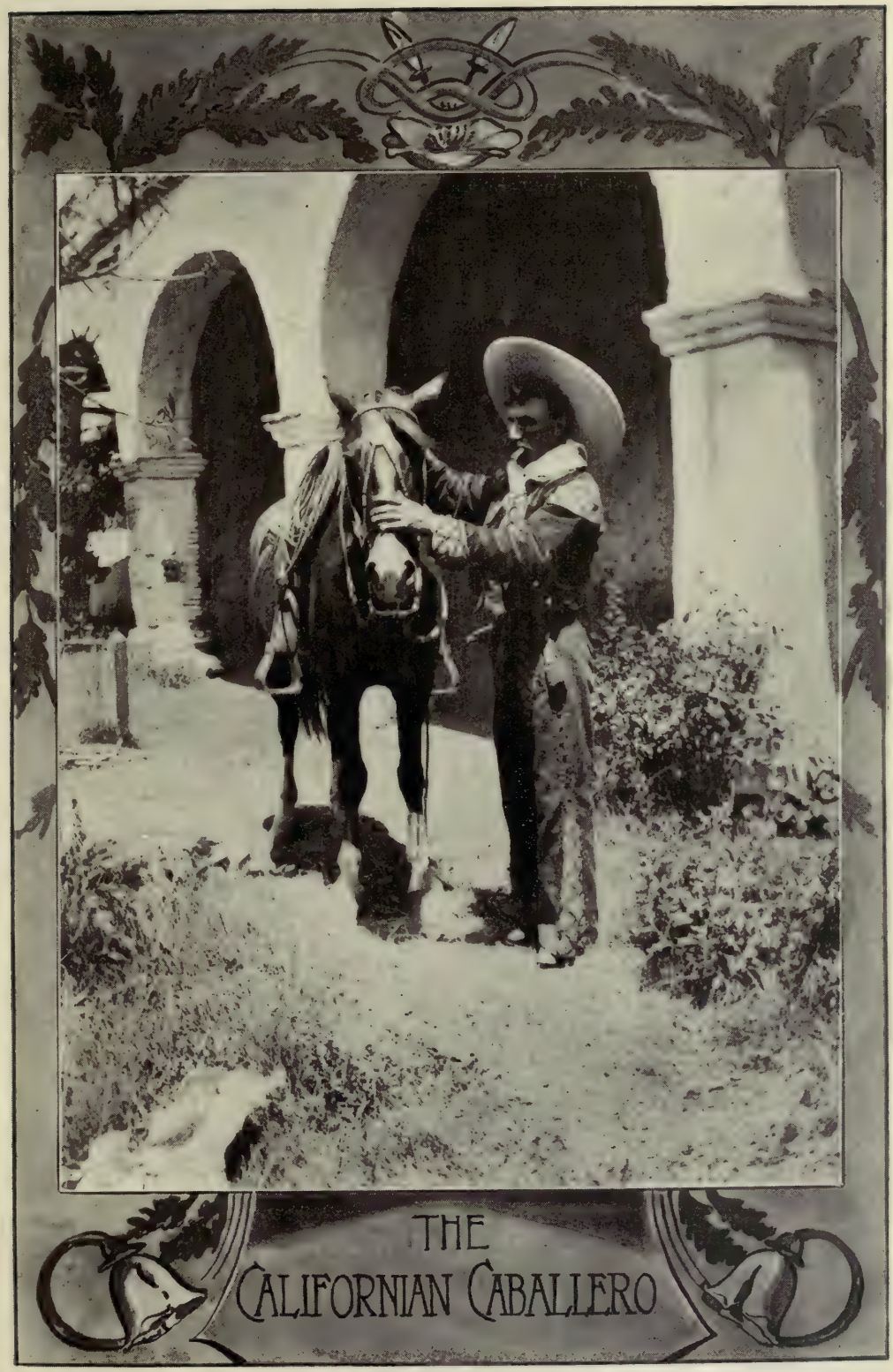
The Tides of Change

By George Sterling

Wherewith is Beauty fashioned? Canst thou deem
    Her evanescent roses bourgeon save
    Within the sunlight tender on her grave?
Awakes no wind but bears her dust, a gleam
In morning's prophecy or sunset's dream;
    And every cry that ever Sirens gave
    From islands mournful with the 'quiring wave
Was echo of a music once supreme.

All æons, conquests, excellencies, stars,
All pain and peril of seraphic wars,
Were met to shape thy soul's divinity.
    Pause, for the breath of gods is on thy face!
The ghost of dawns forgotten and to be
    Abides a moment in the twilight's grace.



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The Portal of Peace

Play of SUNSHINE on the WHITEWASHED WALLS

Glimpsed through an old Arch

A Peaceful Reader

The Pacific Monthly

VOL. XXII JULY, 1909 No. 1

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Power: Wizard of Development

By Clayton M. Jones, E. E.

BEFORE the white man arrived on the Western shore of the continent, the Indians regarded the mighty rivers of the Pacific slope with a superstitious reverence and awe. Every misty waterfall falling over the ragged precipice of rock on its way to the sea was clouded in a wealth of romance. Some Indian maiden had disappeared over its edge in a bark canoe, or the tragic death of a chieftain had taken place in its whirlpool depths. Here Indian rites and sacrificial ceremonies were held and here in the rapids were tests of bravery, strength and skill in missing the rocks in the boiling flood.

The mystic Indian legends were all clustered about the river and the waterfalls. The red man reverenced them because they were symbolical of a power infinitely greater than he or his tribe possessed, and the roar and mists which rose above the falling water impressed themselves upon his superstitious fears clear through to his religious ceremonies.

What sub-conscious intuitions were evolved through the primitive mind of the savage as to the relations of these swift-flowing streams to future human beings, will never be known, but it is sufficient to note that with the white man's coming and the red man's going, every vestige of the old superstitions disappeared except that the same wizard rivers of the past still remain the same wizard rivers of the present.

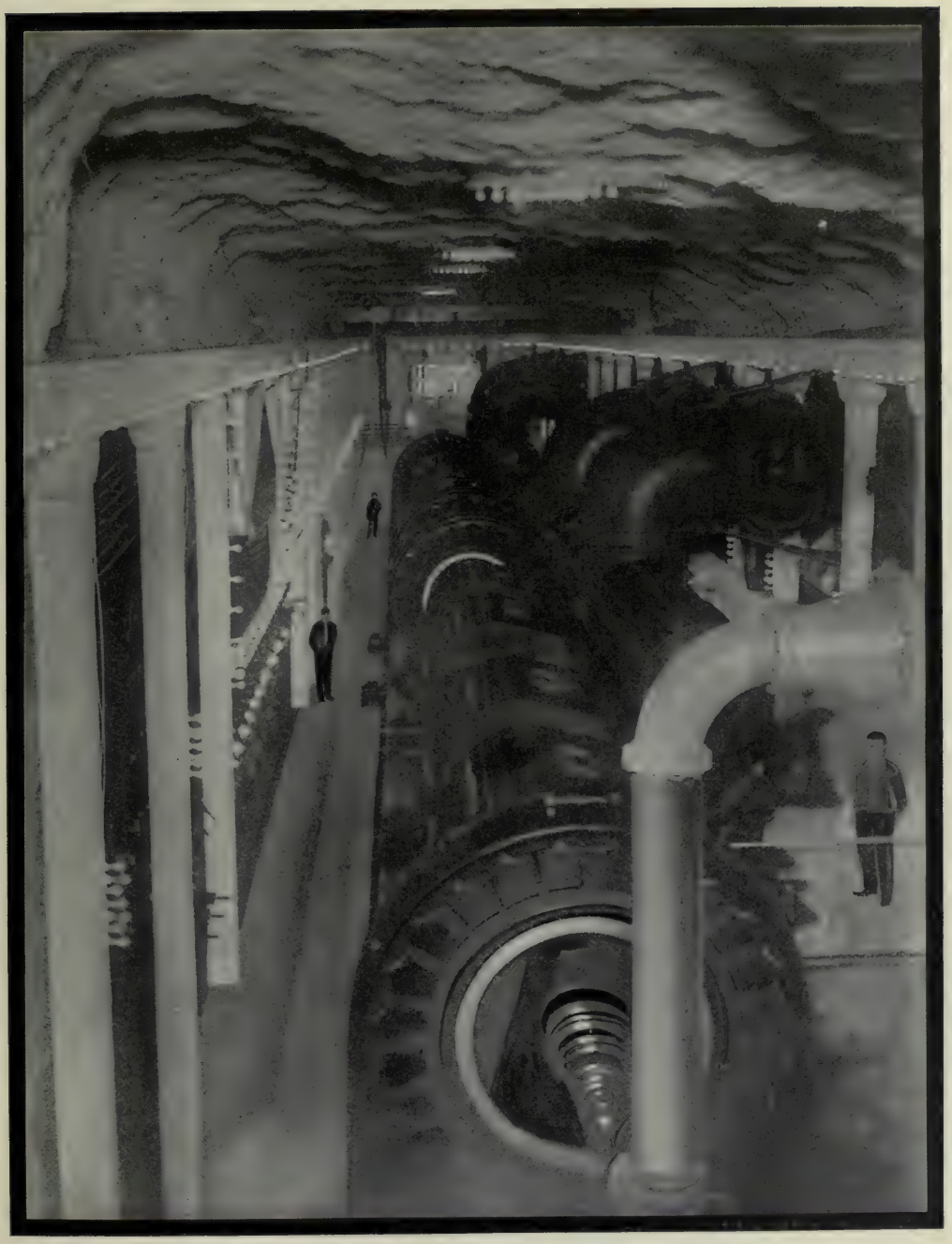
The Indian tepee has been replaced by the marvelous cities of running cars and factories and myriads of lights which defy the Night-God. The miracles of the Indian medicine man have given place to the miracles of the engineer. The parched desert has been made luxuriant and underground streams have been brought to the surface to appease the thirst of the white man. The Indian sat beside the falls and made his own garments while his squaw stolidly scratched the surface of the ground sufficiently to grow a small amount of maize or corn. But now one sees in those phantom cities or out in the open, countless little ma-

chines which sing as they swiftly rotate. Along the streets they move cars; in the factories they make goods to wear or use. and out on the prairie they irrigate and grind the grain, besides cutting up the great primeval forests.

Whence comes this mysterious energy? You trace the small wires to which the machines are connected out of the city, over hills and valleys. They are easy to trace because they are strung on high steel towers. Fifty miles you follow on, one hundred, one hundred and fifty miles and more, maybe, until you reach a small brick building at the end of a steel conduit or the base of a falling stream of water. It must be the river that makes those machines work, those cars run and those lights glimmer one hundred and fifty miles on the other side of the mountain, you say? You are right. That Modern Medicine man, the engineer, is giving out a new remedy in large doses. It is the antidote for hard, unproductive work of the sunrise-to-sunset type. It substitutes for the pigmy, ineffective brawn of man-power the resistless strength of a river transmuted to a wire of lead-pencil size and transmitted two hundred miles into your factory, the lights in your parlor or the heat in your kitchen range. Is, then, the river destined to lose its flavor of poetic romance and weird possibilities? Never! For it is solving the problem of the race—the one that has confronted it since the beginning of its existence back in the dim ages. That problem has been to produce the necessities of life without consuming every hour in which the sun gave light

Courtesy General Electric Company.

THROUGH SOLID ROCK BY MEANS OF POWER.
Cascade Tunnel, Great Northern Railway.



Courtesy Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.
POWER-HOUSE BUILT UNDER THE BED OF THE RIVER, AND CUT OUT OF SOLID ROCK.
Snoqualmie Falls Power Company, Washington. 750-Kilowatt Generators Connected to Water-Turbine.

in back-breaking toil to do it. The river is not only reducing the working day for necessities, but is furnishing the luxuries as well. It means that as the great physical force of a body of falling water has been translated into an intangible, un-

seen, etheric force, so shall greater recreation cause the translation of physical man-force into that other form of etheric vibration which we call thought. In turn the ability to think shall be applied to the forces of nature in order that the life of man shall become more and more enjoyable on this planet. The Indian's reverence of the river was not misplaced, but his squaw had to do the work. The white man is making it do the work for all.

In a book entitled *The Old Santa Fe Trail,* Quartermaster Inman, who passed the greater portion of his life on the frontier, describes a scene he beheld in the West only about thirty years ago, along the old trail not far west from the Missouri River. He was standing upon a hilltop and saw before him the newly laid rails of the Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, which closely parallels the old trading route between Leavenworth and Santa Fe. Far to the westward, just visible in the sunset, he saw the dust of a train of wagons on their way to some army post still more remote from civilization; while to the eastward there was just visible the headlight of an approaching train. In the valley below, alongside the little river, were grazing herds of buffalo and antelope, some of the last ever seen in that district, and not far from them was an Indian encampment with fires lighted for the evening meal. The Indians were on their way from their former hunting grounds to the reservation to which the government had assigned them. As a final contrast, less than a mile away, alongside the railroad, was the rough board cabin of a settler, surrounded by a field of freshly turned prairie sod which was being prepared for cultivation.

That scene occurred but yesterday in the life of the nation. It was the parting glimpse of a condition of life never to be seen again on this North American Continent, and the approaching train was the herald of a new order of things classed indefinitely under the vague heading, "civilization." This civilization in its newer sense did not apply to the condition of life which had existed for centuries on the continent of Europe, but an entirely new basis of living which was developing simultaneously with the settlement of the great American West. How different this new civilization of America was from the old civilization of Europe at that time, may be judged from that barometer of progress, the population statistics.

Before the advent of the American West, Malthus, the great European economist, had asserted tersely that: "the ultimate check to population is the lack of food," while in our own times Roosevelt has decried against the tendency to curtail the population expressed by the term "race suicide," because there was plenty of food for those who wished to produce it. In 1800 the population of Europe was 200,000,000. In 1900 it was 400,000,000; therefore in one hundred years there had been an increase in population of 200,000,000 souls in spite of the fact that the immigration to this country had increased our population to 80,000,000 of people, and during a time when the population of all of the rest of the world had increased by only 100,000,000 inhabitants. It is evident, then, that something must have occurred since Malthus' time of which he had no knowledge and did not anticipate. At that time the population of Europe seemed as large as the land would bear; but the further addition of 100,000,000 souls attests that many new factors of progress which have been put into operation with the settling of the American West were quickly assimilated by the older countries of Europe, while rendering possible the settlement in this country of future untold thousands from her shores.

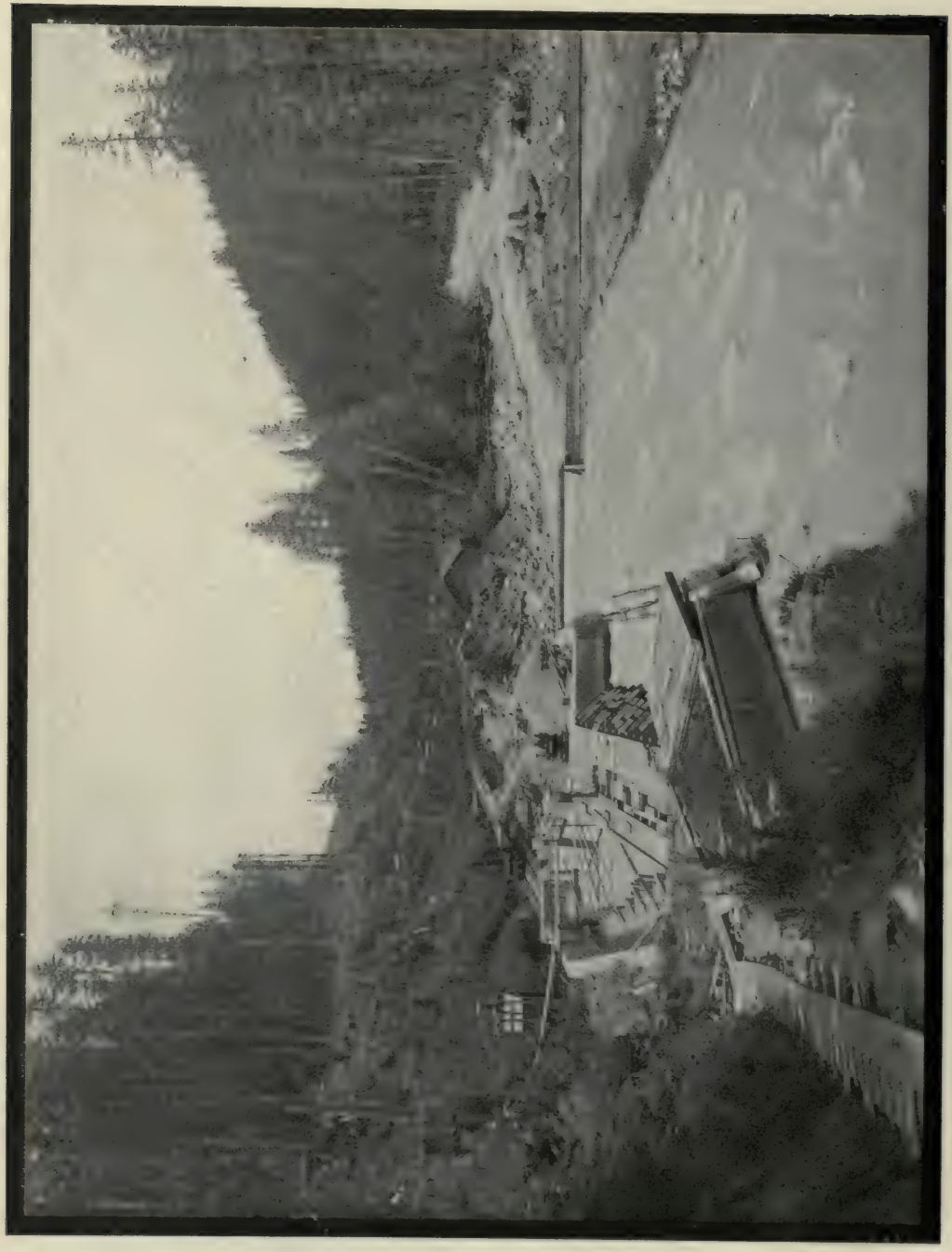
This newer civilization of the West rests upon the development of Power to lift the burden of manual drudgery off the shoulders of mankind, while increasing infinitely the productive capacity of the individual. The land of Europe can bear no more, as is shown by the recent reports of poverty and lack of work on that continent. It is evident, therefore, that the alien tide to these shores is going to increase instead of subside, because on this American continent, and especially in the West, is found that essential combination for settlement—Power and land.

It is only a question of time when the population of the United States will approximate 200,000,000 souls. Geological surveys have brought the conclusion forcibly home that the coal supply of the manufacturing East will last but another hundred years; and as the price of coal rises the manufacturing will be done more and more by the rivers of the country, and therefore by the West.

Faraday's discovery or invention of the commercial production of electricity in 1831, was an epoch-making event, but the harnessing of the waterfalls of today has been rendered possible by the utilization of those two great natural resources —coal and iron. A great geologist once said: "the nations that have coal and iron will rule the world." That was before hydro-electric developments and electric smelting of ores had come into existence. From the time of Tubal Cain down to as late as 1315, in Germany, iron was made in much the same manner in all parts of the world. Sufficiently high temperatures for fusion could not be obtained. The half melted ores were worked into a pasty bloom, which, under the hammer, gave small quantities of wrought iron, often of the very highest quality. Excellent steel for swords is still made in India by the identical processes employed by Tubal Cain.

Courtesy Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.
INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL ELECTRIC POWER-HOUSE.
Showing Four 2500-Kilowatt Generators Connected to Water-Turbine.

Even after water-power had been ap-



HARNESSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM. (I.)
Borrowing a Flumeful of Water From the Side of the Stream By Means of a Dam.

plied to the bellows, iron smelting made very little progress until the discovery of coke by an Englishman in 1619. For some years coke struggled with the hostility that meets all innovations, and it did not gain a firm hold on the trade until 1713, nearly a century after its discovery. Its acceptance gave iron-making a great impetus. Coke burned with no clearer flame than charcoal, the fuel pre-

HARNESSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM. (II.)
Carrying the Flumeful of Water Along the Side of the Valley Above the Stream, "To Get Elevation." (Mount Rainier in the Distance.)

viously in use, and it was very little hotter, but it had strength to stand up under the weight from above of very much heavier furnace charges, while still retaining its open cellular structure, so that the air of the blast could find its way to every part of the burning mass. Thus was the union of two of the world's

HARNESSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM. (III.)

Here the Flume-ful of Water is Dropped Through Strong Steel Tubes, Gathering the Force Which Whirls the Turbines at the Bottom. Note the "Borrowed" Water Shooting From Beneath the Power House, Back to the Stream.

greatest resources. That union of iron and coal has rendered possible the bands of steel stretching across the continent, binding the business and political interests together and carrying civilization to the remotest settler; it has meant the production of the machinery of printing and in this manner distributing knowledge, and then all of the various engines and machines for the doing of work could not have been constructed without the union of iron and coal.

In this manner the production of steel made possible the invention and practical

HARNESSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM. (IV.)

Row of Big Dynamos, Each Driven By a Turbine, Generating Many Thousands of Horse-Power Which Is Carried With Lightning Speed to Thousands of Motors in Distant Cities. Electron Power Plant, Washington.

utilization of the steam-engine by James Watt, and so another combination was effected, in that coal was required to run the mechanism in turn made out of the steel which it had manufactured by its terrific heat. But the event which was in after years to prove of the utmost importance to the settlement and development of the American West, was when Faraday, after ten years of experimenting, invented in 1831, the dynamo and its counterpart, the motor, which invention

Courtesy General Electric Company.

CROSSING ST. JOSEPH RIVER, SWAMPS, AND LAKE COEUR D' ALENE, COEUR D' ALENE INDIAN RESERVATION.

Transmission Line of The Washington Power Company, Spokane, Washington.

gave rise to the whole modern system of electrical distribution, so that another combination was effected by the steam engine and the dynamo, whereby the engine was required to rotate the armature of the electric generator in order to produce an electric current.

Now, the dynamo has to be made of iron which is manufactured by means of coal, as is the copper wound on its frame and used for distributing the current. At the same time that Faraday had invented the dynamo, Peter Cooper constructed and ran the first steam-engine in the United States, while McCormick, by the aid of the steel from the mills, constructed the first workable reaper, and in this manner introduced machinery for the first time to the farms of the country. The first steel reaper that severed the golden strands of wheat on the hillside farm in Virginia, also severed the thongs which had bound Hunger and the race together throughout the hundreds of years of its existence. For the reaper rendered possible the garnering of wheat on a large scale, so that the bushels that lay rotting on the ground out in Illinois and Indiana, because it was impossible to cut them by hand, could now be gathered, and this wheat surplus could be sent, by means of the steel rails and the steamships, to the points of consumption in this country and Europe.

In this manner the price of bread dropped, and on the other hand the various uses to which the power from the coal was put in the manipulation of machinery, was making life easier. These combinations evolving from the basic combination of coal and iron were making food cheap and life easier, because the race was shifting from man-power to coal-power, and in this manner escaping

the heavy drudgery of the world and at the same time increasing infinitely their productive capacity by the use of infinitely more Power. The geologist was right when he said: "the nations that have coal and iron will rule the world."

But another source of power has been developed which is destined to play a greater part in the shaping of the destiny of the race than the power derived from coal. It is the great water-powers and also the little ones of the world. The uses to which steel is put, from the making of a steel pen or the typewriter on which this article is written, to the building of a battleship, a suspension bridge, a sky-scraper, a steam-shovel, or a two thousand horse-power locomotive, is so familiar that a story of its uses would be commonplace. But strangely, the places where the energy is extracted to produce the power without which great structures could not be built or locomotives or traction cars run, have received almost no publicity. The power-houses of our times, whether hidden behind great coal-bins in the out-of-the-way places in our large cities or located far from the haunts of men, in the fastnesses of the mountains, are the real basis of our prosperity. Without them most of the activities of modern life would cease. The great transcontinental roads would cease to operate because with no permanent power-houses one could not construct them on wheels; the electric cars on the traction lines would stop, the electric lights in the cities and towns would cease to burn; the factories, the mines, the pumping stations and the newspaper presses would be shut down and the wireless telegraph would be nothing but a phantom dream.

Our whole modern civilization rests upon the shoulders of Power, and Power in turn depends upon a constant coal or

Courtesy General Electric Company.

HARNESSING A RIVER TO A RAILROAD. PRELIMINARY WORK NEAR THE CASCADE TUNNEL.

water supply for its existence, and the machinery which it operates depends upon a constant supply of steel, so that the conservation of these great resources are of vital importance to the American people. As "trusts" in the business world have been the consolidation of many small businesses to produce a large one, so in the case of the modern power-house, we find that it could not exist in its modern form if it were not for the electrical system of distribution, for it is the consolidation of many small steam plants which would otherwise exist. By the use of electricity as the transporting medium, one can transport power the same as passengers, goods, or food stuffs are transported, but with greater ease, and instantly. It was only a few years ago when the street-cars had to be drawn by horses and the streets lighted by oil and gas lamps. That was because the system of electrical distribution had not as yet come into practical use. Power had to be used at the place where it was manufactured. It could not be transported at all. It was not found desirable or practicable to place a steam-engine aboard every street-car. Since Cooper constructed his little flour-barrel locomotive in 1831 the methods of steam transportation had gradually been perfected. People and freight were finally transported over the steel rails at from thirty to sixty miles an hour instead of the two-mile-an-hour method of the ox-cart and prairie schooner of the West to which they had been accustomed.

But no one had dreamed of such a thing as transporting power. Power was invisible, intangible. It manifested itself principally through the expansion of steam in the cylinder of a steam engine or the turning of a water-wheel by the force of gravitation acting on a column of water. It was not until the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, that the electrical exhibition brought home to people the fact that Power could be actually transported; that the latent energy of the coal which had laid for ages in the ground, could be made to expand water into steam in a steam-engine which, belted to the shaft of a peculiar machine the rotation of which in some mysterious way changed the ponderous driving force of the engine into an invisible etheric force, could be directed by a small copper wire two hundred miles, if need be, to the place where the power was needed. Here it is led into machines of similar construction to the one which produced it, creating a resulting rotation. In this manner great power-houses of many thousands kilowatt capacity have sprung up because they make the power for the whole community and transmit it in the manner described.

But the ability to transmit Power long distances efficiently and economically opened up not only innumerable sources of electric power as produced by coal, but also rendered available tremendous sources of power from the rivers of the country, and especially those of the Pacific Slope. The falls of these rivers are in many instances situated over a hundred miles from the places where large amounts of power can be used, the cities, railroads and mines, so that this vast Power was going to waste all over the continent because it could not be transported to the places where needed. The horse-cars, the gas-lights and the absence of factories all bore evidence of one fact—Power could not be transported, but had to be used on the spot. In the East coal was plentiful, and so this condition was not felt so badly. The easy access to the coal-beds created large manufacturing centers. But in the West where coal was not so easy of access, it was evident that without some other source of power the settlement and development of the country would be seriously retarded. That is why, in the running of trains, in the manufacturing of goods, in the lighting of cities and the providing of water supply, in the irrigation of lands and the working of mines, the great waterpower developments which are being engineered and the consequent production and distribution of electricity derived from the snows on the peaks of the Sierras and the Rockies, to operate the activities of the coast and interior cities of the American West, are the greatest developing, settling and educational factors and have been the strongest mainsprings for the uplift of any people in any

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section in the history of the world.

There are any number of hydro-electric enterprises throughout the West which are being started or pushed to completion, being urgently demanded for the development of the country. One of the greatest river-harnessing feats of the West which has just been completed, is that of the hydro-electric plant of the Stanislaus Power Company on the Stanislaus River, in Central California. This stream runs at the rate of three hundred cubic feet per second, but with a fall of 1,500 feet, and the energy obtained equals 25,000 horse-power. This is one of the highest heads in the world. The water is taken out of the river by a diverting dam high up in the hills, carried by means of a flume about twelve miles and a ditch for about a mile. It is then passed through a short length of wooden stave pipe and then through a steel pressure pipe, 3,500 feet in length, to the power-house. Here the power company combines power development with water supply, for another pipe is carried on beyond the power-house, syphoned over two hills and carried to the San Domingo mine. The company is about to build another power-house in the vicinity with a head of 2,000 feet—the highest in the world. The transmission lines are strung on steel towers eight hundred feet apart on the level and closer together in the mountains. The total length of the line to San Francisco is about one hundred miles. The United Railways Company of San Francisco has recently obtained the controlling interest in this company for $5,000,000. In this manner they expect to save a half a million dollars annually in the cost of power.

Courtesy General Electric Company.

HUGE STEEL CONDUIT FOR DIVERTING WATER TO AN ELECTRIC POWER PLANT.

Courtesy General Electric Company.
ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Three hundred cubic feet of water per second is not a large amount, but the tremendous drop makes up for the lack in volume. To get an idea of the amount of power which this one plant produces from this small stream-power translated into work which would have to be done by the power of horses or man-power if accomplished without the power plant, just imagine that you could lift 550 pounds off the floor one foot high during one second of time, then imagine 25,000 other persons capable of doing the same amount of work simultaneously during the 86,400 seconds which comprise every twenty-four hours throughout the year, then we gain some conception of what this and other power-houses throughout the West are doing in the line of actual work for the race.

The greatest perpendicular fall in the world is found at Durango, Colorado, where a vertical four-foot solid column of water one thousand feet in height is shot into impulse water-turbines turning electric generators of forty thousand horsepower. A rifle bullet striking it is brushed off like a fly on your ear. A half-inch jet from this stream would drill a hole through sheet steel in a few moments. One can swim in the reservoir above, but contact with this same stream of water at the base of the cliff would mean death. Here it is that this force of forty thousand horse-power encounters the magic machines, which transmute it into an intangible etheric force, shooting with incredible swiftness along a wire smaller than the diameter of your little finger. Here, the river is diverted through flumes about the same distance and in the same manner as the Stanislaus in California.

Another type of river harnessing at a comparatively low head as compared with these tremendous drops, is at Snoqualmie Falls, near Seattle and Tacoma. These falls are about sixty feet in height

and machinery has been installed to develop ten thousand horse-power. It is one of the most unique hydro-electric developments in the history of power-house construction. A huge cavern was cut out of solid rock underneath the river bed and directly beneath the brink of the falls. Into this underground cavern in the rock, machinery was installed to develop ten thousand horse-power. This power runs scores of small industries in Tacoma and Seattle; it supplies the entire city lighting of Tacoma and it furnishes power and light to Renton, Kent, Puyallup, Auburn, Issquah, Sumner and Swansea. It grinds over twelve thousand bushels of wheat daily, and at the Tacoma smelter treats 750 tons of ore daily; it furnishes power for the largest iron works in the Northwest, for the American Steel and Wire Company; for the Washington Shoe Company, and for the Metropolitan Press of Seattle. This same power is also running the trolley cars at Seattle which carry 40,000,000 passengers each year. It also runs the cars which carry over a million passengers yearly between Tacoma and Seattle, besides operating the Seattle and Renton Railway, carrying twelve thousand passengers in the course of a twelvemonth. Typical is this water-power of the variety and extent which a comparatively small development may serve.

In California, the California Electric Company, with a capital of $7,500,000, proposes to develop valuable water rights which it owns in the Sierras, and will generate and transmit electricity from the mountains to the Bay cities. The building of the vast electric power-plant of the Great Western Power Company on the Feather River, in California, is nearing completion. The harnessing of this river has been as spectacular and

Photograph Loaned by General Electric Company.

A WOODEN FLUME FOR A POWER ENTERPRISE UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE WEST.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC'S TRACKS RUN ALONGSIDE THE RIVER THAT IS PULLING ITS TRAINS.

dramatic as that other unusual hydro-electric development at Snoqualmie Falls. The west branch makes a big horseshoe-bend twenty-five miles above Oroville, coming within three miles of itself again. The intervening mountain has been tunneled and the river side-tracked or short circuited through the mountain, thus ob-

taining the necessary drop where the power-house is located. Here the tremendous total of 430,000 horse-power will ultimately be developed. The plant already built is capable of developing 40,000 kilowatt (1 kw. equals .746 H. P.), of which 10,000 is now being transmitted to Oakland, California, 165 miles distant.

In Oregon, the Clackamas Power and Irrigation Company proposes to construct and operate water systems, reservoirs, etc.; to supply water for public, agriculture, mining purposes and also to establish and operate electrical systems. The Portland, Baker City and Butte Electric Railroad Company has filed articles of incorporation with a capital stock of $2,000,000 for the purpose of constructing an electric railway from Portland to Baker City across Idaho and Montana to Butte. The Hood River Light and Power Company is planning to make improvements and additions to its system. At Redmond, an electric plant is about to be installed at Gline Falls, while at The Dalles, Oregon, the Interior Development Company has appropriated 500,000 cubic inches of water per second from the Deschutes River, and proposes to reclaim thousands of acres of semi-arid lands in Wasco County. It is proposed to construct a dam sixty feet high, with a canal having screens and intakes, flumes, pipe-lines; also the erection of power-houses and installation of hydro-electric machinery. This work is now commencing. At Bend, Eugene, Marshfield, Roseburg, Canby and Pendleton, rivers are being harnessed and hydro-electric power-houses are under course of construction.

The Portland Railway, Light & Power Company, by far the largest manufacturer of electric power in Oregon, develops over 50,000 horsepower, supplying the cities of Portland, Oregon City, Salem, Vancouver and smaller towns. From the falls of the Willamette at Oregon City, this company develops 12,000 horsepower and at the Cazadero plant on the Clackamas, about 25,000 more. But a small fraction of the waterpower available in Oregon has been developed. One river alone in this state, the Deschutes, is estimated to be capable of developing 1,000,000 horsepower.

In Washington, the Big Bend Transit Company owns water rights on the Spokane River capable of developing 25,000 horse-power, and is at work on the construction of an electric light plant of 10,000 horse-power capacity. They are also about to build an electric railway from Spokane to Davenport, with a branch to the junction of the Spokane and Columbia rivers. A power-house is to be built at the Narrows located one and a half miles above the mouth of the Spokane River.

A municipal plant is being built by the citizens of Tacoma, the water-power being derived from the upper Nisqually River at a cost of $1,750,000 in the construction of the plant. Plans are being made by the Washington Water Power Company for extensive improvements and extensions to its system during the coming year, which will involve the expenditure of $3,000,000 and will include the purchase of equipment, enlargement and distributing stations. The company proposes to erect a power plant at Little Falls at a cost of $750,000. At North Yakima, 10,000 cubic feet of water will be diverted from the river to operate a street railway and manufacturing plants, also to supply electricity to towns for lamps and motors. A 3,000 horse-power plant will also be installed here to pump water for irrigating the land.

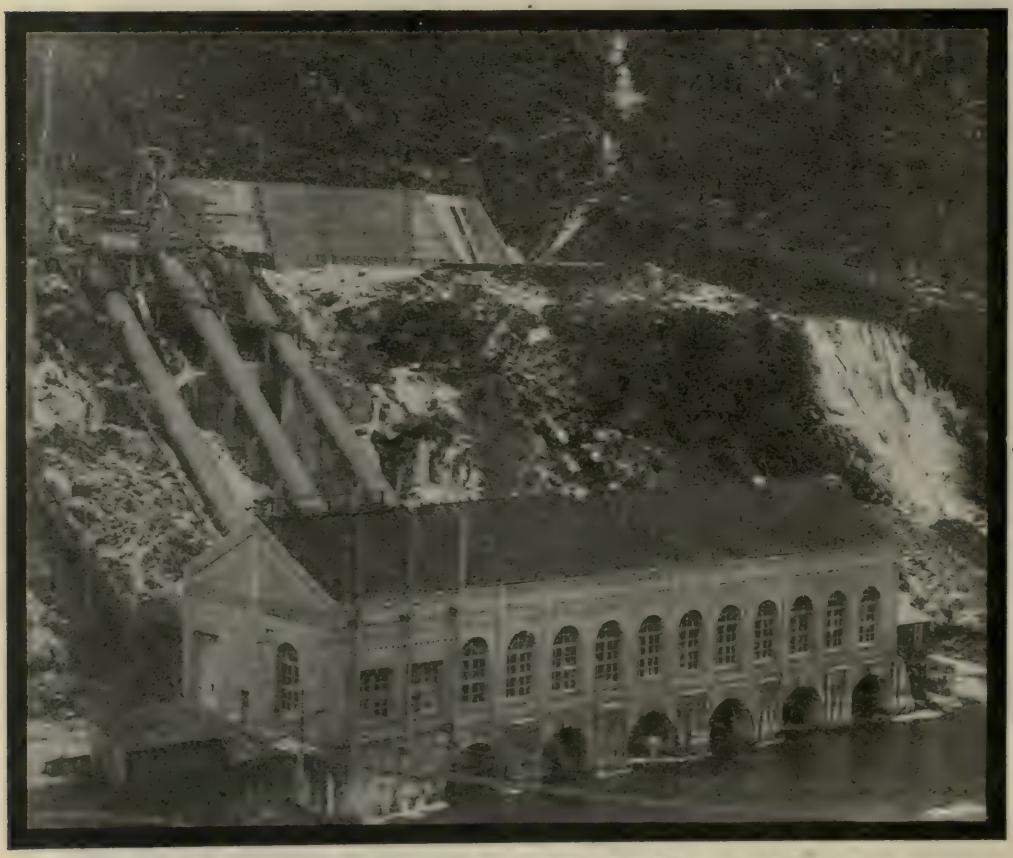
At Canon City, Colorado, $450,000 is being expended in the construction of a hydro-electric plant, the water being returned to the river to irrigate several thousand acres of land south of the city. Near Denver, the Continental Mines, Power and Reduction Company has erected a hydro-electric plant and transmission lines to operate the mines and mills of Creek County. Here also hydro-electric operations are being carried on by the Eastern Colorado Power Company involving an expenditure of $1,500,000.

Near the Cascade Tunnel on the Great Northern Railroad, that company has harnessed a river to its railroad. In crossing the Rocky Mountains the Great Northern has tunneled through a moun-

tain at a grade of about one in fifty-nine. As there are no shafts, unfavorable conditions existed for ventilation, so that it has been recently necessary to electrify this portion of the road, for the growing traffic made the tunnel air very foul. The smoke and moisture not only formed a slippery deposit on the rails, but also obscured the signals. It is possible to provide nearly 5,000 horse-power for very heavy railway service by connecting three of these engines together on the multiple-unit system. Two of these electric engines are capable of hauling a train load of 1,500 tons up grade of one in forty-six at a speed of fifteen miles an hour. The power station is thirty miles away and furnishes a transmission pressure of 30,000 volts. It is interesting to note that the motors of the train descending the heavy grade assist the electric locomotive on the other train climbing the steep mountain, by the current generated by the coasting-down-hill train.

Electric transportation over the heavy grades in the Rockies has proved so much more desirable and efficient than steam locomotives that the Canadian Pacific proposes to electrify, in this manner, 300 miles of its line from the rivers in the Canadian Rockies.

These, then, are the forces which are at work out on the Pacific Slope; these are the forces without whose aid the East was slowly and painstakingly settled and developed. All tell of the sway of a new monarch over the destinies of a race—It is Power: The Wizard of Development.



A POWER PLANT OF THE PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY (CAZADERO, ON THE CLACKAMAS RIVER, OREGON.) CAPACITY: 25,000 HORSEPOWER.

A Green Glove Button and a Box of Cigars

By Philip Yeiser

INTO the set affected by Charley Van Pelt, in San Francisco, there came a certain Mrs. Harriet Ferguson, the reputed widow of a Colorado mining man, whose charming personality, ready wit, and petite, exquisitely proportioned figure were distinguishing graces, in addition to melting brown eyes and a singularly fascinating smile.

Van Pelt was instantly attracted to her, and rather quickly and inconsiderately did they form a comradeship out of which a variety of pleasures were derived. They were constantly together, so mutual seemed the nature of their regard—at theatres, riding, driving, boating and dining, and yet if in all their gaities one should seek proofs of indiscretions, they would be difficult to find. Mrs. Harrie—by which name she was familiarly known—was too cautious and worldly-wise to give cause for open gossip; still society did not wholly misunderstand the glint of amusement that shone in her eyes whenever Charley was foolish enough to openly display signs of ownership.

The comradeship thus formed continued for months—nearly a year—before the veil of infatuation lifted and he discovered that instead of being in love he was moved merely by an excitement of the senses. The truth of it, however, dawned upon him gradually, commencing with his acquaintance with Mary Marvin.

At this period in his life Charley was round and rosy and a financial favorite—one who, taken altogether, was a fairly good fellow. He had done most of the things that money enables a man to do, from gambling to religiously charitable stunts, until at last he decided to do the unexpected and marry.

Miss Marvin then became his inspiration, but being a sensible as well as a charming young lady, she was not inclined to yield to admiration alone. The firmness with which she kept his ardor in restraint secured his respect without repulsing his advances, and did much to accentuate the difference between his feeling for her and for Mrs. Harrie. Eventually the dull, hard truth filtered through him that a good and pure woman cannot be won by glitter and display; that a wise woman is proof against the onslaughts of ardor unsupported by sincerity of purpose, and that Mary Marvin was both good and wise. From these premises he decided that love was safe only when allied to reverential feelings, and that as those feelings moved him with respect to Mary, and were absent with regard to Mrs. Harrie, he must, by virtue of logic, love the former and be only infatuated with the latter.

Accepting this conclusion as true, he lost no time in getting to the pith of his desires in an open, manly way. He confessed to Mary the laxity of his life, and confessing also his love he asked her to marry him; but to this her father, Admiral Marvin, strongly objected.

The Admiral was a scrupulous gentleman who held to the old-fashioned belief that a man who has acquired a habit of loose living, holding human passions cheap, must radically change before he can bring contentment to a wife; and this belief he freely expressed to both Mary and Charley. To remove his ob-

jections, all of Mary's soft influences and Charley's pleadings were required, and then they succeeded only after Van Pelt had given a solemn pledge to conduct himself in strict accord with good morals and to live without evasion or subterfuge. Charley meant honestly to keep his promise if he could prevent the past from intruding on the future. It is the past that always annoys one the most. His past was personified in Mrs. Harrie, who possessed certain interesting letters the destruction of which was necessary before he could wed with any certainty of peace, and with respect to which she appeared ominously inclined. Thus it happened that he sent for Detective Cole.

The status of this gentleman might be accurately described as a detective to a fashionable few; a detective who detected for the purpose of straightening out matters instead of prosecuting evil-doers. His success in this line of business gave him a social standing in an ambiguous way, sufficient to both him and society in general.

The immediate cause of his presence in Van Pelt's chambers was due to Charley's agitation on discovering that Mrs. Harrie had learned of his wooing of Mary, the solution to which Detective Cole apprehended lay within Van Pelt's absent-minded tendencies, concerning which Charley confessed that on one occasion he had called Mrs. Harrie "Mary" and that on another he had sent to her a note and a box of flowers intended for Miss Marvin.

Mrs. Harrie naturally divined the cause for this lapse of memory, but she remained sweetly silent until he informed her of his intentions, and lamely attempted to evade and excuse the past; then she turned upon him the full measure of her wrath in withering scorn and contempt. Charley received a mental shock that was painful but, as after events disclosed, salutary. Instead of giving him his letters she threatened to send them, not to Miss Marvin, but to the Admiral. He was willing by this time to pay almost anything for their return, and urged that Detective Cole go to her at once and make a money offer for them, which he did.

When Mrs. Harrie learned, however, the nature of his visit, her manner grew frigidly cold and distant until he pursuaded her to see that a cash consideration would be more profitable than revenge. Eventually she yielded to his entreaties and became both complacent and entertaining. Discussing in a waggish, sarcastic way the tenor of Charley's epistles, she denominated them as the most juvenile twiddle-twaddle she had ever read, and laughed heartily with Cole over certain extracts she insisted on reading to him. After a time they made a deal at so much per word, and Charley, she said with a snap of her saucy eyes, could pay or—

Charley paid.

Detective Cole arranged to deliver the letters on the following noon, and so elated was Van Pelt at the prospect of getting them that his exuberance must find an outlet by inviting a few of his most intimate friends to accompany him to a popular drama that night, and afterwards to lunch with him in his bachelor apartments.

"You see, Cole," he said in his boyish, breezy way, "the occasion will be propitious for announcing my engagement and my intention to abandon life's frivolities. Be sure to bring the letters to me as soon as you get them."

At noon the following day Cole turned them over to him. "Now Charley," he said, "I should advise you to burn them at once. Here they are."

He handed them to Charley and seated himself in a chair near a table, on which he carelessly dropped a package about the size of the one he gave Van Pelt.

"What is that?" Charley asked, pointing to it.

"Merely a box of cigars," Cole answered.

"By Jove," Van Pelt exclaimed, "that puts me in mind of it. I ought to send the Admiral a box of cigars; he likes Africanas."

"Good idea," Cole remarked; "but hadn't you better go over your letters first and see that they are all there?"

"There's plenty of time, and if I dont get those cigars at once I 'll be sure to forget them. I 'm so absent-minded."

"Very well," said Cole, rising. "Then come on."

He had intended to stay and see that Charley destroyed the letters, but as he seemed bent upon another purpose, he made no further objection, and going out of the room with him left him at the corner.

Detective Cole was destined to be not yet through with the matter. He was aroused from his sleep by an imperative ring of his doorbell about two the next morning, and soon his man appeared with a note delivered by a uniformed messenger. It was from Van Pelt, begging for his immediate presence. The detective knew intuitively that the matter had something to do with Mrs. Harrie, and though he hastened to obey the summons he was greatly displeased at being routed out so early.

When he reached Charley's chambers he found him smoking a cigarette and standing before an oaken cabinet, the picture of perturbation and despair.

"They 're gone," he cried the moment Cole opened the door.

"Gone," the detective repeated. "What's gone?"

"The letters," said Charley. "I can 't find them, Cole, though I am sure that I put them here in this cabinet. You see I did not return as soon as I intended to, and when I did I was in a devil of a hurry to get dressed and I put off destroying them."

"When did you discover they were missing?" Cole asked.

"Immediately after my guests left. I had a date to meet them at the theater, and then to dine here afterwards, and being in a hurry I put the letters in this cabinet intending to destroy them as soon as they were gone."

"You might have put them somewhere else."

"No. I distinctly remember that I put them in the right-hand top drawer. To show you that my memory is clear on the subject, I recollect that as soon as I put the letters away I immediately addressed and sent off the box of cigars to the Admiral and also mailed to you the package you went away and left lying there on the table. Much as I regret to say it there is no getting round the inference that—" He hesitated.

"Do you mean to say that some of your guests stole the letters?" Cole ventured to inquire.

"What else can a fellow think! I have searched every compartment in the cabinet, and I have searched my dressing-room, and my clothes, even under the chairs and the tables, and on the mantel and, confound it, Cole, I tell you they have been stolen."

"Well, dont get excited. Tell me who was here."

"Dudley and Alice Lanthorn, Colonel Thomas and Edna Bayless, Florence Moss and Dr. Larkin—"

"Was Dr. Larkin Mrs. Moss' companion?" the detective inquired.

"Yes, he came with her. I invited him because she thought he would be a good entertainer."

"I suppose you know he is awfully gone on Mrs. Harrie?"

"Yes, I know it."

"And yet you invited him. Charley, you 're a chump. You invited the doctor because you knew he would carry a faithful report to Mrs. Harrie, and you wanted her to know. Do you suspect Dr. Larkin?"

"I think it is a put up job."

"Between him and Mrs. Harrie?"

"Who else? Dont you think so?"

"I have n't a great opinion of Dr. Larkin," Cole replied; "but let me look into that cabinet. Did you say the top right-hand drawer?"

"Yes, that is the one."

Cole pulled the drawer out and emptied it of its contents, none of which were the missing letters, but there was a little green glove button with green threads adherring to it, that attracted his attention. He toyed with it as Van Pelt continued to advance his suspicions.

"Did n't I understand you to say," he interrupted, "that a mock resolution had been drawn relating to your renunciation of" — Cole laughed amusedly — "life's frivolities?"

"Yes," replied Charley, "such a paper was drawn."

"Who drafted it?"

"Mrs. Moss."

"And where did she sit?"

"Just where you are sitting now."

"Here at this cabinet?"

"Yes. They were getting ready to leave at the time."

"Did she wear gloves—that is, have them on then?"

Charley pondered. "I dont remember," he said.

"Perhaps this will assist you." Cole handed to him the button. "Do you remember any one wearing green gloves?" he asked.

Instantly Charley sprang to his feet. "I did not say it before," he exclaimed, "though I suspected her from the first. I remember now that her hands were gloved, the glove on the right hand being unbuttoned. This button must have been torn from it when she thrust her hand into the drawer. She is as madly infatuated with Dr. Larkin as the doctor is with Mrs. Harrie."

"I suppose you refer to Mrs. Moss?" Cole inquired.

"I do; and see here Cole, how clear it is. Mrs. Harrie, as you know, is a blackmailer and the letters are worth money. She was informed by Larkin of this lunch, and he being subservient to her and Mrs. Moss to him, don't you see how easy it would be for Mrs. Harrie to regain possession of the letters and bleed me a second time, or—Heavens, Cole! she may have sent them to the Admiral."

Cole laughed, so frightened did Charley appear. "No," he said, "I think not. If they were stolen it was not for that purpose; but really I do not believe that Mrs. Moss took them."

"Look at the circumstances," cried Charley. "And the button!"

"I know. The circumstances offer that suggestion, but circumstances are often wrong. Dr. Larkin might be guilty of such an act, but Mrs. Moss—"

"An infatuated woman," Charley exclaimed oracularly, "will do almost anything."

"Not all infatuated women," Cole dissented, "and I think that Mrs. Moss is one of the 'not all' kind; still if you are determined to suspect that she took them I will try to find out if she did, although I think you are mistaken."

Charley was obdurate and wroth and would listen to no further reasoning. He insisted upon immediate haste, and Cole reluctantly consented to visit Mrs. Moss.

It was then about five o'clock in the morning, and knowing that Charley's valet lived on the top floor of the flat, he asked Charley to ring for him.

"Jacques," he explained, "is particularly liked by Mrs. Moss' maid, and by the time he has fixed us a cup of coffee and an egg he may go to Mrs. Moss' residence with some assurance of being able to see the maid. I want first to ascertain of a surety that there is a button missing from the gloves Mrs. Moss wore last evening, and that those gloves are green."

At seven Jacques departed and at nine he returned. There was a button missing from the right glove of a green pair that Mrs. Moss wore the previous evening.

"That settles it," cried Charley. "She stole the letters."

"Easy, easy," Cole remonstrated, even yet reluctant to believe it. He knew Mrs. Moss to be of the gay, insouciant sort, but he did not believe that she would be a party to such a theft. There seemed, however, no other way of settling Charley's suspicions than to visit her; and as an afterthought he remembered that the most unsuspected people do sometimes the most unexpected things; nor could he alter the circumstances that so strongly pointed to her as the guilty one.

"Yes," said the maid, when he arrived at Mrs. Moss' residence, "Mrs. Moss has arisen but is not entirely dressed. Would Mr. Cole wait?"

He would, and while waiting he toasted his feet before the fire that had been freshly lighted, seeking if there was not some other solution to the matter than the one that seemed now to be momentarily growing stronger and stronger. A voice from the doorway aroused him, and rising to turn about he saw the sweetly bewitching face of Mrs. Moss, almost girlish in its freshness and purity.

"To whom am I indebted for a visit from Society Detective Cole?" she asked banteringly, laying emphasis on the words "society detective."

"The matter, madam," Cole replied, "is merely to settle a wager. I have to apologize for calling so early."

"Such sports," she exclaimed. "Is it that I babble in my sleep?"

Cole smiled indulgently, and at her invitation he again seated himself before the fire, but opposite her. "It is in relation to a glove button," he said, "a green glove button. A wager has been made that I cannot find the owner of it within twenty-four hours. This is the button. Is it yours?"

At sight of it Mrs. Moss flushed, but took it and examined it.

"Is it yours?" he again asked.

"I cannot say," she replied. "It may be."

"Did you lose a button like it?"

Visibly embarrassed she admitted that she had lost such a button from a pair of green gloves. Charley's theory being thus strengthened, Cole unconsciously assumed a more inquisitorial air.

"Will you please tell me," he inquired, "how you lost it, and where?"

"I will not," she replied, a glint of resentment coming into her eyes; for quite well she remembered the button to have been torn off when she snatched her hand away from Dr. Larkin's attempt to kiss it. Naturally she became more distant and dignified.

"Then will you permit me to see the glove?" he asked.

"Mr. Cole, you are impertinent," she exclaimed, rising to her feet in a way that plainly indicated she desired to terminate the interview. "If you have a bet to settle, as you say," she said, "your manner of doing it is offensive at the least."

"Pardon me," Cole hastened to interpose, "I have no desire to offend you, but if you will tell me where you lost this button—if this is the one you lost—I will make every amend."

"I shall tell you nothing, sir, until you make your purpose clear."

"I am not at liberty to do that at the present time," he explained. "I was in hopes you would trust to my discretion if discretion were needed."

"Mr. Cole, how dare you!"

"Mrs. Moss," said the detective, "I trust you will think over what I have said, and I will do myself the honor of calling again this afternoon."

"You need not," she replied. "I shall not be here. I have an engagement with Miss Marvin this afternoon."

"Then another time. I hope you will forgive me if I have wounded you. I did not mean to."

Instead of returning to Charley, Cole went to his own quarters. His interview with Mrs. Moss had been unsatisfactory, in that he was unable to decide whether she was a party to the theft or wholly ignorant of it. As a general rule his estimates of human nature had proved correct, and in this instance any thought of her dishonesty was repugnant to preconceived notions regarding her. On the other hand it was clearly evident the button belonged to her; and if this be true and she knew where it had been lost, it having been found in the place where the stolen letters had been secreted, a direct connection between the owner of the button and the letters seemed to be established.

Dwelling upon this hypothesis he turned to the mail that lay on his table. In sorting it over he came upon a package addressed in Charley's handwriting. He thought it was the one Charley referred to as having been forgotten by him but which he now remembered he had not forgotten at all. His package was there lying on the mantel. He untied the one sent by Van Pelt and discovered a box of—Africanas. It was Africanas Charley was to send the Admiral. On the top of the box he noticed there was tacked one of Charley's cards with the words "Compliments of" written above his name.

The error was too suggestive to be mistaken, and for the first time Detective Cole suspicioned the actual truth. Immediately he telephoned to Charley.

"Did I understand you to say," he asked, "that you sent a package to me?"

"Yes," said Charley, "I did. Did n't you get it?"

"I got it all right," the detective replied. "And you say that you sent a box of cigars to the Admiral?"

"A box of Africanas."

"Good enough. I 'll see you later. Goodbye."

"But hold on," cried Van Pelt. "How about Mrs. Moss? Did you see her?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"And the letters?"

"I will get them some time today. I can 't talk now; but keep still, and good-bye."

Summarily he hung up the receiver, thus shutting Charley off. At this time he thought that explanations would be imprudent, and he wished above all things to avoid being hampered by Van Pelt's fears and suspicions that might run contrary to actual truths.

He was now convinced that Charley had blundered; that his absent-minded tendencies caused to be sent to him the cigars intended for the Admiral, and to the Admiral the letters intended for the fire. But to lay this supposition before Charley would clearly be a dangerous proceeding; he would be sure to commit some rash and headstrong act. For this reason Cole desired to keep him in ignorance until he could prove or disprove his theories.

Lighting a cigarette he sat down at his desk and thrust his feet upon it, an attitude affected by him in moments of perplexity. Watching the smoke as it curled above his head he idly poked his fingers through its rings and occasionally murmured, "what a chump," presumably with reference to Charley. Following out the trend of his thoughts he turned again to the telephone and called for Admiral Marvin's number. The Admiral, he was informed, had been called away about ten o'clock and would not return before three. Cole consulted his watch. It was one-thirty, much later than he thought. However, by the time he leisurely finished his lunch and as leisurely walked to the Marvin residence, it would be about three o'clock. For prudential reasons he desired to avoid Mrs. Moss and would much rather have gone and gotten away before she arrived; even as it was he considered it most unlikely that he would meet her.

Promptly at three o'clock he presented himself. The Admiral, he was told, had just come in and would see him in the library in a few moments. This was what he most desired—to be left there alone for however short a time.

Scarcely had the servant withdrawn than he arose and went hastily to the Admiral's table, on which, fortunately, he discovered the package he was looking for; or at least he thought it was. His alert eyes discerned that though the outer wrapper had been taken off, the slender ribbon Mrs. Harrie had tied about the letters had never been removed, from which it was easy to guess that the Admiral had not read them. Success depended now upon rapid action, for already he could hear the Admiral in the hallway above; but so hastily did he substitute the box of cigars for the letters that the strings of the latter caught upon the buttons of his vest, and his fingers instead of getting them instantly loose slipped into his pocket with an end of ribbon between them, from which entanglement he barely extricated himself before the Admiral entered the room followed by Miss Marvin and Mrs. Moss.

If Detective Cole was deficient in the fine art of robbery he made up for it by his proficiency as a dissembler, and with really admirable and consummate skill he greeted them as though quickened pulses were things unknown.

"Pardon me Cole," said the Admiral. "I would have left the ladies upstairs had I known it was you. Of course you came on business?"

"In a sense, yes," the detective replied. "It is with reference to a very old matter, however."

"Then we will withdraw," said Miss Marvin.

But as she and Mrs. Moss reached the door the Admiral arrested them. "Did you take away a package, Mary?" he asked.

"No, father," replied Miss Marvin, "I did not. I have not been in the room since you left this morning."

"That is queer," he remarked. "And where did this come from?"

He picked up the box of cigars, from which Cole, however, had taken the precaution to remove Charley's card.

"I have n't an idea," said Miss Marvin. "Perhaps Henry can tell you."

She rang the bell and inquired of the man who answered it, who had left the box of cigars and what had become of the package that was on the table, to both of which questions the servant professed ignorance. He remembered seeing a package tied with pink ribbons, but a box of cigars, no, he was sure none was there and that none had been delived. The Admiral was palpably vexed.

"You say you remember the package with the pink ribbons?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I do."

"And you dont know anything of this box of cigars?"

"Never saw them before, sir. I am sure of that," the man replied.

The Admiral's perplexity was taking an ominous turn. "Gad, sir," he ejaculated, "that is queer!"

While Miss Marvin watched the servant with no little wonderment, Mrs. Moss watched Detective Cole. Intuitively she felt that a mystery of more or less import was being unfolded and that he was the moving factor in it.

"I never had a thing like this happen before," said the Admiral after dismissing the servant. "I distinctly remember opening a package tied with pink ribbons. They were letters and I was interrupted before I had the time to read them; now on my return I find a box of cigars in the place where the letters should be. But see here, what is this!"

To the astonishment of both Cole and Mrs. Moss he picked from the table a green glove button that lay beside the box of cigars. Cole instinctively put his hand into his vest pocket. The button taken from the drawer of Charley's cabinet was gone; he had fumbled it out of his pocket when his fingers became entangled with the ribbons about the package of letters. Quickly he looked at Mrs. Moss, and she, having noticed his hasty movement and the expression of chagrin that flashed over his face, smiled at him with bitter understanding.

"Crooked business has been done in this room," the Admiral announced, "but happily here is a clue to the perpetrator. Mr. Cole I am glad you are here. I want you to unravel this mystery. Find out who visited this room wearing a pair of gloves with green buttons—and—one —but-t-o-n."

His voice trailed off into silence, a flush mounted his brow, his hands trembled, and his eyes were fixed steadily upon Mrs. Moss' hands. Miss Marvin, and Cole, followed the direction of his eyes, and they saw that Mrs. Moss held in her hand a pair of dark green button gloves, and that a button was missing from one of them.

For the fraction of a minute the silence that ensued was painful and intense, and the warm red blood that had flown to Mrs. Moss' cheeks gradually receded and left her deathly pale. Miss Marvin, with true womanly sympathy, placed her arm about her.

"Yes, Mr. Cole," she said, "unravel the mystery, though I dont think the button is going to help you any." Turning about she gently led Mrs. Moss from the room.

The detective was conscience stricken at the imputation that had been placed upon Mrs. Moss, and stood for a moment undecided what to do. Admiral Marvin, meanwhile, paced the floor and blustered at the "devilment" that had been practiced upon him.

"Did you notice it, sir," he cried; "did you notice it? By all the battlements! I could scarcely believe my eyes."

"The button," Cole finally said, "may belong to Mrs. Moss but I brought it into the room."

The Admiral stopped his pacing and stared in astonishment.

"I found it on the stoop," Cole continued, "and thinking that Miss Marvin lost it I picked it up and brought it in."

"And," remarked the Admiral caustically, "you found the cigars on the stoop also, I suppose."

The detective smiled. "Not on the stoop," he answered, "although I did put them on your desk."

"Wonderful," cried the Admiral. "And the letters!"

"And the letters too. Yes, I took them. I have them in my pocket."

"Your gall, sir," shouted the Admiral, "I wont say your nerve—but your gall is truly remarkable. Demme, will you be good enough to explain?"

"With your permission, yes. Briefly, the letters belong to a client. I intended to send you a box of Africanas for old times' sake, but by mistake I sent you my client's letters and to him I sent the cigars intended for you. That sir, is the truth in a nutshell. When I discovered the mistake this morning I came hurriedly here to get the letters. Finding you absent, and they appearing not to have been read, I substituted the cigars for them in the hope that you would not notice the difference. I trust you will forgive me, for on my honor nothing but the cigars were ever intended for you."

To the detective's explanation the Admiral gave close attention, and being a fair man, and just, he was amendable to reason. He accepted the explanation conditionally.

"To make sure," he said "that the letters are those you describe, I wish you would look at them and see that they in reality belong to your client."

Cole desired nothing better than to make positive a matter that contained yet some elements of doubt. He took the package from his pocket and lifted one corner of the neatly folded papers sufficient to allow him to identify Van Pelt's handwriting.

"Yes," he said, "these are his.

"Then Gad, sir," cried the Admiral, "what must be the feelings of that little woman. I must apologize at once."

With impetuous haste he dashed from the room and up the stairs, calling, "Mary, O Mary, where is Mrs. Moss?"

The moment being propitious, Detective Cole took his departure. When quite a distance from the Admiral's house he again took the package out of his pocket and examined it minutely. Pulling out one of the sheets he unfolded it and to his utter amazement discovered a sentimental piece of poetry addressed to "Mary's Eyes." All the others were of the same tenor. With a chill of dismay he realized that his troubles and prevarications had come to naught and that he was as far from the discovery of the Mrs. Harrie letters as he had been in the beginning.

"A nice kettle of fish," he murmured, shoving the package back into his pocket. "I have my own package. That is accounted for. The Admiral has his cigars; so that part of it is disposed of, and it is clear that Van Pelt sent the letters to neither me nor to him. Drat him, I 'll bet that while effervescing over his intention to abandon life's frivolities he 's sent them to some one else. I 'll go at once and see."

When he entered Charley's room Charley was seated before a fire, smoking a cigarette and calmly tossing letters to the flames.

"What are you burning there?" Cole inquired.

"Why, Mrs. Harrie's letters. You see I found them *under* the cabinet. I put them there and forgot all about it, Cole. Regular chump, was n't I?"

Cole sank into a chair exhausted. "Yes, he said, "but such a fuss!"

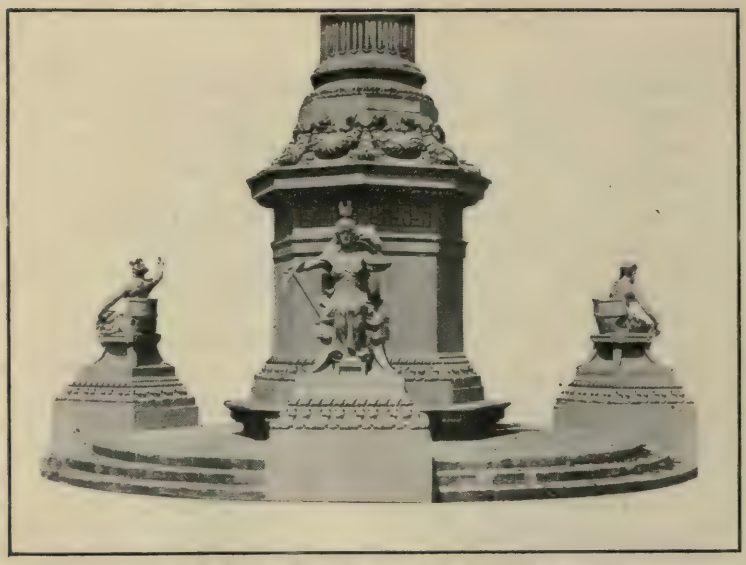
By Court Martial

By William Maxwell

Who's he there, sitting on his coffin lid
Beneath the pine?
Hard set and white his face,
His pipe between his lips
From which, in little sips,
The puffs of short white smoke are slid.
Who's he beneath the hangman's tree, the place
Where shrift is short? Before his face
His grave, new dug, which smells of clay.
The Provost Marshal, like a rod,
Stands straight to send a soul to God,
And dawn creeps grey and chill.
'Tis not an easy thing to die, alone and cold;
To see the grave unroll
In the chill dawn; without
The maddening yell, the charge, the shout,
The blood vibrating like a bell, and mad to kill
Or to be killed; to see the red blood spill
And taste a tiger's joy. But all alone
To feel the sluggish spirit oozing out,
Till coward clay be left, which whines and begs
But yet a little more to live. Who is it, hard as stone,
Who looks into the hollow eyes of Fate?
'Tis Johnson—Johnson of the Twenty-eighth.
He looks upon the scared-faced Provost Guard
And nods and smiles, tapping the coffin shell,
"I'll sleep a long time here—a long time, boys, and well.
"Come, boys, you hain't no call to take it hard."
He neither whines nor begs, but rubs and chafes his ironed legs.
The Provost muttering, grim and hoarse,
"Hell will be full of women, when such men are scarce."
They cast a look from eye to eye aside
From that new grave, so deep and gaping wide;
The Captain turns away his head
And cannot look on him who will be dead,
And everyone seems cowardly to shrink,
Save him on whom the polished irons clink.
They thought of Johnson at the Guilford Bridge,
Where Death's pot boiled and leaden bees
Were singing with death sting upon the breeze,

"Who'll cut the bridge? Who'll cut," the Colonel said,
"Who'll cut the stringer? Who will cut?"
But no man answered, till Fame gripped and led
This blue-shirt man before them all, and Johnson put
Across his arm a quartermaster's axe,
And, whistling shrill, as he were felling trees,
Sent chips a-flying, to the rifle cracks,
A coronet of flame along the ridge,
Till groaned, and sunk, and fell, the Guilford Bridge.
The rebels joined the tribute of our yell;
But Johnson, turning, shouted, "Go to Hell,"
And shook his fist and grinned. At Seven Oaks,
The Devil's pit, the whole line lived and heartened on his jokes;
The boy Jim Hayward, scared into a fit;
He tossed him 'bacco, laughing, saying slow,
"Chaw this; keep cool; take aim; fire low;
"And don't forget to spit.
"No bullets cast that you or me will hit."
Cold Harbor's charge—the wild, mad, thrilling dash,
Horse heel, bright steel, yells, shrieks and blinding crash,
The spitting tongues of flame to beard,
Blood splashing, spouting, death cries, groans;
The waves of Hell, upborn
By shrieking shells, all torn,
Flesh, bone and bowels, clean sheared
The Colonel's head from trunk, the field alive with moans,
But Johnson at the front
There in the whirl and brunt
Where afterward a mound of bones
Showed wreck where bloody seas were met.
The tide rolled backward. Here his Captain lay,
And Johnson with his cheery "Hello, Cap,"
Him, as a cat her kitten, without hap,
Between two armies bore him carefully,
Just stooping, first, his tin canteen to set
Beside a rebel boy cut half in twain.
Both sides made pause, and cheered with might and main.
Five times on battlefield, with chevrons laced,
Five times with rum, loot, rioting, disgraced,—
Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth.
He marched, drank, pillaged, drank and fought.
Fought like a pirate on his streaming deck;
Fought like him with freight of craz-ed slaves,
One grim last look to sky and sliding waves,
As up they swarm to make his world a wreck.
Fought with a joy in fighting no man ought.
Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth.

The rum fiend sat with Johnson long and late,
Threw open wide the world's too churlish bars.
Rubbed cheek to jowl, and elbow to elbow,
Called in his merry imps and sang "Hallo";
Then showed beneath the cruel chuckling stars
A woman leaning on a moonlit gate.
The shameful, shameless deed was done; a cry.
A woman weeps her fill.
The moon sails heedless through the heartless sky
And God is still.
Then irons—glare of sun—the guard—the court—
The little birds that flit so free,
The squirrels on the pines, for sport,
Then Death in epaulettes and gold aiguillettes,
Official voiced and solemnly,
"Tomorrow you, too, shall be free.
"You, Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth."
The red last sun which slowly set;
The coward night so filled with awful things,
A blind and stupid God, and then—
The dawn—the coffin, and the white-faced men.
A buzzard poises, wheeling on set wings,
And that so little hole in which to end the world.
The chaplain comes,—
The solemn muffled drums,
The flag, his flag, in black, close furled,
But Johnson smiles with white and steady pluck,
"No thank you, Chaplain; I will trust to luck.
"No bandage, Captain. Let me give the word.
"It's all I ask;
"I want my eyes wide open to the sky,
"I've looked at guns before." The armorer knocks
The irons off—God! —That's the click of locks!
He licks his lips. Somewhere the sound is heard
Of trilling bird. Then, steadfastly,
With eyes wide open, looking at the flame,
"Fire!"
Perhaps somewhere, somehow, they'll purge the blame
Of that blue shirt, blue eyes and bloody mire—
Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth.



THE BASE OF THE ALASKA MONUMENT.

A Great Exposition

By Welford Beaton

SEATTLE has undertaken the task of introducing to each other three regions of the world which, considering their importance and interrelations, have known shamelessly little of each other in the past.

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which Seattle has just thrown open, the Occident and the Orient are brought close together and Alaska is haled out of the North to make the acquaintance of both.

There have been expositions in the past which have covered more territory, and expended larger sums in buildings, namely: the Paris Exposition, and the big shows at Chicago and St. Louis, but there has been none anywhere, at any time, so vast in its scope; none which has covered so many peoples and lands so little known.

What Chicago gathered and showed to the world, Paris also showed. So did Buffalo; so did St. Louis, and so did Jamestown. In the parlance of the schoolroom, the lesson that was taught at Chicago was given in review by those expositions which came after it. There was no fresh lesson afforded.

Seattle in its exposition, offers a new curriculum; new courses of study which even our leading economists have not ventured into. It points the politician to new problems in international affairs; the sociologist to new peoples and new relations; the engineer to the future field of his operations and a world of unsolved problems and unmoved obstacles; the capitalist, to the lands from which are to come millions for the rest of the centuries. The educator is put in touch with systems of education thousands of years older than his own. The Christian religion itself is brought face to face to the older religions of Confucius and Buddha, and their greatest exponents, while Mohammedans mingle in their audience.

Go anywhere today into the highways and byways of Europe and see there what you saw in Chicago. Tour the Levant and see what you saw at St. Louis, but you must come to Seattle to see what the Government has brought from even the remotest of its islands in the Philippine Archipelago, to learn of life under the monarch in Hawaii and the life as it is today.

Nowhere else will you have the opportunity to study at first hand the hundreds of tribes of Alaska Indians, their racial and linguistic history; their weird religious and fanciful traditions.

At no exposition has Japan done so much as at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Heretofore it has presented its lighter side —it has been an affair of simpering *geishas* and tinkling *semisens,* but in Seattle, it proposes to show the world what it is that in forty years has made it a world power—its marvelous imitativeness; its new-born initiative; its capacity for manufacture and its possibilities for trade.

Through all our other expositions, China was sleeping her sleep of ages, but she was awakened, roused by the hand that roused Japan, and for it she feels as friendly as does Nippon. China sends not only its things produced, but its people and their way of life. Her languages, her natives and their methods, their very process of thought may be studied at first hand. China said that she would seek to outdo Japan and she has certainly done all she could to make good her promise.

The Government shows the Philippines for the first time at a world's fair, that is to say, shows the archipelago as it should be shown. It is hoped to give the American public a knowledge of the little brown brother which it does not now possess; to demonstrate his great capacity for government and industrialism and to gain sympathy and assistance for these benevolent policies which the government is directing in his behalf.

Both the Government and Hawaii independently care for the "Cannibal Islands." Thousands upon thousands of dollars are being expended that visitors may know the life of the "blessed isles" in all its beauty—its pineapple plantations, its cocoa palms, its life on the sunny seas—it brings everything save towering Tantalus and the Nusan Pali.

Alaska's exhibit is the first comprehensive exhibit ever made of the North's

A STAIRWAY IN THE FORESTRY BUILDING.

wondrous treasure box. The way of its millions in original wealth is told by actual mining operations. Its immeasurable copper beds, to which the Guggenheims and J. Pierpont Morgan are now rushing railroads over physical obstacles before considered unsurmountable, are demonstrated; its wonderful fishing banks, which now supply a third of the world with its salmon, deliver their product, and the manner of its handling into merchandisable condition is completely demonstrated. Alaska's wondrous placer mines are shown in operation; the splendid furs that are taken along the coast and from the great interior rivers are displayed, with the methods of the trappers. Her tremendous fishing industry is exemplified and evidence is offered of her future as a timber-producing source for all the world. Alaska is shown in its every feature as it is today, with the exception of its snows and its temperatures. The idea is general that our possessions farthest north are one big icehouse. It is shown at the exposition that Alaska is capable of producing as fine grains, vegetables, melons, and the like as can be grown anywhere on the "Outside" and that its weather is never so cold that the native children miss their days at school.

So it is that the primary idea of the big exposition is educational; it is not to boast that Seattle displays her neighbors' wares and peoples, but to demonstrate that they are, that they live and have their being and must shortly be given their full measure of consideration in the world's work; to bring the unknown up to where we may have a look at it so that each may see what culture of trade and industry the one has to offer to the advantage of the other.

Description of Important Features.

The exposition city rises in the heart of a forest almost primeval and the forest is in the heart of the metropolis of the Northwest. It is literally a fair in the forest; for its buildings have been raised through the towering firs and cedars, and its squares and ways and boulevards are run through hedges of dogwood and graceful hemlocks. On two sides its limits are laved by gem-like lakes above which snow-capped Mount Rainier towers 15,000 feet. Many of its buildings, $600,000 worth of them, are constructed of permanent stone and brick, over steel. These will be turned over to the State University at the end of the fair. The boulevards are paved with bitumen and cement. Enough electricity to supply every need of a city of 40,000 inhabitants is used in the illumination. One million eight-candle-power incandescent lights are used in the decorative features alone. It has its own modern sewer and water systems, its police and fire protection, its hospital—it is a complete municipality within itself.

In general plan of architecture the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition follows the French Renaissance style. This applies to the manufactures, agriculture, mines, fisheries and other structures forming the central picture of the exhibition. The buildings are grouped about the Cascades and Geyser Basin, the main decorative features, and the United States Government buildings complete the scheme. The federal structures are a pleasing combination of French and Spanish renaissance styles, and the great dome on the main Government building is the architectural climax of the fair.

The California State building is of Spanish Mission architecture and the Oregon building is strictly Roman Classic in style. This structure is topped by a huge dome and takes prominence in the sky line. The Washington building is two stories in height and in design is a free American treatment of the classic French style of architecture.

Seven buildings on the exposition grounds will revert to the University of Washington at the close of the exposition. These are the Auditorium, Fine Arts, Machinery, Washington, Arctic Brotherhood, Forestry and Women's buildings. The Auditorium is Roman Classic in design and the Fine Arts follows the French style of architecture. The Machinery Hall, to be the permanent engineering building for the university, is a modern adaption of the Spanish

CENTRAL COURT.

Mission architecture and is an attractive structure.

The Agriculture and Manufactures buildings are similar with just enough difference of detail to avoid mechanical repetition. On the Agriculture building is a beautiful circular pergola colonnade with Ionic columns supporting trellis beams and flower tube. During the life of the exposition, these columns will be covered with woodbine and clematis. The end facades of the building consist of a semi-circular arch fifty feet wide crowned with a pediment containing the official seal of the exposition, beautifully worked out in staff. The Fisheries building stands on the same side of the Cascades as the Agriculture building and Ionic columns are used to harmonize with the adjoining building. On the opposite side of the Court of Honor stand the Manufactures and Mines buildings where Doric columns have been used for the sake of harmony with the adjacent structures.

THE OREGON STATE BUILDING.

The "Greatest Log House."

The whole front of the Forestry building is a colonnade, or, rather, a pergola of huge fir logs, not one of which is "of a greater diameter than five feet."

The task was not to find in Washington's woods logs which were large enough, but logs of a size to give the best general idea of Washington forest trees. It was found necessary to specify the limitation in the contract so that the contractor could not take the first thing in the line of a giant tree that his hand should fall to.

In every one of the 124 huge logs of the colonnade there is sufficient clear lumber to build a five-room bungalow, with enough in the rough left over for

COPSES OF RHODODENDRONS AND FIRS HEDGE IN ALL OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

a woodshed and something in the way of a fence. It is the largest log house ever erected.

Any one of the big sticks will tip the beam at 50,000 pounds and under each is a pier of reinforced concrete. They are forty feet high and extend across the whole front of the structure, which is 320 feet. All of them were cut within a radius of fifty miles of Seattle and hauled into the exposition grounds over a railroad spur constructed for the purpose.

LOOKING UP CASCADE COURT TOWARDS MAIN GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

MOUNT RAINIER FROM THE DOME OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING.
The View Is Directly Opposite From That of Preceding Page.

During the exposition the structure will house the State's forestry exhibit, the manufacture of lumber being Western Washington's chief industry. To help out the display the United States Government building has installed in the building the only timber-testing plant in the West and this will be allowed to remain when the exposition is over.

When the fair is at an end the Forestry building will go to the State University by which it will be used as a Forestry school. And it will also prove a valuable asset to the city of Seattle as a scenic point for tourists, for the building is set with a background made up of beautiful Lake Washington, the snow-capped Cascade mountains and a tumble of forest upland of transcendant grandeur.

ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF THE FRONT OF EUROPEAN BUILDING.

"Totems to Point the Way."

A novel and highly interesting feature of the exposition is found in the Alaska totem poles about the entrance, and along the Pay Streak. These totem poles are a product exclusively of the north coast aborigine, and their grotesque and complicated designs are very cleverly wrought from immense logs of cedar and fir.

Among all aboriginal tribes, the family and tribal traditions and record of descent and possible greatness, are matters of no small importance and pride to the members of the clans, and these records are preserved in various ways among different peoples. With the Coast Indians of the Northwest, this preservation is by means of the totem pole This family or tribal tree,—and it is really a tree trunk—is usually set up in the most prominent part of the Indian village, and with its weird carvings of bird or animal forebears of the natives, is unique both in carving and system of coloring.

At many Alaskan ports these totem poles are planted thickly in some important section of the town, and at Wrangel, Sitka and Ketchikan will be seen bristling groups of totems, whose picturesque outlines have been widely photographed by thousands of tourists and artists. It is only within recent years that bona fide totem poles have been permitted by the various tribes to be removed from their original position, and while small specimens carefully executed, have been plentifully sold as curios the genuine article has been jealously and carefully guarded. The first of these to

LOOKING ALONG THE FRONT OF THE FORESTRY BUILDING.

be brought south is the one standing in Pioneer Square, in Seattle. When this totem was brought from Alaska, a great deal of displeasure was manifested by the tribe from which it was taken, but this trouble was amicably adjusted.

In gathering the collection of far Northern articles for the exposition, some fifty of these tribal trees have been permitted to be brought to the great fair. They are arranged in rows on each side of the Pay Streak, and their fantastic devices and crude coloring offer a strange contrast to the more highly de-

THE AUDITORIUM, A PERMANENT BRICK AND STEEL STRUCTURE THAT REVERTS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.

veloped artistic efforts of far Eastern and Southern lands.

Sculpture.

The principal work of sculpture is the Exposition Monument, at the head of the Cascades. It is seventy feet high, and stands on a pedestal twenty feet in height. About the base of the pedestal are three seated female figures symbolical of the Northland, the South Seas and the Orient. The column is of Corinthian design and carries a globe showing the signs of the zodiac. Surmounting

MUSIC PAVILION.

this globe is a huge American eagle. The animal groups about the Geyser Basin are an elk, bear, timber wolf, and cougar, all representative of the Northland. Ornamental vases, carrying the official emblem of the exposition staff, circle the entire central court around the Cascades and the Geyser Basin and in front of several of the larger buildings. These vases contain many varieties of flowers and the pergolas about the front of the buildings are covered with climbing roses. The electroliers on the grounds are of French Renaissance design and the settees of Roman design. The decorative light standards provide for a large sphere of light, each containing sixty thirty-candle power lights.

The exposition is well lighted. The Manufactures and Agriculture buildings have a total of 17,000 lights for the exterior decorations and it requires more than 5,000 each to outline the Mines and Fisheries buildings. On the Fine Arts building are 4,000 globes and the Auditorium requires 5,000 lights. In the Geyser Basin are more than 1,000 lights, and 1,500 will be used in the electrical decorations under water about the Cascades, illuminating the falls with the colors of the rainbow.

In the green houses owned by the exposition company, more than 1,000,000 plants of every description, have been grown, to be used in building the beautiful floral designs and sunken gardens. When the exposition opened climbing roses, geraniums, rhododendrons, cactus, dahlias, and many other varieties of flowers were massed in profusion about the big structures, giving forth color and perfume from every conceivable nook and corner.

One of the ornate buildings on the exposition grounds is the Music Pavilion. The building is of colonial architecture with many of the characteristics of the French style, carrying columns modeled after those surrounding Washington's old home at Mount Vernon. In the frieze about this building is a musical staff and other decorations of a similar nature.

The home of the Arctic Brotherhood on the Exposition Grounds, is typical of the houses in Alaska and the north of Finland and is built of logs. The landscape features about this building represent gardens seen in the North.

THE WASHINGTON STATE BUILDING.

The structure occupied by the Japanese and Chinese is strictly Oriental in general character. On the Pay Streak, the exposition amusement street, many of the structures follow Japanese architecture and the entrance to the gayety boulevard is of Jap-Alaskan design, so called because the main arch consists of totem poles supporting curved pagoda roofs.

"The Pay Streak."

To use a racing expression, there is more "class" on the "Pay Streak" of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition than there was on the Midway at Chicago, the Pike at St. Louis, or the War Path at Jamestown. The number of attractions is not as great as at either Chicago or St. Louis, but the standard of quality, cleanliness and educational value is higher than at any exposition ever held.

So far as individual features of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition are concerned, the Pay Streak is the biggest thing at the fair. The whole exposition is predicated upon the many-times demonstrated principle that, when the world turns out to make a holiday, it is fun it is looking for. Life, action, color, a lot of music, the unique and bizarre are desired above dignity and the sober side, wherefore has the world been combed and three quarters of a million of Seattle money invested in the newest and most effective fun-producing features that were to be found.

Will Be Remembered for Beauty.

A large number of structures are of the free American style of architecture, but have been so located as to make a complete picture with the buildings in the main group following the French Renaissance design.

The formal gardens approaching the Manufacturers and Agriculture palaces are similar to those in the public parks of Versailles. From the standpoint of the lover of the beautiful, the Pacific exposition equals any world's fair in history. The first consideration has been the landscaping, floral display, illumination and sculpture. This combined with the mild climate of the Puget Sound country, the beautiful mountains, lake and woodland scenery and the central location of the grounds will result in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition being remembered as perhaps, the most beautiful and attractive ever planned.

The Rose

By Lilla B. N. Weston

There 's a rose that blows in the deep of my heart,
  Where the blood courses warm and red;
And the trees that freeze in their wintry art
  Can never a shadow shed.

There 's a thorn unborn in my heart today,
  That never will grace the rose;
For my tears and fears in their wild display
  Lie under eternal snows.

There are pearls in swirls that adorn my soul,
  And rubies beyond compare;
There are songs in throngs that invest the whole,
  And poesy old and rare.

All these may freeze in the hurtling blast,
  And scatter as treasures do;
But the rose that blows in my heart will last,
  For that is my love for you!

As Seen From The Tower

By James Raymond Perry

"I SUPPOSE the attack will be by night, Captain?" Young Cavendish put the question.

"Probably—if they can time it right," answered Captain Nelson, peering into the dusky north through a powerful binocular.

Three men stood on the topmost part of the tower of Cavendish Commons, the last and loftiest skypiercer erected in New York before the building ordinance limited the height of new structures. The pavement of Broadway lay nearly twelve hundred feet below—eleven hundred and eighty-three to be exact.

"Well, they ought to be here long before morning," Cavendish said; "they were reported over Massachusetts an hour ago. A wireless from Lowell said six had been seen moving in a southwesterly direction at an elevation of about half a mile."

"Yes, they ought to be here by two in the morning, if the wind holds from the northeast. It may change, though; the last forecast indicates a shift to the northwest. If it should blow hard from that quarter, they might be driven across Long Island and out to sea, the whole kit and boodle of 'em. That Lowell despatch said they were of the *Napier* dirigible type. Those things can't navigate in a strong wind." The Captain's tone showed the contempt he felt for that class of craft.

"But suppose the wind keeps in the northeast and they do get here. They'll have the town dynamited by sunrise, wont they?" It was Booth Spencer, Nelson's cousin, who spoke.

"Not necessarily," answered the Captain. "Those *Napier* dirigibles are clumsy things, at best. To toss dynamite down on us, they've got to sail over the city. What would we be doing while they were maneuvering?—taking a nap? I guess not!"

"Suppose one of them sailed directly over this building, a mile high say, could you hit it with this gun of yours?"

"I'll wager a month's pay I could; or at a height of a mile and a half either."

"But not at two miles?"

"There's a limit to what a gun will do," growled the Captain,—"even a Maxim-Barmeister. I might bring one down at two miles, but if I did 'twould be more luck than skill." The Captain touched lovingly the polished breech of the six-inch Maxim-Barmeister, mounted on the tower. "The gun will carry farther than that," he added; "the trouble is in hitting a mark at that altitude. It's a different proposition from the longitudinal shooting we've been used to. Aerial target practice naturally is in its infancy. If the war should last a year or two you'll see some mighty big changes in methods of aerial warfare."

The Captain lifted his binocular again and Reginald Cavendish dropped down to the floor below. He reappeared a moment later.

"They've been sighted above Worcester," he said. "The despatch says there are seven of them. It's estimated they are moving about twenty miles an hour.

"What are you looking for, Captain?" broke off the young fellow. "They can't get here inside of five or six hours at the shortest."

Captain Nelson did not reply at once, but slowly swept the northern horizon with his glasses. The dusk had deepened. "It is 'nt those *Napier* dirigibles that are bothering me," he said. "You've heard rumors, I suppose of a craft called the *Comet?*"

"Yes; some folks think it is a myth,

though," answered Spencer, doubtfully.

"Well, it is n't," retorted Nelson tersely.

"And can it really make fifty miles an hour against head winds?" Spencer asked. "That was the report."

"Yes; sixty miles," answered the Captain.

Cavendish showed no surprise. He evidently knew about the new airship. "There is n't any evidence that it is within three thousand miles of here, though, is there?" he said.

"Unless the fact that there 's no evidence should be taken as evidence," returned the Captain enigmatically. "I dont suppose they 'd advertise they are on the way, even if they are."

"Of course they would n't, but I should think the secret service would know something about its movements. What's the good of the department if they cant keep the army posted!"

"Perhaps they do know something about it," answered the Captain. "We 've had orders to keep a sharp lookout for it, anyway. I dont really know any more about it than you do, Reggy, but I know what I think."

"And that is?"

"That when those warships captured that little island off the Maine coast and landed the *Napiers,* they also landed the *Comet* along with them. I think the *Napiers* are more a blind than anything else to cover up the presence of the *Comet.* It may be one of those seven reported seen above Worcester. I 'm inclined to think it would travel with them rather than alone. As soon as it gets too dark for it to be seen it may shoot ahead of the others and be over our heads by ten o'clock."

"I dont see how it could be one of those mentioned in the despatch. They were all of the *Napier* type, the report said."

"Oh, it would be easy enough to disguise it so it would look like a *Napier* half a mile from the surface. It is considerably thinner than a *Napier,* according to our information, but about the same length. Padded with false outriggings covering up its body screw, and using only its screw astern it could be made to look like a *Napier.*"

"What is its body screw?" Spencer asked. "I 've heard of it, but have n't any idea what it 's like."

"It 's body screw, stated in other terms, is its sixty miles," answered the Captain. "Aside from that it is n't so different from any of the other airships, *Napier's* and all."

"Balloon principle," interjected Cavendish.

"Yes, balloon principle. It has a body lighter than air, the same as all the other dirigibles. But that body is encased, so to speak, in a screw propeller, only instead of blades like the ordinary propeller it is formed in the shape of a spiral like the thread on a screw. Imagine, for example, a gigantic corkscrew, ninety or a hundred feet long, tapering to a point in front and to a diminished diameter behind. Imagine the core of the corkscrew cut out and an air chamber inserted. Then imagine a motor and mechanism to whirl the corkscrew around the air chamber and you have the *Comet.* It literally screws its way through the air, as a gimlet screws through wood."

"I should think the propeller would be so heavy the air chamber could n't raise it," Spencer said.

"Well, the propeller really is n't as big as you probably imagine from my description. I understand that at the deepest part its 'thread' is quite shallow—only about sixteen inches. The propeller and the frame to which it is attached is of aluminum, a marvel of strength, they say, yet constructed in the lightest possible fashion. Each revolution drives the ship twenty-one feet through the air, and it is capable of two hundred and sixty revolutions a minute. That means a trifle over a mile a minute."

"What is its carrying capacity?" Cavendish asked.

"Twelve hundred pounds, I 'm told."

"And carries a crew of three men?"

"So I understand."

"That leaves room for several hundred pounds of dynamite?"

"Yes. If it ever sails over New York

we may expect to have about eight hundred pounds of dynamite dropped on us."

"Well," remarked Cavendish, "the *Swallow* will beat your old *Comet,* if Mercer can get the kink in its machinery straightened out. It 's good for a hundred miles per."

"But can he get the kink straightened out, that 's the question?"

"He says he can," Cavendish answered.

"That hundred miles an hour is purely theoretical, is n't it? It 's never actually been made?"

"I guess not," grinned Cavendish. "Mercer claims he slid across the Hudson near West Point and back again in two minutes the other day. The distance covered was two miles and a half, but he lost some time turning round. I say that is what he claims. I did n't see him do it."

"Mercer strikes me as visionary. Does n't he you?"

"Sometimes; not always," answered Cavendish. "Father does n't think he is; he believes in him; and it is n't very easy to fool the dad."

"No, I guess not," said the Captain. "George Cavendish has the reputation of being about as hard-headed a business man as there is in the country."

"If dad did n't believe in him, he would n't give him his checkbook; and that 's practically what he 's done. Mercer is at liberty to spend as much as he thinks he needs on his experiments. I guess it 's cost dad a million dollars. But he says the *Swallow* is worth five millions—or may be fifty millions, right now. At least, that 's what he did say before the machinery developed a kink. He thinks a ship like the *Swallow* will be worth more in defending the city against hostile airships than a thousand of these Maxim-Barmeisters."

"He may be right," said the Captain, —"provided the thing will fly. I 've never had much faith in the aeroplane principle, myself."

"Father never had till Mercer convinced him."

"Blessed if I understand yet how the thing works," said the Captain. "Of course I know it is n't a balloon. It 's heavier than air and slides over the air, but how does it do it?"

"Well, Mercer has explained it to me," Cavendish said, "and as near as I can understand it the ship when in motion is building a bridge over which it may pass—a bridge of air. That 's the phrase Mercer uses, anyway. He says air is like land or water, only thinner and lighter, and that it furnishes a medium for vehicles to travel on the same as land or water, provided it is rightly made use of. For a vehicle heavier than air to ride on air you 've got to do one of two things, he says. You must either travel so fast that your vehicle is shifted from one air plane to another before it has time to sag or sink, or else you must crowd or compress enough air under the vehicle to form a cushion or bridge over which it may move at low speed. As it is practically impossible, he says, to keep an air vehicle traveling at high speed all the time, the real problem of the aeroplanist is to compress the air and make a 'bridge' dense enough to support an aeroplane moving at a relatively low speed. He claims that is what he has done in the *Swallow.*"

"How does he do it?"

"Well, I can 't explain it to you as well as Mercer could, but roughly speaking the air is crowded and packed down on either side by a wing motion. On the sides of the aeroplane are pinions, as Mercer calls them, that beat the air down. The air is crowded under the prow and front half of the ship, which slides or skims over the 'bridge' of firm air thus formed. To illustrate, Mercer cites the skater on thin ice. If a man is skating at high speed he will skim over ice that would instantly break under him if he stopped on it. The reason of course is plain enough. The weight of the skater is shifted from one weak ice area to another and from that to another so quickly that the ice has n't time to break before the weight is removed. The same with the aeroplane; it moves from one air plane to another, when at high speed, so fast that the air has n't time to 'break' under it. The pinions are used for pack-

ing or crowding the air down only when the ship is moving slowly, when it starts and stops, and in ascending and descending. They have another use, quite as important, Mercer says, and that is for steadying or balancing the ship, keeping it on a level plane. It takes a skillful man to operate it, because balancing is a delicate business. Still a man can learn to do it, Mercer says, almost as easily as he can learn to run a motor car. He says the whole principle of the aeroplane is precisely that of a bird—a swallow for example. That 's why he named it the *Swallow*. A bird packs the air down with its pinions, he says, and skims over it without sinking, though its weight is many times as great as that of the air its body replaces. And it uses its wings for balancing, he says, just as the pinions of the aeroplane are used. When the ship is going eighty or a hundred miles an hour it moves from one plane to another so quickly that the air over which it travels does n't need any crowding or packing down. Like the thin ice it does not 'break.' You see the principle?"

"Yes, I see the principle," said the Captain. "But where does it get its motive power? What sends it skimming from one plane to another?"

"Well, Mercer has been pretty taciturn on that subject. The ship has a storage battery from which the actual motive power is obtained, but how it is applied so as to get up the tremendous speed Mercer claims for the ship I can 't tell you. I have n't seen the thing, myself, since 'twas finished, but I 've heard Mercer talking about it to dad, and while he has mentioned screw propellers, he has also had considerable to say about the 'kick' of the pedals, whatever that is. You 'd think from the way he talks sometimes that the ship swam on the surface of the packed-down air the way a man swims on the surface of water."

"Must be a queer craft," said the Captain. "I think I 'd bet on the *Comet*, if I had to bet on either."

Night had now fallen and dozens of powerful searchlights on the tops of the taller buildings, from the Battery to the Bronx, were searching the upper air with their shifting beams. Now and then a brilliant light shone out high over the city and a faint detonation would be heard some seconds afterwards. These lights lasted about thirty seconds and then faded swiftly. Large areas of sky were illuminated during their brief brilliance and whenever one burst forth Captain Nelson gazed eagerly through his field glasses. "The *Napiers* wont like those lime-light bombs a little bit," he remarked after one had whitened the sky and faded. "They can 't fly fast enough. If they happened to get caught in one of those illuminated areas it would be all up with them—or rather all down with them. We 'd have our Barmeister trained on them in two seconds and down they 'd come."

"How do they get the oxyhydrogen flame in those things?" Spencer asked.

"Blamed if I know," the Captain said. "The chemists are doing lots of queer things these days."

"Ah—h! What 's that?" The Captain's glasses were to his eyes and he was gazing eagerly up at a quarter of the sky which a searchlight had just traversed. Then to the operator of a nearby light he shouted: "Quick there! Play your beam two points north of west from seventy to seventy-five degrees up. Hurry!"

The great beam of light swung swiftly upward and swept back and forth and round and round in widening arcs over the area indicated. "It 's gone!" exclaimed the Captain disappointedly.

"What was it?" Cavendish asked.

"Nothing perhaps. I could have sworn, though, I saw a slim-bodied ship for an instant as a light slid over it. It must have been going like the devil, though, or our searchlight would have caught it."

"Do you think 'twas the *Comet?*"

"If anything, yes. Perhaps 'twas only a fancy, or at most a dissipating thread of cloud." But the Captain continued to gaze long and earnestly at the quarter of the sky where the fleeting vision had passed. After awhile he laid down his glasses and examined the Maxim-Barmeister with minutest care. Satisfied that it was in perfect order and ready for instant use he resumed his watch,

scanning the heavens in the moving beams of the searchlights or by the light of an occasional bomb.

At a few minutes past midnight a tremendous explosion shook the city. "Score one!" muttered the Captain. "They 've done it! I was n't fooled. 'Twas the *Comet* I saw."

"Dropped some dynamite?" asked Cavendish, his face paled a trifle.

"Yes. Must have struck a mile or two north. Jiminy! feel the old town quake! Drop down, Reggy, and get the news."

Cavendish came back in a few minutes. "The big tower at Madison Square is smashed to smithereens!" he reported, "and for blocks in all directions buildings have toppled over. Thousands are killed and injured. It is awful!"

The Captain clenched his hands. "Why could n't I have caught that devil before she had a chance to strike!" he groaned.

"I wonder where dad is!" speculated the young man anxiously. Nelson did not answer at once. He was thinking with gratitude that Mary and the children were safe. Only two days before he had taken a hurried trip with them to a little town in New Jersey and left them there.

"Oh, he 's all right, I guess," he said presently to Cavendish. "I would n't worry."

The young man went below again, and after a half-hour, or so, returned. "Dad's all right," he said. "I just got a 'phone from him. He was at the new Central Park Tower when the explosion came. The tower rocked and swayed as if there was an earthquake, he said. He says Mercer is there with the *Swallow*. The machinery is all right now and Mercer is ready for a flight. Dad was feeling chipper over it. He says Mercer will go up in the morning, and if the *Comet* is anywhere in sight he 'll go after it. It was the *Comet* you saw all right. It was seen from the Central Park Tower when one of the lime-light bombs exploded. It was going so fast, though, that it got out of sight before they could train their Barmeister on it. Dad says the crew of the *Comet* must have mistaken the tower at Madison Square for the Central Park Tower, because there was no particular reason for destroying the Madison Square Tower. I should n't think they could make a mistake like that, though."

"Oh, they might," answered Nelson. "When you come to fly over a city at an altitude of one or two miles, with scores of searchlights playing 'round, it 's mighty easy to get localities confused. I traveled the whole length of the island a few nights ago in a *Napier* and half the time I could n't tell just what part of the city was under us. It 's easy enough in daylight, but at night it 's different."

There were no more explosions during the night and neither the *Comet* nor any other aerial craft was seen again. "I 'm glad this night is over," spake the Captain, with a sigh of relief, when dawn began to streak the east. Leaving his post for the first time since darkness fell the night before, he dropped down to the cafe on the sixtieth floor of the building. Hastily consuming a sandwich and gulping down some strong coffee, in a few minutes he was back on the tower. The sun had not yet risen but it was now light. "Thunder!" ejaculated the Captain. Several dark specks were visible a few miles off in the eastern sky.

"Those are the *Napiers*," he said, gazing through his field glasses. "One, two, three,—there are eight of them," he finished. "Seven were reported over Massachusetts yesterday. The eighth must be the *Comet*. She 's probably met them to get another load of dynamite." He gazed long and earnestly at the distant fleet. "Blest if I can tell which 'tis, though," he added. "She 's evidently padded her rigging to look like a *Napier*."

"Are they coming this way?" asked Cavendish, who had come upon the tower a few minutes before.

"Yes, slowly, I think. They bulk a little larger than when I first sighted them. They are also rising. They 're at least a thousand feet higher than they were ten minutes ago."

"Attack, or reconnoitre?" asked Cavendish.

"Too soon to say," answered the Captain. "If it 's an attack their game evidently is to go up a few miles and keep out of range of our guns. It 's so devilish easy to do that!" he grumbled.

"There go some of our *Napiers,*" exclaimed Cavendish, pointing towards the Battery Tower, where three fat airships were rather clumsily getting away from their starting tower. "They 're going up to meet them," he added.

"They 're too slow," said the Captain, shaking his head. "The enemy's ships are faster. I dont know what the Government's been thinking of not getting out some of the new type *Napiers.* It 's done so much experimenting with impracticable forms that it has neglected to get a fleet of the best type of practicable ships. Well, they 're seeing their mistake at Washington now, I guess."

Some trouble evidently developed in one of the ships, for after rising a short distance it returned to the tower. The other two began climbing with good speed, traveling at a high slant towards the northeast.

"If that were the enemy, now, would I not puncture him!" exclaimed the Captain, as the two ships passed about a mile from the Cavendish Commons Tower. He turned his glasses again upon the foreign fleet. "They 're making straight for us now!" he exclaimed. "They 're coming at a mighty good clip, too, for *Napiers!*" he added. "Looks as if they 're going to make a daylight attack. It 's the sensible thing to do. They can see where to strike in daylight. And, Reggy, you can count on their striking right here about the first blow. Cavendish Commons is a bright and shining mark."

"Oh, dad 'll look out for us all right." answered the young man coolly. "He did n't put thirty million into this old bungalow just to let those fellows topple it over. He 'll let loose Mercer and the *Swallow* before they come within striking distance. Then watch out! There 'll be something doing!"

On came the hostile fleet, the eight airships getting larger and larger against the sky. Nelson dropped his glasses and fingered the release-catch of the Barmeister nervously. "If I did n't know it could n't do any good I 'd try a shot at them," he said. "Why dont Sanderson train his new Coulter rifle on them? He 's been bragging about what it 'll do."

"That 's just what he 's doing!" shouted Cavendish, as one of the *Napiers* was seen to waver and then crumple together, falling swiftly towards the ground.

"Good! good!" cried Nelson. "Give 'em some more!"

The *Napiers* began climbing rather wildly towards higher altitudes. "Got 'em scared all right!" grinned the Captain.

"There goes another!" he cried excitedly, as a second ship doubled together in a swift collapse. "Look! look! Those fellows are using their parachutes. See those little specks floating down. That 's the crew! Sanderson 's making good all right. Why in thunder did n't your father mount a Coulter here! My own fault, I suppose; I did n't believe in 'em and told him so.

"Great Geewhillikins! he 's hit another, blamed if he has n't! Three gone inside of two minutes! See those other fellows scramble away. They 're scared all right now. Lord! I wish I had a Coulter here! They 're nearer my tower than Sanderson's now. I could pick off two or three more easy, if I had one. There, they 're out of range of Sanderson's gun now.

"There 's the *Comet!* There 'tis. Reggy! Look! it 's separating from the others now. See, they 've drawn in their padding—that slim-bodied one! See it shoot away from the others. Lord! how she goes!"

For a minute or two Nelson gazed through the glasses. "Now, she 's coming around in a big circle—about a mile higher up. Sanderson can 't reach her with his Coulter up there. Is n't she pretty, though! See her sail! If that is n't a sixty-mile gait, then I dont know one!"

A moment longer the Captain watched the slim airship. Then—"What 'd I tell you, Reggy, about us being a bright and shining! She 's got her nose pointed straight as a flag-pole for your father's old bungalow, as you call it. She 'll be here in seven minutes, or less. How 'll we feel, Reggy, when half a ton of dynamite comes bumping down on our heads!"

"It has n't bumped yet," answered Cavendish, "and I 'm not expecting it will. If you could tear your gaze from that hot air contrivance long enough to look round a little you might see a real airship! Did n't I tell you dad would look out for his bungalow. Did n't I tell you the *Swallow* was fit as a bird now. Look there!"

The Captain looked. From the Central Park Tower, now plainly seen in the sunlight, a singular craft was rising. "Shade of Darius Green! Is *that* the *Swallow!*" exclaimed Nelson. The aeroplane mounted with increasing speed, her "wings" beating the air so fast as to seem hardly more than a blur of motion on either side of her tapering frame. Said the Captain: "Never let me speak with disrespect of dreamers again! Reggy, if that is the *Swallow,* Mercer is a wonder. You 're sure she 's doing that herself! It is n't an explosion!"

Cavendish laughed, but instantly sobered. "The *Comet* is coming head on" he noted gravely. "She either has n't seen the *Swallow,* or is n't afraid of her. Do you think she can get near enough to dynamite us before the *Swallow* heads her off?"

For a moment the Captain calculated with his eye. "If she sticks to her course and does n't get scared she 'll be over us before the *Swallow* can engage her," he pronounced. "I dont know as she will, either," he instantly added. "By the Lord Harry, Reggy, see that bird of yours fly! If she has n't struck a hundred-and-twenty mile gait, my name is n't Sam Nelson! Gee whiz! see her come! There! the *Comet* has seen her; and you can bet your life they 're scared all right now! See! she 's swerving round towards the south. She wont hit us, anyway, Reggy, not this trip. She 's going some, herself, tell your folks! She can 't get away, though; no sir, she can 't get away!"

The *Swallow,* at an altitude of several thousand feet, swept southward nearly over the heads of the watchers. The *Comet* at a somewhat higher altitude was nearly over Governors Island. "What 's become of her?" asked Cavendish suddenly. Both had been gazing straight at the *Comet,* but she had suddenly disappeared. They gazed hard, but saw only a filmy haze drifting leisurely in the vicinity where the airship had been. A hoarse roar reached their ears, however. The *Swallow* had ceased its pursuit and was sweeping gracefully round towards the north again.

"Reggy, does the *Swallow* carry a gun?" asked the Captain suddenly.

"Yes; a toy Barmeister," answered Cavendish.

"That explains it then, She took a shot at the *Comet,* exploded the dynamite aboard her, and sent her to Kingdom Come so quick we could n't see her go! Glory Halleluiah, Reggy! The *Comet* is busted, and this airship war is over before it 's fairly begun. All we 've got to do now is to build a few more *Swallows,* and then go over and lick them. And we 'll do it too!"

Seizing the young man by the arms, the Captain danced a caper round the base of the brown Barmeister, while the *Swallow,* like a thing of life, swept northward far above their heads.

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A Tribute to Mrs. Gregory

By Ednah Aiken

IT was a shabby trick that I played on Mrs. Gregory, I know, but I could no more have helped it than I can withstand my other impulses to pierce the braggadocio of the men and women I meet. Tom says I go around pricking everybody's balloon, but he enjoys it as much as I do. Who was it last summer that told the groom to remove the stirrups from Flora McShane's side-saddle? Of course, it was I who put him up to it, but his lip had curled, too, when she had boasted before everyone on the veranda at Coronado that she could ride anything from a cow to Pegasus, that she rode bareback, cross, side, and fully as well without, as with, stirrups. She was going out that afternoon with Tom, so what could I do but give her an opportunity to prove her statement? After that I was never uncertain of my brother's feeling toward Miss McShane. She was gritty, he acknowledged afterward, and she certainly held her head high, for I watched them from behind the palms, but I 'm sure no girl had ever more wretched a ride. Tom, I know, showed no mercy, for I noticed she did not come down to dinner that night. So passed Miss Flora McShane.

Mrs. Gregory is exasperating enough, however, to justify almost any conspiracy. The way she opens those great brown eyes of hers, especially at Tom, would vex any woman of spirit. I like attractive women myself, and am willing to pay them homage, but when they do the cheap feminine act, as I call it, the way she does, it makes me play Mephistopheles to her glib Gretchen.

I could tell by the look of adoration on the men's faces that night at Mrs. Lawton's Mexican dinner, that she was playing up to the gallery. She had been natural enough, the half hour the men spent over their cigars and coffee, but as soon as they came in, half of them gravitating naturally to her corner, the little play began. Her conversation with the other sex is always limited to such topics as suffrage, religion, housekeeping and children (she has none of her own but plenty of theories about other women's) and she always takes the orthodox, conventional and conservative view. When the look of worship comes over men's eyes, I know that she is saying something like this: "I know I am pitifully old-fashioned, and different from other women, but I dont believe in woman suffrage. Woman's platform is the home! I 'd rather bring up one child well!"—But you know the method as well as I do. We each know a Mrs. Gregory.

Honestly, I believe such women are responsible for more unhappy homes than the ones we pretend not to see on the street, and at the theatre. They have n't brains enough to do any original thinking, to help less fortunately situated women live, so they are continually putting blocks in the way of the wheels of progress by making men think other women less womanly because they have to be more independent. I 'd give a good deal to hear the confidential report of the late Mr. Gregory, however.

I always have a bad hour or so, after Tom has been caught in her butterfly net. "Dont you think, Vance, you might have better results with the servants if you paid less attention to Browning?" Or, "I like reverence and religion in a woman. Really, Vance, I 'm afraid you are getting horribly unorthodox." I could hear the quotation marks. Just because she did not know what I meant when I spoke of the Tubingen school!

I could stand the look in Tom's eyes

not one second longer. He was losing his head. I had guessed that for some time, so I sauntered up, as naturally as I could, and joined the circle of worshipers. She had to pretend to be glad to see me.

"Dont let me interrupt you, Mrs. Gregory," I began, but Tom interrupted me.

"I want Vance to hear this," the great, big innocent said. "She is such a young housekeeper, and moving is an unstudied science with her. I could n't go to the office a week after we moved to our new house. It took days to unearth my clothes, and the ground had seemingly swallowed my pins and my studs. I have never seen my overcoat since!"

My cheeks were red with vexation. And Stanley Farr standing right there! Tom knew as well as I that it was not my fault. He would leave his jewelry around, just to tempt honest movers! And as for his overcoat, I 've always been convinced that our Jap picked it up from the lawn, and hid it somewhere in the neighborhood. Because when I went out for it, having seen it from an upper window, it was gone, and no one in sight but Takamura disappearing around the corner. He was back in five minutes, but I could n't insult him by asking about it, for he looks like a prince in disguise. Of course, the coat should have been packed with the rest of Tom's things, but one girl cant remember everything.

Mrs. Gregory enjoyed her little triumph immensely. "Why, if my poor little ideas can help anyone," she cooed, "I 'd only be too delighted. It 's the simplest thing in the world," she began again, aiming her words at me. "The trouble is always with the housekeeper who never takes the trouble to plan a little campaign against confusion. A move is nothing to me."

"You should know how to do it by this time," I murmured. She 's a widow, and years older than Tom.

"I plan it this way. A week before I leave the old house, I send the carpets and rugs to be cleaned and relaid, and the new carpets are put down. The day before I move, I have a lot of things cooked, to last until I get installed in the new house, so that afternoon I send away the stove. With a stove and carpets one can readily keep house, you know."

"Of course," I acknowledged, "it must be easier for one person with two servants, or is it three? to be scientific, than for two in family and one servant." It did sound horribly easy. But such plans always miscarried with me. Is it possible to make them go straight?

"Careless housekeepers, I mean inexperienced ones," she glided right over my retort, "make the mistake of moving before those important details are arranged. Then having lived systematically, of course the rest is simple. I pack as well as if I were going to travel, everything in its place, and every box and trunk is labeled. Then before the movers come, I have prepared some little simple diagrams, one for each room, and give them to the foreman. He has instructions, simple ones: 'All boxes in cellar,' for instance. 'All trunks in attic.' Each piece of furniture is lettered or numbered, and all the men have to do is to follow the instructions of the chart of the new house. 'Bureau 1 in corner B, table in centre, C.' It works like magic, if I do say it. Why, I can start in moving at eight, get to the new place at three, and be settled at six."

With the recollection of our recent domestic upheaval still irritating my memory, no wonder I felt annoyed. So I egged her on.

"You dont mean to say that you eat a civilized dinner the first night?" I inquired viciously.

"Why, certainly," she answered me, but her smile was for Tom. "Always. I 'd feel like a bungling housekeeper if I did n't. I could give a dinner the first night, were it quite fair to the help. I was just telling your brother before you came up, Miss Gordon, that I am moving next Friday, but that everything is so well planned beforehand, that by Saturday I shall have quite forgotten the incident."

I registered a vow that she should n't, and as soon as I got home, I wrote a note, canceling a theatre engagement—with Mr. Farr, for Friday night—and the next morning spent at the telephone

getting up a housewarming for Mrs. Gregory. It was to be a complete surprise. No one suspected a trick. I simply said that Mrs. Gregory was such a splendid housekeeper that she could move without losing trace of a handkerchief. That she had told me that she was pining to open her house that night to her friends, but was abstaining out of consideration to her servants. So we would take some of our maids along, and the refreshments. Plates and such things we would not have to carry, as she had plenty. Everyone fell into the scheme with glee. Perhaps the women did suspect, for they can't love Mrs. Gregory any more cordially than I do. I did n't invite Tom until the last minute, and even then I thought he would balk, but his trust in me simply proved his confidence in Mrs. Gregory. He gave me one quick look, but my eyes were innocent, and my smile bland. "It will be a good object lesson in system," he said, "and a little tribute to Mrs. Gregory." A tribute to Mrs. Gregory!

After assembling at my house, we walked the two blocks to her home. There were only a few lights to be seen from the street, and my heart sank for fear my joke would have its point blunted after all. Perhaps the well-ordered household had gone to bed. But our loud ring at the door was immediately answered by Mrs. Gregory herself. It was worth a year's allowance to see her face. Her hair was ruffled, her dress disordered, and her hands looked like Vance Gordon's when she is preserving fruit.

"It 's a house-warming," I gasped, for I saw my triumph and her Waterloo had come.

A look of dismay passed over her regular features. "I—I thought that you were the movers, the last load," she hastened to explain. "They have been horribly detained."

"Ah, they always are," I returned with deep sympathy. Tom coughed uneasily. "Now, be perfectly frank with us, dear Mrs. Gregory," I said. "If we shall be in the way (systems do get disordered, I know), just say so, and we 'll have the house-warming at my house."

It was really too bad. Every woman in the party felt the challenge. To have the story repeated of a house-warming miscarried, of her boast humbled, what woman would stand that. She was as gritty as Flora McShane in her way, for she threw open the door, and asked us all in!

Of course, I did not comment upon the bare floors, but she felt obliged to apologize. "We have had a series of such absurd accidents," she began tragically, pausing by the stairs. I realized later that she did not know where to take us, the poor woman. I can be sorry for her now, since Tom—

"Our carpets were to have been down yesterday, but they have had some labor trouble at the works, and we cant get them until Monday. I wanted to postpone the flitting until then, but the movers would n't have it. It had to be today, or a week from today, and my stove was down, and my telephone, so what could I do? I simply had to start, or live like a gypsy for a week."

"It 's lovely of you to let us come in at all, but I really think we should not," began Tom, when I hastily interrupted him.

"Perhaps we can all help. We 've all been through it, and understand. Which way shall we go, did you say?"

I 've seen a hunted hare look just so, but she threw open the folding doors. If ever a girl had a sweet revenge! I was next to Tom, and I murmured something about studs and an overcoat. He was looking fully as uncomfortable as she did.

"We 'll have supper now," I cried. Strange how my spirits soared. "While we wait for the last load of furniture, I want to see the tables and chairs marshaled in as though they had brains as well as feet. Which room is this, Mrs. Gregory? A down-stairs bedroom?" For several of her dresses, and a hat and feather boa were lying around on the chairs.

I know that she wanted to fib, but there were the sideboard and mahogany dining table as mute witnesses for the truth.—"Why, this is the place for our spread," I continued, as she hesitated.

"We brought our servants, Mrs. Gregory."

She was beginning a hard luck story to Tom, and did not hear. Inefficient movers, broken promises, we all know the history. It 's always that way. Somehow, I wasn't afraid of her wiles just then, so I occupied myself ordering around Marie Ynowe and the Lane's maid and the Chickering's Japanese butler, wresting order out of chaos. I could n't resist picking up a dainty petticoat that I found in the coal scuttle and handing it to my hostess. Her large eyes were full of genuine distress.

"They came so early, an hour before I expected them," she was losing her self-possession. "And I had not half packed. They just grabbed everything!"

"They always do," I returned. I dont wonder that woman hates me. But I was beginning to be sorry for her, so when I found her new spring hat in the waste-basket, I sent it quietly upstairs by Marie. I did n't want to rub it in. Tom was standing right by the mantel, and saw me do it, so it was not exactly a renunciation.

"We did not bring any dishes," I heard Maud Lane explain. "We knew that would not be necessary." Our hostess caught her breath, and I saw a baffled shadow fall across her eyes. So I came to her rescue. "Perhaps they are not unpacked yet. Cant we help you unpack them? Let us be of some use. I know where they are. Let me see. All boxes in the cellar! you said. Let 's all go down and carry them up for her!"

There was a note of real anger in her voice. "I beg that you will do nothing of the kind, Miss Gordon." Oh, how I should have loved to see that cellar, for I 've been through the moving mill! "I will have my maids attend to that, if you will all excuse me a few minutes." I heard her go upstairs, though. I knew that she would. She could n't have a happy minute until she brushed her hair. But she was gone a long time.

Her cheeks were very red when she came back. "I cant understand it," the words tasted bitter to her, "but the dishes have not come. At least, they cannot be found. I shall never have those men again. They seem to have a spite against me."

"Perhaps we ought to go home," suggested Tom for the second time, but I would n't have it. "We dont need dishes," I declared, and we really did have the gayest sort of supper. Everyone looked happy except our hostess and Tom. I could see he was furious with me. But what had I done?

Before we had finished, there was a loud peal of the bell. "The movers," we cried with one voice. We should have gone then, but I was going to see the thing through. Our hostess, excusing herself, went out into the hall, and soon we could hear angry voices.

"It 's outrageous, insulting!" we finally heard her exclaim, and Tom and the other men jumped for the door.

"Did you ever hear anything like it," she wailed. "This wagon left our house at three o'clock. It should have been here by four, and it 's now ten o'clock. These men are paid by the hour, so, of course, they take their own time. But this is absurd."

"What I want to know is this," said the burly spokesman, his cheeks the redder for beer. Several men and pieces of furniture were flanking him. "Is the lady willing to pay ninety dollars for this job? If she is, all right. We want to know before we go any farther. We dont want no monkey business. If she is n't, why we quits right here."

"Of course, I 'm not," exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, spiritedly. "It 's just three times more than you said it would be. It 's an outrageous demand."

"It 's just three times harder, the job, than you said it would be," he returned. "I said thirty dollars, did n't I? Well, I did n't calculate on the heavy furniture and the hills, and the hot day, and them diagrams, we 've wasted half a day on them fool things, begging your pardon, ma'am. But it's getting late, and we've got to get home. Are you going to pay us, or not?"

"No, I 'm not," and her pretty brown eyes blazed.

"Well, boys, we 'll quit," and the procession turned to go.

"And leave my things on the street?"

"It 's the rule of the union, when people refuses to pay."

"It 's beginning to rain," she cried. "Oh, Mr. Gordon, what should I do?"

"Pay it," said Tom. "When you 're up against a union, dont be too independent."

She turned to me in her distress. "And I have n't the faintest idea where my checkbook is!"

"I think I saw it on the porch as we came in," I began, wickedly. Tom flashed a look at me, and I saw my plot was discovered. But I knew he would not dare to scold me! He was emptying his pockets, and the other men followed suit. There were real tears in Mrs. Gregory's eyes. "I feel like a pauper," she declared, and I really felt sorry for her.

The ninety dollars were solemnly counted out and placed in the head conspirator's hands. "And now," said Mrs. Gregory, "now, I suppose you will put those things in their places. You wont? Why, what in the world did we pay you for?"

"To take them off the street," he answered with a leer. "We 'll bring them all under cover, and that 's all we can do. It 's after ten, and we 'd be breaking a union rule to work the men after ten o'clock. I 'll send a couple of men around in the morning to put up the beds."

"Are none of the beds fixed?" demanded Tom. "Now, Mrs. Gregory, not a word! I 'm going to boss this job."

His coat was off, and in a few minutes the knots began to untangle. Somehow no diagrams were forthcoming, but our hostess's bedroom, the servants', and the kitchen were in order before we left. It was one o'clock. I was never more tired in my life, nor as triumphant. She could never preach system to me after that.

As I passed the gate, I stooped to examine a dark object in the grass, and before Tom could stop me, I was up the stairs and ringing the bell. My triumph was wicked, though, for the eyes behind the half-closed door were red and swollen. So I blurted out something and ran away.

Tom was waiting for me at the gate, Tom in his most judicial mood.

"What part of the prank was that, Vance?" he asked severely. I was choking with nervous laughter.

"I found something, and went back. I wanted to tell her she had lost part of her system, but she looked so wretched, so I said, 'Here is your checkbook, Mrs. Gregory.' "

"What was it really, Vance?" he insisted, but I saw that the worst was over.

"Her diagrams," I sobbed. "Oh Tom, those diagrams! And in the checkerboard!"

Leaning against the fence, we laughed till our sides ached, and then Tom closed the subject by remarking: "By the way, Vance, I 'm never going to mention that overcoat again."

Exit Mrs. Gregory!

A Song of a Summer

By Lewis R. Freeman

I

Day dawn on the bright Pacific,
Soul dawn in your lifted eyes—
And you pink-lipped
As the waves pink-tipped
In the glow of the rosy skies
On the beach the white surf breaking,
O'er the dunes the glowing morn
Through amber curtains waking
To the joy of a summer born.

II

Noonday on the glad Pacific,
Noon love in my throbbing breast—
And your brow aflush,
And your cheek ablush
From the thrill of a love confessed.
Bright lights from the waters glancing,
White gulls in the air awheel.
And the crisping wavelets dancing
Down a floor of polished steel.

III

Twilight on the sad Pacific,
In my heart a vague distress,
At a love disdained
As the summer waned,
At a love grown less and less.
Grey clouds o'er the ocean banking,
Grey drift on the leaden shore,
And a chain on an old wreck clanking
Through the breakers' sullen roar.

IV

Black night on the hushed Pacific,
Black night in my sodden breast,
While I grope in vain
Through the wind and rain,
With the ghost of a joy obsessed.
Dark squalls from the windward slanting,
While a gibbous moon and red
Looks down on the breakers, chanting
Requiems for a summer dead.

The Angel Child and Dent Hackett

By Clinton Dangerfield

HALL we have good days like this much longer?" I asked of Hackett, who is no mean weather prognosticator, if you can draw his opinion.

He slanted his gray eyes at the western sky, his long body swaying to his pony's movements with the unconscious ease and grace born of a lifetime in the saddle. Dent Hackett is not a pretty man—except in the Scotch sense of the word when applied to those gentlemen familiar with "target and claymore"; but one might fare many miles before finding a more generally satisfactory companion—so far as my own masculine sex goes. With women, and even with children, Dent is different: behaving as one who is despairingly civil while feeling himself driven to the wall.

"The weather," said Hackett, "will be respectable for several days, I reckon. Puts me in mind," he added, "that this is the twenty-third, and on this date a year ago—"

I looked my interest eloquently. We had ten miles yet to ride.

"It was a beautiful day," pursued Dent, dreamily, "clouds was conspicuous by their absence, an' although I had two days' cookin' on hand for the boys (we were busy brandin' calves, an' our Chink had skipped), I felt peaceful an' happy. Not that I am fond of cookin', but I had drawed lots with the rest, an' being unlucky I was makin' the best of it—especially as I ain't a bad hand with beans an' dough.

"I had just begun to think of a smoke, when here come Limp Wratchet, a former chum of mine, a whirlin' across the prairie in Colonel J. Holcomb Anders' best buggy, with his running chestnuts attached.

"Colonel J. Holcomb Anders—he was always partic'lar about havin' his name jest that way,—thought a heap of them chestnuts. Incidentally he also owned the Lost Wolf ranch, one of the biggest outfits in our section, an' paid good wages; but he kept a tight rein on his men.

"I was jest wonderin' how Limp had riz so in favor as to borrow them chestnuts, when I seen he had a lady friend with him, an' next thing I knowed they was both at my tent.

"Then I seen the lady was Mrs. J. Holcomb Anders' French nurse-maid, black eyes, cherry lips,—too cherry I thought,—an' hair growin' in more curus little puffs over her head than Providence ever could have invented. But she certainly was plump an' had a takin' air."

"What—you looked at her long enough to analyze her appearance?" I bantered.

Dent regarded me scornfully.

"I ain't blind," he said. "If I dont choose to chase antelopes I may yet know their appearance an' somethin' of their ways. Well, this Adele—what did she have with her but the loveliest little crittur, about risin' five year, that you ever thunk of. All three piled out of the buggy, an' Limp he went to explainin' rapidly.

"The sitchooation was this—Limp had a rival, Spurr Woodard, the sullenest, dangerest man, I reckon, in the State.

"Everything might have gone all right if that Adele had n't amoosed herself flirtin' so hard with both; but that 's all the huntin' women kin do—so I reckon it was a natural thing.

"Now a wild crittur knows enough to stay out of man's reach, an' man orter know enough to stay out of range of

wimmen; but these two they jest let that Adele-girl play 'em both off against each other, till Spurr was nearly crazy with ugliness an' jealousy.

"At this juncture, Mrs. J. Holcomb Anders' rich uncle telegraft he was dyin', an' for her and her husband, to come quick. As they already had a lot of money, they naturally wanted more, an' they hustled off, leavin' the child in the charge of Colonel J. Holcomb Anders' sister, who was visitin' 'em.

"Now, 'long about this time Adele she up and discovered herself to be in love with Limp—so she chucked Spurr, kinder brusquely, too. He jest gave her one look, which she said plum froze the marrow in her bones; but he was n't wasting much time on looks. He arranged in his mind to crawl in her window that very night, an' stick a knife in her—that was his idee of a jilted man's rights. But he hired the cook to loan him a ladder, an' the cook, who was a lightnin'-witted Irish woman, pretended to hate Adele, an' she drawed all of Spurr's plans outn him—him bein' crazy for sympathy, an' jealous folks not havin' no sense anyway.

"Of course the cook told Adele, an' that Adele-girl was scared till only her own amazin' language could expressify her fears. She rose to the occasion, though. Spurr was missin', bein' hidin' out sharpening his knife; an' Colonel J. Holcomb Anders' sister was sick with newralgy in her room.

"That left the child intirely in the charge of the Adele-girl, who immejaitly ordered Limp not to waste no time huntin' that yeller-livered Spurr, which he wanted to do, natural, but to elope with her on the spot—an' Limp was joyful willin' to give up his plans for such as this.

"Once married, they would return the chestnuts per messenger, an' cross into another State. Limp, he really felt it incumbent on him to shoot Woodard; but Adele stood straight to her programme—any killin', no elopement, no marriage—so Limp had to give in.

"But there was still to consider what Adele called the angel child—an' the little crittur looked the name; for she stood there in pure, spotless white, her silky gold curls fallin' over her shoulders, her big blue eyes gazin' into mine, her little red mouth smiling' confidin' at me, her hands like rose leaves at her side.

"The Adele-girl was afraid, as the child was in her care, that Woodard might do it damage in revenge when he found her gone; in which she was plum wrong, I knowed; but she was too scared to believe otherwise, an' so Limp had boldly proposed leavin' the child in my guard till the Colonel an his wife came back.

"Neither Limp nor his girl gimme any chance at all to refuse. They said their whole happiness depended on me—that I was the only one they could trust—that I jest would n't, could n't, must n't fail Limp in a pinch—also that Adele-girl, she screeched an' cried an' wrung them little black-gloved hands of hern—an' first thing I knowed I had consented, an' me an' the angel child was alone together, her little suit case between us!

"When I found myself in this predickyment with the angel child standin' there lookin' at me with those great heaven-blue eyes, a dreadful sort of shyness come over me.

"What was I that I should be in the tent with such a perfect little crittur? I did n't know what to say to her! Fortunate she come to the rescue by slippin' her hand into mine, an' says she, encouragin',

" 'She wants a grink!'

"I got her the drink of water, which she drank kinder absently, more as if the request was a sorter habit than a wish. Then she says,

" 'She wants to see!'

" 'See what?' asks I.

" 'Everything!' says she.

"So we went on a tour of exploration an' discovery, which we enjoyed mutual; me showin' her what she could touch an' what she could n't; an' she listened sweet an' respectful. I began to see the disadvantages of the single state, an' the plum satisfaction to be had outer children.

"Then I realized it was after ten, an' I 'd better hustle up the grub.

"The angel child went step for step

after me as I worked, evidently considerin' the whole business a new kind of game.

"I sure can flip a flap-jack to beat anything—an' mix better yet; so the boys hustled through dinner to git to cakes an' syrup. Several of 'em took big mouthfuls at the same time, an' they all spit out the said mouthfuls more forceful than polite, an' was just about to say the same word in common, when they recommembered the angel child an' says they:

"'What in thunderin' Moses have you done to these here mule-killers?'

"'Made 'em like I've always done,' says I, very angry. 'If you're too big fools to appreciate 'em, dont eat 'em!'

"'Appreciate the—mischief,' says Jim Smith. 'Taste one, will you? Or have you done it on purpose?'

"I grabbed up a cake an' bit a piece outn the side; for I was plum disgusted with their disagreeableness. But I acted same like they had done; for them cakes was fortified with sand, an' flavored with kerosene!

"For a moment I sat there flabbergasted; then an orful an' seemin'ly impossible thought occurred to me. Had that female child betrayed me in my absence to the spring? Then I recalled how on returnin' I found the little thing settin' on a cracker box, where I had put her when I left, her hands folded peaceful an' pretty. To kill the suspicion forever, I rose an' went round to her, took one little roseleaf hand and smelt it. It reeked of kerosene!

"'Angel,' says I, I forgot her real name, 'who made them cakes?'

"'She made the cakes,' says the angel child, smiling at me. 'She made the cakes while he went off. She stirred 'em in good.'

"I groaned; the boys howled, she looked so like a saintly butterfly.

"They forgave her the cakes, an' they galloped back to the brandin'; but they left me feelin' the world was not as it had been. For why had that angel child emptied that cup of kerosene outn my can an' scooped up that sand so completely on the quiet, if she did n't know she was doin' wrong? My confidence got a shock—yet she had n't made no denial when tackled.

"I went to washin' dishes, an' the angel child says,

"'She wants to wash, too.'

"I gave her a little pan of soapy water an' some tea-cups to wash. She stood up in her pure white, pretty dress, at her cracker box, lookin' like a dear little woman. Then she smiled at me, lifted them tea-cups as high as she could—an' let 'em go ker-plunk down in the dish-water, which of course splashed her from head to foot.

"'Dont!' I yells, 'dont you see that wets you all over?'

"'She likes to get wet,' says the angel child, an' she fished out them tea-cups an' dropped 'em down hard again, which they was too solid to break, an' the water splashed clean to her shoulders.

"I strode over an' took the water away.

"'Now you *quit* that!' I says. 'You kin jest wipe dishes instead of washin' em.'

"'She dont wanter wipe dishes,' says the angel child, kinder absent, 'she will go pick flowers.'

"'Well, go,' says I; 'aint nothin' outside to hurt you.'

"Off she went, an' it was a good half-hour before she come back. But on her return she was the dirtiest you ever seen. She jest seemed to have wallowed in dust, which of course stuck to the dish water, an' in her right hand she was draggin' two dead snakes, which I had killed by the spring, thinkin' they might scare her. They war n't pizen snakes.

"'Well, I be damned!' says I, somewhat hasty.

"'Be-damned!' repeats the angel child, holdin' up the longest one. She seemed to think it was the crittur's name, an' I was plum ashamed of myself.

"'Clear that expression from your mind,' says I, 'I was in error! But drop them serpents—will you?'

"'She likes to play with 'em,' says the angel child very gently, an' she sat down, composed, on her cracker box an' played with them critturs for ten minutes.

"I let her be, an' went to assort her little suit-case of clothes, an' find a clean

dress for her, an' make her a bed in another box, as I had n't no cot.

"When I got back to her again, the snakes was gone.

" 'What you done with 'em?' I says, anxious.

" 'She frowed 'em away,' says the angel child, an' I says,

" 'Good girl! Now you come here an' let me wash you.'

" 'She dont wanter be washed,' says the angel child, an' a great white tear rolled out of her right eye, an' made a clean streak on her face.

" 'You kain't keep on lookin' like that,' says I. 'If you dont come an' be washed I 'll have to put you under yore cracker box, an' keep you there.'

"I was makin' the best bluff I could, an' only my poker face saved me. She come mighty near callin' that bluff, an' 'twould have been all up with my authority; but I made it through. She walked up, resigned, an' let me clean her up an' dress her; which it took a darned sight longer than you 'd think.

"She bore the infliction like a major, however, an' when I got through with her I was plum proud. She looked as sweet as when she first come.

"When the boys come in to supper, she had n't had no chance at the grub to spile it, an' she sat up on her dear cracker box an' et her supper good as gold. I did n't know jest what she orter have, so I opened a can of kraut, it bein' light and foreign, also some salmon. She took kindly to both, but she insisted so hard on some of everything elst that I turned her loose on the grub; only I made her wash it down with a good strong cup of coffee, for a digester.

"The boss had sent us out a good, long tent, an' the boys slept in one end of it on their blankets, with sich pillows as they made up.

"I had took a heap of pains to make a warm an' cozy nest for the angel child, borrowin' whatever I needed from the whole outfit, an' they glad to lend it.

"So now I undressed her an' put on her little, white nightgown, an' she looked fitten to fly to heaven right then; but I guess the coffee was rather excitin' to her, for though nine o'clock had come, she war n't nary bit sleepy, an' she says:

" 'She dont wanter go to bed! She wants to stay up.'

"I showed her what a lovely little nest she had; but she shook her head.

" 'She wants to sleep there!' she says, pointin' to Jim Smith's bed-blanket an' coat-pillow, which had been made up for sleepin' all day.

" 'No, no!' says I, 'that 's too near the ground for you, Angel. Come now, come go to sleep! I know you retire prompt in your own home. Dont mommer put you to bed early, Angel?'

" 'She never goes to bed," says the Angel, referring of course by she to herself, 'she stays up all night, ev'y night. Dr. Jenifer says it 's good for her.'

"The boys roared; they had spent the whole evenin' admirin' her an' playin' with her, an' thanks to their cuttin' up it took me a half hour to git that young one to bed; nor she would n't have gone then if I had n't told her onct more that under the cracker box she 'd go, an' the idea of bein' shut up did n't suit her temperament a little bit. So she says pitiful:

" 'She will go; but she wants to say her prayers.'

"Here was where I felt plum embarrassed, but it never worried her. She made me sit on her cracker box, an' she knelt at my knees, an' folded her two little hands an' shut her pretty eyes, an' then, while a sort of holy hush fell over us all, an' you 'd have heard a pin drop, she says:

" 'Bless Mommer, bless Popper! Diefore-wake-taker-soul.'

"It was n't a very clear sorter prayer; but tears come into the men's eyes, an' I heard one feller gulp down somethin'. Then the angel child kissed me good night, went straight to bed, curled up an' went to sleep.

"The boys followed her example immejiatly. Lights was blowed out, an' I was jest beginning to feel what a plum exhaustin' day I'd had, an' was droppin' off to sleep lovely, when Jim Smith, he used to be some considerable free with red pizen till a evangelist cured him, fetched a yell could 'er been heard clean to Ten Forks.

"There was a howl of Injuns an' murder from the rest; lamps was hurridly lit, an' flashlights snapped on by two that owned them. The spectacle which we saw was Jim Smith, pale as ashes, his coat pillow in his arms, sittin' up starin' wildly at two long snakes quoiled whar his pillow had been.

" 'Is them real?' he shrieks, 'or is they not?' His mind had done reverted to former experiences.

"Before we could answer, the angel child, woke by Jim's Comanche yell, was in our midst, pointin' at them dirty, dead snakes, which she had stuffed under poor Jim's pillow when she had done with 'em, an' says she:

" 'Be-damned! She wants 'em some more.'

"Jim looked paralyzed. As for the rest of us we laughed till I reckon the stars shook; while Jim sat there looking as sheepish as they make 'em, an' the angel child stood gazing from one to the other. She did n't gaze long, though —'twar n't her way.

"She ran an' got them snakes an' was startin' off to bed with 'em, when I gently, but firmly, took 'em away, carried 'em outside, an' slung 'em as far as I could.

"Her lip quivered at this; but she was plum manful in not wastin' no sorrow over the inevitable, an' presently I carried her back to bed.

"It was an hour before things quieted down an' the boys quit pokin' fun at Jim. But at last I was jest driftin' into sleep agin, when I feels something velvet brush over my face, an' I was jest about to let out a yell myself, when a soft little hand grabs one of my ears, an' the angel child curls up along side me an' puts her head plump in the middle of my stummick, with a rapturous sigh of pleasure.

"I give a gasp; but I said nothin'; after a good while I got used to it an' wooed the arms of unconsciousness again—yet it were n't so easy, for her head right in my supper was plum uncomfortable to me; but the clutch of them little hands was too much for my strength in further argument. 'Anything for a peaceful life,' murmurs I, an' this time it was one afore I got disturbed again. By that time I dreamed I had found a lot of kittens, an' somebody was tryin' to drown 'em, an' they was squirmin' an' whinin' awful, an' I woke up to find the angel child whimperin' in my ear—

" 'She hurts—she hurts dreadful! She dont like to hurt!'

" 'Well, again the lamps was lit, an' in a few moments I realized that a angel child with a fit of colic is calculated to age a man ten years in a single night; or turn his hair white, like the feller the school-reader man wrote about.

"I done everything I could for that little critter.. I made a fire, I heated water, I put her feet to soak, and I followed all the advices the boys gimme—which was many an' various, an' included a pepper plaster, a mustard plaster, rubbin' her temples, feedin' her some hot beans, rubbin' a key back of her neck, putting turpentine on her stomach, an' givin' her more coffee, also a little hot whiskey.

"By this time her whimpers had got to be screams, an' the lung power she had was the most amazin' thing I 've ever encountered. She 'd holler till she was black in the face an' chokin' for breath; then she 'd double up, rest a second, git some more breath an' start in again—while the cold sweat stood on my forehead an' the boys looked so mortal serious I made sure she was dyin', though I might have knowed anything strong enough to holler like that was n't near their extreme end yet!

"This kind of thing lasted till nearly three o'clock—when some of the remedies takin' effect, she begun to quiet down. She didn't double up so much; finally she lay back in my arms, stopped screamin' entirely, looked up at me, an' smiled the sweetest angel-smile.

"You pore little critter!' I says, nearly cryin' myself, 'is the old pain gone now?'

"She smiled at me again, so angelic my heart got in my mouth. Was she dyin', after all?

"Oh, brace up, Angel,' I implores, 'dont look so awful good! Ain't there somethin' you want, honey, now you 're all right?'

"At this she straightened up, sittin' like a drum-major, an' she says:

" 'She wants Be-damned. She *wants* 'em.'

" 'For God's sake,' says I to the boys, who looked plum flabbergasted, 'one of you take a lantern an' go find them perfectly good snakes, which I recklessly throwed away. Them's what she 's talkin' of!'

"Two of 'em took lanterns an' hastily skirmished for the snakes, and soon returned with 'em.

"The angel child took 'em joyously, an' tottered off to bed, weak on her pins, but entirely satisfied.

"As she disappeared into her nest, draggin' them dusty snakes behind her, Jim Smith looks at me an' says he, shakin' his head:

" 'I nearly got married last year! What if I had?'

"I never answered. I sat down by the fire an' tended it. I 'd had enough of goin' to bed that night.

"Day was near breakin', an' I pretty soon was standin' outside to get a sniff of air, when suddenly an auto come whirlin' over the prairie, an' next thing I knowed a finely-dressed woman was claspin' my hands an' intreatin' to know if her child was safe. It was the Colonel's wife, an' he was along, too. Appeared they had been telephoned the ranch situation by the cook, an' had come back as fast as trains could carry 'em, to the child, their relation bein' much better anyway.

" 'Madam,' says I, 'she's safe and sleepin'. I can bring her out to you, an' she need never wake up!'

" 'Do, do!' says the woman almost weepin' with relief, an' I slipped in an' fetched out the box-nest with the angel child sleepin' peacefully in it, too wore out to wake up. Of course, I disposed of them serpents aforehand.

" 'Oh how well you have cared for her! How peaceful she looks!' says Mrs. Colonel, 'you shall not go unrewarded for this!'

" 'Madam,' says I ' the pleasure of carin' for confidin' infancy was sufficient reward in itself—dont mention it! An' lemme git her suit-case.'

" 'That wretched, wretched Adele," says Mrs. Colonel, "Oh, I can never, never be thankful enough to you, sir.'

"But 'twas me that was the thankful one when I seen that auto; they would not stay for breakfast, disappearin' into dim distance. I bust into a song ballad, an' went to mixin' cakes for breakfast."

"And did Mrs. Colonel ever send you anything?" I asked, laughing.

"Every Christmas I git somethin'," said Dent. "Last year 'twas a pair of solid silver spurs. But not for no amount of presents would I do it again! No, sir! never!"

Heart of June

By Jessie Davies Willdy

From wood-lands lost in shadow-light,
A wood-bird's love-song in the night,
Drifts thro' sweet blossoms, pink and white,
  Beneath a shimmering, summer moon.

And cool white star-mists faintly beam,
And fragrant petals softly gleam
Where crimson roses lie adream,
  And love throbs thro' the Heart of June.

The Professor's Fourth

By Maryel Vance Abbott

QUIET Fourth in the country, with just our two families," gushed Mrs. Tobin. "How perfectly lovely it will be, Mrs. Dawes! My poor nerves thank you for planning it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dawes with satisfaction. "It will be such a relief to get away from noisy processions and fireworks! And there 'll be just enough of us to comfortably fill the Kirtley hack; and we 'll go to Russell Grove, where the children can't possibly get hurt; and the men can get some fish."

"How perfect!"

"I think it would be nice to have straw in the bottom for the children to sit on, and that would give us more room on the seats. I would like, if possible, on Sophronia's account, to ask Professor Birdwiler."

"Has he proposed to her, yet?" eagerly inquired her neighbor.

"No, but I 'm positive it 's in his mind. Ever since his mother's death, he 's come regularly to sit on our porch, and everything Sophronia says, he repeats after her in such a—a—considering manner."

"How very lovely!" cried Mrs. Tobin. "This picnic with all the dear children around, in a quiet country atmosphere, will be just the thing to make an old bachelor long for domestic ties. You 'll lose your dear sister-in-law, I predict, this Fourth. We 'll manage to let them have little walks and talks together; and let us take enough for two meals, and come back by moonlight. It will be so very romantic for them!"

"I would be glad if they could settle matters. Sophronia will be thirty-seven soon, and since she seems able to like the Professor, it will be satisfactory all around. Here comes Grandpa with Georgie, and I know *he 'll* like an old-fashioned Fourth. Wont you, Grandpa?" (loudly).

"Hey?" said Grandpa.

"We 're planning to go out in the country for our Fourth," screamed Mrs. Dawes through his trumpet, "away from giant crackers, and noise and confusion."

"Good!" said Grandpa. "Firecrackers is all dern-foolishness—"

"I want firecrackers!" cried Georgie Dawes, a pale, blue-eyed, tow-headed child of five. "Ma, ain't we goin' to have firecrackers an' noise on the Fourth?"

"Georgie, dear," said Mrs. Tobin. "Your mother is going to give you the sweetest picnic; much nicer for you than fireworks or firecrackers."

"I want noise! I want firecrackers!" screamed Georgie.

"We 'll take your new phonograph, instead," promised Mrs. Dawes.

"Firecrackers! I want firecrackers!" cried Georgie, growing purple, and tearing at his cloud of white hair.

"Oh, Grandpa! Do think of something to divert him," cried Mrs. Dawes.

"Here, Georgie," soothed Grandpa. "Come down to the shop, an' I 'll make you something that 'll knock the spots off any cracker you ever seed sence you was born," and Georgie's wails died out by bounds in the distance.

On the morning of the Fourth, Professor Birdwiler stood awaiting the hack full of Dawes' and Tobins', that was to take him to the picnic. He could see and hear them, as the horses slowly pulled the heavy load up the hill.

The Professor was a little man with a large head, and a nervous, preoccupied expression.

"Handkerchief, glasses, kodak—" he

murmured, "I have them, but what have I forgotten? What was I thinking of at breakfast, that I must remember? Oh, yes, the watery apple sauce reminded me. I must really make a declaration to Miss Sophronia; the restaurant meals are unpalatable and unhygienic. I will ascertain first, a few things about which I have not yet tested our compatibility, and will then make her an offer. I was given to understand it was to be a quiet day, but the children are blowing vociferously on horns. I trust it wont disturb the horses."

"Good morning, Professor!" cried the Daweses and Tobins.

"Is n't this a warm morning?" added Mrs. Dawes. "There is room for you on the back seat with Sophronia and Grandpa."

"I am afraid I 'll overcrowd you," said the Professor, with polite trepidation, noting the three-seated hack overflowing with adults and children.

"Not at all! Not at all! Georgie 's to sit on Grandpa's lap, and then there 's room for you by Sophronia."

Miss Sophronia and her father were generously proportioned, and a phonograph was lashed to the back of the seat, so the Professor politely perched on the edge and held his precious kodak balanced on one knee.

"It is very gratifying, Miss Sophronia," the Professor began gallantly, "and I am overwhelmed—"

"What 's that?" demanded Georgie, staring with large, round, blue eyes at the kodak.

"That," said the Professor, impressively, "is a very admirable piece of mechanism; a combination kodak-camera."

"I want it!" cried Georgie, with a fatalistic gesture of stubby fingers.

"It is very delicately constructed, and promiscuous handling is unadvisable."

"I want that box!" yelled Georgie.

"He must n't have it," said Sophronia, emphatically. "Please hide it, Professor. Here, Georgie, is a cooky."

"I want it!" screamed Georgie, hurling the cooky at the alarmed Professor. A purple tint spread over the child's large cheeks.

"He must be diverted," called Mrs. Dawes from the seat ahead. "Tom, can't you take him in front, and let him drive the horses?"

Georgie was passed to the front seat, his screams changing to a whiffle of delight as the reins were put in his chubby fingers.

"That is our plan always with the children," explained Mrs. Dawes to the Professor. "We never punish them, but always give them something better than what they cry for, and it seems to work extraordinarily well."

"Works extraordinary, indeed!" said the perturbed Professor, looking down the steep canyon walls they were skirting, and hoping Georgie's grasp on the lines was a firm one.

"You just started to say something, Professor," suggested Sophronia.

"Oh, yes, indeed. It is very gratifying to me, and—"

"Professor Birdwiler," inquired Mrs. Tobin's gushing voice. "You know so much about mental development, and I do wish you would tell me what will become of Iola. She is a most remarkable child. She lives in a world of dreams."

The Professor considered a little anaemic girl, with wide-apart, vague eyes, and two long braids of pale hair.

"There is reasonable assurance, madam, that she may become normal when she arrives at maturity."

The uncomprehending Iola swelled with pride at this verbal attention.

"I can hardly wait, Ma," she said importantly to her nonplussed mother, "until we get to the grove. I 've invented a wonderful new game for the children."

The Professor readjusted his spine to the convolutions of the phonograph and resumed:

"It is most gratifying, Miss Sophronia—"

"Professor!" yelled Grandpa Dawes, leaning across his exasperated daughter. "Hev ye noticed this package Sophy 's a-carrying?"

"Yes," said the Professor, who had been dodging a long, awkward handle ever since he had been seated.

"It 's a horse-fiddle. Did ye ever hear one?"

"No. That is a musical instrument I am unacquainted with."

"Hey?" cried Grandpa above the children's horns. "You hain't no spring chicken! You must a heerd horse-fiddles when you was a boy. Sixty years ago they was common."

"I am just fifty," said the Professor, reddening.

"Well, them thin hairs, and your glasses most deceiving!" yelled Grandpa. "I 'd 'a guessed you in the sixties. My hearing 's not the best lately, but that old fiddle sounds just as well as when I was a boy. You got a treat ahead, and so 's the children. I made it so 's they 'd not be disappointed about them pizen crackers!"

"Most laudable," murmured the Professor, politely.

"Yes," vociferated Grandpa. "They 've spilt the Fourth lately, a-whooping things up, but today we 're going to have a quiet, old-fashioned homespun day of enjyment—" and he held forth until the grove was reached and the party unloaded.

"Now," said Mrs. Dawes. "While the men put away the horses, I 'll start the phonograph. Professor, you and Sophronia help carry these baskets in the shade, and then you two go and take a few pictures before lunch time. Mrs. Tobin and I 'll set the table."

Under Iola's leadership, the children hastened to a little open glade and began a game.

"Now," said Iola, "first we 'll play 'Witch.' I 'm *it*, and these matches in my pocket 'll be the fire."

"But Mamma wont 'low us to play with fire," said Daisy Dawes.

"Matches ain't fire. I 'll set them up in a ring round Georgie's red cap band, and light 'em so it 'll look like fire an'—"

"I want my cap!" yelled Georgie.

"When we finish the game, Georgie."

"I want my cap! I want my cap!" screamed Georgie, tearing at his bushy hair.

"Give him his cap!" cried Mrs. Dawes from the grove.

Iola sullenly swung the cap from the earth to its resting place on Georgie's curling locks. Four matches went out in the mad swirl, but the fifth struggled gallantly for life until revived by Georgie's floating back hair. His affrighted screams tore up the welkin.

"Give him his cap! I say!" called Mrs. Dawes, angrily.

"I did," wailed Iola.

"I dont want it," howled Georgie, plucking it madly from his smoking tresses.

"To what primitiveness children revert in their games. A notable example of atavism; their play-calls are like those of young animals or savages," remarked the Professor to Sophronia, as they were passing.

"I 'm afraid Georgie 's hurt—Oh, look! Save him!"

The nervous little Professor tore through the terrified children, and choked out the budding blaze on Georgie's nimbus.

"Is my pretty hurt? My darling!" demanded Mrs. Dawes, rushing up and gathering her shorn lamb to her bosom.

"The blaze did not penetrate to the cuticle; it merely zephyred over the upper strata of hair," said the Professor, examining his fingers dubiously.

"Are n't you hurt?" asked Sophronia.

"A mere nothing!" said the polite Professor.

"Here, children!" said Grandpa, appearing with an oblong wooden box to which was attached a long wringer handle. "Dont cry any more. Here 's fun for you. Listen!" and he swung the instrument vigorously backward and forward around his head.

A commingled sound of mighty, grinding rock-crushers, wailing steam-saws, and millions of shrieking, sharpening knives, penetrated and overpowered the feebler phonograph and took possession of the troubled atmosphere. The children were delighted.

"You aint ever heerd anything like it?" demanded Grandpa, pausing for a triumphant moment.

"Never!" truthfully answered the Professor, as he thought with anguish of the cotton suited for sensitive ears, reposing in a drawer at home.

"It was made original to scare horses out of the corn."

"It would certainly have that effect."

"Miss Sophronia!" said he, anxiously, as soon as their walk had taken them to a conversational distance. "May I inquire if you agree, and are as passionately addicted to the pronounced in acoustics, as all your kindred appear to be?"

"I wonder what he means," thought the perplexed Sophronia.

"I agree with my folks about most things," tentatively; "I believe in always holding out for peace and quiet."

"Peace and quiet! You like peace and quiet," said the approving Professor in his class-room manner. "My dear Miss Sophronia, another bond between us. Let me consider a moment! There *was* a subject I wanted to pursue, that is elusively eluding my mind at present—"

"Was it what you started to say in the wagon?"

"In the wagon? Did I start to say something? Really, my dear Miss Sophronia, uniess I take time to go in the silence and impress my sub-conscious mind, matters of importance *will* escape me. But I dare say, recollection will return presently. Are n't those honey bees on those field flowers?"

"I dont know," said the disappointed Sophronia.

"Yes, indeed! What an opportunity! I need them in my coming Grange lecture. If I only had a bottle or jar!"

"I could get a jelly glass—" volunteered obliging Sophronia.

"The very thing. The sweet would attract them. I 'll wait here for you."

The lady hurried back through the hot sun to the grove, and found an empty jelly glass and cover, near some tart shells on the tablecloth. Mrs. Dawes and Mrs. Tobin were making coffee over a distant fire. Speech was impossible owing to the activity of the horse fiddle, but by expressive pantomime she explained her purpose and hurried back.

"How lovely!" cried the delighted Mrs. Tobin. "He 's picked her some flowers, and she 's hurrying for a glass to put them in water. They are progressing. There 's sentiment in all men, and there 's nothing like nature and being around children to bring it out."

"Well," said Mrs. Dawes, retreating from the blazing fire, "I do hope he gets down to sentiment, and accomplishes something today. Sophronia 's hard to manage—a stout woman *is,* unless she marries young—I just had a fight to get her in that blue dress; she said she wanted something cool and comfortable. 'Comfortable!' I said, 'why, a woman can't expect to be comfortable when she's trying to please a man!—You can take your comfort after you get him, when he 's off to lectures and hunting bugs!' I dont think the Professor 's as noticing as most men—still, it 's a woman's duty to keep up what figure she can. Sophronia's good about listening and keeping up a show of interest, but she hates to exert herself and bring him right down to the point like a thinner, more nervous woman 'd do. Everything's done now, and we better call them, so the men can get off to their fishing. Here, children, stop that fiddle so we can hear ourselves think — the phonograph 's enough to keep going—and sit down nicely about the tablecloth, and we 'll help you to things."

The phonograph was playing a rollicking barn dance when Sophronia and the Professor reached the picnickers. The first thing the latter noticed was a large dish of apple sauce gracing the repast, and immediately placed his companion and himself close to it.

Miss Sophronia gave him a liberal helping.

"I heard you say you wanted some—so I brought it," she explained.

"Want it, my dear young lady! I have suffered for it! It is one of the dishes necessary for harmony and well-being, and your thoughtfulness is gratifying. This sauce is most excellent. It will make it impossible to continue eating the restaurant article."

Never had the Professor spoken so warmly. The lady glowed with pleasure—a pleasing picture of herself as Mrs. Birdwiler, paring and coring large tart greenings rose before her.

Biff! Bang! Bang! resounded a huge explosion behind them, then a clatter of falling tins; the spoon fell from the Professor's nerveless fingers. He seized Miss Sophronia's fair hand, but as his

eyes were wandering wildly, her feelings were mingled.

"What 's that?" cried everyone excitedly.

"Jest a little snort of powder," said Grandpa, coming around a corner. "It 's proper to burn a little on the Fourth, stid of them new-fangled crackers."

The men laughed and the children got up to run and examine the place of explosion; returning soon with powder-blackened fingers.

The Professor shook himself together. "Really, my dear young lady, the appalling suddenness was most disconcerting—most disconcerting, indeed!"

"Have another dish of apple sauce," advised Sophronia.

"I believe I will," said the Professor, gallantly, but just then Georgie threw a blackened, discarded doughnut across at his brother, and it fell short in the middle of the cherished dish.

The Professor groaned in spirit, and perforce partook of a less hygienic food.

After luncheon, Mrs. Dawes sent the couple down to the creek to wash the picnic traces from their hands. Sophronia chose a large, smooth boulder in the shade, and sat down with as big a sigh of relief as the blue dress would permit.

"Had n't we better take some pictures now?" asked the Professor.

"Not too soon after eating," said the lymphatic Sophronia. "Sit down here and rest a minute."

"It would n't have occurred to me, but I believe it 's advisable. More and more am I impressed with the conviction, the feminine mind is a necessary adjunct for a man's well-being. While my mother lived, I was looked out for in a domestic and hygienic manner; for example, my mother kept me out of drafts, I never caught cold—and now, a cold seems to be my most constant companion. The phenomenon of the common cold is most extraordinary. I am thinking of making an exhaustive study—"

"You were saying, Professor," diverted Miss Sophronia, "that you needed looking out for in a domestic way."

"Oh, yes, indeed! yes, indeed. Now, my laundry is a most embarrassing problem. Much of my valuable time and money is spent in replacing things that disappear, and in trying to get into others that seem to diminish disproportionately each week."

"Shrinkable things should be washed at home properly. I like to wash flannels," said the wise Sophronia.

"She likes to wash flannels. She likes to wash flannels," thought the approving Professor.

"Very laudable, very laudable! Your likes and dislikes are a matter of very interesting moment to me, indeed, and I would wish to pursue the subject further."

Sophronia beamed with pleasure. A vision of Mrs. Birdwiler over a large basin of foamy soapsuds, rinsing out buff-colored garments—a modest peep at the cuff gave assurance of the color—arose intoxicatingly before her.

"My ears are most sensitive to—ahem—certain tones, and for five minutes your father's horse fiddle has ceased grinding, and peculiar shrieks have proceeded from the grove and are coming nearer and nearer."

"It must be the children playing. You were about to pursue the subject of likes and dislikes," coquettishly advised the lady.

"Ah, yes. Those play-shrieks are very disconcerting. Suppose we resume this interesting subject after we have taken the pictures, and obtained some more bees—"

"More bees!" cried the irate voice of Mrs. Dawes, as that lady descended like avenging Nemesis, at the head of a wailing procession of stricken children.

"Was it you who hid that jelly glass in Sophronia's basket?"

"Are my bees gone?"

"Gone! I should hope so!"

One of the lady's eyes was swollen shut, and she knew her dignity and Sophronia's chances suffered, but pain and excitement prevailed.

"Poor Georgie thought it was something to eat, and you two who hid them are the only ones in the party not stung! Your camera was in the basket, too, and poor Georgie stepped on it—you could n't expect anything else!" The lady swept tragically on to the creek, and there ap-

plied mud and clay to all the disfigured faces.

"My camera!" cried the startled Professor, flying wildly up the bank, with Sophronia puffing after.

"A complete ruin! a complete ruin!" mourned the little man, as he picked up the mangled remains.

"Put it in this paper bag," said practical Sophronia. "Maybe a clock man can fix it."

"Here, Professor—come here!" called Mr. Dawes. "Come and help Tobin and me find the horses. That confounded fiddle made 'em jump the fence, an' it 'll take us till night to find 'em probably."

The Professor mopped his troubled countenance.

"My experience with horses is infinitessimal. I really know nothing—"

"You dont need to; just get on the other side when you find 'em. That 'll scare 'em this way."

It was twilight when the horses were finally captured, and the wearied, disgruntled picnickers scrambled to their places in the vehicle.

As the exhausted Professor settled back against the phonograph, recollection returned.

"My dear Miss Sophronia, I recall starting to say this morning that it was extremely gratifying to have you ladies invite me to spend a *quiet* Fourth with with you. I will substitute for that a Fourth, replete with experience! Yes, replete!

"I have such an unsatisfied feeling I have forgotten something," he further confided. "I charged my mind with my camera this morning, and something else. Now, the question is: what is that something else?"

"Perhaps it was something you were gong to ask some one—" said the astute lady.

"How very extraordinary! It was! It was!"

"Well, have you asked them?"

"No-o, but—but my experience today assures me that it is a trifle premature—premature," said the Professor, cautiously.

"It will bear postponing until her nephews arrive at a maturer age," he reflected inwardly.

Miss Sophronia's feminine instinct told her there would be no proposal that evening, and she was disappointed; the day had been a warm, trying one, and she had struggled valiantly against inertia and adverse circumstances to win a happy home, and had failed. Even her phlegmatic nerves rebelled, and Nature demanded reprisals. With one hand she unhooked the high, tight, blue collar, and with the other snatched from the coddled Georgie a long tin trumpet that he was blowing dolorously at minute intervals.

"If you dare to cry, I 'll whip you!" she announced emphatically to the astonished youngster.

The Professor gasped and swallowed.

"Miss Sophronia, have n't you an inherent fondness for the young?" he demanded anxiously.

The lady knew it was womanly to admit she adored children, but exasperated nerves demanded an outlet.

"When they raise Cain like they 've done all day, I sometimes wish," said the lady in almost the language of the immortal murderer, "I sometimes wish all these children had just one body, and I had the spanking of it!"

Approval and enthusiasm ran riot in the little man's brain. His spirit leaped to meet hers and caution vanished. Under cover of the darkness, his hand traversed the fiddle handle, until it found the lady's.

"My dear Miss Sophronia," he murmured fondly, "there is complete affinity between us—complete! May I hold your hand a minute?"

"You may," said the delightfully restored Sophronia. "Here 's both. You may hold them both forever!"

The Ballad of the Friar

By Herman Scheffauer

"O blue-eyed daughter to the dawn—
  O sister to the poppy red!
Your feet are flowers upon the lawn,
  But seals of fire upon my head.

"Demons have seized me and possesst,—
  O Virgin Mother, aid me now!
The dart of Love is in my breast,
  The brand of Sin is on my brow.

"I looked upon her loveliness,—
  Like saint or seraph fair!—she seemed
An angel creature meant to bless
  The Earth her presence half redeemed."

The friar seized the knotted scourge
  And smote his youthful shoulders firm,
So the rude blows his flesh might purge
  Of fiends and the undying worm.

He heard the Mission vesper-bell
  Fling mellow music through the air,
And while his soul was steeped in Hell,
  His brother monks were steeped in prayer.

He slept on stone and harshest straw;
  The hair-shirt chafed his tender skin;
He let the pangs of hunger gnaw
And craved forgiveness for his sin.

But still her face, a summer cloud,
  Rose radiant in his sight by day,—
At night, a flame within the shroud
  Of darkness, o'er his couch it lay.

He knew his holy vows were vain,
  He knew Love's fetters held him still—
Not to that cruel dame of Spain—
  But Gomez' daughter o'er the hill.

In the far Andalusian land
  He had been lord of high estate,
Now exiled to this western strand,
  A monk in Mission walls he sate.

Once when for simples by the brook
  He hunted all a summer's day,
She came, and smiled on him, and shook
  Her gleaming curls and rode away.

Then by an Indian boy she sent
  A jar of honey twined with leaves—
"For the young priest," the message went,
  "Whose heart is holy, but who grieves."

The yearly great Fiesta flamed
  And rang with music through the town;
The belles and *caballeros* famed
  From ranch and range came riding down.

A rose, a star above the rest
  Shone Gomez' daughter from the Hill,
And young Alvarez strove his best
  To win her with his smiles and skill.

Alvarez rich in gold and lands,
  Whose cattle darkened all the plain,
Flung silver from his slender hands
  And showed his feats of rope and rein.

The friar from his barren cell
  Saw in the sunlight's happy glow
The tides of life he loved so well
  In old Hispania, ebb and flow.

He flung his missal 'gainst the wall,—
  His carved, ancestral chest he spied,—
Therein with potent lure and call
  Lay vain, forbidden things of pride.

When night had fallen, and the moon
  Rose like a lily from the sea,
And poured athwart the salt lagoon
  Her silvery fires fitfully—

The monk stole forth in robe and cowl,
  Where pallid, massive, grim and still,
He saw the house of Gomez frown
  Like a white fortress on the hill.

Swift to a window iron-barred
  His footsteps, winged with passion, sped
Where rose and myrtle held their guard
  Above Rosalia's lovely head.

But ever on his shadow hung
  Another shadow black and grim,—
Past tree and hedge it stalked and swung—
  Saint Francis, yield thy grace to him!

Close by the wall his friar's hood,
  His rope, his sandals and his gown
He doffed—a cavalier he stood
  As once in gay Sevilla's town!

Splendid he shone in silk and lace,
  With silver buckles on his shoon;
The powdered wig above his face
  Gleamed like a halo 'neath the moon.

His hands embraced a polished lute
  Which since in Seville streets it rang,
With all its chords had rested mute,—
  He smote the thrilling strings and sang:

"O blue-eyed daughter to the dawn—
  O sister to the poppy red!
Your feet are flowers upon the lawn
  But seals of fire upon my head."

He sang, and one that stood and heard
  The golden notes began to weep;
Her heart seemed like a captive bird
  Longing from out its cage to leap.

Her eyes peered through her chamber's bars—
  Her moulded arm waved white and free—
Her eyes shone like the zenith stars—
  Her arm shone pale as ivory.

She waves and from her hand a rose
  Falls to the gallant as he sings.
To lift it from the earth he goes—
  An ambushed shadow forward springs,—

A dagger flashes in the night!—
  The song is ended in a groan,
And lo! before Rosalia's sight
  The youth lies silent, still and prone.

The dark vaqueros at her shriek
  Ride down the phantom murderer's track
Across the moon-lit fields and seek
  And find and drag him fiercely back

Where close by torch and taper red,
  Cold in the virgin's chamber lay
With ashen face and tonsured head,
  A princely form of perished clay.

As curst Alvarez entered there,
  No sign she gave,—no word he said,
He fixed on her a fiery stare—
  A shudder seemed to seize the dead.

On those pale lips ere life had gone,
  Rosalia's lips had rested twain—
Your guerdon great—your benison,
  O gallant gentleman of Spain!

Wet with his blood and with her tears,
  Red on his breast her flower lay.
Beside him through the night she hears
  Earth's iron hours roll away.

And at the early matin-bell
  The padres from the Mission came
Slowly with downcast head—too well
  They felt their brother's sin and shame!

And o'er the peaks where morning frets
  The skies with pearl and amber glow,
With slant and glittering bayonets
  Marched guards from the Presidio.

Soon two processions dumb and stern,
  The *hacienda's* door releast,—
West to the Mission one made turn,
  And one marched quickly toward the East.

One bore the monk to sainted ground,
  And moved with silent prayers and slow,
One haled the live assassin bound
  With ropes, to the Presidio.

A hundred years! the potent hands
  Of Earth on all have wrought her will,
Though still the ruined Mission stands
  And Gomez' house upon the Hill.

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SNOW LINE IN THE CASCADES (MIDDLE SISTER MOUNTAIN), OREGON.

The Flora of the Pacific Ocean

By W. A. Tenney

SCIENTISTS tell us that organic life on our globe began with sea weeds in cellular structure. During the progress of the ages, however, this order of vegetation has kept pace with the land productions in a steady evolution; yet, to this day the gardens of the ocean fail to attract public notice. This may be owing in part to the seclusion of their habitat in submerged localities where no human foot can tread, and in depths no human eye can fathom.

Again, what has been published on marine *algae,* as a rule, has been written by scientists for the use of scientists, and the incessant employment of technical terms renders the volumes nearly as obscure to the ordinary reader as if they were in an unknown tongue. Indeed, all literature on this branch of natural history is very scarce.

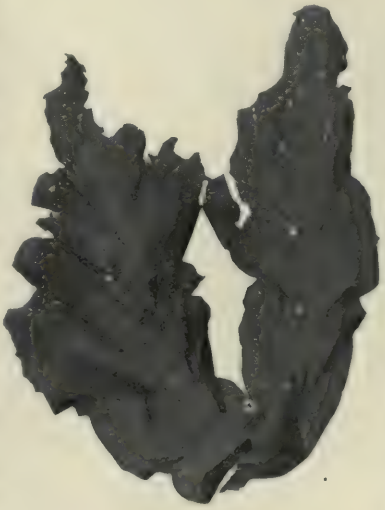
The vegetable products of the ocean are far more numerous and are fraught with greater interest than most people suppose. Beneath the stormy billows are some of the most delicate and attractive flower gardens of earth. Their existence is not less real because we cannot see them.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

A few things can be said about the flora of the ocean that will interest any reader, and in language the reader can understand.

The waves, from time to time, land on the beach cargoes of "sea-wrack." In these piles of decay may be found things of beauty. It requires a keen eye to see, in these crumpled leavings of the tide, anything to be desired; but let a sensitive hand pass an unmutilated frond through the floating process on white card-board and you have a picture which no brush can imitate.

We first call attention to the *sea forests.* It is not generally known that the tallest vegetable products of the globe grow in the Pacific Ocean. Passengers on the Southern Pacific road along the beach between San Luis Obispo and Ventura can hardly have failed to notice the miles of foliage of the sea forest. In places, extending far out from land, the appearance is not unlike an Eastern lily pond, with broad foliage almost connected over hundreds of acres of surface. How gracefully these plumes wave on the billows! How quietly they ride the storm-driven Sea! Like the pines and oaks on our hillsides these marine trees are sometimes wrenched from their base and are stranded on the sea-beach so we can measure their dimensions.



ULVA LINZA.

The *Macrocystis* (long shrub) in Southern California waters is the *Sequoia Gigantea* of the ocean. It is not uncommon for the tides to land on shore a specimen 500 to 700 feet long; and we

PLOCAMIUM COCCINEUM.

are assured that sometimes a monster 1,500 feet long has been on exhibition after a winter storm. The trunk of this tree is simply a cord, or cable, that anchors it to the deep bed-rock. What is called the "hold-fast" is simply a mass of rootlets cementing the plant to the solid bed-rock. Often when it comes ashore it holds a piece of adamant in its grip. Along the North Pacific is another ocean big tree: the *Nereocystis* (sea bladder). Hervey, in his *Nereis Boreali Americana,* says: "The Nereocystis of the Northwest coast, is said, when full grown, to have a stem 300 feet in length, which bears at its summit a huge air vessel six or eight feet long, shaped like a great cask and ending in a tuft of upwards of fifty forked leaves, each of which is from thirty to forty feet in length. The cask-like air vessel which may be eight or ten inches in diameter, buoys up the immense frond which, like Wilton's hero lies,

Prone on the flood extending long and large,
Floating many a rood.

The stem which anchors the floating mass of fronds, is of considerable length and elasticity, though it is no larger than a whipcord. It was employed as a fishing line by the rude natives of the coast."

These mammoth plants are confined exclusively to deep water. They are the "big trees" of the ocean; but on their coarse frame-work are growing, as parasites, some of the most delicate and beautiful mosses to be found on land or sea—pictures of opaline gossamer.

Another sea plant of great length (the *Phyllospora Newviesii*) is simply a cartilaginous strap about an inch wide, densely clad with leaves and air vessels, and these, fringed with hairy filaments of the exquisite *Polysiphonia,* form a picture satisfactory to the most fastidious taste. These parasites spend all their living existence in habitats no human eye can pierce. It is only when they are wrenched from their home and driven on shore as "sea-wrack" that their elegance becomes visible.

Other gardens of the sea are partially visible in their habitat at rare seasons only. There is a most delightful spot on the rocky beach between Santa Cruz and Soquel which is on exhibition at the extreme low tides in December and January. Here is a succession of tide pools in the solid rock, where the water never leaves. At a few feet in depth are spread out the broad *Gigartina* along whose margins are arranged the elegant *Microcladia* of an attractive red, sometimes variegated. As the waves roll in and out these tiny forests on a

POLYSIPHONIA WOODII.

flexible base vibrate back and forth in recumbent grace.

There with its waving glade of green
The seaweed stream through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of dulse is seen
To blush like banners bathed in slaughter.

About these tide pools, on the flat rock are mats of *Plocamium Coccineum* (curly red hair). In structure, this plant is unlike anything else in nature. It is not a parasite, like most of the other fine mosses, but grows alone on the rock. The color is a bright blood red. It at once attracts the collector's attention and finds a conspicuous place in every herbarium of Pacific Coast *algae*. The brilliant hue seems to tinge all near it. It seems

The multitudinous seas to incarnadine
Making the green one red.

The great forests of the sea and most of the deep-water parasites are perennial, and relics of them can be found on the beach at any season, after a storm; while others, which grow in tide-pools, or between tides, are annuals. The sea gardens which are in gay attire during the winter months are denuded in summer.

PORPHYRA PERFORATA.

As warmer it grows, they fling off their clothes
And in autumn quite naked appear.

The varieties which afford pleasure to the eye from December to June yield in October only stubby fragments like broken straw or a stubble field. Autumn is out of season for brilliant sea flowers, as it is for wild flowers on the hills. Some varieties of sea flora entirely disappear in autumn. Hervey says of the *Nemalium* on the Atlantic Coast: "At Marblehead, early in June, I have seen boulders lying clean, smooth and hard, warming in the sun when the tide was out, with no trace of vegetation on them. In the early July, I have found the young fronds just sprouting up half an inch high or so. By the middle or last of August they would be a foot long, full grown, and in perfect fruit. But on visiting the place in October, I have found no trace of them left. They have ripened, produced a living crop of spores, discharged them into the sea, and so having accomplished their life function, have vanished again from living forms."

POLYSIPHONIA URCEOLATA.

PIKEA CALIFORNICA.

That does not seem so strange on the Atlantic coast where the severe winters affect the ocean as well as the land. But we find the same conditions in Southern California waters, where the temperature has little variation. In June I saw Chinese gathering *Porphyra Perforata* from boulders along the Ventura coast, but in winter not a vestige of the plant was visible. The boulders were entirely bald. On the last day of the next May, however, I discovered the Chinese beginning to gather the fresh fronds. I inquired: "Did you find any of this weed here in the winter?" The reply was: "No more in winter; him only come back two weeks." By September I saw the boulders were again fruitless. Where the spores spend more than half of the year amid the storm-lashed waters and how they find their way back at the season for germination, who can tell?

On shell or stone is dropped the embryo seed
And quickly vegetates a vital breed.

It may seem like a digression here to state that the *Porphyra Perforata* is a product of larger commercial importance than Americans are aware of. I noticed for several months in the early summer, the Chinese were very diligent in gathering this weed from the boulders, when the tide would permit, and drying it at their homes. In the published reports of Ventura's exports were included many tons of seaweed shipped to China. It was baled like hay. When the Chinese were asked what was done with it in China, their answers were evasive. "We use for medicine—put 'um in soup. No good till five year old."

I learned elsewhere that the trade in Canton for many years has been importing from the beach of Singapore a similar variety of seaweed, which they call *"Agal-agal."* When it reaches a suitable condition it is cleansed in fresh water and boiled over a slow fire until it is entirely dissolved and when cool it is a perfect gelatine; and this when reheated, as we prepare glue, becomes the strongest cement known. It is possible for us to learn something from the Chinese.

The geographical distribution of marine *algae* is quite as marked as the local vatiation of the land flora. Very few species are cosmopolitan. The plants everywhere derive their nutriment ex-

PTILOTA HYPNOIDES.

MICROCLADIA COULTERI.

clusively from sea water, and the water varies only slightly in chemical composition, yet the vegetation takes a wide range of variety.

Each section of the ocean has a class of vegetation peculiar to itself. The waters about Australia and New Zealand though very prolific, produce only two varieties in common with what we have in America. The plants on the eastern and western sides of the Atlantic are quite unlike, and also those on the eastern and western coasts of America in the same latitude.

There is a perceptible variation at particular points along the same coast line. On the Atlantic, Hervey finds that Cape Cod is the dividing line between the tropical and arctic specimens. On the Pacific Coast, Monterey Bay is the dividing line. As you go south some varieties grow less till they disappear. The same rule holds as you go north, Borean varieties increasing.

How to Prepare the Sea Flora for the Herbarium or Album.

The water plants can only be arranged in their native element. By soaking the coarser varieties in glycerine and water they remain flexible for years. They can be coiled like a rope and laid away. The finer mosses should be placed in fresh water for half an hour to remove all salt, or it will absorb moisture, to the detriment of the dried plant.

For a floating bath, a diving platter is convenient; better still is a shallow dripping pan, 8x12 inches. Place in this a plate of glass that will loosely fit on the sides and with the lower end on the bottom and the upper end toward you, projecting a little over the top. This furnishes an inclined plane in water varying in depth from the bottom to the top of the dish. On this plane immerse a piece of cardboard or heavy paper, and over this spread a frond with the stem

NITOPHYLLUM LATISSIMUM.

end next to you above water; then with a shoemaker's sewing-awl, arrange the fibers in the most natural order, drawing the card gently up the incline. Should any spot need rearranging after the plant is out of water, a few drops from a sponge may be located, and a change made without disturbing the whole plant. The card and its float should be placed on an inclining board for fifteen minutes; then it is ready for the press.

Use a thin board, 12x18 inches, for the bottom. On this place a sheet of botanist's drying-paper, which is a coarse spongy felt with great capacity to absorb moisture. Ordinary blotting board will answer. Arrange the cards on this and over all, spread a piece of old muslin—old with the fuzz worn off. The plant will not stick to the cloth, but will adhere firmly to the card. Above the cloth place another blotter and contents, so repeat the order until you are through "floating." Place a cover like the bottom on top and subject the whole to a pressure of about twenty-five pounds—bricks, rocks, — anything convenient. After twenty-four hours, remove the plants into fresh drying papers and cloths, and double the pressure. Forty-eight hours more the specimens are ready for the herbarium. In book-form the colors will not fade. The specimens in my herbarium which were mounted thirty-five years ago are as fresh in color as those pressed last week.

PRIONITIS LANCEOLATA.

CALLOPHYLLIS VARIEGATA.

Drawing by C. S. Price.
HE DISMOUNTED ON THE FAR SIDE OF HIS HORSE AND WAITED THEIR APPROACH.

Justice in Hylo

By Edith R. Mirrielees

THERE is no law in Hylo, but there is a considerable allowance of justice. When Sam Harter stabbed McKay over cards he pleaded neither self-defense nor insanity, but instead took McKay's horse which happened to stand outside and rode hard for Raeder, where exists law enough in all conscience, but to a man of Sam's standing, scant danger of injury from it.

It was an hour after dawn that the pursuing party came up with him. They were twenty to one, and, observing this, he dismounted on the far side of his horse and waited for their approach.

"Morning, boys! Looking for me?" he greeted them.

"Got you, too," McKay's half-brother shouted in answer.

Harter thrust up both hands, empty, above his saddle.

"See my mits in sight? I 'm not shooting. But you fellows stay right where you are till I talk this thing over with you."

"Nothing to talk about. We got you," the half-brother put forward.

"Yes, there is something to talk about. Back of my horse this way you cant get at me good, and I can land two of you, maybe three or four if I 'm lucky, while you 're trying. Ain't that so?"

There was no contradiction.

"Well, then, ain't it worth talking to get me to agree I wont do it? You better think it is, Jack McKay. I got my eye on you. And you, too, Nielson. Well, all I want 's this: I 'll come right out for your end of the business, but you got to hold on first till I 've time to hear from my family. You got to hold on five days after today," he ended with decision.

"You ain't got any family," objected a voice from the rear of the troop.

Harter was unabashed. "Back East I have. And I got to hear from them. Well, what you going to do?"

In the ensuing silence, each man waiting for his neighbor to speak, he came slowly around from behind his mount.

"Dont any gentleman get nervous," he mocked them. "I 'm going to take off my belt." Very deliberately he lowered his hands, loosened the buckle and walked toward them, the belt and its

accompanying armament on both palms. "Now I got five days' time," he reminded them as the foremost man stooped to take it.

The avengers were fairly trapped in their own silence. There was no audible objection as Harter walked back to his horse, mounted and turned its head toward Hylo.

Arrived at the town, the criminal betook himself to the Midnight Sun, the saloon where the killing had taken place, and, being provided with a table, wrote voluminously. In the afternoon he attended McKay's funeral, walking to and from the grave, even as he had ridden to the town, in pensive solitude. Already, on this first day, with five full days of life ahead of him, he was getting hugely on the town's nerves. When, on his return from the funeral, he established himself in the front of the Sun, close to the bar, the comfort of Hylo's one place of refreshment was patently lessened.

His model behavior, too, added a pang to the dis-ease of his captors. Never once did he make a motion toward horse or gun; never, except for eating and sleeping, did he disappear from his conspicuously public place. He preserved a mien of friendly patience, urging conversation upon his friends and referring freely in it to that approaching time "when I ain't around here any more." Only when it drew toward stage time he would fall silent, peering eagerly through the windows of his self-appointed prison or pacing, solitary, up and down the board platform before it. At noon on the third day, as the body of the stage resolved itself from a nebula of dust, he gave a great sigh and stood still in his pacing.

"She 's come," he remarked aloud.

The stage drew up at the platform and discharged its passenger—discharged her, catapult-like, full into the arms of the condemned Harter.

"My husband! My husband Samuel!" wailed the newcomer—and before the group at the Sun door had time to melt into distance, she had torn herself from Harter's lax arms and was in the midst of them.

"I 've come to take him away," she announced through tears. "You 'll let him go with me? You wont take my husband?" And guided probably by instinct, she fell on her knees before Nielson and held him by the arm. Nielson was leader of the law-and-order clique at Hylo.

The unhampered part of Hylo's population beat a retreat through the saloon door. The barkeeper was crying openly and several of the others were faintly acquiescent.

"Why not?" the barkeeper reasoned. "He 'd never make any more bother. An' if she wants him—"

But McKay put a check on the rising tide of sentiment. *"Him!* What kind of a husband do you call him? Why, we 're doing her a favor! And say—look there!"

They looked. The woman had taken down her handkerchief and they could observe the details of her comeliness—a damning perfection of pink cheeks, arched brows and scarlet lips. On the frontier there are but two kinds of women—the wife kind is faded and wind-swept and careless. The barkeeper, blinking the tears from his eyes, stepped outside and laid a hand on the supplicant's shoulder.

"It 's no good," he said, kindly. "You better come have your dinner and then go right on on that stage. It ain't going to work." His tone was final.

Harter came shamefacedly forward and lifted the woman to her feet.

"I did n't go to let you in for this, boys," he observed parenthetically. "Come on now, Madge. You come inside and talk to me. I got some things I want to say to you."

He said them at length, apparently, for they filled in the time till the stage was ready for starting, and the woman departed, weeping aloud, yet not too chastened to bestow upon Nielson a final glance and a wave of her hand in parting.

Harter came in from the platform and leaned against the bar.

"Everybody drinks on me," he announced unsteadily. "Thank the Lord I got that off my mind."

"And as long as you got nothing else to wait for," McKay insinuated, but Harter's lips came together like a trap.

"Dont you get hasty, Jack. I got two days left and I mean to enjoy 'em—that is if anybody 'll help me," he ended plaintively. "Everybody acts like they thought I was contagious."

The protest rallied the town's courage a little. Harter was able to gather a group around him at the bar and to keep them around him shiftingly as he loafed in his chair before the windows. His ideas of enjoyment seemed marvelously modified by the approach of death. Cards and the amusements with which they alternated in Hylo, he scorned utterly.

"Wish you boys could feel as quiet as I do," he condoled with his companions. "Just like every day was going to be Sunday by and bye. Have n't felt that way before far back as I can remember. Why, even when I was a kid—" And there the talk drifted toward anecdote.

His serenity fascinated them presently. The group of his executioners hung around him, as students surround the subject of a clinic. He noted their attitude and scoffed gently at them.

"Now look at you," he pointed out on the morning of his last day. "Getting bothered about every last thing you see. Getting interested right now just because the stage is coming in sooner than general. It dont bother me that way any more. I just sit here peaceful and think, 'Now, tomorrow when that stage comes in—' " He cut off the words with a gasp of complete dismay. "Look at that, boys! Get me out of here! I got to hide somewhere! I got—"

His voice died abruptly, for the door of the Sun had opened—opened to such a guest as surely no Midnight Sun had ever shone on. She came through the entrance hesitatingly, looked about her, and at sight of Harter gave a prim little sob of joy, holding out black-mitted hands to greet him.

"I thought I 'd surprise you, Sammie," she said.

The occupants of the saloon fell away to let her through to him. They backed precipitately toward the door, but they did not escape before they heard her comment on the Sun's appearance.

"Why, Sammie, you ain't in a *saloon!*"

It was a furtive group which, at the ringing of the noon bell, slunk through the kitchen into the eating room, each man eyeing his neighbor, ready to stampede at a sign of danger. Yet when a side door opened to admit Harter and his guest there was no stampede. Rather was there the paralysis of wonder. The newcomer was calm, tearless, beaming upon them as she entered.

"Sammie did n't want me to come till you 'd got through," she announced as she hitched her chair to the table, "but I told him I 'd come right in now. I told him his mother wanted to know every friend he 'd got." She surveyed the occupants of the table one by one. "He 's wrote me about some of you. Now, which might be Mr. Jack McKay? You? Sammie, he wrote me about your killing that mountain lion with just a crowbar. I do love to hear stories like that." She cast a smile of especial radiance in McKay's direction and openly patted Harter's hand where it lay on the edge of the table.

"Sammie dont seem a bit glad to see his ma. And what you think? After I come all this ways to see him, he says I got to go right on to Raeder after dinner. He says it 's too rough for me here. But I 'm not going." Every stiff, gray curl outside her bonnet bobbed in emphasis. "I told him, 'Why, Sammie, you know there 's a good hotel here, because when that Mr. Benson that keeps it was sick and you tending him you wrote me, —Which is Mr. Benson now?"

A scraping of chair legs was the answer. Benson, nearest the outer door, had sought safety in flight. His movement broke the spell. In three minutes, Harter and his mother, flanked on either hand by half-emptied plates, had the eating room to themselves. The deserters were comparing notes at a safe distance when Harter, alone, slunk through the door and hurried to join them.

"I cant get her to go," he whispered desperately. "Something 's got to be done."

Nielson surveyed him gloomily. "What got her to come?"

"Says she wanted to surprise me. Says when I sent her that last money—Dont you boys go! You boys stay with me!" There was panic in his tones.

Mrs. Harter crossed deliberately to the group. "You don't need to stop smoking," she called in advance of her coming. "Sammie's father, he smoked and I 'm used to it. Sammie, dear, I wanted to know about writing out that telegraph dispatch for Izzie. I promised you 'd ride to the station with it the first day I got here. He 'll think the world of it if it 's from you. Izzie 's my girl's little boy that lives with me," she explained to the group. "I expect you 've heard Sammie talk about him. He 's got hip disease, and Sammie's sending us money right along to get him cured of it."

Harter made some unintelligible murmur and she stroked his shoulder. "I guess I can talk about it if I want, Sammie. I guess if any of these boys is half as good to their mother as you been to yours—But you get ready and take that telegraph message. I want Izzie should get it tomorrow."

"I—got business—" Harter stammered.

She shook her head. "I told Izzie you 'd sure send it. He thinks a lot of getting it right from his Uncle Sammie. When you have to just lay round all the time and know you 'd always lay around if it was n't for a man out West sending you the money— But if you 're too busy, Sammie—"

It was McKay that made surrender. "You—take it over," he advised, and instantly, to cover his retreat, "I 'll catch up your horse for you."

"I got a good sorrel down in the pasture," Harter called after him. As McKay returned leading it, he went out to meet him. "I can get back by daylight," he offered, loud enough for the men behind him to hear.

McKay turned aside his head. "Dont you *ever* get back—into these parts," he warned in undertone.

The slayer nodded and swung himself into his saddle. He reined his horse close beside the saloon platform where the newcomer was standing.

"Well, so long. Much obliged," he said and kissed her.

Mrs. Harter returned the kiss resoundingly. She stood watching till the rider was quite out of sight. Then she turned and for the second time that day entered the doors of the Sun. There was a tin hand-basin in one corner of the room. She went over to the basin and washed her face in it—altering it strangely in the process. She raised both hands to her head and lifted off her bonnet, and clinging to it a net of close grey curls.

"Gee, but it was hot wearing those things," she remarked, simply, "but Sam, he 's always been a good pal to me."

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE first thing Martin did next morning was to go counter both to Brissenden's advice and command. "The Shame of the Sun" he wrapped and mailed to the *Acropolis*. He believed he could find magazine publication for it, and he felt that recognition by the magazines would commend him to the book publishing houses. "Ephemera," he likewise wrapped and mailed to a magazine. Despite Brissenden's prejudice against the magazines, which was a pronounced mania with him, Martin decided that the great poem should see print. He did not intend, however, to publish it without the other's permission. His plan was to get it accepted by one of the high-class magazines, and, thus armed, again to wrestle with Brissenden for consent.

Martin began, that morning, a story which he had sketched out a number of weeks before and which ever since had been worrying him with its insistent clamor to be created. Apparently it was to be a rattling sea story, a tale of twentieth-century adventure and romance, handling real characters, in a real world, under real conditions. But beneath the swing and go of the story was to be something else—something that the superficial reader would never discern and which, on the other hand, would not diminish in any way the interest and enjoyment for such a reader. It was this, and not the mere story, that impelled Martin to write it. For that matter, it was always the great, universal motif that suggested plots to him. After having found such a motif, he cast about for the particular persons and particular location in time and space wherewith and wherein to utter the universal thing. "Overdue" was the title he had decided for it, and its length he believed would not be more than sixty thousand words—a bagatelle for him with his splendid vigor of production. On this first day he took hold of it with conscious delight in the mastery of his tools. He no longer worried for fear that the sharp, cutting edges should slip and mar his work. The long months of intense application and study had brought their reward. He could now devote himself, with sure hand, to the larger phases of the thing he shaped; and as he worked, hour after hour, he felt, as never before, the sure and cosmic grasp with which he held life and the affairs of life. "Overdue" would tell a story that would be true of its particular characters and its particular events; but it would tell, too, he was confident, great vital things that would be true of all time, and all sea, and all life—thanks to Herbert Spencer, he thought, leaning back for a moment from the table. Ay, thanks to Herbert Spencer and to the master key of life, evolution, which Spencer had placed in his hands.

He was conscious that it was great stuff he was writing. "It will go! It will go!" was the refrain that kept sounding in his ears. Of course it would go. At last he was turning out the thing at which the magazines would jump. The whole story worked out before him in lightning flashes. He broke off from it long enough to write a paragraph in his note book. This would be the last paragraph in "Overdue"; but so thoroughly

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was the whole book already composed in his brain that he could write, weeks before he had arrived at the end, the end itself. He compared the tale, as yet unwritten, with the tales of the sea-writers, and he felt it to be immeasurably superior. "There's only one man who could touch it," he murmured aloud, "and that's Conrad. And it ought to make even him sit up and shake hands with me, and say, 'Well done, Martin, my boy.' "

He toiled on all day, recollecting, at the last moment, that he was to have dinner at the Morses. Thanks to Brissenden, his black suit was out of pawn and he was again eligible for dinner parties. Down town he stopped off long enough to run into the library and search for Saleeby's books. He drew out *The Cycle of Life,* and on the car turned to the essay Norton had mentioned on Spencer. As Martin read, he grew angry. His face flushed, his jaw set, and, unconsciously, his hand clenched, unclenched, and clenched again as if he were taking fresh grips upon some hateful thing out of which he was squeezing the life. When he left the car he strode along the sidewalk as a wrathful man will stride, and he rang the Morse bell with such viciousness that it roused him to consciousness of his condition, so that he entered in good nature, smiling with amusement at himself. No sooner, however, was he inside, than a great depression descended upon him. He fell from the height where he had been upborne all day on the wings of inspiration. "Bourgeois," "trader's den" — Brissenden's epithets repeated themselves in his mind. But what of that? he demanded angrily. He was marrying Ruth, not her family.

It seemed to him that he had never seen Ruth more beautiful, more spiritual and ethereal and at the same time more healthy. There was color in her cheeks, and her eyes drew him again and again —the eyes in which he had first read immortality. He had forgotten immortality of late, and the trend of his scientific reading had been away from it; but here, in Ruth's eyes, he read an argument without words that transcended all worded arguments. He saw that in her eyes before which all discussion fled away, for he saw love there. And in his own eyes was love; and love was unanswerable. Such was his passionate doctrine.

The half hour he had with her, before they went in to dinner, left him supremely happy and supremely satisfied with life. Nevertheless, at table, the inevitable reaction and exhaustion consequent upon the hard day seized hold of him. He was aware that his eyes were tired and that he was irritable. He remembered it was at this table, at which he now sneered and was so often bored, that he had first eaten with civilized beings in what he had imagined was an atmosphere of high culture and refinement. He caught a glimpse of that pathetic figure of him, so long ago, a self-conscious savage, sprouting sweat at every pore in an agony of apprehension, puzzled by the bewildering minutia of eating-implements, tortured by the ogre of a servant, striving at a leap to live at such dizzy social altitude, and deciding in the end to be frankly himself, pretending no knowledge and no polish he did not possess.

He glanced at Ruth for reassurance, much in the same manner that a passenger, with sudden panic thought of possible shipwreck, will strive to locate the life-preservers. Well, that much had come out of it—love and Ruth. All the rest had failed to stand the test of the books. But Ruth and love had stood the test; for them he found a biological sanction. Love was the most exalted expression of life. Nature had been busy designing him, as she had been busy with all normal men, for the purpose of loving. She had spent ten thousand centuries—ay, a hundred thousand and a million centuries—upon the task, and he was the best she could do. She had made love the strongest thing in him, increased its power a myriad per cent with her gift of imagination, and sent him forth into the ephemera to thrill and melt and mate. His hand sought Ruth's hand beside him hidden by the table, and a warm pressure was given and received. She looked at him a swift instant, and her eyes were radiant and melting. So were his in the thrill that pervaded him; nor

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did he realize how much that was radiant and melting in her eyes had been aroused by what she had seen in his.

Across the table from him, cater-cornered, at Mr. Morse's right, sat Judge Blount, a local superior court judge. Martin had met him a number of times and had failed to like him. He and Ruth's father were discussing labor union politics, the local situation, and socialism, and Mr. Morse was endeavoring to twit Martin on the latter topic. At last Judge Blount looked across the table with benignant and fatherly pity. Martin smiled to himself.

"You 'll grow out of it, young man," he said soothingly. "Time is the best cure for such youthful distempers." He turned to Mr. Morse. "I do not believe discussion is good in such cases. It makes the patient obstinate."

"That is true," the other assented gravely. "But it is well to warn the patient ocassionally of his condition."

Martin laughed merrily, but it was with an effort. The day had been too long, the day's effort too intense, and he was deep in the throes of the reaction.

"Undoubtedly you are both excellent doctors," he said; "but, if you care a whit for the opinion of the patient, let him tell you that you are poor diagnosticians. In fact, you are both suffering from the disease you think you find in me. As for me, I am immune. The socialist philosophy that riots half-baked in your veins has passed me by."

"Clever, clever," murmured the judge. "An excellent ruse in controversy, to reverse positions."

"Out of your mouth." Martin's eyes were sparkling, but he kept control of himself. "You see, Judge, I 've heard your campaign speeches. By some henidical process—henidical, by the way, is a favorite word of mine which nobody understands—by some henidical process you persuade yourself that you believe in the competitive system and the survival of the strong, and at the same time you indorse with might and main all sorts of measures to shear the strength from the strong."

"My young man—"

"Remember, I 've heard your campaign speeches," Martin warned. "It 's on record, your position on interstate commerce regulation, on regulation of the railway trust and Standard Oil, on the conservation of the forests, on a thousand and one restrictive measures that are nothing else than socialistic."

"Do you mean to tell me that you do not believe in regulating these various outrageous exercises of power—?"

"That 's not the point. I mean to tell you that you are a poor diagnostician. I mean to tell you that I am not suffering from the microbe of socialism. I mean to tell you that it is you who are suffering from the emasculating ravages of that same microbe. As for me, I am an inveterate opponent of socialism, just as I am an inveterate opponent of your own mongrel democracy that is nothing else than pseudo-socialism masquerading under a garb of words that will not stand the test of the dictionary.

"I am a reactionary—so complete a reactionary that my position is incomprehensible to you who live in a veiled lie of social organization and whose sight is not keen enough to pierce the veil. You make believe that you believe in the survival of the strong, and the rule of the strong. I believe. That is the difference. When I was a trifle younger—a few months younger—I believed the same thing. You see, the ideas of you and yours had impressed me. But merchants and traders are cowardly rulers at best, they grunt and grub all their days in the trough of money-getting, and I have swung back to aristocracy, if you please. I am the only individualist in this room. I look to the state for nothing. I look only to the strong man, the man on horseback, to save the state from its own rotten futility.

"Nietzsche was right—I wont take the time to tell you who Nietzsche was. But he was right. The world belongs to the strong—to the strong who are noble as well and who do not wallow in the swine-trough of trade and exchange. The world belongs to the true noblemen, to the great blond beasts, to the noncompromisers, to the 'yes-sayers.' And they will eat you up, you socialists who are

afraid of socialism and who think yourselves individualists. Your slave-morality of the meek and lowly will never save you.—Oh, it 's all Greek, I know, and I wont bother you any more with it. But remember one thing. There are n't half a dozen individualists in Oakland, but Martin Eden is one of them."

He signified that he was done with the discussion, and turned to Ruth.

"I 'm wrought up today," he said in an undertone. "All I want to do is to love, not talk."

He ignored Mr. Morse, who said:

"I am unconvinced. All socialists are Jesuits. That is the way to tell them."

"We 'll make a good Republican out of you yet," said Judge Blount.

"The man on horseback will arrive before that time," Martin retorted with good humor, and returned to Ruth.

But Mr. Morse was not content. He did not like the laziness and the disinclination for sober, legitimate work of this prospective son-in-law of his for whose ideas he had no respect and for whose nature he had no understanding. So Mr. Morse turned the conversation to Herbert Spencer. Judge Blount ably seconded him, and Martin, whose ears had pricked at the first mention of the philosopher's name, listened to the judge enunciate a grave and complacent diatribe against Spencer. From time to time Mr. Morse glanced at Martin as much as to say, "There, my boy, you see."

"Chattering daws," Martin muttered under his breath and went on talking with Ruth and Arthur.

But the long day and the "real dirt" of the night before were telling upon him; and, besides, still burning in his mind was what had made him angry when he read it on the car.

"What is the matter?" Ruth asked suddenly, alarmed by the effort he was making to contain himself.

"There is no God but the Unknowable, and Herbert Spencer is its prophet," Judge Blount was saying at that moment.

Martin turned upon him.

"A cheap judgment," he remarked quietly. "I heard it first in the City Hall Park, on the lips of a workingman who ought to have known better. I have heard it often since, and each time the clap-trap of it nauseates me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. To hear that great and noble man's name upon your lips is like finding a dew-drop in a cess-pool. You are disgusting."

It was like a thunderbolt. Judge Blount glared at him with apoplectic countenance, and silence reigned. Mr. Morse was secretly pleased. He could see that his daughter was shocked. It was what he wanted to do—to bring out the innate ruffianism of this man he did not like.

Ruth's hand sought Martin's beseechingly under the table, but his blood was up. He was inflamed by the intellectual pretence and fraud of those who sat in the high places. A Superior Court Judge! It was only several years before that he had looked up from the mire at such glorious entities and deemed them gods.

Judge Blount recovered himself and attempted to go on, addressing himself to Martin with an assumption of politeness that the latter understood was for the benefit of the ladies. Even this added to his anger. Was there no honesty in the world?

"You can 't discuss Spencer with me," he cried. "You do not know any more about Spencer than do his own countrymen. But it is no fault of yours, I grant. It is just a phase of the contemptible ignorance of the times. I ran across a sample of it on my way here this evening. I was reading an essay by Saleeby on Spencer. You should read it. It is accessible to all men. You can buy it in any book-store or draw it from the public library. You would feel ashamed of your paucity of abuse and ignorance of that noble man compared with what Saleeby has collected on the subject. It is a record of shame that would shame your shame.

" 'The philosopher of the half-educated,' he was called by an academic philosopher who was not worthy to pollute the atmosphere he breathed. I dont think you have read ten pages of Spencer, but there have been critics assumably more intelligent than you, who have read no

more than you of Spencer, who publicly challenged his followers to adduce one single idea from all his writings—from Herbert Spencer's writings, the man who has impressed the stamp of his genius over the whole field of scientific research and modern thought; the father of psychology; the man who revolutionized pedagogy, so that today the child of the French peasant is taught the three r's according to principles laid down by him. And the little gnats of men sting his memory when they get their very bread and butter from the technical application of his ideas. What little of worth resides in their brains is largely due to him. It is certain that had he never lived most of what is correct in their parrot-learned knowledge would be absent.

"And yet a man like Principal Fairbanks of Oxford—a man who sits in an even higher place than you, Judge Blount—has said that Spencer will be dismissed by posterity as a poet and a dreamer rather than a thinker. Yappers and blatherskites, the whole brood of them. '*First Principles* is not wholly destitute of a certain literary power,' said one of them. And others of them have said that he was an industrious plodder rather than an original thinker. Yappers and blatherskites! Yappers and blatherskites!"

Martin ceased abruptly, in a dead silence. Everybody in Ruth's family looked up to Judge Blount as a man of power and achievement, and they were horrified at Martin's outbreak. The remainder of the dinner passed like a funeral, the Judge and Mr. Morse confining their talk to each other, and the rest of the conversation being extremely desultory. Then afterwards, when Ruth and Martin were alone, there was a scene.

"You are unbearable," she wept.

But his anger still smouldered, and he kept muttering, "The beasts! The beasts!"

When she averred he had insulted the judge, he retorted:

"By telling the truth about him!"

"I dont care whether it was true or not," she insisted. "There are certain bounds of decency, and you had no license to insult anybody."

"Then where did Judge Blount get the license to assault truth?" Martin demanded. "Surely to assault truth is a more serious misdemeanor than to insult a pigmy personality such as the Judge's. He did worse than that. He blackened the name of a great, noble man who is dead. Oh, the beasts! the beasts!"

His complex anger flamed afresh, and Ruth was in terror of him. Never had she seen him so angry, and it was all mystified and unreasonable to her comprehension. And yet, through her very terror ran the fibers of fascination that had drawn and that still drew her to him—that had compelled her to lean toward him, and, in that mad culminating moment, lay her hands upon his neck. She was hurt and outraged by what had taken place, and yet she lay in his arms and quivered while he went on muttering. "The beasts! the beasts!" And she still lay there when he said: "I 'll not bother your table again, dear. They do not like me, and it is wrong of me to thrust my objectionable presence upon them. Besides, they are just as objectionable to me. Faugh! They are sickening. And to think of it, I dreamed in my innocence that the persons who sat in the high places, who lived in fine houses and had educations and bank accounts, were worth while!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"COME on; let's go down to the Local."

So spoke Brissenden, faint from a hemorrhage of half an hour before—the second hemorrhage in three days. The perennial whiskey glass was in his hands and he drained it with shaking fingers.

"What do I want with socialism?" Martin demanded.

"Outsiders are allowed five-minute speeches," the sick man urged. "Get up and spout. Tell them why you dont want socialism. Tell them what you think about them and their ghetto ethics. Slam Nietzsche into them and get walloped for your pains. Make a scrap of it. It will do them good. Discussion is what they want, and what you want, too. You see, I 'd like to see you a socialist before I 'm gone. It will give you a sanction

for your existence. It is the one thing that will save you in the time of disappointment that is coming to you."

"I never can puzzle out why you, of all men, are a socialist," Martin pondered. "You detest the crowd so. Surely there is nothing in the *canaille* to recommend it to your aesthetic soul." He pointed an accusing finger at the whiskey glass which the other was refilling. "Socialism doesn't seem to save you."

"I 'm very sick," was the answer. "With you it is different. You have health and much to live for. And you must be handcuffed to life somehow. As for me, you wonder why I am a socialist. I 'll tell you. It is because socialism is inevitable; because the present rotten and irrational system cannot endure; because the day is past for your man on horseback. The slaves wont stand for it. They are too many, and willy-nilly they 'll drag down the would-be equestrian before ever he gets astride. You can 't get away from them, and you 'll have to swallow the whole slave-morality. It 's not a nice mess, I 'll allow. But it 's been a-brewing and swallow it you must. You are antediluvian anyway, with your Nietzsche ideas. The past is past, and the man who says history repeats itself is a liar. Of course I dont like the crowd, but what 's a poor chap to do? We can 't have the man on horseback, and anything is preferable to the timid swine that now rule. But come on any way. I 'm loaded to the guards now, and if I sit here any longer I 'll get drunk. And you know the doctor says—damn the doctor! I 'll fool him yet."

It was Sunday night, and they found the small hall packed by the Oakland socialists, chiefly members of the working class. The speaker, a clever Jew, won Martin's admiration at the same time that he aroused his antagonism. The man's stooped and narrow shoulders and weazened chest proclaimed him the true child of the crowded ghetto, and strong on Martin was the age-long struggle of the feeble wretched slaves against the lordly handful of men who had ruled over them and would rule over them to the end of time. To Martin this withered wisp of a creature was a symbol. He was the figure that stood forth representative of the whole miserable mass of weaklings and inefficients who perished according to biological law on the ragged confines of life. They were the unfit. In spite of their cunning philosophy and of their ant-like proclivities for co-operation, Nature rejected them for the exceptional man. Out of the plentiful spawn of life she flung from her prolific hand she selected only the best. It was by the same method that men, aping her, bred race-horses and cucumbers. Doubtless, a creator of a Cosmos could have devised a better method; but creatures of this particular Cosmos must put up with its particular method. Of course, they could squirm as they perished, as the socialists squirmed, as the speaker on the platform and the perspiring crowd were squirming even now as they counseled together for some new device with which to minimize the penalties of living and outwit the Cosmos.

So Martin thought, and so he spoke when Brissenden urged him to give them hell. He obeyed the mandate, walking up to the platform, as was the custom, and addressing the chairman. He began in a low voice, haltingly, forming into order the ideas which had surged in his brain while the Jew was speaking. In such meetings five minutes was the time allotted to each speaker; but when Martin's five minutes were up he was in full stride, his attack upon their doctrines but half completed. He had caught their interest, and the audience urged the chairman by acclamation to extend Martin's time. They appreciated him as a foeman worthy of their intellect, and they listened intently, following every word. He spoke with fire and conviction, mincing no words in his attack upon the slaves and their morality and tactics, and frankly alluding to his hearers as the slaves in question. He quoted Spencer and Malthus, and enunciated the biological law of development.

"And so," he concluded, in a swift resume, "no state composed of the slave-types can endure. The old law of development still holds. In the struggle for existence, as I have shown, the strong and the progeny of the strong tend to

survive, while the weak and the progeny of the weak are crushed and tend to perish. The result is that the strong and the progeny of the strong survive, and, so long as the struggle obtains, the strength of each generation increases. That is development. But you slaves—it is too bad to be slaves, I grant—but you slaves dream of a society where the law of development will be annulled, where no weaklings and inefficients will perish, where every inefficient will have as much as he wants to eat as many times a day as he desires, and where all will marry and have progeny—the weak as well as the strong. What will be the result? No longer will the strength and life-value of each generation increase. On the contrary, it will diminish. There is the Nemesis of your slave philosophy. Your society of slaves—of, by, and for slaves—must inevitably weaken and go to pieces as the life which composes it weakens and goes to pieces.

"Remember, I am enunciating biology and not sentimental ethics. No state of slaves can stand—"

"How about the United States?" a man yelled from the audience.

"And how about it?" Martin retorted. "The thirteen colonies threw off their rulers and formed the Republic so-called. The slaves were their own masters. There were no more masters of the sword. But you could n't get along without masters of some sort, and arose a new set of masters—not the great, virile, noble men, but the shrewd and spidery traders and money-lenders. And they enslaved you over again—but not frankly as the true noble men would do with weight of their own right arms, but secretly, by spidery machinations and by wheedling and cajolery and lies. They have purchased your slave-judges, they have debauched your slave-legislatures, and they have forced to worse horrors than chattel slavery your slave-boys and girls. Two million of your children are toiling today in this trader-oligarchy of the United States. Ten millions of you slaves are not properly sheltered nor properly fed.

"But to return. I have shown that no society of slaves can endure, because, in its very nature, such society must annul the law of development. No sooner can a slave society be organized than deterioration sets in. It is easy for you to talk of annulling the law of development but where is the new law of development that will maintain your strength? Formulate it. Is it already formulated? Then state it."

Martin took his seat amidst an uproar of voices. A score of men were on their feet clamoring for recognition from the chair. And one by one, encouraged by vociferous applause, speaking with fire and enthusiasm and excited gestures, they replied to the attack. It was a wild night—but it was wild intellectually, a battle of ideas. Some strayed from the point, but most of the speakers replied directly to Martin. They shocked him with lines of thought that were new to him; and gave him insights, not into new biological laws, but into new applications of the old laws. They were too earnest to be always polite, and more than once the chairman rapped and pounded for order.

It chanced that a cub reporter sat in the audience, detailed there on a day dull of news and impressed by the urgent need of journalism for sensation. He was not a bright cub reporter. He was merely facile and glib. He was too dense to follow the discussion. In fact, he had a comfortable feeling that he was vastly superior to these wordy maniacs of the working class. Also, he had a great respect for those who sat in the high places and dictated the policies of nations and newspapers. Further, he had an ideal, namely of achieving that excellence of the perfect reporter who is able to make something—even a great deal—out of nothing.

He did not know what all the talk was about. It was not necessary. Words like *revolution* gave him his cue. Like a paleontologist, able to reconstruct an entire skeleton from one fossil bone, he was able to reconstruct a whole speech from the one word, *revolution*. He did it that night, and he did it well; and since Martin had made the biggest stir, he put it all into his mouth and made him the arch-anarch of the show, transforming

his reactionary individualism into the most lurid, red-shirt socialist utterance. The cub reporter was an artist, and it was a large brush with which he laid on the local color—wild-eyed, long-haired men, neurasthenic and degenerate types of men, voices shaken with passion, clenched fists raised on high, and all projected against a background of oaths, yells and the throaty rumbling of angry men.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OVER the coffee, in his little room, Martin read next morning's paper. It was a novel experience to find himself head-lined, on the first page at that; and he was surprised to learn that he was the most notorious leader of the Oakland socialists. He ran over the violent speech the cub reporter had constructed for him, and, though at first he was angered by the fabrication in the end he tossed the paper aside with a laugh.

"Either the man was drunk or criminally malicious," he said that afternoon, from his perch on the bed, when Brissenden had arrived and dropped limply into the one chair.

"But what do you care?" Brissenden asked. "Surely you dont desire the approval of the bourgeois swine that read the newspapers?"

Martin thought for a while, then said:

"No, I really dont care for their approval, not a whit. On the other hand, it 's very liable to make my relations with Ruth's family a trifle awkward. Her father always contended I was a socialist, and this miserable stuff will clinch his belief. Not that I care for his opinion—but what 's the odds? I want to read you what I 've been doing today. It 's 'Overdue,' of course, and I 'm just about half way through.

He was reading aloud when Maria thrust open the door and ushered in a young man in a natty suit who glanced briskly about him, noting the oil-burner and the kitchen in the corner before his gaze wandered on to Martin.

"Sit down," Brissenden said.

Martin made room for the young man on the bed and waited for him to broach his business.

"I heard you speak last night, Mr. Eden, and I 've come to interview you," he began.

Brissenden burst out in a hearty laugh.

"A brother socialist?" the reporter asked, with a quick glance at Brissenden that appraised the color-value of that cadaverous and dying man.

"And he wrote that report," Martin said softly. "Why, he is only a boy."

"Why dont you poke him?" Brissenden asked. "I 'd give a thousand dollars to have my lungs back for five minutes."

The cub reporter was a trifle perplexed by this talking over him and around him and at him. But he had been commended for his brilliant description of the socialist meeting and had further been detailed to get a personal interview with Martin Eden, the leader of the organized menace to society.

"You do not object to having your picture taken, Mr. Eden?" he said. "I 've a staff photographer outside, you see, and he says it will be better to take you right away before the sun gets lower. Then we can have the interview afterward."

"A photographer," Brissenden said meditatively. "Poke him, Martin. Poke him."

"I guess I 'm getting old," was the answer. "I know I ought, but I really have n't the heart. It does n't seem to matter."

"For his mother's sake," Brissenden urged.

"It 's worth considering," Martin replied; "but it does n't seem worth while enough, to rouse sufficient energy in me. You see, it does take energy to give a fellow a poking. Besides, what does it matter?"

"That 's right—that 's the way to take it," the cub announced airily, though he had already begun to glance anxiously at the door.

"But it was n't true, not a word of what he wrote," Martin went on, confining his attention to Brissenden.

"It was just in a general way a description, you understand," the cub ventured, "and besides, it 's good advertising. That 's what counts. It was a favor to you."

"It 's good advertising, Martin, old boy." Brissenden repeated solemnly.

"And it was a favor to me—think of that!" was Martin's contribution.

"Let me see—where were you born, Mr. Eden?" the cub asked, assuming an air of expectant attention.

"He does n't take notes," said Brissenden. "He remembers it all."

"That is sufficient for me." The cub was trying not to look worried. "No decent reporter needs to bother with notes."

"That was sufficient—for last night." But Brissenden was not a disciple of quietism, and he changed his attitude abruptly. "Martin, if you dont poke him I 'll do it myself, if I fall dead on the floor the next moment."

"How will a spanking do?" Martin asked.

Brissenden considered judicially, and nodded his head.

The next instant Martin was seated on the edge of the bed with the cub face downward across his knees.

"Now dont bite," Martin warned, "or else I 'll have to punch your face. It would be a pity, for it is such a pretty face."

His uplifted hand descended, and thereafter rose and fell in a swift and steady rhythm. The cub struggled and cursed and squirmed, but did not offer to bite. Brissenden looked on gravely, though once he grew excited and gripped the whisky bottle, pleading, "Here, just let me swat him once."

"Sorry my hand played out," Martin said when at last he desisted. "It is quite numb."

He uprighted the cub and perched him on the bed.

"I 'll have you arrested for this," he snarled, tears of boyish indignation running down his flushed cheeks. "I 'll make you sweat for this. You 'll see."

"The pretty thing," Martin remarked. "He does n't realize that he has entered upon the downward path. It is not honest, it is not square, it is not manly, to tell lies about one's fellow creatures the way he has done, and he does n't know it."

"He has to come to us to be told," Brissenden filled in a pause.

"Yes, to me whom he has maligned and injured. My grocer will undoubtedly refuse me credit now. The worst of it is that the poor boy will keep on this way until he deteriorates into a first-class newspaper man."

"But there is yet time," quoth Brissenden. "Who knows but that you may prove the humble instrument to save him. Why did n't you let me swat him just once? I 'd like to have had a hand in it."

"I 'll have you arrested, the pair of you, you b-b-big brutes," sobbed the erring soul.

"No, his mouth is too pretty and too weak." Martin shook his head lugubriously. "I 'm afraid I 've numbed my hand in vain. The young man cannot reform. He will become eventually a very great and successful newspaperman. He has no conscience. That alone will make him great."

With that the cub passed out the door, in trepidation to the last for fear that Brissenden would hit him in the back with the bottle he still clutched.

In the next morning's paper Martin learned a great deal more about himself that was new to him. "We are the sworn enemies of society," he found himself quoted as saying in a column interview. "No, we are not anarchists but socialists." When the reporter pointed out to him that there seemed little difference between the two schools, Martin had shrugged his shoulders in silent affirmation. His face was described as bi-laterally asymetrical, and various other signs of degeneration were described. Especially notable were his thug-like hands and the fiery gleams in his blood-shot eyes.

He learned, also, that he spoke nightly to the workmen in the city hall park, and that among the anarchists and agitators that there inflamed the minds of the people he drew the largest audiences and made the most revolutionary speeches. The cub painted a high-light picture of his poor little room, its oil-stove and the one chair, and of the death's head tramp who kept him company and who looked as if he had just emerged from twenty

years of solitary confinement in some fortress dungeon.

The cub had been industrious. He had scurried around and nosed out Martin's family history, and procured a photograph of Higginbotham's Cash Store with Bernard Higginbotham himself standing out in front. That gentleman was depicted as an intelligent, dignified business man who had no patience with his brother-in-law's socialistic views, and no patience with the brother-in-law, either, whom he was quoted as characterizing as a lazy good-for-nothing who would n't take a job when it was offered to him, and who would go to jail yet. Herrmann Von Schmidt, Marion's husband, had likewise been interviewed. He had called Martin the black sheep of the family and repudiated him. "He tried to sponge off of me, but I put a stop to that good and quick," Von Schmidt had said to the reporter. "He knows better than to come bumming around here. A man who wont work is no good, take that from me."

This time Martin was genuinely angry. Brissenden looked upon the affair as a good joke, but he could not console Martin, who knew that it would be no easy task to explain to Ruth. As for her father, he knew that he must be overjoyed with what had happened and that he would make the most of it to break off the engagement. How much he would make of it he was soon to realize. The afternoon mail brought a letter from Ruth. Martin opened it with a premonition of disaster, and read it standing at the open door when he had received it from the postman. As he read, mechanically his hand sought his pocket for the tobacco and brown paper of his old cigarette days. He was not aware that the pocket was empty or that he had even reached for the materials with which to roll a cigarette.

It was not a passionate letter. There were no touches of anger in it. But all the way through, from the first sentence to the last, was sounded the note of hurt and disappointment. She had expected better of him. She had thought he had got over his youthful wildness, that her love for him had been sufficiently worth while to enable him to live seriously and decently. And now her father and mother had taken a firm stand and commanded that the engagement be broken. That they were justified in this she could not but admit. Their relation could never be a happy one. It had been unfortunate from the first. But one regret she voiced in the whole letter, and it was a bitter one to Martin. "If only you had settled down to some position and attempted to make something of yourself," she wrote. "But it was not to be. Your past life had been too wild and irregular. I can understand that you are not to be blamed. You could act only according to your nature and your early training. So I do not blame you, Martin. Please remember that. It was simply a mistake. As father and mother have contended, we were not made for each other, and we should both be happy because it was discovered not too late."—"There is no use trying to see me," she said toward the last. "It would be an unhappy meeting for both of us, as well as for my mother. I feel, as it is, that I have caused her great pain and worry. I shall have to do much living to atone for it."

He read it through to the end, carefully, a second time, then sat down and replied. He outlined the remarks he had uttered at the socialist meeting, pointing out that they were in all ways the converse of what the newspaper had put in his mouth. Toward the end of the letter he was God's own lover pleading passionately for love. "Please answer," he said, "and in your answer you have to tell me but one thing. Do you love me? That is all—the answer to that one question."

But no answer came the next day, nor the next. "Overdue" lay untouched upon the table, and each day the heap of returned manuscripts under the table grew larger. For the first time Martin's glorious sleep was interrupted by insomnia, and he tossed through long restless nights. Three times he called at the Morse home, but was turned away by the servant who answered the bell. Brissenden lay sick in his hotel, too feeble to stir out, and, though Martin was with him often, he did not worry him with his troubles.

For Martin's troubles were many. The

aftermath of the cub reporter's deed was even wider than Martin had anticipated. The Portuguese grocer refused him further credit, while the greengrocer, who was an American and proud of it, had called him a traitor to his country and refused further dealings with him—carrying his patriotism to such a degree that he canceled Martin's account and forbade him ever to attempt to pay it. The talk in the neighborhood reflected the same feeling, and indignation against Martin ran high. No one would have anything to do with a socialist traitor. Poor Maria was dubious and frightened, but she remained loyal. The children of the neighborhood recovered from the awe of the grand carriage which had once visited Martin, and from safe distances they called him "hobo" and "bum." The Silva tribe, however, staunchly defended him, fighting more than one pitched battle for his honor, and black eyes and bloody noses became quite the order of the day and added to Maria's perplexities and troubles.

Once, Martin met Gertrude on the street, down in Oakland, and learned what he knew could not be otherwise—that Bernard Higginbotham was furious with him for having dragged the family into public disgrace, and that he had forbidden him the house.

"Why dont you go away, Martin?" Gertrude had begged. "Go away and get a job somewhere and steady down. Afterwards, when this all blows over, you can come back."

Martin shook his head, but gave no explanations. How could he explain? He was appalled at the awful intellectual chasm that yawned between him and his people. He could never cross it and explain to them his position, the Nietzschean position, in regard to socialism. There were not words enough in the English language, nor in any language, to make his attitude and conduct intelligible to them. Their highest concept of right conduct, in his case, was to get a job. That was their first word and their last. It constituted their whole lexicon of ideas. Get a job! Go to work! Poor, stupid slaves, he thought, while his sister talked. Small wonder the world belonged to the strong. The slaves were obsessed by their own slavery. A job was to them a golden fetich before which they fell down and worshiped.

He shook his head again, when Gertrude offered him money, though he knew that within the day he would have to make a trip to the pawnbroker.

"Dont come near Bernard now," she admonished him. "After a few months, when he 's cooled down, if you want to you can get the job of drivin' delivery-wagon for him. Any time you want me, just send for me an' I 'll come. Dont forget."

She went away weeping audibly, and he felt a pang of sorrow shoot through him at sight of her heavy body and uncouth gait. As he watched her go, the Nietzschean edifice seemed to shake and totter. The slave-class in the abstract was all very well, but it was not wholly satisfactory when it was brought home to his own family. And yet, if there was ever a slave trampled by the strong, that slave was his sister Gertrude. He grinned savagely at the paradox. A fine Nietzsche-man he was, to allow his intellectual concepts to be shaken by the first sentiment or emotion that strayed along—ay, to be shaken by the slave-morality itself, for that was what his pity for his sister really was. The true noble men were above pity and compassion. Pity and compassion had been generated in the subterranean barracoons of the slaves and were no more than the agony and sweat of the crowded miserables and weaklings.

To be continued.

The River

By Harry Murphy

Flows the silken, sinuous river
With a scintillant, silvery quiver;
Flowers on its borders thronging
Forward lean with loving longing;
Woefully the wooing willow
Seeks its bosom for a pillow;
Winds enamored, with these vying,
Sue their love with soulful sighing.

Maundering, wandering onward ever
Flows the shining, twining river,
Goes the glancing, dancing river.
Lilting birds its surface fanning
Moldering logs its marges spanning.
Through the leafy-lattice flecking
Comes the sunlight quaintly specking.
Clouds and fishes ghostily glimmer
'Neath its mirrory, sheeny shimmer.

Past moss'd rocks like bearded sages
Sitting silent through the ages;
On past lilies, purple, plumy;
On past caverns, solemn, gloomy,
Where sad memories have their dwelling.
Gladness with the light dispelling;
On through sunshine, on through shadow;
On through forest, on through meadow;
From the ice-peak to the ocean
With a never-ceasing motion,
Flows the flashing, plashing river,
Goes the gleaming, beaming river.

Justice and the Law

By Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D.
Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York

THE discrepancy between law and justice is responsible for much of the lawlessness that obtains in the land. The truly endangering lawlessness is not of the sudden, sporadic, explosive kind, but that lawlessness which is subtle, persistent, unobserved. Far more serious than the lawlessness of the so-called anarchist who rebels against law because it is law and because he thinks all law is oppressive, is the lawlessness of those men entrenched in power, dowered with opportunity and panoplied in privilege, who break the law because it is just. The so-called anarchist honestly believes in justice without law; the really lawless, though unobtrusive, anarchist of power and place, aims at law without justice.

I count that tendency of our age anarchic which fails to rest law upon justice. Real anarchy may assume the guise of lawfulness. Justice and the law must move hand in hand, justice informing law and law incarnate of justice. Unjust laws are as truly anarchic as lawlessness.

While we are a people of reverence for law, it must not be forgotten that such reverence may be forfeited, if it come to be generally believed that the laws of the land are unjust. The waning reverence for the courts is not as serious a matter as would be the courts' forfeiture of men's reverence. Most serious of all it would be if the courts should cease to deserve the respect of American citizenship and yet receive it. A significant token of the disparity between law and justice is the admission frequently made that a certain decision, it may be, or line of conduct "is not just, but it is the law." And yet I do not hold the legal profession answerable for the lawlessness of injustice, seeing that lawyers, after all, are only the agents or instruments of the tendency of our age, which represents a hyper-legalistic conscience. The lawyer ought to be the law-maker, the law-interpreter, the law-expounder, the law-elucidator, when, in truth, the lawyer does much to evade, befog, complicate, eviscerate, the law.

While the method of evolution has, to some extent, been accepted in every science and has, in turn, influenced and modified every domain of human effort, the law alone has remained virtually impervious to its findings. To those who urge that law is the guarantee of stability be it said that the stability of permanence is a very different thing from the fixity of petrification.

The Attorney-General of the United States declared in effect not very long ago that the ends of justice are now defeated by no end of technicalities. The delays and technicalities and irrelevancies of legal procedure contravene the spirit of the law and insofar make for injustice. It often seems that we have so much law for the little offenders that we have none left for the big offenders.

It is undeniable that Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell have been guilty of violation of an order of the courts, and insofar of contempt of court. If Mr. Gompers and his comrades serve the excessive sentence imposed upon them, millions of right-thinking men throughout the land will be deeply troubled concerning the punishment of these men for violation of an order of the courts and, on the other hand, concerning the fact that there are men in the land who are law-breakers, who have for many years been deliberate, persistent, debauching law-violators and yet have gone unwhipped of justice. The law technically is justified in punishing Mr. Gompers and his comrades, but the real lawlessness of injustice comes to light in the immunity which is assured to the glorified lawbreakers by

the dexterity and maladroitness of the legal power which they command.

I hold it one of the many great achievements of former President Roosevelt to have done much in the direction of importing a larger measure of justice into the law, of seeking to make law substantially just rather than technically correct. Again and again he has protested with his splendid power against law-morality, that is, against the setting up of the law as the last and loftiest arbiter of morals. Herein he has been at one with the greatest moral teacher of the century, Tolstoi, who deprecates the perplexity produced by the dual standard of legality and right. The important thing is not so much that we get new concepts of legal wrong vigorously enforced, but higher concepts of moral right voluntarily realized.

We are certain to have this anarchic lawfulness until we understand, and base our conduct on the conviction, that law is not to be static and fixed, but dynamic and progressive. Justice, it is true, is ever the same, but our vision of it widens with every day and the law ought to keep pace with the growth of our own realization of the imperativeness of justice. In truth, justice has left the law behind and the law has taken little pains to catch up. As a result, we have laws instead of law and justices instead of justice. The fundamental need of our civilization is to help the law to overtake justice, not to bring back justice to the littler, technical concept of the law, but to make the law from day to day embody a larger and larger measure of justice. To do this were in keeping with the primary aim of our American Democracy which is that justice be embodied in law, that law walk hand in hand with justice.

Editor's Note—Dr. Wise's article, "The Rights and Wrongs of the Child," will be printed in the August number.

Liberty Bell

By Frank V. Drake*

Listen! listen! Hark the music; melody thrills all the air,
Faintly distant; now 'tis nearer, now throbs 'round us ev'rywhere!
Happy Echo singing, ringing over mountain, wood and dell
Of a precious declaration—'tis the clamor of a bell!
Preaching still a proclamation in a voice divinely grand!
"Liberty unto the people, Freedom ever in the land!"

I.

In an ancient isle of Britain, in historic days of yore,
Cunning craftsmen, learned in science, from the mountains deftly tore
Divers metals, rare and precious, mingled them with anxious care
Into mass of molten union, in proportion due and fair;
To artistic prison bore them, cast them into moulded cell,
Thus they framed a magic metal, "one of many," in a bell!

II.

In the Bible, Light of Ages, they a legend sought and found;
Graved it on the 'sonant bosom 'ere the bell had tongue or sound:
"Proclaim Freedom to the people, Liberty throughout the land."
Thus, commissioned with a blessing, fated with Divine command,
Came the bell across the ocean, herald of prophetic word—
As Saint John among the nations, preaching of their coming Lord.

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III.

O'er domain of nascent heroes swung the bell of destiny,
Undelivered of its message, unproclaimed man's liberty,
'Till one lovely July morning, sudden o'er the startled earth,
Burst a peal of merry music telling of a nation's birth—
Peal on peal, a proclamation! 'Twas the message of the bell!
And that happy birthday chiming tolled a tyrant's passing knell.

IV.

From the stellared robes of morning Freedom tore a standard grand;
Planted firm the flaming ensign, aegis over bell and land.
From his eyrie in the heavens sprang the eagle, poised for flight,
Then descending, as a star falls, perched upon the symbol bright.
'Round that Bell and Flag and Eagle freemen gather from that hour
While the banner grows still brighter, still more wide the eagle's power.

V.

Now, alas! the bell is silent, hushed its voice in ceaseless rest!
Broken in the line of duty, with its message on its breast.
Yet, a woodland goddess, waking, caught the bell's first glad acclaim,
To be treasured, ever sacred, till the fairy hears her name;
Echo then repeats the message, all the music gives again,
Fills the earth and air and heaven with that birthday's glad refrain.

VI.

Listen, listen, rythmic music! Melody is in the air,
Faintly distant, now 'tis nearer, now floats 'round us ev'rywhere!
In the hearts of all the people, over hilltop, wood and dell,
Echo wakes that proclamation, hallowed lyric of the bell;
Preaching still that Declaration in that voice divinely grand:
"Freedom ever to the people, Liberty throughout the land."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The suggestion to take the Liberty Bell on a tour of the West has excited great interest throughout the country;—approval from some sources, strong opposition from others. "Let it not be hustled about the country to provide a junket for a lot of Philadelphia politicians," it is said, "lest the already cracked metal be broken quite."

But is there not a larger view to be taken of the matter? How many of America's ninety millions have had, or ever will have, an opportunity to visit Independence Hall, to be thrilled by the presence of that silent old reminder of the glorious beginning of the Nation? Consider the many thousands of the foreign born to whom the bell and its history mean but little. No nation can afford to neglect the cultivation of patriotism. Would not the possibility of further damage to the relic be more than compensated for by the patriotic stimulus from such a pilgrimage? What finer thing than, say once every fifty or one hundred years, the bell were reverently to be escorted on a journey through all the States, bringing its message again to all the people with an eloquence in no degree diminished were the bell to crack in twain!

How Dallas Studemeier Died

A Correction Regarding Dr. G. F. Manning

Editor's Note:—In "Triggerfingeritis" by Edgar Beecher Bronson, published in the recent April number of The Pacific Monthly, occurs a statement about Dr. G. F. Manning, of El Paso, Texas, which, from information and protest since received, is shown to be inaccurate so far as Dr. Manning is concerned. The author himself, has written us since that: "At the time of the occurrence of the incidents described I had never myself been in El Paso, and therefore, am not personally familiar with the facts. The incidents described were told me, I should think, two or three years after the occurrence.—Of course twenty-five years is a long time to remember anything, but I want to say that if there is any misstatement of any description in the article, it is not due to any wish or effort to exaggerate or mistake the facts, but to false memory.—While I never knew Dr. Manning intimately, yet I knew him by common report of my townsmen AS A QUIET, PROFESSIONAL MAN OF IRREPROACHABLE LIFE." Mr. Bronson, who was formerly president of the El Paso National Bank and a widely known frontiersman, expresses sincere regret that the article did injustice to Dr. Manning in referring to him as having been connected with a gambling house.

The following account of the Manning-Studemeier affair, is by Judge W. M. Coldwell, an eye-witness of that old-time border tragedy, and an honored pioneer citizen of El Paso.

Dallas Studemeier differed not at all from the conventional type of the frontier marshal. Of his previous history the writer knows practically nothing, but he is sufficiently familiar with the traditions of the frontier to be sure that Dallas Studemeier came to El Paso early in 1881 with no reputation as a "man-eater" or "gun fighter." Like the dark grey man, "the founder of the House of Douglas," his first appearance in border history was that of a chieftain, and that appearance was at El Paso.

The writer is well acquainted with Mr. Edgar Beecher Bronson, and knows that he is neither a vulgarian nor an ignoramus; but the writer is even better acquainted with Dr. G. F. Manning, whose intimate friend for many years he has been. Dr. G. F. Manning, in my opinion, never touched a card in his life after the termination of the Civil War, during which he was a captain of the Confederate Artillery. I know that he was not a gambler nor concerned in any gambling operations, as I was not only his friend and almost constant associate, but also his legal adviser. As to his dress and general deportment, nothing could be more quiet and refined. To be brief and emphatic, Dr. Manning's pretensions to gentility are based on heredity and buttressed by education and personal conduct, and would be recognized by the "College of Heralds."

A brother-in-law of Dallas Studemeier, one Cummings, whose further name I do not know, a man of more violent character than Studemeier himself, for no special reasons that I ever learned, became incensed at James Manning, brother of the Doctor, and finding him one night unarmed, proceeded to cover him with a revolver, at the same time uttering threats and opprobrious language. For more than an hour James Manning remained "under the guns of his enemy" momentarily expecting death. Cummings like a cat with a mouse, was amusing himself with his victim before dispatching him; but he delayed too long. A friend of James Manning, whose name has never yet become public, but who was not one of his brothers, came to the rescue, and it was Cummings himself who died.

About this time, or rather, a little later, Studemeier lost his office. He doubtless felt that his prestige had been impaired by this and the unavenged death of his connection. Besides, a sentiment was growing up in the town which revolted against the domination of a mere gun fighter. Whether or no a knowledge of this somewhat subdued the spirit of Dallas Studemeier, will probably never be known. In the opinion of the writer it did. At any

rate he announced his intention of effecting a reconciliation with the Manning brothers, and accompanied by two of his "friends," went in search of the brothers with the avowed intent of effecting that reconciliation. Dr. G. F. Manning was easily found; he was playing billiards (as well as a left arm already so crippled that it was almost useless would permit), with a brother-in-law of the writer. James Manning was not present, but was near at hand. Studemeier announced his desire to Dr. Manning, and the announcement received a courteous but not effusive acceptance. James Manning was summoned, and readily ratified this frontier treaty of peace and harmony. James Manning then departed in search of his brother, Frank, in order that he too might come and confirm the peace. Scarcely had James Manning disappeared when Studemeier invited Dr. Manning to take a drink. The invitation was accepted, and in a moment the two men with others were standing at the bar. Studemeier lifted his glass, but, impelled by some sudden fury, dashed it on the bar, and exclaiming that he was not afraid of any —— —— —— on earth, drew his revolver. His adversary was only a decimal of a second later and the shots were practically simultaneous. Studemeier's bullet broke Dr. Manning's right arm, the Doctor's struck Studemeier just above the heart, but did not penetrate, as its impetus was arrested by a thick pocket-book filled with paper which was there carried in the ex-marshal's coat. Studemeier was for a moment stunned, the Doctor was permanently disabled, but his combatant spirit once aroused was not to be subdued by any physical weakness, and he closed with his gigantic adversary, attempting to use his pistol as a club. In the struggle which followed the combatants closely grappled, reeled out of an open door and the end came in public and on the sidewalk.

James Manning had heard the shots, and like Desaix at Marengo, turned and marched to the cannon's thunder. He arrived in time to save his brother and to finish Dallas Studemeier.

There are many who think that Studemeier sought the Manning brothers with the intention of provoking a contest, and that James Manning was separated from the Doctor with the intent that the brothers might be dispatched singly. Such is not my opinion. Studemeier was probably in earnest when he expressed a desire for peace, but the sight of the Doctor, his impeccable, but not demonstrative courtesy, the evident fact that man-eaters were objects of aversion and not of awe to him, stung Studemeier to the quick, and yielding to an ungovernable impulse, he sought blood where he had professed to seek for peace.

W. M. COLDWELL.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD.

"In order to civilize a people, it is necessary first to fix it, and this cannot be done without inducing it to cultivate the soil."—De Tocqueville.

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective Eastern homeseekers or investors. Address, Editor, Progress Department.)

(Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.)

GENERAL.

A Million Acres Just Opened to Settlement

President Taft has signed a proclamation opening to settlement a million acres of farm land in the Coeur d'Alene reservation in Idaho, Spokane reservation in Washington, and Flathead reservation in Montana. Coeur d'Alene is made the point of drawing for all of them. The registration is to begin July 15, and will terminate August 5. The drawing will begin at ten in the morning of August 9, and continue until the land is disposed of. Application for Flathead lands must be executed at Kalispell or Missoula, for Spokane lands at Spokane, and Coeur d'Alene lands at Coeur d'Alene.

Organized Opposition to the Conservation Movement.

That the new conservation movement, seeking to preserve our national resources for the best uses of the present and future generations, should have many powerful enemies, is both apparent and natural. A part of this opposition is honest, in that the significance and purpose of the movement is not yet fully appreciated. But agitation and education will reduce this class to the obstinate few who will never admit that they are in the wrong no matter how many times they are secretly convinced. Another class of opposition comes from those who profess to think that the movement has not been properly launched legally. They contend that there is no constitutional authority for the wholesale creation of forest reserves, the withdrawal of land for the preservation of the water flow, and the tying up of public resources in any manner, in the so-called interest of conservation. Certain Western Senators are in the lead among the "unconstitutional" corps. That their logic is either being felt or was previously believed is evidenced from many recent facts. Take, for example, the restoration to entry by Secretary of Interior Ballinger of thousands of acres of land withdrawn by the previous national administration for the avowed purpose of conserving the water flow of the streams valuable for navigation and irrigation. Another example is the recently reported clash between Secretary Wilson and Secretary Ballinger concerning the withdrawal of lands within the national forests, suitable for forestry stations. While during the past administration, a large number of such stations have been ordered withdrawn in the professed interest of the forestry service, hence for the public good, the new Secretary of Interior is reported to contend that such action is without legal basis. It is well, however, that this controversy over the legal status of the conservation movement has been brought up strongly this early in its history. If it is found that the movement is without sound legal basis, then the next step of the people, towards preserving their natural heritage for the general good, will be to demand such laws as are necessary. Conservation of land, wood, water and minerals, based wholly upon Presidential proclamation gives a sense of

false security, and who can say that much of the good that has been done in the past may not be summarily undone in the future.

By far the strongest opposition to the conservation movement, however, comes from those who do not believe in, or are not in sympathy with, the new economic principle which it represents. As a nation we have been worshiping the **individual** and preaching individualism for so long that, in the minds of many, individual and personal rights are over and above public and social rights. This spirit of individualism, which has for its slogan, "grab, keep, appropriate," is especially strong in the West. It is strong here simply because there are so many undeveloped and unutilized resources that grabbing is possible and profitable. It is here that the land baron roams, the timber monopolist operates, the water grabber reaches, and the mineral king works. It is against these grabbing and wasting individuals, and the age of individualism that has made them possible, that the new movement towards conservation is a reaction. Naturally, then, there will be a great conflict; and opposition is necessary to develop any new cause. The center of this opposition will be in the law-making center of the nation, for it may be taken as axiomatic that the so-called Interests are not preachers of conservation—only as it helps them **individually.** That opposition exists strongly at Washington may be inferred from the fact that practically all legislation designed in the interest of the conservation movement has been blocked, that no appropriation was allowed for meeting the expense of the conference of Governors of a year ago, and that the Senate committee on conservation has been pronounced wholly out of sympathy with the movement and has been called by one of the national committeemen on conservation "a grim, sarcastic joke."

A Suggested National Irrigation Law; Work for the National Irrigation Congress.

It has been suggested that one of the great needs of the West and the Nation is a Federal irrigation law. The same end would be reached, could the different States be made to see the advantage of co-operative State irrigation laws. Certain it is that the early fathers of the nation did not foresee the irrigation age that is upon us now, and the future great value of water for domestic and city supply, power and irrigation. Had this vision been possible, they would not have been so careless in their legal treatment of the life-giving fluid. Certain it is that the water would not have been permitted to be separated from the land, as it is in most States of and the water that can alone reclaim it to the West. We now know that the land, productivity, should be made legally inseparable. Title to land should include title to water that will irrigate it. Had this simple provision been made the West would have been saved millions of dollars that have been wasted in litigation and the arid sections would be much further developed than they are at the present time.

The effects of a modern irrigation law may be seen in Wyoming, where it is reported that there are more acres of land under irrigation than in the older, larger and much richer State of California. While development in the arid West at the present time is largely limited by the extension of irrigation, in another decade there will be just as much demand for water power, and new problems will arise. It is for the study of these great problems relating to water and the future development of the West that the National Irrigation Congress has been called at Spokane, Washington, August 9 to 14. Located in the center of the great Inland Empire, the surroundings of Spokane will be a living demonstration of the accomplishments of irrigation. It is in the irrigable district alone that agriculture can be reduced to a science, and nowhere else are profits so great. Irrigation forces man to think and to co-operate; hence it is that the great civilizations of the world were first built up in the irrigable districts of the Old World. The officials of the National Irrigation Congress are preparing to entertain between four and five thousand accredited delegates, and 40,000 other visitors are expected to assist in making this meeting a great historic event, and of immense value in helping towards the understanding and solving of the questions relating to the use of water in the arid and semi-arid West.

New Homestead Ruling.

One of the recent rulings of the United States Land Office holds that when an entryman sells his improvements on a homestead and relinquishes his partial right, he is not entitled to again use his homestead right. This decision is considered of great importance, since it has been a common practice in the West to "squat" on a piece of land with the knowledge that the partial proof could very likely be sold at a good profit on the investment of time, should the homeseeker become tired of the location. Also, it is known that this practice was made the basis of numerous near-fraudulent land deals in the West. The entryman may still not lose his homestead right, however, provided he can swear that his former entry was abandoned and that he received no consideration for the improvements or the relinquishment.

OREGON.

Irrigation Possibilities in Oregon.

"Oregon has the most opportunities for irrigation of any State in the Union, and her riches in that respect have lain dormant the longest." Such is one of the quoted statements of Director Frederick H. Newell of the Reclamation Service, in his recent visit to Oregon on his annual tour of inspection of the Reclamation projects of the West. "I have twenty or thirty projects under consideration while on my present trip," he adds; and then in the next breath he gives one of the large reasons for this neglect of natural resources in Oregon, when he continues: "but I hesitate to recommend any of them because of the lack of railroads to get material and people into the country." He continues: "We are anxious to see a railroad into Central Oregon, because until there is such a road the cost of our building any reclamation projects in the interior of Oregon is almost prohibitive." Mr. Newell implies one of the reasons for this dormant condition in Oregon, and one of the promises of the future when he says: "The greatest thing that could have happened for irrigation work in this State is the passage of the new irrigation law at the last legislature." He goes on to add that until this law had been passed the State was naturally slighted by capital, because of the uncertainty of water rights. These statements all go to indicate that the State of Oregon can rightly count its irrigation possibilities as one of its great natural resources, and the fact that will probably bring more settlers to this portion of the Pacific Coast than all the other facts combined. At the present time, the United States Reclamation Service has two projects in Oregon partially completed, the Klamath, in south central Oregon, and the Umatilla, in north central Oregon. Work on a third project, that centers about the city of Ontario in far Eastern Oregon, was suspended because of lack of co-operation on the part of certain property holders. It seems almost certain, however, that this latter project will be revived in the very near future, either by the Government, or by responsible private parties.

Irrigate 30,000 Acres in Willamette Valley.

An announcement which promises to have an important relation to the future development of the wonderful Willamette Valley, in Western Oregon, is that plans are under way for the irrigation of 30,000 acres of land near the city of Eugene in Lane County. The project is apparently a very feasible one, and one presenting no great difficulties in the accomplishment. It is the announced plan of the promoters to utilize Clear and Fisk Lakes, at the source of the McKenzie River, as storage reservoirs, and to divert the water from this river at Hendrick's Bridge. It is said that a large amount of water power can be secured at this point in addition to the value of the water for irrigation. The water would be made to irrigate a 30,000-acre tract of rich, well-drained land. The remarkable feature of the proposed project is not that it has been discovered, but that it hasn't been discovered sooner. The day was when the idea of irrigation for humid Willamette Valley would have been hooted at by the residents. In fact many do not even yet appreciate the irrigation possibilities of this valley, which with its 3,000,000 acres of rich soil, mild climate and many streams, has been called one of the most wonderful valleys in the world. With such a mild climate that snow is rarely ever seen, and a heavy rainfall in the winter and early spring, the water problem was thought to be that of drainage, rather than irrigation. A further fact against the development of the valley, less than one-half of which is at present under actual cultivation, is that in an early day wheat raising was carried to an extreme. The result was the creation of large farms and the wearing down of the soil. A recent Government map shows often only one or two houses to the square mile, on soil which with intensive cultivation would easily support thirty to forty families in the same area. In regard to irrigation, it has been demonstrated that the actual rainfall during the growing season in the Willamette Valley is much less than that of some of the semi-arid parts of the State and the United States, and far less than that of the Eastern humid States. Coupled with this fact, experimenters have demonstrated that yields are increased a very large per cent and often doubled with the aid of irrigation. Thus with the promised adoption of irrigation in the Willamette Valley there is no reason why this favored section of the West should not have its production multiplied several fold and be supporting double the present population within a very few years.

Other Promised Irrigation Projects in Oregon.

The Meadowbrook project in Union County, Northeastern Oregon, for the irrigation of 20,000 acres, now seems an assured fact. The scheme is a co-operative one of the business men and farmers in this section, the plan being to subscribe enough initial stock to get the work well under way, and then incorporate and bond themselves for enough to complete the irrigation scheme. The initial feature of the scheme is the construction of a storage dam which will collect the water of

Meadowbrook and McCoy Creeks, which together drain 165 square miles of mountains. The cost of the water is estimated to be only about twenty dollars an acre, and the land to be irrigated is classed with the best in Eastern Oregon.

It is said that a Spokane syndicate of capitalists have purchased property in the vicinity of Medford, in Southern Oregon, which will enable them to construct an irrigation scheme that promises to irrigate a large part of the rich Rogue River Valley. This section is far famed for its fruit production. The announced plans of the company provide for an expenditure of $1,500,000.

If the proposed Owyhee High Line irrigation system in the vicinity of Ontario, in extreme Eastern Oregon, becomes an actuality, 200,000 acres of land in the States of Oregon and Idaho will be irrigated. At the present time there is a diversity of opinion among land owners in this section, some of them wanting this proposed scheme to carry, while others are petitioning the Reclamation Service to revive the Malheur project, which would include a part of the same section. The rival interests have each submitted their claims to Secretary Ballinger, who has promised to give his decision between the two, following a personal inspection of the ground during his proposed Western trip this summer.

Yakima land owners are said to be behind a scheme for the irrigation of 4,000 acres of land in the rich Eagle Valley, in Eastern Baker County. The water would be secured from Eagle Creek and the water rights are said to have already been secured by the company. This valley has a reputation for fruit production. The land to be irrigated has previously been used as range.

Miscellaneous Oregon Boost Notes.

One of the greatest needs of the Rogue River Valley in the vicinity of Medford, is said to be the truck gardener and the intensive farmer. All of the facilities of land, water, climate, and a market are at hand, but the boosters of that section claim that there is a great deficiency of the brain and muscle that could transform the sections into one of the best intensified farming districts in the State.

That a stock farm should sell for the sum of $2,000,000 is due perhaps rather to proximity, than to natural resources. Such, however, is the reported sum received for the famous 460-acre Ladd farm in the heart of the East Side of Portland, formerly noted for its blooded stock. It is said that the tract will soon be divided into a new Portland suburb.

The great demand for the Oregon apple, coupled with the fact that it has been discovered that timber land on the Upper Hood River will raise a commercial quality of this fruit, is held to be responsible for the great increase in values in this section during the past few years. Five years ago the timber land of the hillsides of the Upper Hood River were selling for ten dollars an acre. Today these lands, denuded of all timber, are selling for a hundred dollars an acre. It is expected that many new orchards will be developed in this section adjacent to the city of Hood River.

Recent experiments in Grants Pass, in Southern Oregon, seem to prove that the untried industry of olive growing is possible in this section of the State. Experts of this industry in California have pronounced the Oregon product fully as good as the further-south fruit, and the same enthusiasts promise to have commercial orchards of this fruit as soon as nature can bring them to maturity.

One of the most promising new fruit sections on the Columbia River is said to be the 50,000-acre district centering about the town of Mosier. Under the shadows of some of the most noted fruit sections of the Northwest, Mosier seems to have been forgotten or not known by the homeseeker and the commercial orchardist. As a consequence good fruit land is said to be selling as cheap as thirty to forty dollars an acre, which is indeed remarkable considering that Mosier Valley is only six miles from the famous Hood River Valley.

WASHINGTON.

Agricultural Possibilities in Western Washington.

A special agent of the Department of Agriculture has just completed a report indicating that but one-twentieth of the land of Western Washington is at present being cultivated and utilized. Less than half a million acres of the total nearly ten million acres of this western humid section of the State is shown, by the special report, to be occupied as farming land. This cultivated section is roughly divided into prairie, diked, and logged-off land. Because of the mildness of the climate of this section over much of which snow is scarcely ever known, and the productivity of the soil, the larger part of this open land of Western Washington in its rough state is classed as timber land. The timber of the five million acres of timber land is of more or less commercial value. The great promise of this section is in the fact that the land has been proved to be of great agricultural value after the timber has been removed. To the five million

acres as in the same class, would be added the two and a half million acres of logged-off land of this western part of the State. The chief reason why this amount of land of Western Washington is year after year allowed to be classed among the waste land is the cost of clearing. Up to the present time the pressure of population has not been great enough to force the newcomer onto these open timbered lands, even though the land becomes very valuable when cleared, and the clearing of the land is no more of a task than was the clearing of the lands of the Middle Western States in an earlier day. Certainly as long as these vast tracts are open and uncultivated in the West, this section of the United States has great promise for the homeseeker who is willing to do as his forefathers did in the Middle West—carve out a home in the wilderness. The difference is that this open land could not be classed as a wilderness, much of it being within easy reach of, and even in sight of, the larger cities of Western Washington. There is no longer any necessity for proving that these lands are valuable for fruit and vegetable tracts and worth the clearing even as grain tracts—this fact was proved half a century ago.

Transportation for 100,000 Acres of Irrigated Land.

Announcement has come from the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad that a projected branch line of that system will open to transportation 100,000 acres of irrigable land in the north central part of the State. The branch railroad line will connect Pasco, the terminus of the Washington Central Railroad, with Adrain on the Great Northern, and will pass through an especially promising part of Eastern Washington, the larger part of the opened land being in Douglas County in the vicinity of Moses Lake. If the vision of the railroad president can be relied on, the new section when irrigated will be a healthy rival of the famous Wenatchee and Yakima Valley fruit sections. That these visions of the officials of the great Hill railroad system can be taken with a great deal of reliance, is proved by the wonderful success of the system, it having been the pioneer and well in the lead among the colonizing railroads of the West. That the new section will have more than average railroad service is proved by the announcement that the branch line will become the drainer of the Great Bend wheat belt, thus handling an immense tonnage from its initiation. Though no definite time had been set for starting work on the branch railroad at the date of this announcement, President Elliott states that work will be pushed when it is commenced, which will be soon.

70,000-Acre Kittitas High Line Government Project Assured.

It is reported that the crew is being collected for the work of surveying the Kittitas High Line irrigation project in the vicinity of Ellensburg, Eastern Washington. As further assurance of the prompt beginning of this Government irrigation scheme which will supply water, as estimated, for 70,000 acres of land in Kittitas County, Lake Kachees has been withdrawn from entry. It is here that the Government in planning to create its storage reservoir by the construction of a dam sixty-four feet high and storing 225,000 acre-feet of water. The cost of the project has been variously estimated at from $750,000 to $3,000,000. The survey is being undertaken at this time to more accurately determine the cost. After the completion of the survey, the next step will be to secure the co-operation of the present property owners of the section, they being required to sign the Government agreement before the work will be undertaken by the Reclamation Service. The chief feature of this agreement relates to the pledging of each individual parcel of land to the taking of the water after it is supplied. A further condition relates to the selling off of all of their holdings of land above a minimum amount, the Government permitting no large land holders under their reclamation projects. In some other sections of Washington a great deal of delay has been experienced in getting this agreement from the land holders, but it is thought that this condition will not be experienced here, and a campaign of education to this end is already well launched among the more modern-minded of the residents of the promising new section. It is thought that the acreage cost of the project will not be greater than twenty-five dollars.

Largest Farm in the State to Be Colonized.

The owners of the largest single tract of land in the State of Washington have announced that their 150,000-acre ranch is becoming too valuable to continue to be used as a stock range, and that it will soon be cut up into wheat ranches and sold to newcomers. This large farm is the property of two North Yakima brothers, and the land is located on both sides of the Columbia River one hundred and fifty miles west of Spokane. Up to the present time the land has been used as a large stock ranch, being the home of some of the best blooded stock in the State. With the decision of the owners of the ranch, a large part of their herds of sheep, formerly numbering 30,000 head, have been sold off. A portion of the best blooded cattle will be retained, as also will be about 40,000 acres of the ranch. With the cut-

ting up of this ranch, practically the last of the large ranches in this section of the State has given way to the pressure of the colonist movement, they having become too valuable to any longer be used for grazing purposes.

Half Million-Acre Irrigation Project at Ephrata.

If the agitation begun among the various property owners south of Ephrata and Quincy results in action, this section will soon have under way one of the largest irrigation enterprises in the West. Visiting experts in irrigation have pronounced the section, when water for irrigation has been provided, to be as good a fruit-growing district as the famous Hood River and Wenatchee sections. The district thought to be easily available for water is twenty-five by thirty miles in area, comprising a total acreage of 500,000 acres. The homesteaders of the section are active in trying to get the necessary capital for the enterprise, they having already received encouragement from the Great Northern and the Milwaukee railroads. While it is thought that the district would become an especially good site for a Government reclamation project, there are many who are impatient at the slow action of the National officials. Encouraged by this feeling, the property owners have organized into a bonding district, and have voted an initial two cents an acre for the initial survey. Whatever may be the final method decided on for the reclamation of this vast body of land, it is already known that it is one of the most promising in the State of Washington.

Miscellaneous Washington Progress Notes.

The State of Washington will expend the sum of $10,000 for a survey of all of the streams on both the east and west slopes of the Cascade Mountains. The purpose of this survey is the determination of their possibility for water power and irrigation.

A plan is under way for the irrigation of six townships of the Yakima Indian reservation, the work being promoted by North Yakima men.

Four thousand acres of land are involved in the irrigation scheme located twenty-five miles from Wilbur, in the Steamboat Rock district. The project is being promoted by Wilbur men and the water is to be taken from Devil's Lake.

IDAHO.

50,000-Acre Goose Creek Project to Be Revived.

The Idaho State Engineer has approved the revived Goose Creek project for the irrigation of 50,000 acres of the most choice land in Southern Idaho, near the town of Oakley. The same project was among the very first of the Idaho irrigation projects to be considered, but was abandoned some fifteen years ago because of the immense cost of its reclamation. The new projectors of the scheme have received the promise of financial support from the East, however, and it is announced that the work will be pushed as fast as possible, with the hopes that it will be entirely completed within eighteen months, the land to be opened to settlement probably this fall. Government officials have pronounced the land as among the most fertile tracts in the State, and the project of 50,000 acres is said to have less waste land within its borders than any other of the Northwest. The project, to be completed at an estimated cost of $2,000,000, has several unique features. In order to supply the necessary water for the irrigation of the large fertile tract, it is planned to collect the waste water for miles around and carry it to the large reservoir above Oakley. This scheme will demand a "gathering system" which will consist of two twenty-five mile ditches running parallel to either side of the land to be irrigated, and far back on the hills in order to secure the necessary fall to paradoxically carry the water uphill. The great impounding dam will cost a million dollars, the long ditches absorbing the other million of the total expense of the project. Since the land will cost near sixty-five dollars an acre to reclaim, it is planned to use it intensively, and to this end several large beet-sugar factories are planned for the tract, and the extension of a railroad to this section of Southern Idaho is promised.

Land Openings Among the Irrigated Tracts of Idaho.

The State Land Board of Idaho fixed a date early in June for the opening of the Dietrich tract east of the town of Shoshone. The tract consists of a total of 50,000 acres, and it is one of three segregations of land which the company has in charge. The other two tracts have a total of 100,000 acres and have already been opened. The new tract is on the main line of the Oregon Short Line and but a short distance from the town of Shoshone. One of the next tracts promised for opening in the State of Idaho is the Goose Creek tract in Cassia County. This is one of the Twin Falls tracts and the land is proved to be especially adapted to the production of sugar-beets. It is said that arrangements have already been made for the construction of a number of beet sugar factories by a company already having a large number of these factories in operation in the States of Utah and Idaho.

Isolated Tracts of Nez Perce Reservation to Be Sold.

A law passed at the last session of Congress permits the sale of the isolated tracts of the Nez Perce reservation. While this will not be a big event in Idaho, it shows the trend of Congressional sentiment and it is likely that others of the Indian reservations of Idaho will be permitted to be sold and settled in the near future. The unoccupied lands of the reservation in question are, as a rule, the isolated tracts of lesser value and usually not larger than a quarter section in connected area. The land is to be sold under competition, and a minimum of three dollars and seventy-five cents has been fixed for the grazing land and five dollars for the timbered land. The land will be of the greatest value to the rancher who already owns land within the borders of the reservation, the purchase to be used for pasture or the timber to be converted into commercial grades.

Miscellaneous Idaho Items.

A very promising colonizing scheme has been undertaken in the vicinity of Gooding. The central feature of the scheme is the cutting up of one of the large stock ranches near this town of 1,500 people. It is said that one of the conditions demanded from each purchaser is the building of a substantial house and the improving of the acreage within the first year after the purchase. As compensation for this rigid population-assuring rule it is said that the fixed selling price of the tracts is only one-half of what it is figured that they will be worth when the entire large ranch is sold.

That the land promoter has faith in the future of Parma as a fruit section, seems to be proved from the fact that large tracts near the city, totaling 3,000 acres, are to be subdivided this summer and placed on the market in tracts of from five to forty acres. In order to secure the necessary water for irrigation from one of the old established canals passing through the district, it will be necessary to construct a 6,000-foot syphon at a cost of $25,000. The land in question is south of the Boise and east of the Snake River and supposedly well located for the purpose for which it is to be placed on the market.

MONTANA.

228,000 Acres of Land Restored to Entry.

By recent orders of Secretary of Interior Ballinger, two large bodies of land previously withdrawn in connection with reclamation projects and the conservation of water resources of the State and Nation, have been restored to entry and settlement. The larger body, of 209,000 acres, had been previously withdrawn in connection with the Madison River reclamation project. These lands are restored to settlement and will be subject to entry at the Helena land office after June 30. The second parcel of 19,000 acres is located in the Kalispell, Montana land district, this selection having been withdrawn for the announced purpose of water conservation. In explanation of the restoration of the latter tract, it is announced that the interests of the Government no longer require the withdrawal of the land.

110,000 Acres Near Big Timber to Be Reclaimed.

That Big Timber is to be the center of a great irrigable district is assured by the recent completion of a water system that will irrigate 30,000 acres of land just north of the town, and the further announcement that 80,000 acres of semi-arid land south of the town are to be reclaimed in the same manner during the year. The formal celebration of the completion of the former project, following the turning on of the water, was celebrated by many people. The land is being reclaimed by a Helena syndicate under the provisions of the Carey Act. The 80,000 acres south of the town will also be reclaimed under the Carey Act and the water will be ready for use during the present year for the larger part of the selection.

General Montana Development Notes.

At the last announcement, water was reported to be nearly ready for the $3,000,000 irrigation scheme of the Bitter Root Valley Irrigation Company near Hamilton. As soon as the canals and the Lake Como dam is completed water will begin to pour upon the 36,000 acres that have previously known only the water that nature has rather selfishly given to the semi-arid section.

It is announced that a large fruit ranch near Corvallis will set out 70,000 apple trees next spring, half of the large order for trees calling for the McIntosh Red variety, the remainder being of Transcendent Crabs and Jonathans.

CALIFORNIA.

Dry-Farming Possibilities in California.

It is the opinion of experts that California offers great possibilities in further development through the application of the "dry-farming" idea. It is the claim of the promoters of the new theory that dry-farming will quadruple the agricultural productivity of the West. While up

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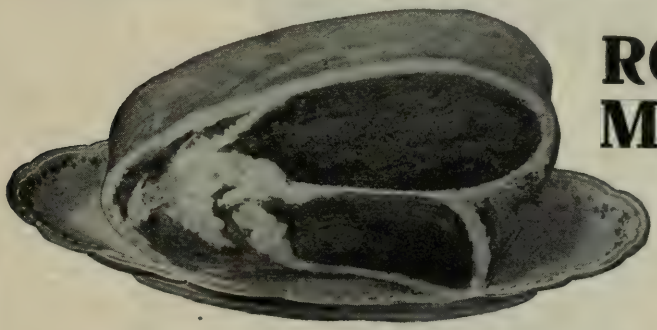
to the present time the science of dry-farming has had its application mostly in the temperate climates, the enthusiasts do not hesitate in asserting that a modified system of dry-farming would work wonders in the semi-tropical sections such as are found in certain portions of Central and Southern California. That such a possibility would be accepted with enthusiasm, could it be demonstrated, and that it would be of immense economic importance to the State goes without saying. It is said that there is nothing that California needs so much as the development of her so-called semi-arid lands, and anything that would give promise of bringing that about would immediately command brains and capital. The greatest future development of California, as of nearly all other Western States, must follow the water line. But all natural water rights, excepting those that depend upon extensive schemes and the expending of vast capital, have long since been appropriated in California. It would seem, then, that the next great advance must wait for some means of conserving and utilizing artificially, some of the moisture that at present goes to waste. One method of doing this is irrigation by means of wells and pumps. This method of reclamation must depend upon several favorable conditions, however. First, the land must be very valuable and offer great productive possibilities and there must be certain markets before the large acreage cost of such reclamation is justified. Then, further, the underground channels of water necessary must be found, which is not always possible. Even the testing of such possibilities requires much time and capital. On the other hand, the dry-farming enthusiast will tell you that Nature is doing more wonderful things than we often suppose; that she has provided a simple and natural means of reclaiming these same lands, at least to a degree, if we are only ready to take advantage of the fact. He will tell you that even on the lands that we thought were almost arid, enough moisture falls during the year, or at least during a two-year period, to produce an average crop. The only thing necessary on the part of man is to discover the best means of utilizing this moisture, depending upon the soil, seasons and the crop adaptable and desired. In the working out of this demonstrated fact lies the heart of the dry-farming movement in the West, and for the promotion of the theory has been organized the Dry-Farming Congress, which is to meet for its annual session at Butte, Montana this year. Already thousands of acres of land in the West, formerly thought to be barren, are being utilized through dry-farming. And in common with other of the Western States, California will prove herself the gainer by thousands of settlers and vast amounts of created wealth, as soon as she

has worked out, by means of the dry-farming idea, a thorough system for the reclamation of her semi-arid areas in the central and southern parts of the State.

Government Irrigation for Sacramento Valley.

That the two and a half million acres of the Sacramento River Valley are producing only one-tenth of the revenue of which they are capable, is the opinion expressed by Dr. Samuel Fortier, Chief of Irrigation Investigations of the Department of Agriculture, in a recent pamphlet. He further expresses the opinion that the development of these lands through irrigation and drainage "is perhaps California's most important problem." This, again, brings up the old problem regarding the reclamation of the great Sacramento River Valley. However, the great reward in the solution of the problem will keep it ever fresh until it is properly solved. Dr. Fortier again recites the big facts in the case—that the valley contains 2,500,000 acres; that only one-tenth of that amount is at present cultivated to its highest possible degree; that the remainder of the land is in little better condition than when the State was first settled; that this vast body of land only awaits protection from the spring floods and reclamation from the summer drouths to transform it from the producer of the ordinary grain crop to the highest degree of intensive farming known in California. These large facts are made full of appeal to the practical when it is known that all of these facilities of flood protection and irrigation are at the command of man and only await the necessary capital and desire. It is said that enough water is carried away to the ocean every year during the flood periods of the Sacramento River to cover the level floor of the valley to the depth of ten feet. Several reasons are pointed out accounting for the continuance of this economic waste of millions of dollars every year. The very richness of the soil in its present state has been one of the greatest. For example, it was demonstrated in an early day that this land was capable of large grain yields, through the utilization of the winter rainfall. Naturally the trend was toward larger rather than smaller acreage, since this afforded economy in operation. When the possibilities of irrigation were fully demonstrated, the great acreage cost was a discouragement, for there was no way in which the average farmer could irrigate his 2,000 acres and still retain possession of it, and being satisfied with his investment was not willing to chance the new venture. Further, the land when irrigated would be too valuable for the raising of grain, hence the economic and industrial change would be a



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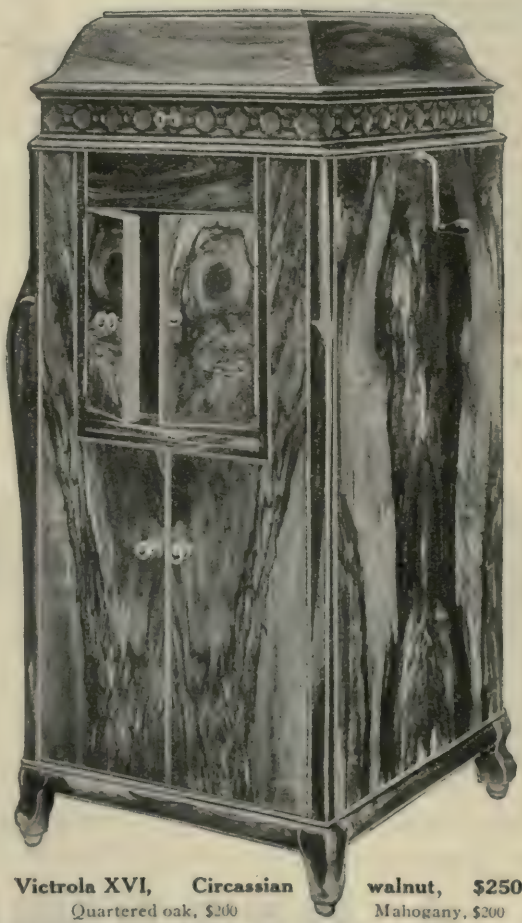

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radical one. Further than these facts, was the great cost of such a reclamation system. Dr. Fortier has estimated the total cost of a comprehensive reclamation of the two million and more acres at $109,000,000, or about fifty dollars an acre for the land that would be affected. This cost is divided into three parts; first, protective works to control floods, $24,000,000; water supply for irrigation, $50,000,000; and the preparation of the land for irrigation, $35,000,000. One of the discouraging features about the whole scheme, for the possible capitalist or promoter, is that the larger part of this large sum must be expended before there would be any return from the investment. Further complication is added from the fact that only about two-fifths of the total land of the valley is subject to flood overflow, while the total amount would need the benefits of irrigation. Some small beginnings have been made towards the reclamation of the lands of the valley by private concerns, and the Government has allotted two-thirds of a million dollars for the irrigation of 12,000 acres near the head of the valley at Orland, California, the water being secured by a storage reservoir on Stony Creek. While the enterprise of the reclamation of the whole of the valley would not be totally impossible to private capital, it is feared that the vast amount of money required would make this method prohibitive. The methods remaining, then, would be the irrigation of the valley by the Reclamation Service, in one vast project; or, as some prefer, and seem to think more practicable, the joining of the State and the Government in the enterprise. The problem is acknowledged a large one, but the reward to both State and Nation will many times repay the cost when its solution has become actual.

WYOMING.

Irrigate 400,000 Acres in Wyoming and Nebraska.

The completion of the Pathfinder dam, one of the highest structures of its kind in the world, is the event which the people of Wyoming and Nebraska have just celebrated. Resting on a bed of solid granite, and hewn from the vertical walls of the same formation through which the North Platte River has cut its channel, a massive masonry monolith closes the chasm. It rises 215 feet above its foundations, and is 500 feet long on top. But the real significance of the event is that it marks the most important step in the reclamation of large tracts of the Great Plains area in both states, and their transformation to thickly settled farming communities, with numerous populous and prosperous towns and villages.

The North Platte River drains an area of 90,000 square miles, carrying the run-off of a large mountainous territory. Fed by the melting snows of spring and early summer its volume swells to large proportions, but in the late summer it shrinks to a small stream, distributed over a wide stretch of shifting sands. Every drop of the low water flow has long been appropriated, and the conservation of the flood

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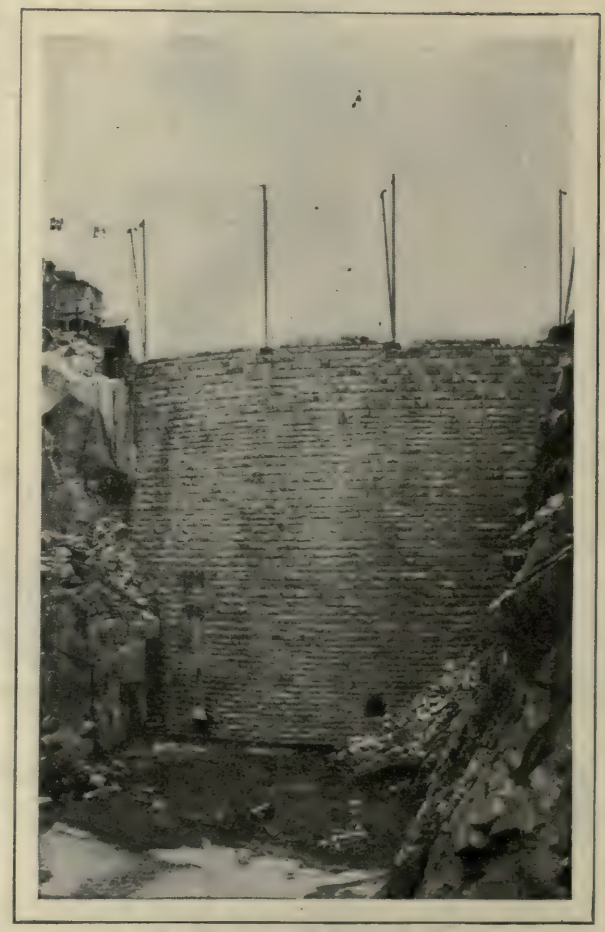
waters of the river was beyond the reach of private capital. It was for the purpose of storing the flood and winter waters and controlling the flow of this irregular river that the great dam just completed was planned.

Behind the massive wall of masonry a million acre-feet of water will be stored each year, and the destructive floods of the North Platte River, which annually have caused damage far in excess of the cost of the dam, will never again visit the valley. The name of the structure is most appropriate, in that it makes of the dam a fitting monument to commemorate forever the achievements of the Nation's daring pioneer and explorer, Captain John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder."

The North Platte Irrigation Project is one of the largest so far undertaken by the Government. It is estimated that 400,000 acres of land in Wyoming and Nebraska, or more than double the total area of land cultivated in the entire State of Rhode Island, will be divided into small farms and irrigated.

One hundred miles below the storage dam a low diversion dam has been thrown across the river, which turns the waters into the Interstate Canal, to supply lands in Wyoming and Nebraska. This canal when completed will be 150 miles long, but at present only ninety-five miles have been excavated. It has a capacity at the headgates of 1,400 second feet. Hundreds of miles of laterals have been constructed to distribute the water over the lands.



THE GREAT PATHFINDER DAM.

One of the most attractive features of the valley is its sunny, invigorating climate. The summers are always comfortable and the winters are relatively mild. The general elevation is about 4,000 feet above sea level. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, with a crop-producing capacity that to the farmer of the humid region seems incredible. Oats yielding 120 bushels per acre and weighing forty-five pounds to the bushel have been grown, and the average yield for the valley probably will exceed sixty-five bushels. Three crops of alfalfa are cut during the year, often yielding five tons to the acre, and fifty bushels of corn per acre is a low yield. The region is particularly adapted to the culture of sugar beets. As high as twenty-eight tons per acre have been produced with a sugar content of fifteen per cent. Apples, plums, small fruit and berries are grown for home consumption. Vegetables bring good prices, and the potatoes especially are of superior quality.

Hog and poultry raising and bee culture have proved very profitable. Back of the valley and extending for hundreds of miles is the vast public range, upon which graze many thousands of cattle and sheep. There is a heavy demand for forage crops for winter feeding, and a large part of the irrigable lands will be profitably devoted to these crops for many years.

Under the terms of the Reclamation Act all of the land under this project which belongs to the public domain is open to entry under the homestead law in farms of about eighty acres. Each settler is required to pay his share of the cost of building the irrigation works. This amounts to forty-five dollars per acre, payable in ten annual installments without interest.

Lands which a few years ago were valued at from one dollar to five dollars per acre are increasing rapidly in value and now sell readily at from twenty dollars to fifty dollars. Most of the land for which water is now available is in private ownership, but many of the farmers who

A near view of asphalt in Trinidad Lake (looking down). The wrinkles show its pliable nature. The channels are surface water.

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Is the title of a booklet that has just been published by the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

There are golden opportunities for farmers, dairymen and fruitgrowers within easy reach of Portland, on the rich farming and fruit lands along the Oregon Water Power lines of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

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have holdings in excess of that for which the Government will furnish a water right must dispose of part of their land at reasonable prices.

To subdue the land one has but to turn the sod. The soil is fertile, the water supply practically unlimited, and the climate delightful. All these combine to make the life of the new comer a pleasant one. A railroad extends the entire length of the project, and the numerous towns along this line have more than doubled in population since the initiation of the Government irrigation project. The influx of thousands of farmers to the valley has created a demand for all classes of labor. Mechanics are scarce, carpenters in demand, and brick masons, plasterers, plumbers, blacksmiths, and in fact all men with trades, will find good openings in these rapidly growing communities. The manufacturer, the banker and the merchant are also in demand.

That these opportunities are not being overlooked is evidenced by the hundreds of letters of inquiry which are being received by the Statistician of the Reclamation Service at Washington. To meet the demands of the homeseekers requiring information the Reclamation Service has also established offices at Denver, Colorado, and at Chicago, Illinois. To a farmer who is looking for a good location this section offers an excellent opportunity.

ALASKA.

How Alaska Is Governed.

The Governor and the Surveyor-General, both appointed by the President with the consent and advice of the Senate for a period of four years, are the chief executive officers of Alaska. The territorial Governor has the common duties of the enforcement of the laws, the protection of the interest of the United States Government in the territory, and the granting of reprieves pending the decision of the President. He is also Commander-in-chief of the militia of the territory. The Surveyor-General is the ex-officio secretary of the territory. For judicial purposes Alaska is divided into four districts, each presided over by a United States court exercising jurisdiction in general, civil, criminal, equity and admiralty cases. Besides a district attorney and a marshal for each division, commissioners appointed by the various judges act as justices of peace in the trial of any minor matters. The Department of Interior has general jurisdiction of all executive administration of the Territory. The Department of State is not directly represented in Alaska. The Departments of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, and Treasury have their usual jurisdiction. All matters relating to the Alaskan Indians, public lands and public schools are, besides executive administration, also under the direction of the Sec-

retary of Interior. It has been asserted that former Secretaries of Interior, as the chief governing United States official, have known but little about Alaska, hence the Government of this vast rich territory has rather haphazardly followed the recommendation of the appointive minor officials. Since these minor officials have only too often held their positions as political rewards, their recommendations and suggestions have not always been based upon experience and first-hand facts. There has been too much of a tendency, too, even to the Governor of the Territory, to regard Washington, D. C., rather than Alaska, as their headquarters while in office. There are hopes and promise, however, that much of this condition leading to laxness of government will be modified and improved under the new Secretary of Interior. Secretary Ballinger has visited Alaska, and is a native of Seattle, which city is closely related to Alaska in a business way. It is to be presumed and hoped, then, that Alaska will be given a more business-like administration during the next four years than she has ever enjoyed before. This hope is in the face of the fact that the people of this Territory have no voice in the making of the laws under which they are governed. Alaska's delegate to Congress may listen but he cannot vote. Above this fact, Alaska has no Legislature at home. The little laws that are so essential to community harmony, especially in a vast new territory, are left to the slow wheels of Congress, and having no delegate for the caucus, and no trading vote in the important laws, Alaskan affairs are naturally about the last on the calendar of action. At present Alaska can't of herself solve such small legal problems as property liens, or the compelling of miners to close their mining shafts for protection of life. It would seem that this vast territory has demonstrated her ability to make at least minor laws. Surely she should be allowed the same chance in helping herself that the other territories of the Nation are given.

Notes About Alaska's Wealth.

Even yet, perhaps, many of us fail to realize the extent and wealth of Alaska. With a little changing of shape, all of that portion of the United States east of the Mississippi River could be put upon Alaskan soil. As to the investment value of Alaska, we in general have a better idea. We know that the territory returns in revenue each year, many times over, the original cost of $7,200,000. For example, she has been pouring about $20,000,000 in gold into the mother country each year. Above the gold production the territory annually produces more copper than Montana, and it is said to have greater deposits of coal than any other State or Territory

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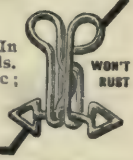

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in the Union, not excepting the State of Pennsylvania. In addition to mineral wealth it is now coming to be realized that Alaska possesses remarkable agricultural possibilities, and that her land is fertile enough to provide homesteads for thousands of people.

Schools for Alaskan Indians.

In keeping with the modern trend of education, the Government has established twelve manual training schools for the Alaskan Indians. The benefits will be untold for the Indians, and from the purely selfish viewpoint they are expected to help the Indians to greatly increase their earning power, all of which will amount to a saving on the part of the Government. The success of this class of school among the Alaskan Indians is seemingly assured by the good results that have already come from such a school located at Sitka.

HAWAII.

Opportunities for Nurserymen in Hawaii.

While Hawaii is in great need of a Burbank who will demonstrate the great soil and climatic possibilities of the Island, her most imperative agricultural need just now is said to be the plain commercial nurseryman. There are at present but two temporary supply houses to meet the great demand for acclimated seeds and plants of all kinds—the Territorial Board of Agriculture and the Federal Experiment Station. However, neither of these sources have the desire nor the facility to enter the commercial field. Their province is rather the experimental, and the co-operation with the commercial which they are anxious to do. According to Dr. E. V. Wilcox, Director of the Hawaii Government Experiment Station, the plants and seeds most in demand on the Island are the alligator pear, papaia, citrus fruits, figs, bananas, roselle, cotton, soy beans and other legumes, corn and an extended list of ornamental plants. In the past these plants have either been supplied in small quantities by the experiment stations or shipped from the Mainland. The one source is limited and temporary, and the other, it is pointed out, offers dangers in the delays of transportation, disease, and the lack of adaptation. Besides supplying the trade demand for plants there is great need on the Island for the expert who can improve some of the many varieties of the fruit and vegetable life. Thus it is that Hawaii is calling for both the business man and the scientist, the man of practice and the man of theory.

Utilizing the Volcanoes of Hawaii.

The volcanoes of Hawaii have been found to be so harmless that they are coming to be put to commercial use in some sections of the Island. As to the harmlessness of the volcanoes of the

Island, two of which are in continuous activity, it is said that during historic times there has not been a record of a single death due to the volcano. The commercial use of the volcano is as yet somewhat of a novelty, but there seemingly is no reason why it should not increase. One particular instance relates to the feeding and fattening of hogs. An American rancher living in the foothills near one of the sizzling volcanoes, discovered that the interior of the giant ferns that grow luxuriantly in this section contain much stock nutriment. It was also discovered that by steaming the great thirty-foot stalks of the plants, the interior was rendered soft enough for hog-consumption. The only thing remaining to do was to hunt up a volcanic fissure which emitted about the proper degree of heat, build his caldrons, and set the pot boiling. After being steamed for a couple of days the stalk could be split up with an ax and everything was ready for the greedy hog. The director of the Hawaii Experiment Station has expressed the opinion that these ferns may come to be of great economic importance as a stock food.

Congress Invited to visit Hawaii.

The Territorial Legislature of Hawaii has voted the sum of $20,000 for the entertainment of Congressmen in a summer junket to the Island, provided it is considered advisable to extend the invitation this year. It is proposed to entertain fifty Congressmen and their wives, the chief purpose being to give them some intimate knowledge of the territory that they are called upon to provide with laws. The visit of about forty of the National dignitaries two years ago on a similar errand is counted to have had its value, and so much so that the Hawaiians are willing to provide the expense of the trip merely for the privilege of showing off their Island.

Annual Cherry Fair at Salem, Oregon.

The fourth annual cherry fair will be held at Salem this year, July 15, 16 and 17. This annual event is the outgrowth of the publicity work of the Salem Board of Trade and has grown into an institutio nof State proportions. Several years ago a small cherry fair was held in Oregon's capital city, in conjunction with the Pacific Coast Nurserymen's association, and the display was so magnificent that the latter organization pronounced Salem the cherry city of the world. Since that time, it has held annual fairs of this character, growing from year to year.

Several thousand dollars will be spent in silver cups and other trophies of the event, and it is expected that this will be one of the most successful fruit carnivals of its kind ever held in the west.

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YOUNG PEACH AND PEAR ORCHARD, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

Roseburg and the Umpqua Valley

By Henry K. Silversmith

The West—There is magic in that name. Hundreds of business men in the large cities of the Eastern States feeling they have become mere cogs in the dollar-making machinery, are looking longingly to the West. They are tired of steam heat and brick walls. They have sickened of the tyranny of the ledger and the counter. They want to get away from the artificial to the real. They hear the insistent call of the Pacific. They feel the lure of the land that lies between the Rockies and the Western sea. Beyond the columns of figures they are forever adding they can see the waves creeping up on a foam-wet, sunlit shore. Above the rustle of the tape or the turning leaves of their day books and journals they hear the murmuring of the wind in the fir trees. Above the smell from the market or the mart is the odor of the camp-fire or of crushed mint and willow by the side of some mountain stream; day after day the call of the West will grow stronger, and the day will come when they can no longer resist it.

Thousands upon thousands of workmen who go forth hopelessly to their daily labor, feeling that they are caught inextricably in the cogs of the industrial machinery and are being drawn in to be either crushed or thrown on the human scrap-heap, are looking toward the West as the children of Israel in bondage looked toward the promised land. In place of a crowded tenement and the ever-menacing, peace-destroying uncertainty as to whether they will lose their job, they are dreaming of the sunny hillside or a peaceful valley where they may own a few acres and be secure, where they may raise their children in comfort midst wholesome surroundings, both moral and physical, where the droning hum of the bees and the contented clucking of chickens in the barnyard will take the place of the whirring of machinery and the clamor of the street, where the fragrance of ripening strawberries and of blossoming clover will replace the smell of the smoke and grime of the factory and the crowded tenement.

If you are in earnest and want to succeed, the West will give you your chance. In her big-hearted, tolerant, optimistic way, she will welcome you and make you feel at home. Here and there the valleys of the West are being intensively farmed. Here and there the opportunities have been realized and utilized, but for every resource that has been developed or made use of there are ten opportunities to be grasped.

Though in the past California and Washington have put forth their advantages in so favorable a light as to secure the larger

number of incoming settlers, yet at last Oregon is coming into her own. It is only because Oregon's opportunities and advantages have not been known that they have not been appreciated. Within the last year or two a wonderful awakening has taken place in Oregon, and this last season she received a larger number of new-comers than ever before.

In the three main valleys of Western Oregon the prospective homeseeker may have a wide choice of climate, of soil and of industrial opportunity. To the North is the Willamette Valley, of which Portland is the commercial metropolis. Prune orchards, hop fields, dairy farms and fruit lands are the wealth producers of this section. In the extreme South is the Rogue River Valley, with its world famous apple, pear and peach orchards and its wealth producing vineyards. In the central portion is the valley of the Umpqua, of which Roseburg is the commercial metropolis.

CATTLE HERDED IN VICINITY OF ROSEBURG.

Roseburg is situated on the second river in size in Oregon, the Umpqua. On the north and running at right angles is Deer Creek, giving a splendid sweep of stream, interwoven with picturesque valley and hill vistas. There is no panoramic effect anywhere on the Pacific slope which would give the artist more delight than that obtained from the western hills contiguous to Roseburg. Aside from the fact that Roseburg is splendidly located, with regard to transportation facilities, back country, numerous industries and countless resources in its contiguous territory, it has unsurpassed scenery and a climate excelled by none in the great Pacific Northwest.

Growth of Orchards.

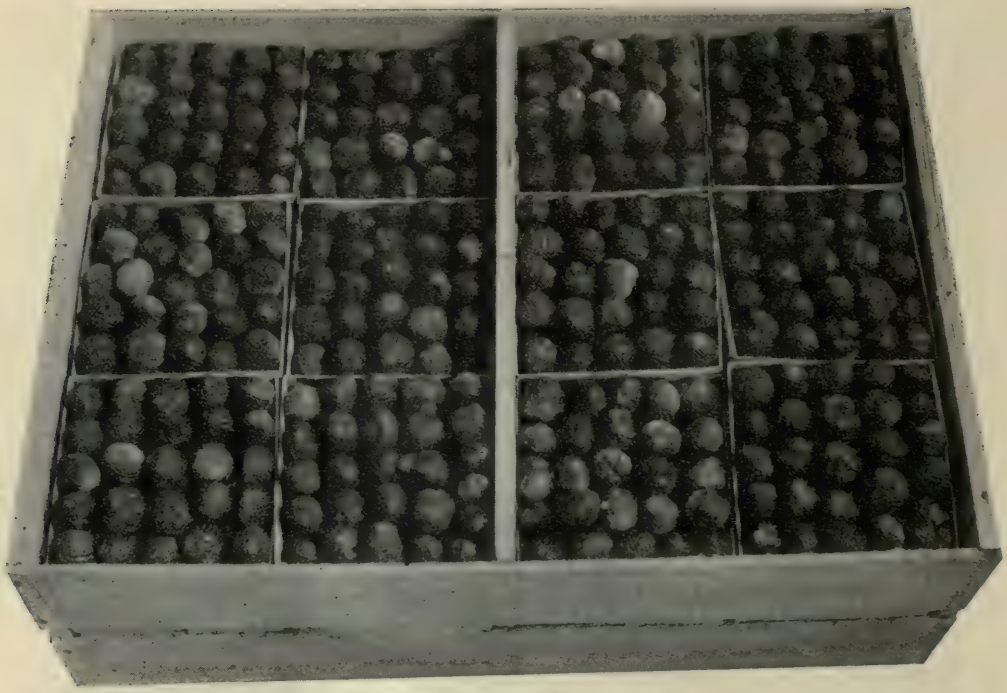
Perhaps nothing in the world will contribute more towards the continued growth of Roseburg than the splendid development of its orchards. There is no denying the fact that there is great fascination in this industry. Horticulturalists of note, declare publicly in no uncertain terms, that the future markets of the United States, Canada and Mexico will without doubt ultimately look to Oregon, Washington and Idaho for small fruit supply.

Soil conditions in Southern Oregon have stood every test necessary and the present producing orchards have taken many prizes over all other orchards in the United States in competition. Fascination in orcharding would soon die a natural death, were it not that, coupled with the beauty of it, there is handsome profit. Beauty and profit are further aided in and about Roseburg and the Umpqua valley, by climatic conditions which will make this garden spot one of the greatest fruit centers in the United States.

A better idea can be gained of Roseburg's climatic condition when it is understood that the city is on, or very close to the forty-third parallel, which runs directly through New York and Milwaukee. To the east of Roseburg there is approximately, for six months, winter, while on the west, growth is hardly interrupted and stock feed in the fields the entire year. In Roseburg and vicinity year in and year out is duplicated the climate of southern Italy.

Situated in Large County.

The city of Roseburg is the largest city in one of the greatest counties in the state of Oregon, Douglas County. The county itself embraces 4,800 square miles, or an area almost equal that of the State of Connecticut. Douglas County is one of the



FIRST CRATE OF DOUGLAS COUNTY BERRIES. PICKED, PACKED AND MARKETED APRIL 30, 1909.

largest counties west of the Cascades and embraces some 3,000,000 acres of land. The east boundary is the summit of the Cascade range and the Pacific Ocean bounds it on the west. To the north Douglas County sweeps to the lowest crest of the Calapooia Divide and its southern end is separated from the Rogue River territory by the Canyon mountains.

From the foregoing it will readily be seen that Douglas County must of necessity have great diversity of scenery and resources. The elevation ranges from sea level to 5,000 feet or more. The drainage system is perfect. Two rivers, the North and South Forks of the Umpqua unite close to Roseburg in a valley and flow on to the sea through a narrow pass to the northwest. Once this stream is formed it broadens, becomes deep, is swift and clear, and harmful floods are unknown in the great Umpqua valley.

Many Tributaries.

Tributaries of this splendid stream are many and water for farm, orchard, stock and manufacturing purposes is ample for all time to come. So far, power, to any great extent, has not been developed, but eventually all those streams will be harnessed like those of other communities where power can be obtained.

The valleys in and about Roseburg are extremely fertile, and what is more to the point with the middle westerner, the soil is of a sandy loam of the highest productivity; bench land is somewhat lighter but is likewise highly productive. One is reminded, in looking at the gentle hill-slopes about Roseburg, of southern California's famous up-hill orange groves. Here, as in Southern California, hill-slopes make most excellent orchard land, and that is of still greater import, the uncleared hills, when not too heavily timbered, are emerald green with grass making ideal pasturage for livestock.

Douglas County industries include mining and lumbering in the mountainous sections and agriculture and orcharding in the broad valleys. In connection with farming in the Umpqua valley stock-raising forms no unimportant part. Stock frequently goes to market without further feeding, after having wintered in the open.

Hydrographic Basin.

The Umpqua Valley is a hydrographic basin; between its short ridges and spurs, sharp rises and smaller mesas are interwoven many smaller valleys all joined together by avenues, which at times carry over low rises, again to course around a hill directly at its base. In turn these valleys succeed each other over vast acreage. Many of the valleys are small, others include unbroken tracts of as much as twenty thousand acres. Here is perfect soil, warmth, moisture and sufficient rainfall. The farms surrounding Roseburg and vicinity are extensive in area and the equal of any farms in the United States.

Roseburg Growing Rapidly.

Roseburg numbers today, within its cor-

porate limits and immediate environments, 5,000 people and is growing very rapidly. It is centrally located, and the center of a large territory of limitless natural wealth. It is on the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad, 198 miles south of Portland. Nowhere in Southern Oregon is there a better platted city than Roseburg. Here the Government maintains a superintendent of the forestry service, an office of the weather bureau and one of public lands. The Southern Pacific railroad makes Roseburg its freight and passenger division headquarters, maintaining also machine shops and a train dispatcher's office. The railroad company's payroll amounts to $35,000 a month. Other features, which make Roseburg a desirable place in which to reside, are first-class light, water and sewerage systems, a volunteer fire department, and paved streets.

Nothing appeals more to the family than schools. Here in Roseburg are four grammar schools and a splendid high school. Roseburg has ten churches. The court house, city hall and many fraternal halls, including the handsome new home of the commercial club, are all of substantial brick construction. The city supports three banks with total deposits aggregating more than $1,000,000. On every hand splendid business blocks, numerous costly homes and neat dwellings, together with several hotels, with one of the best in the State projected, give Roseburg as good an appearance as any city of its size on the Pacific Slope.

Miles of Telephone Lines.

Roseburg is the center of one of the most extensive rural and suburban telephone systems in Southern Oregon, there being over 400 miles of line constructed, besides main through lines and a city system. Another feature of Roseburg is the four star routes leaving the city, more mail being handled in Roseburg, with probably one or two exceptions, than at any other point in Oregon outside of Portland. Douglas County is supplied with more than half a hundred post offices and the rural free delivery system is very extensive.

Climatic Conditions.

Nothing appeals to the farmer or orchardist so much as climate. In and about Roseburg the rainfall is not excessive. The average precipitation for twenty-five years, officially compiled by the United States weather bureau, is thirty-five inches, one-third falling in December and January. July and August are practically rainless. It is true that two-thirds of the rainfall occurs during the night; downpours are rare. Sunshine is plentiful even during the rainy period; in the valleys thunder is unknown. The wind velocity in and about Roseburg is only about three miles per hour. Tornadoes and blizzards never occur. In brief, the climate is free from temperature extremes and so ideal that vegetables, cereals and deciduous fruits are raised, together with almonds and English walnuts. Berries of all kinds thrive in and about Roseburg and apples, pears and cherries sell in the eastern markets and throughout Europe for as high prices as any other fruit in the United States.

Umpqua Valley fruits have the same transcontinental rates in car lots as have all other fruit districts of the Northwest. Fruit here will yield from $500 to $1,000 an acre. As an illustration of the profit in fruit more than 6,000,000 pounds of prunes are shipped annually from this section.

The Douglas County strawberry reaches a size, flavor and appearance equal to that in any district in the United States. This luscious fruit matures early, yields prolifically and produces a most profitable crop of certain value and quick returns. Wherefore the annual Strawberry Festival was originated and has become one of the successful events in Roseburg and Douglas County. This year the first crate of berries was shipped April 30 and served at the Hotel Portland, at Portland, bringing $9.60. The soil seems especially adapted, producing a berry that readily tops the market. Many are engaged in strawberry culture, declaring it to be one of the most profitable of farm products.

ROSEBURG PEAR TREE IN FULL BEARING.

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SANTISEPTIC LOTION is absolutely harmless, doesn't burn or smart; neither greasy, sticky nor oily; doesn't stain; is unperfumed and leaves no odor whatever.

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The Salt that Always Flows Freely

SIMPLY tip the shaker and out flows Shaker Table Salt *every time*—always "loose"—always dry.

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Gypsum is the *most* dangerous impurity that *nature* has placed in *all* salt. Gypsum makes splendid *fertilizer* and *plaster of paris*, but it's a dangerous thing to *eat*, because it combines with water in your body—forms little balls of plaster—gravel—gall stones. Your doctor will tell you that this is the reason why the gypsum in ordinary salt often causes such serious disorders of the liver, kidneys and spleen.

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Shaker Table Salt is used *exclusively* in the finest hotels, restaurants and clubs, and by the railroad and steamship lines, as well as in the best homes everywhere.

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"Saltiest"—Purest Salt

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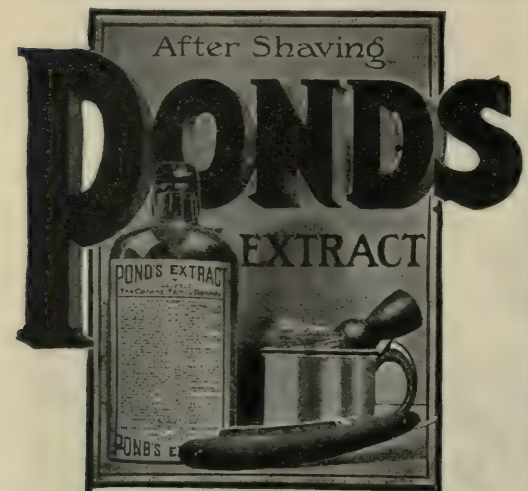

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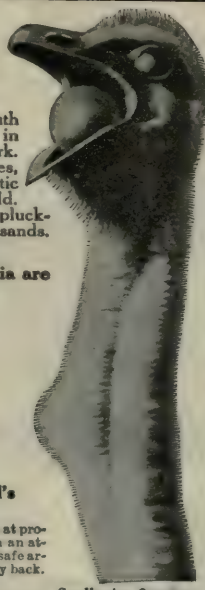

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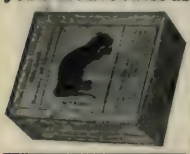

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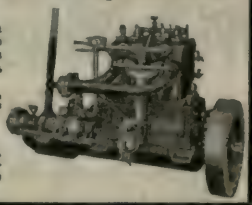

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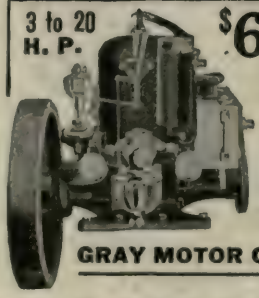

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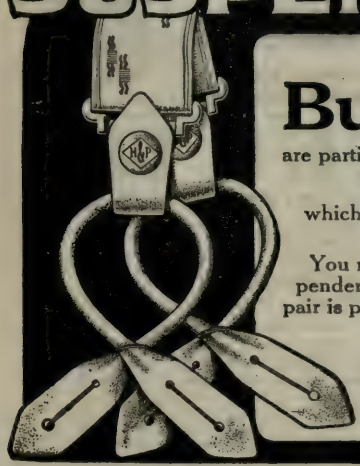

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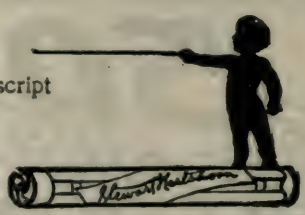

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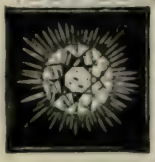

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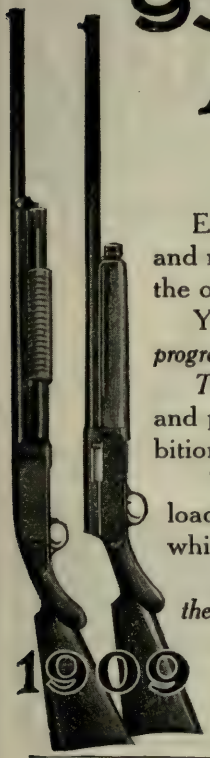

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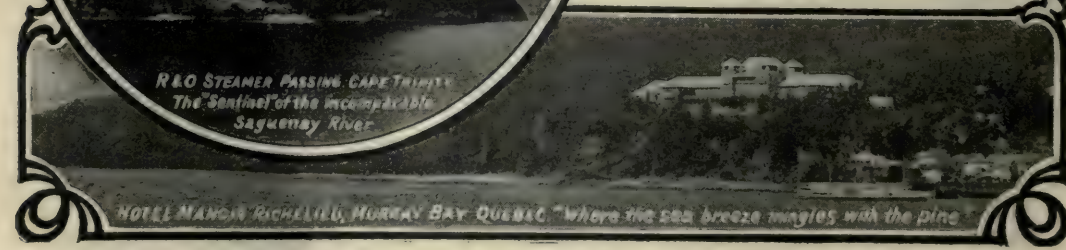

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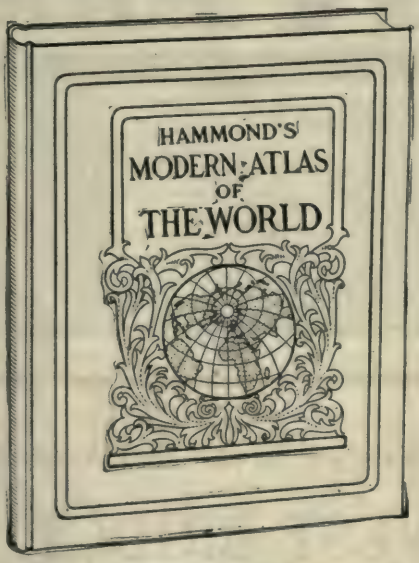

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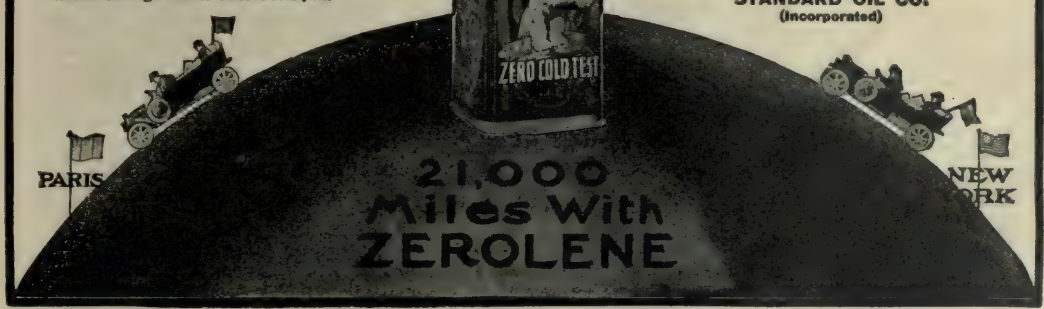

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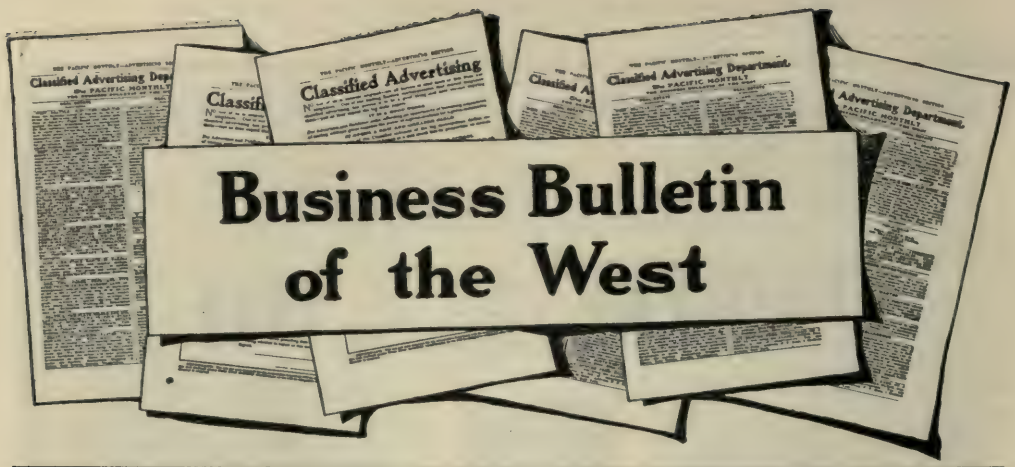

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BUSINESS BULLETIN—Continued

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WASHINGTON

YAKIMA VALLEY, WASHINGTON, "The Home of the Big Red Apple." Natchez Highlands apple land a specialty. For booklet descriptive of the valley and its fruit lands, write YAKIMA REAL ESTATE CO., Box A-186, North Yakima, Washington.

PASCO, the wholesale and distributing center of the Columbia River Basin. Write for folder which tells you all about Pasco, Wash. THE ALTON REALTY CO., Pasco, Wash.

LOCATE in White Salmon, opposite Hood River. Soil and climate best for high-grade fruit and berries. For illustrated matter, write White Salmon Land Co., White Salmon, Wash.

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FOR SALE—Several good tracts of Oregon timber. GREEN-WHITCOMB CO., INC., 245½ Washington street, Portland, Or.

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FREE GOVERNMENT HOMESTEADS—Nearly a billion acres vacant. Official 112-page book, "Government Lands," describes lands in every county in public land states. How to get a Homestead; irrigated lands, etc. Price 25c postpaid. WEBB PUB. CO., Sta. E, St. Paul, Minn.

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WOMEN AND MEN, HURRY! Seven new useful fast sellers. 30 others to select from. Big profits. Write for particulars and $2 premium offer. FAIR MFG. CO., L. B. 5, Racine, Wis.

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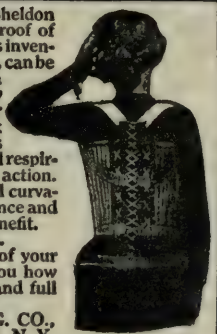

Helped and cured by the Sheldon Spinal Appliance is the proof of the value of this marvelous invention. Comfortable to wear, can be taken off and put on like a coat, weighs only a few ounces; adapted for either sex and all ages from six months to eighty years and over. Permits of full respiration and muscular action. There is no case of spinal curvature or trouble this appliance and our treatment will not benefit.

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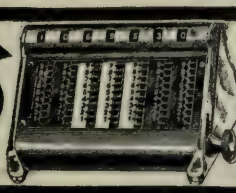

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1500 acres of dredgeable land. Figure up the profits and get your share of them.

Write for particulars

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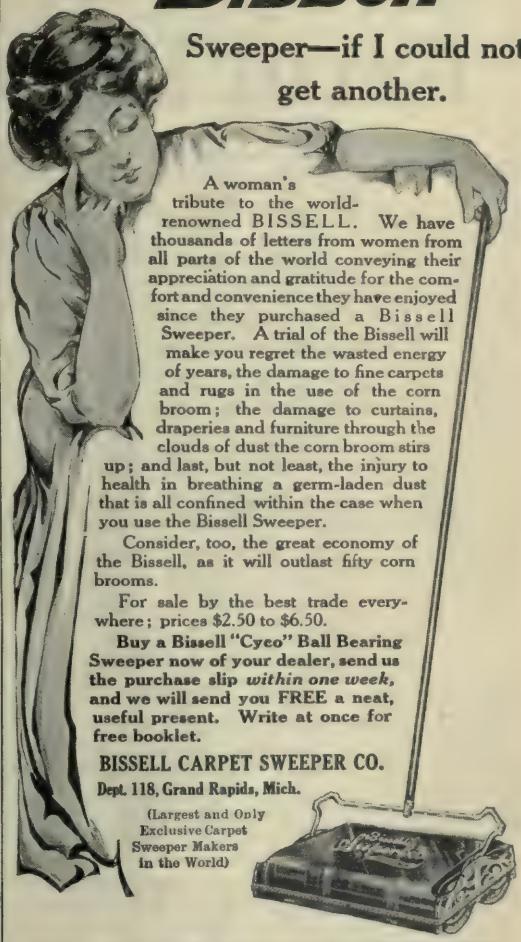
I would not take $50.00 for my *Bissell* Sweeper—if I could not get another.



A woman's tribute to the world-renowned BISSELL. We have thousands of letters from women from all parts of the world conveying their appreciation and gratitude for the comfort and convenience they have enjoyed since they purchased a Bissell Sweeper. A trial of the Bissell will make you regret the wasted energy of years, the damage to fine carpets and rugs in the use of the corn broom; the damage to curtains, draperies and furniture through the clouds of dust the corn broom stirs up; and last, but not least, the injury to health in breathing a germ-laden dust that is all confined within the case when you use the Bissell Sweeper.

Consider, too, the great economy of the Bissell, as it will outlast fifty corn brooms.

For sale by the best trade everywhere; prices $2.50 to $6.50.

Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Ball Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week*, and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present. Write at once for free booklet.

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¶ Perhaps no other section of the Northwest offers greater opportunities to the homeseeker and investor than does the famous fruit belt of the Umpqua Valley.

¶ Nature has bestowed her richest favors upon this favored region, and one may enjoy the delights of an Italian climate here and reap a golden harvest in the growing of fruit.

¶ **The climatic advantages** relate not only to one's own comfort—because there are no extremes of heat or cold—but to production as well, for mildness of climate means **earliest fruits, no frosts, full crops,** and the rainfall is sufficient to mature all fruit, bringing it to the highest state of perfection **without irrigation.**

¶ Irrigation being unnecessary in the Umpqua Valley means a saving of time, labor and money, better colored and finer flavored fruits which keep better and stand shipping better.

The Roseburg Home Orchard Tracts

owned and being developed by the W. C. Harding Land Company, were the first to be offered in 5, 10 and 20 acres and in 1908-9 an orchard of 1200 acres is being planted by them for purchasers who wish them to plant and care for their orchards.

¶ These orchard lands are near the city of Roseburg and accessible to good schools, churches, modern stores and all the comforts of life.

¶ You can purchase a five, ten or twenty-acre tract planted to Spitzenberg and Newtown Pippin (or other varieties) on very easy terms and your trees will be cared for until they begin bearing, or if you prefer to develop your own orchard you can do so.

¶ **Their plan of intertree development** commends itself. This is the method of planting peach trees between the apple trees. This method is strongly advised, as peach trees begin to bear the third year and thus give quick returns. A peach crop failure is unknown in the Umpqua Valley, and can be marketed two weeks earlier than other parts of Oregon thus commanding fancy prices.

¶ **We solicit full investigation** and only ask the opportunity to show the homeseeker and investor our Umpqua Valley lands and prove every statement we make. Our prices are much lower than those in more widely advertised fruit districts and our terms are within the reach of every man who desires to provide for the future of himself and family.

¶ For booklet, prices and complete information call upon or write the

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FREE **Richly Illustrated Booklets** telling of life in Oregon—filled with human interest—how others have made money in fruit-growing, dairying, farming, lumbering, manufacturing and business and how YOU can make money. This is YOUR CHANCE. One letter will bring a deluge of information from many Oregon points. Write

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POPULATION NOVEMBER 1, 1907—20 JUNE 1, 1909—1700

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All within two miles from Gooding. On either side of Idaho Southern Electric Railroad
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First-class Water Rights

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Has the Best
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Bodies of
Agricultural Land
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CHOICE LAND *for* $35.00 AN ACRE

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Alfalfa, Timothy, Clover Lands yet to be had at reasonable prices
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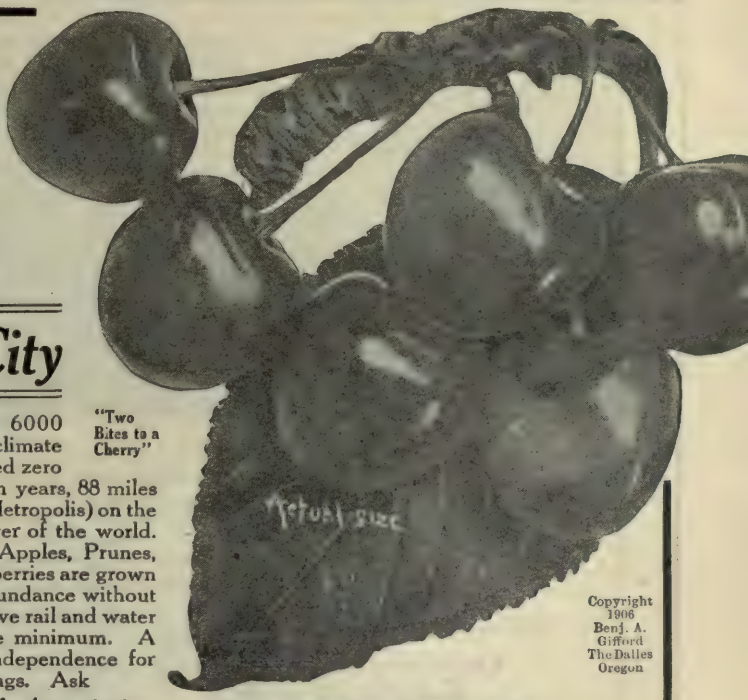
The Cherry City



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Wheat, oats, barley and other grains, all kinds of fruits, vegetables and tubers flourish here and produce abundant crops. Tekoa presents a fine opportunity for diversified farming. High prices and great demand for all kinds of farm produce, in the mining districts adjacent to Tekoa.

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AND THE PEERLESS PAYETTE VALLEY

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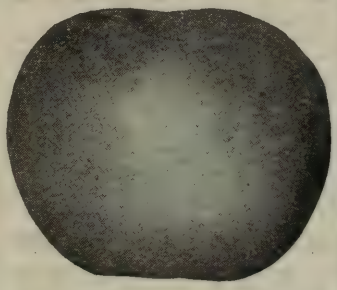

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ROBERTS & CLARK : First National Bank Building : BOISE, IDAHO

BEAVERTON-REEDVILLE ACREAGE *"The Pasadena of Oregon"*

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FIVE APPLES weighing 6½ lbs. exhibited Canyon County Fair, Caldwell, Idaho, Oct., 1908

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400,000 ACRES FRUIT LANDS UNDER

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NOW READY

WATER IN PLENTY
SOIL OF THE RICHEST
CLIMATE THE BEST

Unlimited Natural Resources

WE WANT 100,000 TO SETTLE THIS ACREAGE **AT ONCE**

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CALDWELL : IDAHO

CALDWELL *the* TOWN / CANYON *the* COUNTY } THAT MADE IDAHO FAMOUS AS AN APPLE GROWING CENTER

at the National Horticultural Congress last December, there our orchard won out against seventeen apple producing states. It won seven out of a possible eight individual prizes, amounting to four hundred forty seven dollars. We won county and state prizes amounting to $375.00. Compare these winnings with those of other apple growing sections. We are the land dealers of this great FRUIT BELT. If you want a TRACT of land or an ORCHARD, write us. Lands here capable of GREAT RESULTS in FRUIT CULTURE, are as yet LOW PRICED. They will not remain so long. GET IN NOW

DORMAN LAND COMPANY :: CALDWELL, IDAHO

WESTWARD, EVER WESTWARD — the human race has continued to travel

The Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon

THE IDEAL HOME LAND — CLIMATE UNEXCELLED — NO WIND — NO STORMS — NO WINTERS. Produces choicest fruits. Home of the Tokay Grape, the Big Red Apple and the delicious Peach and Pear. Non-Irrigated and Irrigated Lands. Prices within your means. Write us for literature, prices, etc.

RIGGS LAND COMPANY : GRANTS PASS, OREGON

One Minute

See the Alaska-Yukon Exposition but don't forget to visit the world's Greatest Fruitgrowing district

HOOD RIVER, ORE.

which gets highest prices in world's markets for apples and strawberries, has thirty thousand acres finest undeveloped fruitland, and climate and scenery unrivalled. Let us send you our handsome illustrated booklet telling you all about it.

Hood River Commercial Club DEPT. B Hood River, Ore.

"Portland 500,000 in 1912"

PORTLAND'S FRESH WATER HARBOR

PORTLAND Offers big inducements for more factories. Investments in real estate will pay big dividends. Its scenic beauty is marvelous. For a place to live and enjoy life, few places in the world will surpass it.

OREGON Invites settlers with the perfect assurance that she can do more to make them happy and prosperous than any other state, provided such settlers are industrious and willing to do their part. It has room for **millions.**

These reliable people will give special information on request.

ANGELES TRUST CO., LOS, 326½ Washington St., Improved Farms, Oyster, Cranberry and Colony Lands.

BRONG-STEELE CO., 110 Second St. Suburban Property and Acreage Near City.

CHAPIN & HERLOW, 332 Cham. of Com., 5 and 10 Acre Tracts of Fruit Lands.

O. C. R. ELLIS & CO., 201 Merchants Trust Bldg., Sell Hotels and Rooming Houses.

J. O. ELROD, 519 Corbett Bldg., Wheat Lands and Close-In Acreage.

KAUFMAN & MOORE, 324 Lumber Exchange, Oregon Farms and City Property.

S. S. LAMONT & CO., 416 Board of Trade, Sutherlin Valley Fruit Lands.

M. E. LEE, 411 Corbett Bldg., Suburban Acres, Fruit and Farm Lands.

THE LEE-BOWDLER CO., 303-312 Abington Bldg., Orchard Tracts near Portland planted and cultivated.

MURPHY & CASWELL, 230 Stark St., Business Property, Farm and Fruit Lands.

THOMAS B. NEUHAUSEN, 505 Couch Bldg. Sells Oregon and Washington Timber Lands.

OCCIDENTAL LAND CO., 266½ Stark St. Farm, Fruit and Garden Lands a Specialty. Correspondence solicited.

OREGON REAL ESTATE CO., Grand Ave. and Multnomah St., The Best Residence Property in the City.

PORTLAND REALTY TRUST CO., 106 Second St., Subdividers and Home Builders.

GEORGE D. SCHALK, 264 Stark St., High-Class Real Estate.

JOHN P. SHARKEY COMPANY, 122½ Sixth St., Sellers of High-Class Subdivisions.

SMITH & EVERETT, 309-10 Failing Bldg., All Classes City Property and Investments.

GEO. E. WAGGONER, 923 Board of Trade, Exclusive Dealer in Apple and Walnut Lands.

WALNUT GROVE CO., 228 Stark St. Three-year-old grafted groves of 5 acres for sale on easy terms, including 5 years' cultivation. Free booklet.

YAMHILL FRUIT LAND CO., 432 Chamber of Commerce. 10-acre tracts, best fruit land; all cleared; easy terms. Planted if desired.

Portland Commercial Club

DON'T FREEZE : DON'T ROAST : DON'T BLOW AWAY

COME TO ALBANY LINN COUNTY, OREGON, WHERE IT NEVER GETS TOO HOT, OR TOO COLD

A City of Over 6,000 People, Electric Lights, Fine Water, Cement Walks, Railroads in Six Directions, 24 Passenger Trains Daily, Farm Land Splendidly Adapted to Fruit — Apples, Pears, Cherries and all other fruit and berries grow to perfection — AN IDEAL DAIRY SECTION, AND CLOSE TO GOOD MARKETS. This locality has as rich soil, and at a CHEAPER PRICE, than in any section of the beautiful Willamette Valley.

FOR FULL INFORMATION WRITE TO THE

LINN & BENTON REAL ESTATE COMPANY : ALBANY, OREGON

HOOD RIVER LANDS

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage. PRODUCE the finest apples and strawberries in the world

We also have lands for sale in White Salmon and Mosier Districts. Twenty Years Residence in Hood River

W. J. BAKER & CO., HOOD RIVER, ORE.

GET OUR FREE BOOKLET

"A Story of Eucalyptus"

It is filled with facts and figures about this wonderful new industry which is destined to become one of the most important and profitable on the coast. **Small payments monthly will insure a perpetual income.** No Interest, Taxes, or Maintenance Fee. We plant and care for the trees the first two years without cost to you. Write today for particulars.

MURRIETA EUCALYPTUS COMPANY 211 Mercantile Place **Los Angeles, Cal.**

LYLE

WASHINGTON

THE outlet for the Klickitat Valley, Hartland, Camas Prairie, Timber Valley and Lyle Districts. *Seventy five thousand* acres of finest orchard, berry, nut, dairy and wheat land in the State, can be bought reasonable. Vast bodies of yellow pine and fir timber adjacent to the Klickitat River practically untouched, offering special inducements to the lumber manufacturer. Only nice location on the North bank of the Columbia River between Pasco and Vancouver, with an ideal climate the year around. Junction of the Goldendale Branch of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway and head of navigation on the Washington side of the Columbia River. Three Steamboat lines call daily at Lyle and competition in freight and passenger traffic very keen. INVESTIGATE THE LYLE COUNTRY if you want to get a home or an investment. For particulars as to our varied resources, write to the Secretary of

LYLE COMMERCIAL CLUB :: LYLE, WASHINGTON

OREGON TIMBER

Safe and Sure Investment Millions have been invested in Oregon timber during the last five years, every dollar of which shows great profit. The lumber industry here is yet in its infancy and values will increase immensely without risk to the investor. ¶ This timber is being gathered into larger bodies held by stronger men, so that values naturally go up. In a very short time timber in this section can only be had at a large advance over present prices, as was the case in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where the timber is now nearly exhausted. ¶ We have for years made a study of the timber situation in the West and from our positive knowledge can advise clients to their best advantage. If you have either large or small amounts, we can place them for you to your best interest. ¶ Bank and other references furnished as to our reliability.

FRED A. KRIBS Third Floor Chamber of Commerce PORTLAND : OREGON

YAMHILL COUNTY : OREGON

Walnuts and Fruits = Dollars

We have the choicest land in Yamhill County for fruits and nuts and are offering it in 5 and 10-acre tracts on the easy payment plan. We plant and cultivate the tract for four years without further care or cost to you, after that it will take care of you as long as you live.

Cost per Acre $300 : Income per Acre per Year $500 : FUTURE PRICE per Acre $1000

Income Insurance is Good — THIS IS BETTER — Ask Us Why. Our Booklet On Request

DIETZ-MUELLER CO. SELLING AGENTS **YAMHILL ORCHARDS COMPANY** ABINGTON BUILDING PORTLAND : OREGON

THERE'S A FORTUNE WAITING FOR YOU IN

NUTLAND HILLS

on the new "North Bank" Railway. Send for our beautiful contour map of the Columbia River. We will make you a special proposition on Almond Lands **EITHER PLANTED OR UNPLANTED**

THE JACOBS-STINE COMPANY [LARGEST REALTY OPERATORS ON PACIFIC COAST] **PORTLAND, ORE.**

$9\frac{3}{5}\%$

Average Annual Dividend on Our Series Number One of Profit Sharing Bonds, Issue of $500,000.00

SERIES NUMBER TWO

¶ Preferred five per cent dividend and Profit Sharing Bonds—issue of $500,000.00 now being offered investors, in any multiple of $100.00 at par.

¶ Interest and share of profits computed and paid semi-annually.

¶ Investments secured by income-bearing business property in the heart of the progressive City of Portland, Oregon—than which there can be no safer foundation.

¶ Become a part owner of these attractive and profitable properties—and share in the proceeds and increased values.

¶ Write or call for prospectus.

Realty Associates of Portland, Oregon

Commercial Club Building, Portland, Oregon

APPLES APPLES APPLES
ALFALFA ALFALFA ALFALFA

ONTARIO, OREGON

IS THE PLACE WHERE BOTH ABOVE MENTIONED PRODUCTS GROW TO PERFECTION—THERE IS NO LAND IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST PRODUCING AN EQUAL INCOME VALUED SO LOW. APPLES GROWN HERE ARE PRIZE WINNERS AND ALFALFA RUNS EIGHT TONS TO THE ACRE, THREE CUTTINGS ANNUALLY—CLIMATE UNEXCELLED FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ADDRESS SECRETARY

ONTARIO COMMERCIAL CLUB

ONTARIO : OREGON

APPLE ORCHARDS **ALFALFA TRACTS**

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND ALL INFORMATION, INCLUDING ORIGINAL MAPS, WRITE

COULTER & FOX

Dealers in Fruit Tracts, Homestead Locations, Relinquishments, Timber Lands and Mining Properties

ONTARIO **P. O. Box A 357** OREGON

SIX TO EIGHT CROPS OF ALFALFA YEARLY AND A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

OUR NEW PLAN BOOK tells how you can secure 5 to 40 acres of Southern California's most *fertile irrigated* valley land. IT TELLS how you can have the same put under cultivation for little money. How *big profits* are made *annually* upon your investment without moving or giving up present business until ready.

$1,500 PER ACRE is being made from these rich valley lands growing fruit. YOU can do the same. BY OUR PLAN you get a BIG PROFIT from your investment the second year and it increases yearly. *Nothing like it ever offered before.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our new plan book, etc. Enclose 25 cents and we will include six months subscription to the NATIONAL HOMESTEAD the *best homeseekers publication* in California. DO IT NOW.

NATIONAL HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION Dept. Z. 644 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dividends — Dividends — Dividends — Dividends — Dividends

Roblito Is Paying Dividends

We offer investors an opportunity to become interested in a rubber plantation that is *now* paying dividends.

We own outright (with clear deed) 5565 acres of the finest land for rubber production to be found anywhere on the globe. It is located in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, and the Pan-American Railroad passes directly through the property.

We have changed the production of crude rubber from the reckless and destructive harvesting methods in vogue among the natives to the most scientific and productive plan known in connection with the successful cultivation of the rubber tree.

The enterprise is highly profitable because the demand for crude rubber exceeds the supply.

We are now shipping rubber and obtain for our product the highest market price, for the reason that it is pronounced by the American Rubber Company to be the best plantation rubber ever received from Mexico.

Our plantation is managed by an American experienced in the cultivation of the rubber tree. All of our officers and directors are trained, successful business men of unquestioned character. All have paid cash for their stock. There is no dead-head list of high-salaried officers, and all money paid to the company goes to increase its assets.

The exceptional opportunity is now open to obtain a limited number of shares in our plantation at $100 per share on **easy** payments. Terms, $10 down and $5 per month; 5 per cent discount for all cash. After the present allotment of only 230 shares has been sold, the price will be advanced to $125 per share. All stockholders participate in profits from the date stock is issued and an annual dividend is guaranteed to each investor.

Write at once for booklet, giving full particulars regarding an enterprise that has already made good and earning dividends. The literature is free and each request receives prompt attention.

ROBLITO RUBBER PLANTATION COMPANY

1303 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco **101 Bacon Block, Oakland, California**

Dividends — Dividends — Dividends — Dividends — Dividends

Dividends — Dividends — Dividends — Dividends — Dividends

Keep Moving 'til You Reach

VANCOUVER

CLARKE COUNTY **U.S.A.** State of Washington

VANCOUVER, U. S. A. Has a population of over 10,000 people, every one of whom will back the advantages she possesses, against the world. Vancouverites live in an atmosphere of good will and prosperity, believing implicitly that their city is the finest place to live on the Pacific Coast.

VANCOUVER, U. S. A. Offers visitors to the A.-Y.-P. Exposition an opportunity to invest both in city and farm property that will show great increase in value in a short time.

VANCOUVER, U. S. A. Has two transcontinental railroads switching all their incoming and outgoing freight trains in 50 miles of terminal yards now being laid. These roads transfer freight to vessels at this port at tide level.

VANCOUVER, U. S. A. Offers special advantages to all kind of manufacturing, for the reason that terminal rates apply on all raw materials. Centrally located—all markets from Alaska to Mexico are easily supplied, Ships to all ports of the world moor at wharves in this city.

VANCOUVER, U. S. A. Is the County Seat of Clarke County, the most fertile country that man ever put a plow into. Read the claims of other agricultural sections and you'll find that Clarke County tops them all in every line—fruits, nuts, grains, stock of all kinds.

VANCOUVER, U. S. A. Has information compiled from facts that will be cheerfully sent to interested inquirers, who will address

JAMES M. REEVES, *Manager*
INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT **Vancouver Commercial Club**

1,300,000 Acres

OF THE FINEST IRRIGATED LAND IN THE UNITED STATES

THIS fine tract of land lies in Eastern Idaho in the famous Upper Snake River Valley. It is watered by the most complete canal system to be found on the continent. It has the first, oldest and cheapest water rights on the great Snake River.

IDAHO FALLS

is a rapidly growing city of 7,000, located in the center of this great irrigated empire. It is the largest shipping point in Idaho. It will soon be the largest city in the state.

This valley is the home of the famous Idaho potato and red clover, which yields seed from 5 to 12 bushels to the acre. In it are located **three large sugar factories** from which over 50,000,000 pounds of sugar is manufactured annually. Sugar beets yield from 15 to 25 tons. Its soil and climate especially adapt it to the raising of all grains, grasses, clover, alfalfa, potatoes and beets, and is an ideal stock country with abundance of free range.

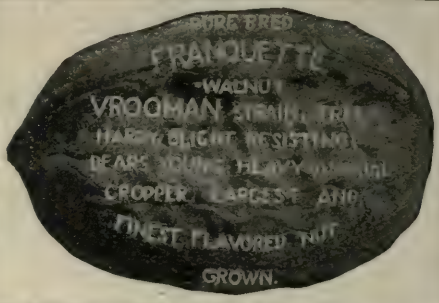
OUR CLIMATE IS IDEAL

and the great west is being rapidly settled. If you have not secured a piece of irrigated land, you should. Come to the Upper Snake River Valley where crops never fail and where you can make investments that are safe and sure to bring you big returns.

¶ Write today for our beautiful illustrated pamphlet

IDAHO FALLS DEVELOPMENT CO.

IDAHO FALLS : IDAHO



The Best Commercial Nut on the Market. Our booklet, mailed free, gives full information. Before buying you should investigate this nut Address **OREGON NURSERY CO.**, Dept. P, Salem, Ore.

BOOST FOR THE WEST

You have a friend or relative who wants to know more about the West. You can't tell it all in a letter. Let us help you. Send 25 cents and your friend or relative's name and we will forward three recent numbers of The Pacific Monthly, containing a fund of valuable information concerning the West Fill out this coupon.

Forward Magazines to _____

Address _____

Sent by _____

GATHERING FRUIT IN THE ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

Would You Pay $300 for $9,000?

Invest 50c per day for twenty months and get $300 per year for thirty years, $9,000; for larger investments larger income in proportion is assured to every one who invests now in the 401 Orchard in the Rogue River Valley, Jackson County, Oregon.

We are developing a grand apple and pear orchard in the most wonderful fruit country in the world. We own the land and have 20,000 trees already planted. We are selling a limited amount of stock to provide for the planting of the balance of our orchard. Dividends commence next year, and in a few years they will reach the figures above stated—100 per cent every year on what you invest now.

FREE—A book "Fortunes in Fruit" describing our orchard and this investment opportunity. Send for it—it will be mailed free and you are not obligated in any way. *Bank References*

401 Orchard Company 977 Monadnock Bldg. San Francisco

INTERIOR VIEW OF THIRD ANNUAL CHERRY FAIR AT SALEM, OREGON

FACTS ABOUT

Salem : Oregon

THE CHERRY CITY OF THE WORLD

The Largest Cherry Fair will be held in Salem July 15 to 17. You will miss the best thing on the Pacific Coast if you fail to take it in.

Salem will have 25,000 population in 1910. 500 new buildings being erected, among them skyscrapers. One million dollars in new capital being invested. There are still over 100,000 acres of superior fruit land to be had tributary to Salem at fair prices. If you contemplate a change of location you cannot afford to overlook these facts. For handsome booklets and full information, address

A. F. HOFER, Secretary Board of Trade, SALEM, OREGON

What Part *of the* West is the Best for Me?

Where will I do best; be most contented; be most free from care and worry and be most certain of a home in pleasant surroundings, where with a reasonable investment I will have an assurance of not only a living but a competence?

This is the question that *you* and thousands of others who are looking to the *West* for a Home are asking and we are going to answer your question by telling you that *Oregon* with its boundless resources is the best state in the West, that *Southern* Oregon is acknowledged to be the richest and most desirable part of the state that the very heart of Southern Oregon is the far famed Rogue River Valley and that Ashland is the Gem of the Valley. All that it will require to prove to you that Ashland is *the* Ideal Home City of Southern Oregon is Investigation.

Ashland has exceptional natural advantages; an ideal climate; an abundance of pure water; a fertile and inexhaustible soil; rare scenic beauty; vast undeveloped timber resources; ideal dairying conditions; a large and low-priced body of splendid fruit lands; a world-wide and well-deserved reputation for the excellence of her fruit.

Ashland lacks some things other cities possess, among which are the following: Ashland has no saloons; no tough element; no civic fueds or dissensions; no extremes of temperature; no violent storms; no long, cold winters.

But she has an alert, progressive, intelligent citizenship, who will heartily welcome you. She has splendid schools and live, progressive churches. She has abundant opportunities which are yours for the grasping.

Come and be one of us. You have been looking all these years for the Land of Promise. Let us tell you more about it. Address

SECRETARY COMMERCIAL CLUB
ASHLAND : OREGON

EUCALYPTUS

EUCALYPTUS
FOR INVESTMENT

Growing Eucalyptus trees for Hardwood timber recommended by U. S. Government, State Forestry Department, Forest Society of California.

Provides an income for many generations.

Enormous Dividends.

Guaranteed by High Class Gold Bonds.

You can not loose your principle.

Lowest estimate $2,500 per acre in 10 years. We will plant 800 acres. Should be worth $2,000,000.

We guarantee 10 per cent per year for first ten years.

Stock, $1.00 Per Share
GUARANTEED
(No application for less than 100 shares)

Columbia Trust Co., Trustees.
First National Bank, Escrow Trustees.
Write for information and booklet.

CALIFORNIA SUNSET EUCALYPTUS CO.
214 Citizens National Bank Building
LOS ANGELES : CALIFORNIA

Charlotte Russe à la NABISCO

NABISCO as an accompaniment to other dainties invariably adds to the attractiveness of the dish so graced.

The recipe here given is but a suggestion of the possibilities of

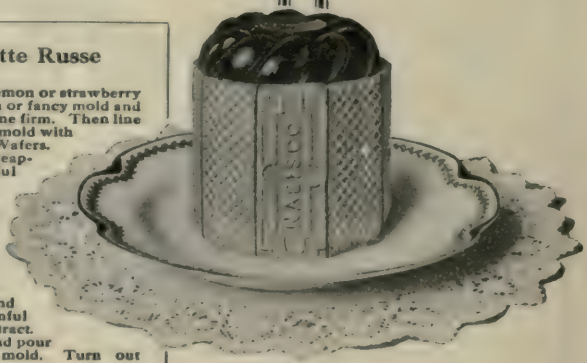
NABISCO Sugar Wafers

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

Charlotte Russe

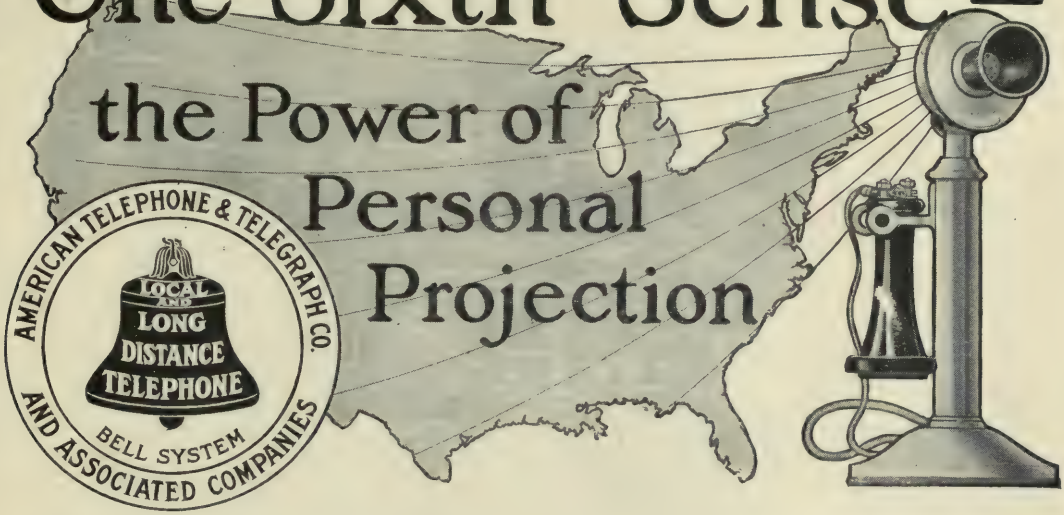
Pour a little lemon or strawberry jelly into a plain or fancy mold and allow it to become firm. Then line the sides of the mold with Nabisco Sugar Wafers. Dissolve one heaping tablespoonful powdered gelatine in half a pint of milk, allow to cool, add gradually to half a pint of whipped cream, add two tablespoonfuls sugar, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Mix carefully and pour into prepared mold. Turn out when set.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Sixth Sense—

the Power of Personal Projection



An American's sense of projecting himself far beyond the skies and hills of his forefathers is largely responsible for his self-assurance—for his mental vigor and the progress which this has meant.

This Sixth Sense—the sense of projection—is due to the telephone. It is due to the *Bell telephone system* which at any instant conveys *his personality,* if not his person, to any part of the country. It carries his voice with *directness* to the ear of the person wanted. Carries it with its *tone qualities* and *inflections*—things which are *vital* to the expression of personality.

Bell telephone service is more than a mere carrier of messages. It is a system of sensitive wire nerves, carrying the perception-message to the nerve centre and the return message simultaneously. *It is the only means of communication which thus carries the message and the answer instantly.* While *you* are projecting *your* personality—the strength of your individuality, to the distant point, the party at the other end is projecting *his* personality, at the same instant and by the same means, to you.

You are virtually in two places at once.

Though this service is in a class by itself, the Bell telephone has no fight with the other public utilities. Its usefulness is dove-tailed into *all other utilities.* Each of the others is unquestionably made more effective by the Bell telephone.

A telegram is delivered from receiving office to house by *telephone.* The more people telegraph, the more they *telephone.* The more people travel, the more they *telephone.* The more energetically a man pursues business of *any* kind, the more he needs and uses the *telephone.*

The universal Bell telephone gives every other utility an added usefulness. It provides the Nation with its Sixth Sense.

A business man has one important arm of his business paralyzed if he does not have a Long Distance Telephone at his elbow. It extends his personality to its fullest limitations—applies the multiplication table to his business possibilities. It keeps things moving.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone Is a Long Distance Station

Good

outside
or
inside

Necco Sweets Are good for youngsters. Better deny them confectionery entirely than give them questionable or inferior kinds. Don't run chances with the children. NECCO SWEETS are always good, always fresh, always wholesome. We see to that. We are jealous of our reputation for goodness. The NECCO SEAL—your safeguard—is on every box of NECCO SWEETS. We see to that, too. It is your protection. It identifies the package. Be sure you find it before you buy.

Whoever has a sweet tooth will appreciate a treat like

Lenox Chocolates

Take home a box for the family. Let the children eat all they want. NECCO SWEETS offer a choice of some 500 varieties, hard and brittle fruit bars, fudge, chocolate nougatines, molasses chips, maple walnuts, pure fruit drops, etc., etc. All are deliciously good. All are perfectly wholesome.

NECCO SWEETS are sold everywhere by high grade dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you send us 25 cents for an attractive package of LENOX CHOCOLATES, or, better still, order one of our special $1.00 packages in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid.

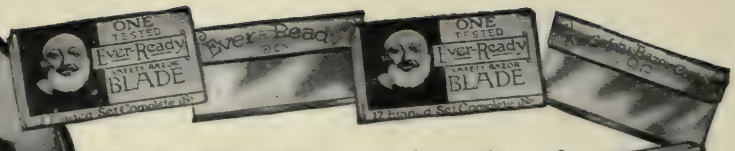
NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY., Boston, Mass.

AUGUST 1909

PRICE 15 CENTS

The PACIFIC MONTHLY

The Pacific Monthly Company
PORTLAND, OREGON
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

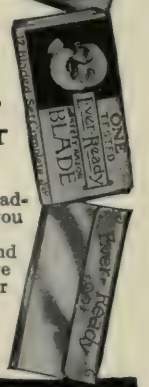


Nearly 2,000,000 men have bought the **Ever-Ready** 12 Bladed Dollar Safety Razor. None could be induced to give up self-shaving or their **Ever-Ready.**

It is practically impossible to duplicate the shaving advantage of the **Ever-Ready** in $5.00 outfits—surely you cannot equal it under that price. That's fact.

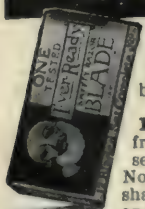
Go to your dealer to-day—buy your Ever-Ready, and if you don't agree that it's indispensable; that it will give you the best shave of your life, we will refund your dollar and take back the razor. That's fair, isn't it?

It's up to the **Ever-Ready** Safety Razor to make good, but it's up to you to give it a trial.



'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

With 12 Blades $1



See those blades, note the wrapping. Remember that the **Ever-Ready** is the perfect safety razor blade. It's the best protected, keenest edge, smoothest shaving blade money can produce or money can buy.

There are **12** Ever-Ready blades in each outfit of **Ever-Ready** Safety Razors selling, together with Ever-Ready frame, handle and stropper, at $1.00. Each blade is separately tested and guaranteed to be critically perfect. No other razor blade is guaranteed to do as much for the shaver, or costs as little, or is as economical in price and service.

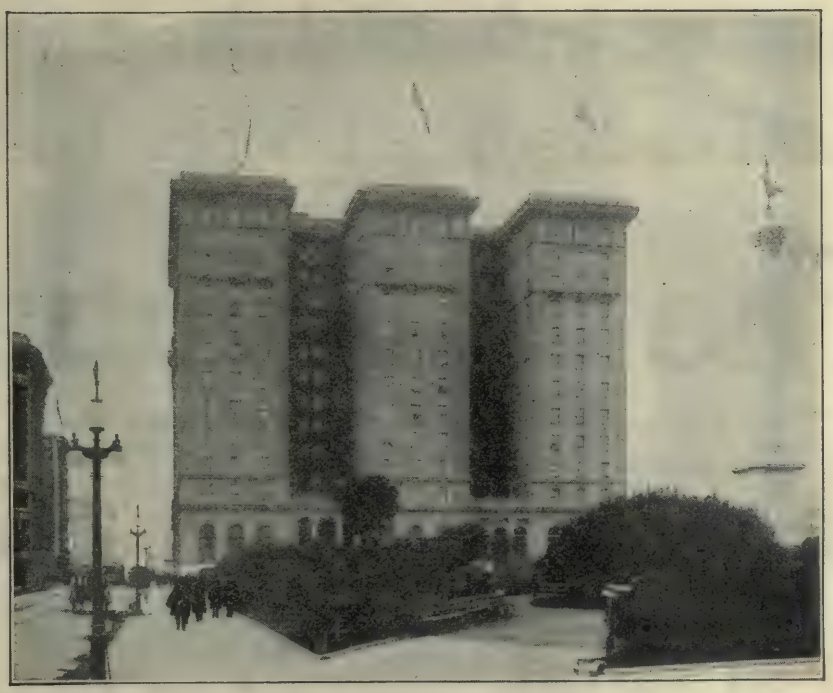
Extra Ever-Ready Blades 10 for 50c. You can exchange 10 used blades for 10 brand new ones for 35c.

Go to any local **hardware store, druggist, cutler, department store** or **general store** and ask for the Ever-Ready. Refuse imitations and send direct to us enclosing $1.00 and we will send the complete outfit to your home prepaid.

American Safety Razor Co., 320 Broadway, New York
International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada

Photo Dollar Outfit Opened

Extra Ever-Ready Blades 10 for



HOTEL ST. FRANCIS SAN FRANCISCO

The assemblage of the fashionable theatres, clubs and shops around Union Square and the local color of the streets, reflects the art influence of the Latin people who have entered so largely into the history and life of San Francisco in the tendency to seek a colorful environment. The night scene of the park and hotel, on the occasion of public fiestas, is possibly the most unique spectacle to be witnessed in North America

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF JAMES WOODS

Cost of Industrial Insurance Further Reduced Voluntarily

by

The Prudential

Industrial Policies now being issued have increased Benefits averaging over 10 per cent. and will

Give Many Millions of Dollars

of Life Insurance More Than The Old Rates Would Have Provided.

Over 20 Million Dollars

Extra Life Insurance has also been added voluntarily to Industrial Policies issued since January 1st, 1907, and in force July 1st, 1909, with no increase in premiums.

This is the Greatest Benefit to Policyholders Ever Granted by The Prudential giving More Life Insurance for the Money Than Any Similar Policy Ever Before Issued.

You want the Best in Life Insurance at the Lowest Cost, write to The Prudential for it. State age. Address Dept. 23

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

The Pacific Monthly

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LUTE PEASE, Editor.
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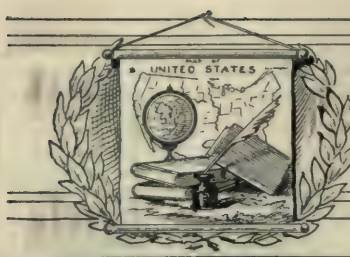

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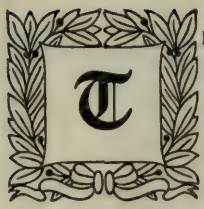


THE next number of **The Pacific Monthly** contains the last installment of **Martin Eden.** The conclusion of this remarkable novel will surprise you. Not one of the many persons who have attempted to guess the ending have even come in sight of the author's solution; yet we doubt if any competent literary critic will deny that Mr. London has ended his story most logically and artistically. We should be glad to hear from you who have followed the fortunes of Martin Eden throughout the past year, giving us your impressions of the story as a whole. Among many expressions of delight with the story received up to the present time are occasional criticisms of its lack of rapid action; or of its philosophy, or some other point. What do you think of it?

Two More Stars for Old Glory is John L. Cowan's picturesque title to an article on the statehood problem of Arizona and New Mexico. This is a nonpartisan and very informative article. Copiously illustrated from interesting photographs of scenes and persons noteworthy in these last two great territorial divisions of the United States.

The Daltons, by George Elmer McCulloch, belongs to our intermittent series of **Twice Told Tales of Frontier Characters.** It is an exceedingly interesting article, containing much that is new about this remarkable family of desperadoes, and thrillingly retells the story of the Coffeyville raid, and how the desperadoes found that little Kansas town a hornet's nest, with very fatal results. Such stories, of course, are of the "old West," now past forever.

K. K. Kawakami, the well-known Japanese writer, next month rises to the defense of his country in its control of Korea. This article was crowded out of our last issue, but the delay gave Mr. Kawakami an opportunity to add later and very interesting details. Illustrated from many unusual photographs.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise will contribute another frank, straightforward essay on one of our important present-day problems.

September Fiction

A Dangerous Game, by Max Nordau, the celebrated European philosopher and author, is a story of the consequences of a marriage for wealth. It is written in this author's simple and charming style, and ranks with fiction of the very highest class.

The Bigamist, by William Hamilton Osborne, is, perhaps, the best bit of fiction yet produced by this popular author. It is the tale of a villain and his wife.

Harvey Wickham, whose story, **The Cork Jacket,** in the May number of **The Pacific Monthly** attracted the attention of several of the best literary critics in the country, contributes an entirely different type of story, but one of equal excellence, under the title **The Worth While Things.**

A foreign tale, **The Nun at the Tavern,** by James Church Alvord, deals with an exciting situation in a province of France during the period of the church-and-state trouble some three years ago. It is a powerful story.

Dave Bowman, Miner, by Frank A. McGraw, describes a typically Western character,—a man who, for a lifetime, has followed the will-'o-the-wisp of fortune until his whole character has become metamorphosed, and Fate at last plays a strange prank with him.

Development News next month will mention numerous land openings and other items of interest and value to prospective homeseekers and investors in the West.

Several fine poems, a series of beautiful pictures, in color, of Western scenes, and a striking cover, help to complete a magazine of great interest.

Rosita

By Edwin L. Sabin

"Whoever drinks of the Rio Grande will return again"—Mexican Saying

Rosita, Rosita,
Thou of the coal-black hair;
Rosita, Rosita,
Thou of the skin so fair;
Rosita, Rosita,
Of ankle trim, and hand;
Of lips and eyes and soft replies—
Rose of the Rio Grande.

Vaquero, ranchero,
Who is the lover now?
Lucero, Ferrero,
Theirs is the burning vow?
But ne'er, oh—but ne'er, oh,
Out of that swarthy band
Will kiss be thine like kisses mine—
Rose of the Rio Grande.

Rosita, Rosita,
Chill is this Northern zone.
Rosita, bonita,
Think on thy gringo lone.
Chiquita, carita,
Thy breath his cheek has fanned,
Henceforth for him all else is dim—
Rose of the Rio Grande.

Reboso drawn close, oh,
Only revealed thy charms;
'Twas close, oh—Dios, oh!—
Folded thee, thus, my arms.
Rosita, my sweet, ah,
Well do I understand
How man will yearn, at last return—
Rose of the Rio Grande.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

FLATHEAD MOTHER AND BABES, NEAR ST. IGNATIUS, MONTANA.

A HOMESTEAD ON THE OREGON COAST.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

IN THE OREGON WOODS NEAR THE COAST.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

PIONEERING IN OREGON; BUILDING A ROAD TO A SETTLEMENT IN THE WOODS.

VOL. XXII AUGUST, 1909 No. 2

Citizen Lo!

Red Tape and Red Indian

By Agnes Deans Cameron

"It has been said that the best University of our day is a collection of books. What if a future philosopher will say that the best University is a workshop?"
—Lord Roseberry.

FROM the day when *Mayflower* immigrants intruded upon the first families of America and the Burke's Peerage of the Plains began to be written, down to this year of grace, politicians, philanthropists, and kind old ladies have been prating about a stereotyped entity which they called "the Indian," as if he were in very fact the unflinching image of the tobacco-stand. Legislators have been making laws for him in the lump and missionaries praying for his communal soul.

Carelessly the American people repeated the cheap witticism that "the only good Indian is the dead Indian," announced that he "belonged to a fast-dying race," and after spending $500,000,000 in a brave attempt to make good their word, for years perpetuated the silly folly of segregating the Indians in bunches on reservations. Then we wondered aloud that the Indians did n't cry out for Browning Clubs and develop a taste for the Higher Criticism.

Kipling says: "Single men in barracks dont grow into plaster saints," and follows it up by declaring "they 're most remarkable like you." Indians are not perfect, there is no desire to present "the Indian" as a sylvan Aurelius, guileless and gentle; yet will not every fair man agree that the racial characteristics of the untouched Indians of North America

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.
INDIANS SEINING SALMON ON SAND ISLAND, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

were grit, endurance, family affection, deep-rooted pride, and an unflinching regard for a promise once made?

Had some stronger race a century ago overrun this continent and resolutely sequestrated the American people into little cut-off communities, bidding them "develop" and make mental and moral bricks without straw, we would have a working analogy to our treatment of the Indians; under these circumstances our beef barons and our steel kings would be hard to find. Could Andrew Carnegie have added golden numbers to golden numbers on an Indian reservation?

Has not the whole thing been a colossal paternalism? We have kept the Indians too long in tutelage away from all that fills out the measure of a man, substituting the rule of the agent for a man's divine right to grow by experiment and failure. They were not looked upon as youths and maidens, small boys and wise old grandfathers, but (Heaven help them!) "the Indian." Some one has said that Indian nature is human nature bound in red, and we have made the binding red tape.

The nation to the North has been wiser. In a cross line from the Atlantic to the Pacific you fail to find in the United States any one hundred miles without its site of an Indian massacre. Canada, whose Indians are largely of the same basic stock as these, has had little Indian war. Her Indians have been given title to rich and ample reservations, theirs "as long as grass grows and water runs."

Canada has consistently kept faith with her Indians; for generations they have been grounded on the plain principles of British law, under which and protected by which they and their white brothers were equal subjects of the "Great Mother Across the Water." The result? The Canadian Indian, especially the Western Canadian Indian, is his own man and no economic nursling.

Nature intended the Indian to be self-

reliant. Should the ghost of one of the old Pacific Coast chiefs come out of the white sea fog one summer morning, once more touched to earthly issues, what would he see? Let us take passage with the red wraith to the Neah Bay Reservation off Cape Flattery, the extreme northwestern corner of Uncle Sam's dominions. Our steamer will be met by a huge war canoe, hewed from the trunk of a single cedar, and paddled by twelve Indians. It is big enough to carry in one load seventeen people, four trunks, a sewing-machine, a motor-cycle, and half a dozen feather mattresses. In front of the lodges as we land are a few tired and pampered Indians, the degenerate sons of fighting sires.

How about our ghostly visitant, the great fore-elder of these people? He in his day was a giant of enterprise, a virile Viking full of verve and initiative. Inshore he hunted the bear, the wolf and the wapiti, and in his frail canoe in community hunts invaded the open ocean and made the whale his quarry.

The method of the hunt showed ingenuity, unbounded courage, and ability to play a waiting game. The whale was surrounded by canoes and assailed with spears; to the spears were attached distended skins of the seal, which, acting as huge air-bladders, kept the wounded animal accessible and afloat. From these light craft the killing of a hump-back or true sperm was man's work.

When the prey was at last towed ashore, with ceremonial song and chanting ritual out from the long house came the old men, the mothers and the little children fittingly to receive our mighty hunter, then followed a tribal distribution of the prize and a great feast of fat things. This was the aboriginal "savage," our spectre as he saw himself when revisiting the glimpses of the moon. How about his descendants to the third and fourth generation, the "civilized" Indians of the reservation?

On the beach they sit inert, fatted and frayed Fauntleroys, not allowed to play out of their own backyard. One old squaw, so fat that locomotion was a burden, tells us with a chuckle that she 'd

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

INDIAN SALMON-SEINING CREW, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.
SUMMER AND WINTER HOMES ON THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION, MONTANA.

be a *hyas piltin* (big fool) to work when the "Agent Boss" gave her all the food she wanted. This lump of Standard Oil —she weighs 280—has all the old songs of war and the chase familiar to our resurrected red man from the shades, and these she sings in a wheezy tremolo as long as she is fed fish-hooks through a slit in her jerkin, a human nickel-in-the-slot machine, not touched by her own fine issues. These Indians may hang their store clothes on hickory limbs, but they must n't leave their kindergarten to paddle to a near-by reserve without permission of the Agent.

With a cry that mingles with the dirge of the glutted sea-gulls sailing off shore (flying low, crammed to the maw with spent sockeyes), our red ghost, disgusted, goes back to the shades. His unuttered thought would seem to be, if he could put it into book English: "The object of all our work in schools and institutions should be not to 'develop the American Indian,' but to evolve the Indian American." A very different thing. The field of endeavor extends from where outside the winter *igloo,* each by his own ice hole, in Alaska, the fur-clad brothers of the race stand with patient faces turned toward the pole, down through every layer of latitude to where the Seminoles in Florida kill alligators that they may buy automobiles.

Before we can help any individual or any band of Indians forward, we must throw overboard all ideas of the red race as a whole, and set ourselves patiently to find out what heredity, environment, and the more or less bungling policy of the past has done for that particular Indian; find out, as they say in Chicago, where each tribe and man "is at."

The story is the vision of Mirza's bridge over again, through whose early arches hastened by ignorance, malnutrition and the medicine man, so many wee red babies drop, dead almost before their tired little bodies began that uphill climb to "civilization." Every successive inclined plane has its little group that has pushed itself so far, each rung of the ladder its climber-upward. In America are civilized tribes of Indians, and primal savages. The bead roll includes red oil kings and millionaires

with pauper pensioners, scholarly gentlemen and degenerate drunkards, B. A.'s and blanket Indians.

Just a Few of Them.

What is "the Indian" doing now? The story has as many chapters as there are Indians.

Miss Laura M. Cornelius, an Oneida, studied law at Leland Stanford. Chief Rogers is president of a bank in Indian Territory; Tom Longboat, a Canadian, journeys to Europe to contest the Marathon prizes.

Mrs. Eliza Albertz (with no Boswell to chronicle it) shows a family circle more kindly diverse than that of Dr. Johnson; this woman, a full-blood Cherokee, has adopted and reared twenty-one red orphans.

Many Indian Agents in 1908, with a Sartor Resartus joy, reported to Washington, D. C.: "All my Indians on this Reserve are civilized; they have discarded the blanket and wear white men's clothes." Yet that all have not with the blanket put off the old man would appear in the story of Wabakoshna. This Minnesota sport claiming to be 122 years old, was the joyous owner of a $3,500 auto. He bet his grandson, a horse-jockey, that his machine could beat any horse in a 100-yard dash with a standing start. Result—collision, horse killed, auto wrecked, and old Ben Hur dies of his hurts.

One little Navajo boy wears the uniform of a Government school, but has not yet learned to appreciate the Thanksgiving turkey. Asked by the teacher what part of the bird he would like, he replied eagerly: "Gimme tail. Make arrow."

The Navajo should make a good Walking Delegate. He will not work alongside the negro or the Chinaman who cut prices. He is conscious,though, of his limitations, and writes: "I have no time to loaf about town; still, good thing I dont live anywhere near town."

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

NORTHERN INDIANS ENCAMPED FOR SUMMER IN THEIR OWN DOORYARD.

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

INDIANS TAKING A SUN BATH, AFTER INDULGING IN A SWEAT BATH, AND A DIP IN THE NEAR-BY CREEK.

One old Sioux with a record for inertia, last month surprised the Agent by asking for another cultivator. "If I had another, I could take the wheels off the two, but them on a box, and go after some Agency rations." Perhaps he is scarcely a type, though, for the assessors on the Cheyenne Reservation show that the Sioux own over 300 telephones, twenty autos, eleven hearses (which they use as carriages), sixty organs and innumerable phonographs. They also secured forty-seven divorces in a year.

One can scarcely point to an avenue of usefulness and opportunity that some enterprising Indian is not traveling. Stephen Jones, a full-blood, is peripatetic secretary of a Y. M. C. A. E. J. Collis, a young Choctaw, can take shorthand dictation in three languages, Choctaw, Chickasaw and English. Choctaw shorthand! Just think of it.

Histrionic channels are not without their red-skinned voyageurs. Miss Jessie Mae Hall (note the Mae), a Cherokee, is achieving fame as an emotional actress, and the official report from a South Dakota Agency, cheerfully assures us that: "A beautiful curtain and complete set of scenery was added to our stage last fall, and inspired the children to dramatic, farcical, and musical entertainments." And we rejoice to learn that the moccasin and snow-shoe give place to the seductive skate, the Indian pupils of Nebraska are to have a roller rink. Doubtless the accompaniment of chewing-gum and slow waltz music will not be lacking. An Indian agent from another center reports: "The young ladies are taking to tennis and basketball."

And the Indian roster is not without its names of lawyers, cadets, and incipient millionaires. The University of Wis-

consin has turned out an Indian lawyer, Thomas St. Germaine, a Lac du Flambeau Chippewa. Edward M. Ellis, a grandson of Red Cloud, the famous Sioux, joined the United States Navy a couple of years ago, and Ben Byrd, when but a lad of ten, drew an income of $100 a day from his oil wells in the Indian Territory.

Photograph by Mrs. Fanny Van Duyn.
TWO WARM SPRINGS SCHOOL GIRLS, HAVING THEIR SUMMER VACATION IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

Machinery powerfully attracts one type of bright young Indians. Vincent Natalish, of Carlisle, when superintendent of a bridge-construction company in New York, earned his seven

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.
MRS. LO'S DAY "AT HOME."

Photograph by Julia E. Tuell.

STRONG LEFT HAND, A "SQUAW LADY" WHO TOOK PART, WITH A KNIFE, IN CUSTER'S MASSACRE, AND LOST A HUSBAND THERE.

dollars a day, and we read that "he continues to study diligently during his off-work hours." Roland Nehoitewa, of the class of '06 at Phoenix, Arizona, as assistant engineer for the Arizona Pacific Copper Company, had in his charge an air-compressor, two pumps, an engine, and a dynamo, and earned ninety dollars a month. How many white boys just out of school can command that salary?

Sebastis Shay and Newell Ronco, two full-blood Penobscots, founded a manufacturing establishment in Maine, which turns out canoe paddles and cant-hooks

The factory operated by electric power is owned and managed entirely by Indians. A canoeist or a river jack often has to trust his life to that bit of seasoned maple, so the products of the factory demand absolute fidelity in their construction. It is interesting to note that the enterprising firm has employed an Indian girl for its stenographer.

A Brown-Skinned Burbank.

The Pacific Coast boasts a brown-skinned Burbank, one whose creative and inventive genius refuses to be cribbed, cabined and confined by the petrified limitations of his name. Peter Wapato

Photograph by Julia E. Tuell.

HAIRY HAND—CHEYENNE.

Photograph by Julia E. Tuell.

THE LATE AMERICAN HORSE, AN OLD-TIME WARRIOR AND RENEGADE, CHIEF OF THE PINE RIDGE SIOUX UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1908. HE WAS PAID AT THE RATE OF TEN DOLLARS A DAY BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO QUELL THE LAST UPRISING AMONG THE UTE INDIANS.

(literally Stone Potato), one of the best-known Indians of Chelan County, in the State of Washington, is reported to have produced a new kind of apple, very like the Pearmain, and said to be the only one of its kind in the world, a seedling and a desirable variety—a beauty. He calls it the Chelan Golden.

There 's something evidently in the air of the Pacific which makes for enterprise. Peter Potato could cut a melon with Martin Lopez, a full-blood Indian boy of San Jacinto, California. Lopez made the first shipment of cantaloupes from the desert-country two years ago; they were the first melons to reach the

New York market, and he got just thirty-two dollars for the thirty-two melons. In all he shipped 240 crates off two acres. Who would n't cut Croesus coupons in the cantaloupe belt of California!

Melodious Savages.

On the shores of the Pacific, on a hot, hot day, I once followed a militant missionary into a whitewashed chapel on an Indian reservation. With no preliminary prayer or word of greeting, she stood up in front of her wards, grasped two hymn-books from the front seat, and in strident notes announced: "Fifty-one in the blue, twenty-nine in the gray!" an Indian maid propelled a wheezy harmonium and the high-pitched notes of "Not try, but trust" floated out amongst

Photograph by Julia E. Tuell.

RED CHERRIES, A TYPICAL CHEYENNE MEDICINE MAN.

the Douglas firs. It was a pernicious doctrine, badly sung.

On the banks of the dancing Cowichan all through one summer-night I perched high up on a bale of dry salmon while a potlatch feast held its own. On a cedar rail sixty singers beat out a wild rhythm, while 600 voices chanted a chorus, haunting and weirdly sweet. The soughing of the pine trees, and the lisping waves of the river lip filled out the cadences, and those who heard carry that melody with them to the last curtain fall. This was Music, music rich and sonorous.

Some iconoclasts would destroy all Indian music because it links the Indian to a red past, while we are luring him on to a chaste white future. The first royal Edward of England hurled the Welsh bards over Conway cliffs, staining the rocks with the red blood of these martyrs, for like reason.

A teacher reports that she passed an open door and heard an Indian woman singing as she ground the corn in her Pueblo home. The singer sang, she said, of "the Rainbow Garth who paints the Heavens, of the rain that we long for, of our growing corn," while out from the windows of the Indian Public School shrilled the tones of "Marching Through Georgia." With the teacher we ask:

Photograph by W. S. Bowman.

SQUAW WINNOWING GRAIN.

Photograph by Julia E. Tuell.

READY FOR THE DANCE.

"Are old-time war songs of the whites as fitting in Arizona as the native call for rain?"

In the world's history the old order ever changes, giving place to new, but it would be nothing short of tragedy

Photograph by Julia E. Trell.

CHEYENNE CHILDREN HAVING FUN.

were reformers to succeed in killing the Indian folk song of one least conspicuous tribe. The tendency of the day is in a different direction. In England, the Folk-Song Society is eagerly searching out aged country people who can sing the songs of the district, and preserving these on the phonograph roll and the written page. The Vienna Academy of Sciences sends out voice-hunting expeditions every year; they bring back popular songs of the gypsies and the Arabs, the idioms of the negro, and the favorite airs of the Malay; its agents are scouring Australia, Roumania, Istria, and the Isles of the Sea, that nothing may be lost.

Songs and ceremonies are the unwritten literature of the red race. On their first day at a white man's school, an Indian boy is guiltless of the operatic gyrations of a college yell, his sister cannot hum with the elevator boy, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," or "Over on the Jersey Side," but the deserts of Arizona wake with melody when a group of Indians work in the field; all Pueblo girls can sing corn-grinding songs in chorus, and the shores of the Liard and the Lesser Slave still ring to the notes of the Canadian Indian voyageur.

The Indian has a store of myth and legend richer than that of his brother of Hindustan, as ancient as the Nibelungen Lay. Forceful, poetic, bold, the Indian of old was neither a demon nor a demigod, but a strong, insistent individual who left his man mark on his songs and tribal lays. The Indian was writing his *sagas* before the angry barons wrung the

SIUPAKIO AND SIKUNNACIO, SARCEE-MANDANS, TYPE INDIAN GIRLS OF THE GREAT CANADIAN WEST.

The Present-Day Descendants of the Old Fighting Sarcees Are as Law-Abiding as Any Citizens in America.

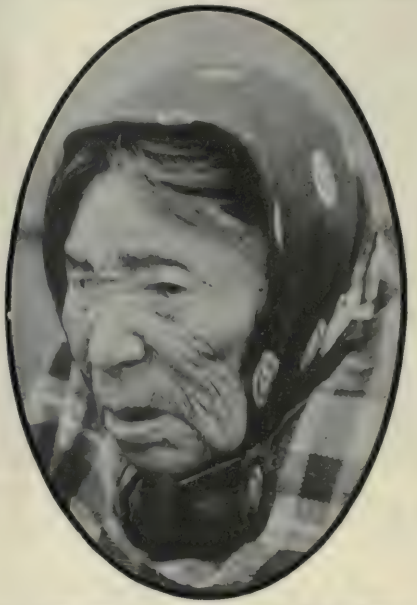
Great Charter from John, and at a day when "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" were undreamed of. As the Prayer Book has it: "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark."

Photograph by W. E. Averrett.
SIWASH GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

Cupid and Cupidity.

Marriage and hanging go by destiny. In nothing are the various stages of advancement of our American Indians so strikingly shown as in their diverging conceptions of the marriage relation. From Santa Fé, New Mexico, comes the official report that priests will not marry the Indians now without a dollar license, but that the tourists at the pueblo gladly pay the dollar for them and see the ceremony.

A roseate official report issues from Oklahoma: "When a girl graduates from Chilocca she is fully equipped to grace the home and charm society." Some of the girls, it would seem, feel able to grace many homes, for a Wisconsin Indian Agent reports: "It is no uncommon thing for a man to change wives or a woman to change husbands annually or oftener."



Copyright Photograph by C. S. McKenzie.
OCHOPOLTH, "GRANNY MASON" OF THE SIWASHES, WHO DIED RECENTLY AT THE AGE OF 113 YEARS.

At a recent wedding of two young Indians, the bride was spoken of in the local paper as "connected with one of the oldest families on the Reservation." The cooking class of Indian girls at Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, chose the motto: *"There is nothing so strong and safe in any emergency of life as the faithful, loving and helpful housewife."* That sounds more wholesome and rings truer than any

Latin class motto one can remember.

From Leupp, Arizona, we have the report: "Polygamy is practised to a considerable extent. The chief cause is that the Indian families do not care to divide the flocks of sheep, which belong to the women, and one man is encouraged to marry two or three daughters in order that the flock may be kept together." Of the Indians of the Crow Agency it is officially said: "They cling tenaciously to the old custom that a man should leave his wife whenever he becomes dissatisfied with her."

Then we have the wedding fashionable. Hobart's Episcopal Church, on the Oneida Reservation in Wisconsin, two autumns ago was the scene of twenty Indian weddings, the nut-brown maids carried bride's roses and trailed silken gowns up the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin—the gowns in each case were the gifts of the bridegroom.

Bravest of all is the Indian who married Mary-Kicks-a-Hole-in-the-Sky, whose widowed mother is Afraid-of-No-Man. Who dares bewail the lost courage of bygone braves? All of which goes to prove—that Indians and negroes are not going to become good American citizens by some hard-and-fast rule of the legislators and schoolmen, far less by a rapid *rouge-et-noir* turn of Fate's wheel, or any necromancy, but by meeting each man's need at just that cog of the wheel that he individually has reached. The "Indian problem" is "the common problem—yours, mine, every one's."

Help the Children.

There are in the United States approximately 30,000 or 40,000 Indian children of school age, and with these the hope of this people rests. The older Indians, emasculated in body, mind and soul, are suffering the cruel effects of many years of ration folly, where planted on reservations, cut off from currents of the world's activities, they blandly turned their faces toward Uncle Sam, their benign, bread-giving Providence.

But tardy justice can be done the children. There is a deep debt owing to these; a moral obligation handed down from the year 1794, when the Continental Congress passed a bill binding the nation to instruct the young Tuscaroras in "the art of the miller and the sawyer." Superintendents, Agents and Teachers in the Indian Service should be picked people, men and women with clear brains and big hearts, and who are practical. It is not as if these 40,000 Indian boys and girls lived in Bible times, when lives stretched over two or three hundred years; they are starting a short race with a long handicap and every day is precious. There is no time for mistakes. In the problem of Indian economics, day schools of the many are more important than colleges of the few.

One cannot read the official reports of the last two years without being struck by the fact that Agents tell us far

Photograph by Mrs. Fanny Van Duyn.
SOW-E-KUS, A "KLOOCH-MAN-YAH-KA-MAN MEM-A-LOOSE" (WIDOW) OF THE WARM SPRINGS TRIBE, OREGON.

more minutely of their fences and barns, their flocks and herds, than they do of their disciples, the little red chaps that all this is for. From the reports we know all about the condition of the school buildings, comparatively little of what is taught inside them.

I would n't stuff these black-haired heads with the names of the rivers of Africa or the heights of the mountains of Asia; mixed circulating decimals are of less value to them than mixed farming. When an Indian boy or girl leaves school and seeks employment, the question will not be: "How much do you know?" but: "What can you do?" Not what school did you come from, but what has that school done to make you a useful worker in a work-a-day world?

From white or red, "I went through college" is a poor plea for preferment with the hard-headed business man who has to be "shown" every time. If the raw farm apprentice the first week can cure Dobbin of the colic or rescue the old muley cow from the muskeg, it will go further with the farmer than cube root or college athletics.

Teach the boys to till the ground and to splice ropes and mend wagons and shoe horses. Make a specialty of what lies nearest his own home—prunes, or wheat, or salmon, or sheep, or cattle, or whatever it may be. Let the boy be "long" on some one thing. He is to be a workman, is it too much to hope to make of him the workman with high ideals?

Let the girls read and write and sew and learn how to milk cows and cook good dinners and ward off tuberculosis from the next generation. If Indian young men and women can do this and with it acquire also a taste for good reading, they are independent and self-supporting citizens already, and so "better educated" than fifty per cent of their white cousins, though these wear pins of Greek letter societies and talk with the tongues of men and of angels.

The Indians of today have in their own persons to counteract many generations of standing still and slipping back. There is a necessity for concentration and nervous dynamic force. As one little chap writing back to his old teacher puts it: "Give my best regards to all the boys, and tell them they *must step lively in the good path.*"

If the teacher can send away his dusky disciples with a wish to be straight and clean and honorable and kindly, to abominate a lie and to play the game, because he himself in his comings-in and goings-out among them has tried to do all these things, then the 40,000 embryo citizens are qualifying for enrollment in the Big School of the asphodel meadows, where we all take seats on the primary-benches and individually face the stern demand of Tomlinson: "By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer, What have you *done?*"

The Rights and Wrongs of Childhood

By Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D.

THE inclusive and undeniable right of children is to childhood; that is, to the life of a child. Not to labor is implicit in every right of the child. The term child-labor is a paradox, for when labor begins in the modern industrial sense of that term, the child ceases to be. The child that labors is robbed of its childhood—is no child.

The first right of a child is to be well born, and no child is well born whose father is underpaid, whose mother is overworked before and after its birth. No child is well born that is born into a home which has not been fitted for parenthood. No child is well born whose parents have not consciously and earnestly prepared themselves for the sacred duties of fatherhood and motherhood. Childhood has a right to be well-housed and ought not to be compelled to dwell in death-dealing tenements which deprive the child of the chance to enter upon a life that shall be normal and healthful. The child born and reared in the average city tenement is denied a square deal.

No right of childhood is more important than the right to play. On behalf of the child, we insist upon playgrounds worthy of the name. The exodus of the playground means the genesis of the gang. Playgrounds versus prisons—sums up the right of the child and the wrongs of men. One of the rights of the child is—not to be sent to prison. The present-day prison is no place for a child—nor for anyone else. The reformatory for a delinquent child is a decent home, plus decent schooling or a decent job. We have even discovered that the child of the rich has rights. Among these is the right not to be privileged, not to be spoiled, not to be softened, as Kate Douglas Wiggins says, "not to have more than his own rights, not to be the sole ruler of an absolute monarchy."

The new world for the child was born amid the industrial conditions of the nineteenth century, which overwhelmed the child with tasks and burdens never before borne by it. The newer world, which is to follow upon the child-endangering epoch of the industrial awakening, is to shield and defend the child. The new world surrounded the child with an environment to meet which the newer world must fortify the child, that it may triumph. The new world meant an age of children's wrongs and children's rights: the newer world presages the righting of children's wrongs.

The keynote of the newer world's attitude to the child will be thoroughness, which means enlightened and efficient justice. The state will put away the uncertain and tinkering methods, which it has heretofore employed in dealing with the child. England has introduced a system of old-age pensions, which is peculiarly revolting to those who have never been distressed by the spectacle of men thrown to the ash-heap after twenty or thirty or forty years of faithful service in the industrial army.

Some day a wisely far-seeing state will introduce a system of child pensions or child bounties. Under present economic conditions, child-labor cannot be prevented by laws—even when loosely drawn and lightly enforced. In the event of the breadwinner of the family being lost through death or desertion, the state ought allow the needed subsidy to the home in order that the child may be kept in school or in the home and kept away from industry. Through what might be called child-pensions, which would really be home-pensions, the state can prevent child-labor and maintain the

integrity of the home of the widow or deserted wife.

In its desire to be thorough, the state will refuse to accept orphan asylums as inevitable homes for ever-increasing multitudes of children. Orphanhood will not long be tolerated as an incident of industrialism. The state must do everything that lies within its power in order to protect children, not by placing them in orphan asylums, but in sheltering them from asylums by stopping the needless slaughter of fathers in shop and factory and mine. Let our societies for the prevention of cruelty to children deal not only with the occasional cruelty of a father to his child, but with that nation-wide cruelty which robs the child of its father! Before the care of the orphaned child must come such care on the part of the state as shall safeguard the life and health of the men, "who are carrying us on their backs." It is proposed to feed breakfastless children in our schools. What of the breakfastless —too big or too little to go to school?

Yet another right of the child is to remain in the home of its widowed mother, if there be no reason for breaking up the home, other than poverty, which is no reason at all. The best asylum for a child is its own home. The best guardian of a fatherless child is its mother, unless she be physically or morally unfitted for the task of home-keeping. Only as a last and inescapable resource, ought the state to suffer a home to be broken up and children to be "placed out," but never do so if the mother can be enabled to maintain it and keep her children under her own roof. The place for a homeless child is a childless home. The home for an orphaned child ought not, generally speaking, be an asylum; the asylum of an orphaned child ought to be a home. The only adequate substitute for a home for homeless children is another home.

Child labor is a national question, not sectional nor even predominantly Southern. When Sumner was told that slavery was sectional, he replied that while slavery might be sectional, freedom was national. This epigram must be reversed with regard to the labor of women and children; industry is national but protection is sectional. Even if it were true that no child-labor is to be found in the North and that it abounds only in the South, the North is still more culpable than the South, though the South seem to invite child-labor.

The South is in a measure the victim of circumstances. Southern industrialism is still in its beginning and the South has naturally yielded to the terrible pressure of Northern temptation. The tempting and oppressing capital of the North is far more guilty than the tempted capital-lacking Southland. Child-labor is, legislatively speaking, under control in New York and New England, but Northern capital is not under control. For Northern capital has made a way for itself, has built child-labor mills in the South and, while seeming to enrich its present, is impoverishing and damning the South's future. Northern capital is guilty of Southern child-labor —guilty of what Professor Ross has called long-distance or wireless sin—for the Northern capitalist gets his dividends from Southern child-labor products, though divided by a thousand miles and more from his little victims. The South is becoming, alas, a dumping ground for Northern capital. The South demands the acquiescence of the North in its political methods and social-industrial ideals, and the North is unconsciously taking its revenge in crushing out the lives of the little children of the Southern states.

The child-labor warfare is not one of a multitude of tasks for the social reformer. It is not something over and around which men are to "committee," but a high and exigent cause to which men are to be committed. On the one hand, the National Child Labor Committee can do little or nothing without the united support of the people's conscience and the people's will; on the other hand, the National Child Labor Committee ought to inspire and direct public revolt against this iniquity of iniquities. The child-labor crusade is a vital thing because child-labor can do the Republic fatal hurt. The church ought to have not one child-labor Sunday, but fifty-two child-labor Sundays in the year, even as the church is not to preach *at* the work-

ingman one day in the year but *for* the workingmen every day in the year.

Child-labor is to be fought positively and constructively and not merely negatively and obstructively. Child-labor is to be overcome by better schools and compulsory school-laws that are honestly and diligently enforced. Child-labor is to be fought by the industrial school, that is coming into being, but the industrial school that is to be must be under state control lest it become a scab-nursery, a kindergarten for strike-breakers, an adjunct of citizens' alliances, which sometimes seem to be alliances to break down the citizenship of the nation.

Child-labor is to be immediately repressed and ultimately suppressed that justice may be done to the child. President Roosevelt once said that we could not afford to neglect the children—to which I add that we would not neglect the children even if we could afford to do so. Child-labor ought to be abolished not so much at the behest of the duty of safeguarding the Republic, but rather because of the duty of the Republic to safeguard its children. The child-labor battle should be waged on the highest possible ground—the right of the child to justice. At the same time, to avert the terrible evils which are sure to follow upon the criminal wastefulness of child-labor is the part of high and enlightened statesmanship. We are beginning to plan for the conservation of our national resources. Let us conserve our most precious national resource, the life and joy of childhood. An impaired childhood and a maimed youth mean a marred state.

Science may cry—save the child for the sake of the future; religion—for the sake of God; education—for the sake of the people; democracy—for the sake of the state; industry—for the sake of efficiency. Conscience cries—save the child for its own sake. For the child is not only the trustee of the past and the hope of the future, but it is the living present, entitled to every protection and security and furtherance which man grants to man and as much more than is granted to man, as is required by the defencelessness of the child.

It is one of the many paradoxes of our social order that we face two parallel and related evils, child-labor on the one hand and widespread unemployment on the other. Two tragic and irreconcilable spectacles confront us—first, the unemployed man who has the right to work, and, second, the employed child, who has the right not to work. In justice to its citizenship and in self-defense, the state ought to deal in wise and statesmanlike fashion with both problems. Unemployment entails hardship, misery, deterioration upon the unemployed, the consequences of which things endure through many generations to the lasting hurt of the state. Child-labor kills its victims or it cripples and maims the unborn children of its survivors.

With what ability and assiduity the Consolidated Gas Company of New York fought the legislation which provided for a reduction in the cost of gas to the consumer! According to newspaper statements, more than a million dollars has been expended in opposing this legislation and carrying it to the highest courts. When will the forces leading the war upon child-labor be endowed with one million dollars in order to fight this evil as effectively? In dealing with the problem of child-labor, we are reminded all the time that state rights are sacred and inviolable that property rights are sacred and inviolable. One is tempted to ask—when will the rights of childhood come to be regarded as sacred and inviolable? Child-labor is preventible or it is not. If it be not preventible, then is the present order bankrupt; if it be preventible, as it is, then, pending its prevention, we are bankrupt who endure it.

Our democracy ought to lead the world in the things that make for democracy and not in the things that make against democracy, such as big armies and bigger navies. Perhaps twenty million dollars will be expended upon the two additional battleships voted by the late Congress, and these will be dead junk within ten or fifteen years. Viewing the present annual income of the National Child Labor Committee, no such resources will be at its command within two hundred years, though child-labor be a real and terrible peril and the

yellow peril largely the figment of a jaundiced and diseased vision. Let us imitate England not in Dreadnaught building, but in fearless safeguarding of our children's rights.

If it be said that anti-child-labor legislation savors of paternalism, let it be answered that the state ought to show a paternal "concern for the safety and defense of the industrial workers." Socrates said "Our country is to be loved more and better by far than father or mother." If we are to love the state as a mother, then should the state dare to mother its wronged children-toilers. "Every man possesses the right to legislate for himself"—is dinned into our ears. Does every woman possess the power to legislate for herself? Does every child possess the power to legislate for itself? Surely a democracy owes a special duty to its unenfranchised children and its disfranchised women. The state ought to paternalize: At present it step-paternalizes. The hand that wrecks the cradle wrecks the world. What of a nation that suffers both to be wrecked —the cradled child and the mother-hand? The state has not hesitated to protect infant industries, and rather big and lusty infants they are, according to the recent admission of one of the chief beneficiaries. That was the wrong kind of paternalism. Now let us have the right kind of paternalism, which shall not protect infant industries but shall protect infants from industry.

The state promptly intervenes when a plague strikes any section of the land, though plagues usually die out with the coming of the winter months. Little is then said in defense of state rights, for national health and security are at stake. Child-labor is a plague that smites its immediate victims and strikes at the heart of the whole nation twelve months in the year. It is a problem of the nation and by the nation, a problem to be met with courage and wisdom and prevision.

Democracy and religion must unite for the protection of the child. In a monarchy men are subject to the king's will. In a democracy the child is the object of the government's concern. The church of yesterday persists in childish rites; the church of tomorrow will insist upon the rights of the child. This is the children's hour—between the dark and the daylight—the darkness of children's wrongs that is passing, and the daylight of children's rights that is dawning.

The Way

By Alyse Hunt Whitaker

Take gladly in thy hands the proffered Cup of Life—
  Nor shrink nor waver, lest in cowardly weakness deem
Thee, thy fellows who are near thee in the strife.
If it be filled with aloes or with nectar—drink!
  Then fling the Cup again back to the gods for more,
Nor let one murmur sound from Disappointment's brink.
How ere thy heart; e'en filled it be with sighs and tears,
  Accept thy sacred, measured potion and be brave,
Laughing away the pain of heartaches, wounds and fears.
'Tis better in the end—'tis nobler when all's done,
  Though bitter was the struggling moil through which thou 'd passed,
To look back on thy upward fight and cry—" 'Tis won!"

The Free Wind

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

I went and worked in a drippin' mine,
  'Mong the rock and the oozin' wood,
For the dark seemed lit with a dollar sign,
  And they said that money's good.
So I jumped and sweat for a splay-foot boss
  And my pocket bulged with pay,
But my heart it fought like a snubbed bronc' hawse
  Till I flung my drill away.

For the wind! the wind! the good, free wind,
She sung from the pine divide
How the sky was blue and the young years few
And the world was big and wide.
From the poor, bare hills, all gashed with scars,
I rode till the range was crossed;
Then I watched the gold of sunset bars
And my camp sparks glintin' toward the stars
And laughed at the pay I'd lost.

I went and walked in the city way,
  Down a glitterin' cañon-street,
For the thousand lights looked good and gay
  And they said life there was sweet.
And the women laughed while night reeled by
  And the wine ran red and gold,
But their laugh was the starved wolf's huntin' cry
  And their eyes was hard and old.

And the wind! the wind! the clean, free wind,
She laughed through the April rains—
"Come out and live by the wine I give
In the smell of the spring-time plains!"
O, I looked back once to the smoky towers
Where my face had bleached so pale;
Then loped through the lash of drivin' showers
To the uncut sod and the prairie flowers
And the old wide life o' the trail.

I went and camped in the valley trees
  Where the tame wind whispered rest,
For love lived there 'mong the honey bees,
  And they told me love was best.
There the lanes we walked was cool and dim
  And the orchards white with May,
Yet my eyes they'd lift to the valley's rim
  Where the desert reached away.

And the wind! the wind! the wild, free wind
She called from the web Love spun
To the unbought sand of the lone trail land
And the sweet, hot kiss o' the sun.
O, I looked back twice to the valley lass;
Then I set my spurs and sung,
For the sun sailed up above the pass,
And the morning wind was in the grass
And my hawse and me was young.

A Sailor of the States

By D. E. Dermody

SHIMMERING flamed and trailing streamers, the sun came up, a mighty comet beyond Bandoyan, one among the many flowery excrescences of the sea that form the southernmost confusion of the Philippine archipelago.

A trim little six-oared cutter put off from the English private yacht *Cecilia,* anchored in the bight, and described a graceful admiral's sweep toward the port gangway of a lone little American gunboat, not as large as the yacht, but its rival in white beauty. Two young women in flannels sat in the sternsheets of the cutter, and beside them a young man stood up and loudly hailed the man-of-war.

"*Avispa,* there!—Mr. Greybolt presents his compliments to Captain Seefite, and will he let me have the man you promised to guide us around the lagoon? They 'll breakfast him here in the cutter, and—and dont mind my personal pronouns, please."

"Captain Seefite is still knitting up the raveled sleeve," laughed the midshipman on the bridge of the gunboat. "But he left instructions about the guide. Come alongside."

He spoke in a lowered tone to a youth who stood expectantly near. "You volunteered for this job, I believe, Wilner?"

"What larks—sure I did!" effused Wilner.

"All right. You may leave the ship."

With a winglike swoop of his forearm, intended for a salute, the white-clad young seaman, looking the acme of neatness and efficiency, bearing suspended from various parts of his person field-glasses, fish-harpoons, fishlines and other sporting materials, ran lightly down the gangway ladder and leaped aboard the on-coming cutter while yet several feet intervened between it and the gangway platform.

"Bye, fellows!" he called back to the gunboat, beating the air with a lifted hand. "I 'll think of you when you 're sweatin' on the soundings."

"Bye, Snoopy!" waved an envious shipmate swinging in a boatswain's chair suspended from the upper rim of the *Avispa's* smokepipe, which he was rapidly yellowing with slap-bang motions of a paint brush.

"Blime me!" muttered the Cockney coxswain of the cutter in his box behind the passengers, as he put over his helm to sheer off from the ship's side. "That 's a proper nime for a Yank, but 'e dont look it."

"Hello, maties!" fraternized Wilner cheerfully, stepping into the bow of the boat and seating himself on the neatly coiled painter.

"Whirroo!" warned the bow oarsman, a Liverpool Irishman, frowning steadfastly ahead, as he stowed his boathook and caught up his oar. "Have a care for your betthers."

At the hint, Wilner glanced aft over the heads of the cutter's crew, with laughing eyes that opened wider, though not with abashment, as they encountered the curious regard of the prim and pretty English girls, who were profiled against the snowy awning curtain back of them, Mr. Greybolt now lounging negligently between them. From both of them, taken unawares, the vitality of the boy's sparkling glance evoked an answering smile, but immediately their faces, formed to diffuse sweetness, set into the rigidly expressionless placidity that British aloofness fetiches as Good Form. But one of the stony masks whispered, without turning, to the other: "He has violet eyes, Moo."

"He 's a picture-poster sailor," smiled

Greybolt; "and quite as true to the real thing as is a picture-poster girl. 'Tis an effete world."

"I see nothing picturey about him; he looks quite common and sturdy," murmured Miss Muriel Varymore. "But somehow, too, he appeals as—ah—cousinly."

"Muriel!" protested her shocked companion, almost aloud.

Greybolt looked at his sister. "You began the compliments, Abbie. You fell for his eyes, you know."

"Wild animals have beautiful eyes," philosophized Miss Greybolt.

Hers were still seeing vacantly when again they encountered those under appraisal. For Wilner, who, with bent head, had been rounding his mouth childishly over a tangled fishline, now looked up with the inquisitive air of having partly overheard. Blue eyes battled with brown eyes momentarily, until, oddly enough, the boy's smile faded at the moment when it should have brightened, while the girl colored warmly. Angry behind her mask at being thus self-conscious under such trivial provocation, she yet stubbornly held her stare, so that this time it was he who was first to look away. As he did so, he suddenly flung an arm aloft and hurtled his toy harpoon into the water at his side. The boat abruptly swerved from its course and went ahead with such speed that the oars trailed uselessly alongside, the bewildered oarsmen clinging shakily to the handles and looking around to discover the cause of their impetus.

They were amused to discover that Wilner had harpooned a great shark. Kneeling in the foresheets, he took a turn of his line in the painter ring and played it out adroitly, while the enraged fish, in dazed flight, drew them ripplingly through the quiet, shining waters in the fashion of a Greek fable.

Watched breathlessly by the others for a minute, the poster sailor drove his marine chariot in the general direction of their destination, tugging to right and left. Then the aquatic steed dived and doubled back, and when the line tautened again a catastrophe was averted only by casting it loose.

But the incident had brought the members of the little company out of themselves. The silence was broken, the masks dissolved, and musical laughter melted over the waters, while a hearty hubbub arose among the men at the oars. When Wilner was busying himself again with his toys, Greybolt voiced the unexpressed wish of his two companions by inviting the guide into the sternsheets, where he kept the three alternating between bubbling merriment and serious attention by discoursing on various conceits of his invention or acquisition for the furthering of sport, notably among which was a plan for catching fish with a monster mousetrap. The idea was no more ancient than the stone age, but he made it sound new until one remembered.

Bandoyan lagoon is a watery, violet world, four miles across either way, leafed in by a fringe of palm-dotted jungle. The main purpose of the excursionists was to visit and do reverence at the grave of a British missionary of saintly memory, who had died there, not violently at the hands of barbarian fanatics, but of a fever, in the days when he was beloved among them. At the same spot, according to Wilner, were interred the remains of four American soldiers, slain in conflict at the last stand of a band of brigands of these isles, who, driven out of their northern rendezvous by the invading Americans, had descended to prey on their brethren of the lesser isles. The lagoon had been a haunt of pearlfishers until the coming of the marauders, who had in turn fled from the soldiery of Uncle Sam, though not before Bandoyan lagoon had been reddened by their ravishing and enriched by their spoils, a golden bulk of which, it was reputed, rested among the sponges and crustaceans at the bottom of the violet waters.

After traversing the jungle for half a mile, Wilner and Miss Greybolt, by some chance in advance of the others, came upon the primitive burial plot that held friends of either. The girl saw only a thick wall of green in front of her; but for the twentieth time, perhaps, she gave a furtive, sidelong glance of approbation at her unobserving guide, as, lifting a huge convolvulus into the semblance

of a flowered arch, he stood aside to permit her to enter a little glade that was no more than a natural green cavern, the while repeating softly: "And millions in these solitudes have laid them down in their last sleep."

The misquoted lines struck her like something material, bringing to her a sudden, vivid perception of time and space, of being and dying, of the littleness and the greatness of life, as probably the original version never had. A semi-darkness, rank and myriad-blossomed, awed her as she paused within the green catacomb of nature, and she involuntarily took hold of Wilner's sleeve when he was again at her side.

"It was right in here that the little black bullies gathered when we surrounded them," he said. "They would squeal like pigs when they died, but they would n't run, poor devils."

His incongruous way of telling it affected her weirdly, but she had noted that he took off his hat and bore himself reverently. She followed his gaze, searching the shadowy intricacies, and suddenly they saw the thing simultaneously. Neither spoke. Wilner's hand caught hers, and she clasped it tightly. A single impulse moved both, so that they turned together and went out and back up the wild path down which they had come, like frightened, hurrying children.

The intimacy of their handclasp was lost on the others in the sickliness of their faces. Without a word Wilner gave his companion into the arms of Miss Varymore, in which refuge she began crying softly. Then he turned to Greybolt, whose curiosity was seasoned with austerity.

"What is it?" he asked coldly, turning away from his agitated sister.

"There 's something wrong," answered Wilner. "If you please, get your people back into the boat. I want to go back to the graves, but I 'll join you again in a few minutes."

"If you please," curtly parroted Greybolt, "I 'll go back with you."

The first object that the Englishman clearly made out in the scented gloom of the burial glade was a diminutive monkey squatted on a human skull, scratching itself on the belly. Then he distinguished several large, irregular holes in the earth, and all about them little heaps of loose dirt, despoiled blossoms and greenery, and bones—broken, disjointed, earthened bones of men. It was as if some titanic hound had pawed up the graves, dismembering and scattering the contents in search of flesh.

"The devils have dug for the teeth and thighs. By this time they will be sporting new necklaces and warclubs," opined Wilner, starting in to gather up the bones.

Greybolt, helping, talked little, until the desecrated fragments of mortality were decently, if not neatly, reinterred under one mound. Wilner even lingered to lay plucked flowers on the loamy pile in the shape of a cross, noting that the tiny American flags that had been planted, one at each grave, were gone. Then the two hurried, with hidden misgivings, toward the beach.

"What does it mean?" Greybolt brusquely broke the silence.

"The band that infested this island was exterminated, but whoever did that back there was of the same stripe, and the breeds that do that sort of thing are dogs of prey," monotoned Wilner non-commitally. "They will take life as readily as does any other animal. They may have but put in here and out, but we are unarmed, there are women with us, and anyhow it is my duty to report the matter to my superiors without delay. We will return to the ships at once."

Something in the sailor's tone that outweighed its unconscious authoritativeness prevented the English gentleman from taking umbrage at it. He accepted the program without comment.

Finding the party embarked, the two stepped into the cutter, and, with but a desultory exchange of few words among the subdued company, the start was made toward the entrance of the lagoon about half a mile away. The Cockney coxswain was at the helm. Greybolt sat down beside his sister, and, without any suggestion from him, the men laid to the oars with a will, intuitively understanding that it was expected of them, though they as yet did not know why,

any more than did the two girls, who sat with arms about each other and followed with wondering eyes the actions of the two men whom they impartially looked to as masters of the situation in whatever way it might develop. The girl Abbie was yet grey from her recent shock, and perhaps from the prophetic sense of what it might mean. Wilner stood up in the sternsheets, searching the thicketed shoreline with his binoculars. "There they are!" he soon called out pleasantly.

All who followed his indicating finger made out a line of small dark forms, probably more than a score in number, dog-trotting along the fringe of the wood in single file.

"They're trying us out to see if we have firearms," hazarded Greybolt.

"I wish I knew if they have or not," replied Wilner. "Moros they are—same old frazzled little faces. They're foreign to this neck of Nowhere, but I suppose they've been chased away from home for their doings."

He kicked loose a portion of a frame at his feet, wrenched it from the bottom of the boat and stood with it resting rifle-fashion across his arm.

"Not much of a bluff, I reckon," he said. He was still laughing, but the shrewd Britishers saw the underlying fear.

The boat was being steered to round, close inshore, the nearest point of the entrance, toward which the potential pirates were making. This point was yet several hundred yards distant when the runners stopped and gathered in a knot on the foreshore of a tiny cove. Their purpose was revealed when presently they lifted a long outrigger canoe to their shoulders and ran out into the water with it, where they set it afloat and scrambled in. Twenty paddles, wielded by lithe arms bred to the exercise since infancy, flashed dripping in the sunlight and drove the canoe forward with foamy speed. Wilner looked at Greybolt beggingly, who mutely passed on the appeal to the rowers, and they in turn, with tensed muscles and bent backs, transmitted the prayer to their oars. It was immediately a race.

But before the point was fairly gained all could see that the slender canoe, skimming birdlike over the smooth outward tide, was gaining rapidly on the heavy rowboat of the white men.

"Too bad we aren't on the Hudson, with a regatta crowd to goad us on," smiled Wilner. But out of the smile there flashed to Greybolt a something that disclosed its cringing mockery. Only these two grasped the ghastliness of the impending tragedy, and the Englishman only imperfectly because of what he had not seen in these reeking lands before.

It was evident that the pursuers were without firearms, but beyond question they were equipped with bolos, spears, clubs and all the other murderous implements of their cunning usages, and, with their superior numbers, must ultimately triumph in their hand-to-hand struggle sure to follow. What that meant was too hellish to be whispered. Transports of war might come and go, avenging soldiers and sailors might scourge Bandoyan in days to come like lava from a crater, but the fate of these few would remain beyond recall and fearful past surmise.

The crucial trial of waiting was not for long. Steadily and quickly the swallowlike canoe drew on until it was but a few boatlengths behind its cumbersome prey. Demoniac, naked forms crouched in bow and stern, clutching uncouth weapons, the blades of their sinister big knives pointed down and glinting in the wavery shine above the waters, eyes glistening, uttering no cry, their eerie dumbness adding to the gruesomeness of their threatening attitudes.

"Looks as if we were going to have to give battle, dont it?" asked Greybolt.

"Yes," acquiesced Wilner, trying vainly to keep the hopelessness out of his voice. "I wanted to keep out of their reach until we could sight the gunboat—that would be their cue to round the stake on the back course—but they'll be alongside us long before we bring the anchorage into view. O, for another shark to lend us a tow!"

Greybolt stood up. "Men, we'll have to fight these little yellow devils. Are you game for the tussle?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the united quick

response in firm and hearty British accents.

A tense five minutes followed of absolute silence save for the dip of oars and the audible breathing of the oarsmen, from whose faces streamed sweat, wrung from their very cores by this hard labor in the moist hot tropics to which they were unused. The bow of the canoe was within fifteen feet of the cutter's stern.

"Our little brown brothers!" sneered Wilner.

He looked over his shoulder at the others, and in the act revealed a face so sad and wan, so changed from the irrepressible gayety of a few hours before—a spectre of abandoned fear—that the girl Abbie screamed aloud, the first actual note of alarm that had been heard since the incipiency of their danger. Yet he spoke to Greybolt calmly.

"There 's only one way to stop them," he said. "Whatever happens, though, dont let the cutter stop. Keep going, mind—do you hear?"

A strange brilliance came into his eyes, assuring Greybolt of rising insanity. But his voice broke. "It wont do no good to stop," he whimpered. "Leprosy rot you, if you stop this cutter now!"

Something big hurtled in air. There was a splash, a commotion in the water, angry cries in a strange tongue, and a piercing wail in the cutter. All saw Wilner sink from sight, grasping with both hands the outrigger of the canoe and dragging it down with him, the enraged pirates vociferating and flinging aught in hand at his disappearing head. But even as they cursed and flung, the canoe tipped under their feet and precipitated them en masse into the violet water. It righted shortly, the outrigger coming into view on one side and the sailor rising on the other. Instantly the Moros, swimming with the agility, and actuated by more than the ferocity of hungry sharks, pounced upon him.

The two girls, groveling now in each others arms on the bottom grating of the boat, were only dully aware of the significance of Wilner's act; but Greybolt, comprehending, had started to his feet with a suppressed cry when the young seaman leaped into the water. In the intensity of his amazement he had stopped sculpturelike in a stooping posture, an outreached hand twitching aimlessly toward an awning stanchion without touching it, as he stared at the fast-culminating tragedy.

Struggling superhumanly, a comely central figure in the midst of many swarthy semi-beasts, white of face and of apparel, hemmed in, buffeted and stabbed, Wilner went down again, one arm showing aloft to the last wielding a flashing knife that had been wrested from one of the enemy. But already the *Cecilia's* cutter was far ahead, while the pirate canoe, filled with water and oarless, drifted harmlessly seaward. The bright-eyed boy had accomplished his purpose, than which Leonidas at the pass did no more.

Suddenly the full meaning of what had occurred came home to Greybolt like an encompassing blow—the simple grandeur of the deed that had been done smote him like a burst of martial song, for he had witnessed what it was within the pale race to which he belonged that long has made it rule the world. That nameless thing was in him now, setting every chord of his being to quivering; it rose up in a silent rage, such as had dominated Wilner when, on the brink of premeditated martyrdom, he had blasphemed against the possible thwarting of his purpose.

"Hard a-port, Murtry!" cried the awakened Englishman. "Do you hear, coxswain? Quick about—we 're going back!"

His purpose, however, unlike Wilner's had been, was incompatible with the possible. The discomfited Moros, weaponless and defenceless in the water, scurried before the approaching cutter and swam shoreward like rats. He steered across the fatal spot and circled it many times, however, before he would acknowledge to himself the futility of the search; and then set out for the ships, having now also some care for his unconscious sister. When later she opened her eyes, there was no meaning in them for a time, but afterward they sparkled warmly. "His eyes were violet," she babbled happily, and seemed to fall

asleep. It turned out that the yacht's physician and the surgeon of the gunboat together had need of all their skill with her.

They grappled for the body with huge hooks of steel the next day—an armed detail in the *Avispa's* whaleboat, and a number of the crew and idlers from the *Cecilia,* in their cutter. By chance the latter brought him to the surface, bringing with him, in the death clench of his skeleton arms (the sea carnivori had bared his bones), the body of another. The breach-clout of the one and the white jacket of the other were alike knife-shredded, and, despite the wash of the sea, dyed red.

"Must have been crazed with fear, jumping into the enemy's arms in that fashion," lightly remarked a dapper yachtsman.

"Yes," agreed Greybolt, coldly and bitterly, "insane as were ours at Balaklava."

"Who was he?" idly asked another.

"Who—'im? O! 'e was a s'iler of the States," explained the Cockney coxswain. "Blimed if Oi 'eard 'is proper nime, but they called 'im Snoopy."

The following lines are from a letter written by Miss Abbie Greybolt, of Hanging-Nog, England, to her former chum, Mrs. Netherby-Hobbs, nee Varymore, of Liverpool:

Say as you will how foolish I am, dear; but I cannot forget that flowers bloom, stars shine and silence mourns in Bandoyan for the boy who died for us out there. Now I know why I was drawn to him, and, were he alive again, I would be a servant to servants, if the need were, to serve him —for O, Moo, he was a gallant young gentleman!

"For You"

By June Paget Davies

The empty sea-shell holds in minor tones
  The echoed music of the distant sea;
And sullen beat of surf; and sobbing moans
  In varied cadence of sad mystery.

The sunlight of the silent yesterday
  Today, in shadow lies; and tender blue
Of smiling skies has changed to somber gray,
  And with the clouds my lone heart weeps for you.

DRAMA

The Drama in New York

The Old Season and the New

By William Winter

THE consequence of a theatrical policy that seeks only, or chiefly, for pecuniary gain, regardless of the means, and ignores the needs and claims of dramatic art, were conspicuously shown in the course of the season that closed in New York about the middle of last June—one of the longest, most laborious, most trying, and most unsatisfactory theatrical seasons that the capital has known within the last fifty years. Contention was bitter. The number of theatres was still further increased. Feverish experiments were frequently made. Persons of no importance burst forth as "stars." Foreign performers, of the most ordinary and even vulgar order, made their unwelcome appearance, emerging in dramas that reeked with vice and gore. Many dirty and obnoxious plays were produced, beginning with "The Devil" and ending with "The Narrow Path;" and at one time it seemed as though the local managers were striving with each other as to which should reach the bad eminence of being foremost in the exploitation of filth. In general the "business" seemed to be bad. A few houses, indeed, continuously prospered, but, at various times and for various periods, several leading theatres were closed.

Early in the year there was a spasm of virtuous indignation relative to indecent dramas (a fact already recorded in this place)—several managers who had produced such dramas evincing acute anguish as well as wonder that such things could be. The holy calm which speedily supervened endured until about Easter. The end of Lent was marked by a more than usually violent convulsion of activity. Altogether it was a stormy ordeal for the stage and for those who must observe it, to say nothing of the public by which it is sustained. There were, of course, successes —Miss Maude Adams, Miss Bates, Miss George, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Lackaye, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fawcett being among the victors. The great success of all, having been gained in Shakespeare, was that of Robert Mantell.

In April a play called "The Climax," relative to the complex and deeply interesting subject of mental suggestion, was timidly and obscurely produced, at one of the minor theatres—that of Weber—having been announced for two afternoons of each week. Weber's Theatre, at that time, was devoted to nightly representations of a dirty farce, having no

other quality except that of dirt, called "The Girl From Rector's," and, as the place was therefore shunned by the respectable part of the public, to which the play of "The Climax" naturally appealed, this meritorious play did not, at first, attract much notice. Its inappropriate, because nondescriptive, title also operated to deter attention; but gradually the play became known, and as soon as known it was accepted with a somewhat unusual fervor of approbation. From Weber's it was transferred to Daly's Theatre, and soon it became firmly established in the public favor. It is comprised in three acts; it implicates only four persons; and it requires only one set of scenery. Plays of that compact order have obtained the preference of theatrical managers, ever since the advent of the brilliant comedy of "The Thief," a comedy which involves a comparatively small expense for its presentation, and which has been remarkably successful and remunerative ever since its production at the Lyceum Theatre.

In "The Climax" there is a delicate and pleasing love story, but the subtle purpose of the play is to suggest and exemplify the possible power of one mind over another, by means of strenuous, insistent, and continuous mental suggestion. A young and guileless woman, who is desirous of having a career as an opera singer, and whose voice has been trained by a genial old music-teacher, is beloved by two men—one of them the son of her preceptor in music, the other an astute and able physician. The physician, inimical to her choice of a stage career, because it will be a bar to his suit, after a minor surgical operation on her vocal chords, exerts upon her mind and feelings a suggestive influence so powerful that it disables her voice, in accordance with his will, and causes the temporary suspension of her ability to sing. She then determines that a career as a singer is impossible for her, and likewise she is impelled to a betrothal to the physician. The wedding-day is appointed and the sacrifice is about to be accomplished, but the doctor becomes repentent, confesses the undue influence that he has wrongly exerted, the betrothal is broken, and the young woman is left free to follow her chosen vocation and to favor a more acceptable and deserving lover. Any competent judge of dramatic composition would at once have discerned the practical merit of that play and would have foreseen its success. Mr. Joseph Weber was so dubious about the prize which had been placed in his hands that he furtively brought it into the capital, as an experiment, and nearly accomplished its damnation by associating it, through presentation at the same theatre, with a dirty farce. It had the good fortune to emerge unscathed. Five companies have been organized to present it in many cities of America this season, and that alert and expeditious broker of theatrical commodities, Mr. Charles Frohman, who has bought the foreign "rights" to it, has made known his purpose, in case it should succeed in London, to have it translated into several languages, and represented in various countries of Europe. The original impulse of this drama, manifestly, is attributable to that excellent play, "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas, foremost and best of the living dramatists of our country. The play of "The Climax" was written by Mr. Edward Locke. The most effective part of the acting was done by Mr. Albert Brunning and Miss Leona Wilson.

It is not possible, within a reasonably brief space, to descant on all the varied and miscellaneous incidents of a remarkably arduous, while neither brilliant nor prosperous, theatrical season. Mention should, however, here be made of actors and plays that are destined to traverse the country during the season that has now begun. Miss Blanche Bates, acting in a flimsily constructed play, entitled "The Fighting Hope," by Mr. W. J. Hurlbut—a play inherently weak, because of the manifest improbability, and sometimes impossibility, of its incidents—gained the success that attends brilliant acting, and, with the able co-operation of Mr. Charles Richman and Mr. Cope, carried that piece creditably through a long season, from September 22, 1908, to the spring of 1909.

Miss Grace George, acting in a farcical play by Mr. Thompson Buchanan, a play with a slightly serious twist, en-

titled "A Woman's Way," manifested uncommon piquancy of behavior, sparkling vivacity, and sustained force, with now and then a touch of feeling, and so gained a valuable success, inspiring confident expectation that she will distinguish herself in high comedy, should opportunity occur. Miss George had the effective aid of that sparkling light comedian, Mr. Frank Worthing, whose spontaneous, lambent, demure humor, and fluent style invest his presence with a singular charm. The farce of "A Woman's Way" shows in what manner a clever wife dissipates her husband's passing, but irksome and ridiculous, fancy for another woman. The central idea—that of making the man weary of the woman by allowing him to see her often and clearly—was, probably, taken

BLANCHE BATES.

MANTELL AS KING LEAR.

MANTELL AS HAMLET.

from Mr. Barrie's charming comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," a play in which Miss Maude Adams has been acting, for many months, with abundant success; and it is not improbable that both plays owe something to earlier plays, illustrative of the same or kindred methods of dealing with marital discontent—such, for example, as "Delicate Ground" and "Divorcons." "A Woman's Way" contains ludicrous situations and sprightly dialogue; unhappily, it is disfigured by occasional indelicate innuendo, and by, here and there, a taint of vulgarity, which is equally unnecessary and unwelcome.

Miss Maude Adams, who began her season at the Empire Theatre on Christmas Eve, 1908, in "What Every Woman Knows," closed it, with the same play, on June 5, 1909. That favorite actress has never acted better—with more sincerity and more charm of quaint character—than in this semi-satirical, semi-fantastic, and whimsical play. Miss Adams should be welcomed wherever she appears, and, doubtless, she will be. Mr. Barrie's play is replete with striking incidents, and, though the conduct of its central character is, in some respects, forced, it is almost continuously amusing, while at some points it touches the chord of pathos; and the spectator is happier for having seen it. If Mr. Charles Frohman were to discard the practice of considering himself to be—in his own language—"merely a shopkeeper," who "must" please every kind of taste, and would devote himself to the business of *theatrical management,* producing only plays kindred in quality with this one, he would be a benefactor of the theatre, in a time when it needs all the support that can be given to it if it is to be rescued from degeneration into a mere high-priced, common music hall.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in a drama entitled "The Battle"—a drama freighted with the indisputable impartment that philanthropy must be practical in order to be effectual, and that kindness is more

potent than mere alms-giving, in the relief and rehabilitation of the poor and wretched—gave a vigorous, picturesque and imposing performance of a financial magnate, who is constrained, by bitter experience, to learn that truth. The play was made by Mr. Cleveland Moffet, on the basis of one of his books. It bears a valuable significance. It was illustrated with fine acting, by Mr. H. B. Warner and E. M. Holland, as well as by Mr. Lackaye.

Mr. J. E. Dodson, an admirable actor —one of the best of the many disciples of that marvelous actor, Henry Irving—made his re-entrance, April 12, and for a long time continued to perform, as a haughty, opinionated, irrascible old English nobleman, in a play called "The House Next Door," translated and adapted, by Mr. J. Hartley Manners, from a foreign original. This play is one of the decisive successes of last season, and it can confidently be expected to make its appearance in many cities and to disfuse much enjoyment. It opposes and contrasts the Gentile and the Jew—classes between which, at this, as at every other period, opposition and contrast are conspicuous, in New York, as well as almost everywhere else. The Gentiles, in this play, are represented by the impecunious, but rigidly aristocratic baronet, *Sir John Cotswold;* the Jews, by the bland, smug, magnanimous, almost apostolic knight, *Sir Isaac Jacobson.* Sir John, loathing all Jews, especially loathes Sir Isaac; but Sir Isaac's daughter and Sir John's son become lovers, and wish to marry, and coincidentally, Sir John's daughter and Sir Isaac's son suffer the same distemper and are animated by the same desire. The result can readily be conjectured. A fierce antagonism displays itself, both seriously and comically. Mirth is espe-

MANTELL AS RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER IN "KING RICHARD THE THIRD." MANTELL AS MACBETH.

cially elicited from the splenetic, irate, formal Sir John's almost continuous contact with things or persons Jewish, which excites his petulant resentment. There are episodes of strong feeling, on both sides, in the encounter of racial antipathies. At last the stern, selfish baronet subdues his pride, and there is a general reconciliation—improbable, indeed, or practically impossible, under the circumstances shown, but sufficiently satisfactory for the purpose of a play that is meant to advocate harmony between Gentile and Jew. Mr. Dodson's intellectual poise, personal distinction, fine articulation and exquisite shading in the use of English, together with his perfectly polished style, were shown to great advantage in his acting of *Sir John Cotswold*. The equable maintenance of aristocratic superiority had the grace of second nature; the caustic, involuntary humor, was delightful; and in the austerity there was an element of pathos. The play would not bear dissection, in the clear light of reason and fact, but there is much human nature in it and considerable mirth, perhaps of a grim or satirical kind, and Mr. Dodson's acting so vitalizes it as to cause forgetfulness of defects.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

Several noxious plays which were produced in New York last season will, this season, be filtered through the numerous theatres of the country which are controlled by the opposed booking agencies of Klaw & Erlanger, and Sam S. & Lee Shubert, Incorporated. Among those plays are "The Easiest Way," a revolting exhibition of vicious life, made by Mr. Eugene Walter, and produced, with hypocritical pretence of moral motive and purpose, by Mr David Belasco—who, being the leading theatrical manager of our country, should have been the first to condemn such an offense to good taste and good morals.

Mr. Belasco, it appears, and Mr. H. G. Fiske, have recently joined hands with their former foes of the well-known Theatrical Syndicate, and "order reigns in Warsaw." Another of those noxious plays is a shameless thing called "The Girl From Rector's," which, after it had been once presented, at Trenton, New Jersey, was forbidden by the Mayor of that city. Still another is a slip-shod adaptation from the German, called "The Blue Mouse," first presented in the capital at the Lyric Theatre, and subsequently transferred to the beautiful theatre bearing the name of that insignificant, overrated actress and "professional beauty," Miss Maxine Elliott. That fabric of tainted trash exhibits the pranks of a skittish, and not at all squeamish, chorus-girl, whom a coarse, scheming young man has hired to impersonate his wife, in order that she may mislead and bamboozle, for his advantage, his licentious employer. "The Shuberts," as they call themselves, in their incessant, tiresome communications to the long-suffering representatives of the New York newspapers, were, and are, the producers of that disreputable stuff; and, also they are the managers who control the Majestic Theatre, where another wretched mess, called "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" was produced and long current. Most edifying, indeed, therefore, it has been to hear—as lately the public has heard—the snuffle of Mr. Lee Shubert, proclaiming his virtuous desire to keep the American stage free from the polluting incumbrance of impure plays.

That moralist—announced as the business manager of "The New Theatre," a temple to be opened in New York this autumn, for the service of all the Muses and Graces—meanwhile, has not only soiled the stage with vulgar farces, but has brought out, at Washington, a thing called "The Revellers" (deplorable to relate, written by an actor, Mr. Charles Richman, who assumed the principal part in it)—a composition from a performance of which Secretary of State Knox and Senator W. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, withdrew, because they found it intolerable, and from the performance of which the President of the United States also withdrew himself and his party, after the first act, because of its obnoxious and disgusting impropriety and vulgarity.

MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL (MRS. ROBERT B. MANTELL).

And that same Mr. Lee Shubert, whom most of the New York newspapers (with an eye singular to the large advertising patronage of "the Shuberts" and, apparently, no eye at all to the public good)—continu-

ally exploit and puff, and whom the community is counseled to regard as another Moses, who will lead the drama into the promised land, is the managerial booking agent who, in that capacity at least, participated in shunting upon the New York stage a concoction of filth and slang, called "The Narrow Path"—a piece of vulgar ribaldry so vacuous as well as so noisome that it elicited universal and emphatic condemnation, and was forced from the stage after only one performance (May 31)—Mr. Lee Shubert, however, as quoted in the press, declaring that he could see nothing objectionable in it, except "its slang." The outlook for "The New Theatre" would seem to be singularly auspicious, with a person at the head of its business administration whose optics are in such a singular state!

The failures were numerous. Mr. William Faversham, a capital actor, obtained a decided success with the English version of the Spanish tragical drama, by José Echergay, entitled "The World and His Wife," but his production of "The Barber of New Orleans"—in which he gave a brilliant performance of a gallant cavalier — conspicuously failed; the fault being in the loose construction of the comedy. During the present or coming season Mr. Faversham proposes to attempt many serious ventures; among them a presentment of Mr. Phillips' "Herod" and a sumptuous revival of "Othello." That actor, like many others, has been oppressed by the Syndicate, but, notwithstanding that obstructive force, he has made his way, and he will continue to advance in the profession that he adorns. Another failure was a play called "The Happy Marriage," by Mr. Clyde Fitch. Miss Olga Nethersole came forth in a tedious drama, called "The Writing on the Wall," by Mr. W. J. Hurlbut—a theatrical indictment of wealthy landlords, more particularly of the corporation of Trinity Church, of New York—who own tenement houses and who keep those buildings in an unsanitary, dangerous condition, maltreating the poor and causing disease and misery. The purpose of the play was commendable, but the play was dismally ineffective, and whatever effect it might have had was defeated by the obvious artificiality and repellant affectation that pervaded the heavy, constrained, cumbersome acting of Miss Nethersole. It was, however, to some extent, refreshing to find the professional talents of that actress devoted to something that could be considered without mental nausea. The piece failed; as also, at an earlier time, did "The Richest Girl," with Miss Marie Doro as its butterfly heroine; "This Woman and This Man," a repulsive presentment of seduction and some of its consequences, with Miss Carlotta Neilson as the lugubrious victim of female frailty and masculine turpitude; "A Woman of Impulse," with Miss Kathryn Kidder as the quixotic but ineffectual protector of innocence; "The New Lady Bantock," with Miss Fannie Ward as the parvenu aristocratic wife, with her kitchen, pantry, and stable full of servants who also are near relatives; "The Return of Eve," with Miss Bertha Galland as a buxom, pretty woman—and nothing else; "Meyer &

J. E. DODSON, APPEARING IN "THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR."

Son," a dull colloquy carried on by many celestial Jews and expository of the glories of the New Jerusalem; "The Conflict," with Robert Drouet as the youth (in a plot derived from Balzac's novel, *La Peau de Chagrin*), who "could surely be happy with either, were t' other dear charmer away"; the ponderous melodrama of "Kassa," with Mrs. Carter as the betrayed virgin votary of heaven; "Votes for Women," with the formidable Miss Mary Shaw, disciple of Ibsen & Co., as "the suffragette"; "The Game of Love," with E. J. Ratcliffe to play it; and "An Englishman's Home," the queer skit, mingling farce, tragedy, melodrama and burlesque, with which Major du Maurier lately tried to frighten his countrymen with the notion of a German invasion, over night, of Great Britain.

Near the close of the season Mr. Laurence Irving, younger son of the illustrious Henry Irving, himself a talented actor and also a dramatist of remarkable ability, gave, with the assistance of his wife, Miss Mabel Hackney, two performances of a play which he had translated from the French of M. Eugenie Brieux and called "The Incubus." It was a fairly pungent piece of writing, on a tiresome theme—that of dissension between an elderly scholar and his vulgar young mistress, the two having become weary of each other—and

JULIA MARLOWE.

IDA CONQUEST, WHO APPEARED IN THE SINGLE PERFORMANCE OF THE DISREPUTABLE PLAY, "THE NARROW PATH."

the purpose, apparently, being a demonstration of the infelicity of illicit domestic relations. The coarsely comic incidents and the cynicism of the dialogue seemed to find some favor, and rumors have been current of its possible resusitation during the coming season—rumors that are not surprising, in view of his public utterances, since the name of little Mr. Shubert is associated with them. The capital dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones—one of the many writers who delve in "sexual problems," some time ago uttered the comforting truth that it is quite possible to write great plays about subjects of the greatest importance to the people, without involving those "sexual problems;" and observers of the American Theatre are frequently constrained to wish that Mr. Jones' suggestion might be more generally observed.

It would be a long list that should name all the failures that occurred in New York last season, and it would be a long story that should recount all the particulars that were attendant on those merited disasters. If half the zeal and labor had been given to *Acting*, in good plays, new or old (and good old plays unknown to this period, such as would surely succeed if well acted, are numerous) that was bestowed on freak ex-

GRACE GEORGE IN "A WOMAN'S WAY," AT THE HACKETT THEATRE.

periments—"a blanket in the alarm of fear caught up"—the public would have been far better pleased, and the managers would have found themselves far better rewarded.

The experience, professionally, of Robert Mantell, last season, in New York, was especially confirmatory of that conclusion. Mr. Mantell had, for a long time, found it impossible to obtain "a booking" at a New York Theatre of the first class in public esteem, but suddenly, because of the "bad business" there of a trumpery musical farce called "A Stubborn Cinderella," the spacious stage of the Broadway Theatre was found to be at his disposal, and almost immediately thereafter, because of the failure of another musical farce, "Kitty Gray," his manager, Mr. William A. Brady, was able to secure for his occupancy the still more desirable, because more popular, New Amsterdam. The managers of that house, Klaw & Erlanger, had, indeed, suddenly become apostles of Pure Drama and staunch supporters of the Legitimate. "Thus may we see how the world wags." "Leg-Shows," notwithstanding an amplitude of limbs and outward flourishes, had failed to "run." Public revolt against nastiness and frippery had signified itself in pulpit eloquence and newspaper fulmination, and in the still more practical and decisive form of abstention from the theatre.

A theatrical manager is, in one respect, like Nature—he abhors a vacuum. Shakespeare and the Legitimate were, undoubtedly, the cards to play. Mr. Mantell appeared at the New Amsterdam Theatre on March 8, in an elaborate production of the magnificent historical tragedy of "King John." He acted there, in a variety of parts, for five weeks, and then—April 12—immediately changing the scene of his artistic industry to the spacious Academy of Music, acted there for seven weeks more, closing his season on May 29, after having given one hundred and two performances, almost exclusively in the plays of Shakespeare. The Shakespearean parts that he acted were *King John, Macbeth, King Lear, Shylock,*

MAUDE ADAMS AS "MAGGIE WYLIE" IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."

Romeo, Othello, Hamlet, Brutus and *Richard III*: that repertory he diversified by representations of *Richelieu, Louis XI,* and *Claude Melnotte,* and, acting the sculptor *Raphael,* he devoted one week to the effective old play of "The Marble Heart." From first to last his performances were largely attended and heartily admired, and more thoughtful attention was given to him by the press than was accorded to any other person or subject brought forward in the whole course of the season. It could not reasonably have happened otherwise, for Mr. Mantell, unquestionably, is the leader of the American stage today, and obviously, if he pursues with inveterate resolution his present course, he is destined to exercise a great and beneficent influence over it—for his natural qualifications are extraordinary; his experience is ample; his equipment is remarkable; his ideal is noble; and he possesses the calm, commanding, excellent virtue of "staying power." His life has been one of vast labor, aspiring spirit, patient endurance, untiring energy, and steadfast devotion to high purposes of dramatic art. For years he was, by force of untoward circumstances, kept out of the capital, therein passing through much the same kind of an ordeal that befell that great actor, George Frederick Cooke; but he found his ample opportunity at last, and he has so improved it as to surpass all rivalry in his especial field. His performances, always physically adequate, are signalized by imagination, intellectual force, rich vocalism, personal authority, and, above all, the faculty to impersonate. Mr. Mantell's performance of *King John* is among the finest dramatic achievements of the present day.

The reader who pauses to reflect upon the exacting requirements of the great characters in Shakespeare might well be amazed at the copious and various feeling, the versatility, and the endurance manifested by this actor in his almost continuous impersonations of those colossal parts. *Lear,* the image of majesty in ruin, would be ineffective, but for a massive and fine personality—the imperial mind and the tender heart, clearly denoted, back of all the madness and misery into which the monarch has been plunged; and of *Lear* Mr. Mantell is the best representative now on our stage. *Macbeth* would not arouse and thrill the mind, unless invested with the weird atmosphere of a preternatural environment, seeming to be haunted by evil spirits and fiend-driven into crime. *Othello* would not awaken pity and sympathy and win the general heart, if he were not embodied as incarnate nobility, magnanimity, and love. *Hamlet* would be only an abstraction, were he otherwise presented than as a sweet spirit and a great intellect, not only blighted with immediate personal grief, but dazed and overwhelmed by the awful mystery that surrounds and envelopes human life.

Mr. Mantell's acting in those, and in other parts, was often unequal; but in every one of his performances there was imagination, intellectual purpose, that apparent spontaneity of method which conceals art, and the magnetic quality of personal charm. The most novel impersonation that he gave, last season, was that of *King John*—a part that had not been played here, by any actor competent for it, since Charles Kean acted it in 1865—and his subtle but clear denotement of the crafty, cruel, wicked nature of the dubious, suspicious, devious politician, beneath the outward show of the intrepid warrior—the treacherous murderer, within the blunt soldier—was wonderfully indicative of fine perception and unerring artistic faculty.

If the auxiliary "support" accorded to Mr. Mantell, in that performance, had been commensurate in excellence with his personation of the King, and with the opulence of the scenic investiture that was provided, "King John" might have been successfully retained on the stage during most, if not all, of his engagement at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

"King John" was succeeded by "Macbeth," Mr. Mantell's personation of that character being remarkable for its energetic, copious fluency in the utterance of passionate feeling—the reflex of conflict betwixt conscience and the ruthless purpose of ambition—and for martial bearing and the intrinsic power of a com

manding personality. It is a commonly current but erroneous notion, much favored by incompetent actors and superficial commentators, that success in the tremendous part of *Macbeth* is well nigh impossible. *Macbeth* was superbly acted by E. L. Davenport, by Gustavus Brooke, and by Edwin Booth, while the earlier performance of it by Macready was generally, if not always, accounted the best achievement—transcendent in imagination and marvelous in art—of that great tragedian. Not since the best days of Davenport and Booth has any performer of *Macbeth* been seen, who uttered the touching speech, "She should have died hereafter," with such profound feeling and pathetic effect as made Mr. Mantell's delivery of it at once beautiful and memorable. In the attribute of spiritualized imagination and in pathos Henry Irving's performance of *Macbeth* was supreme.

After "Macbeth" the changes made by Mr. Mantell were so numerous as almost to bewilder observation.

In the part of *Richelieu* (Bulwer's fine play had not been seen here for several years), the actor made a brilliant display of versatile skill, presenting an embodiment of noble intellect, tender feeling, the wisdom of large experience, the patient loneliness of mental supremacy, invincible courage, indomitable will, and the majesty of ecclesiastical rank and power in the church of Rome. In acting "King Louis XI," Mr. Mantell used an inferior version of the old French play, yet his assumption of that crafty, dangerous monarch exhibited, with fine effect, the attribute of innate majesty blended with that of feigned simplicity, and a deceitful gentleness playing over grim and grisly purposes of hatred and slaughter. The part, theatrically, is very valuable, but, intrinsically, its worth is dubious. A striking contrast was afforded by Mr. Mantell's appearance, afternoon and evening of the same day, as *Romeo* and as *King Lear*. He is too massive for *Romeo*, but he startled his audience by his uncommonly youthful appearance, and he deeply moved it by his ardor and his tempestuous passion. It is difficult, if not impossible, for an actor, however experienced and expert, to conceal from discerning observation the lack of harmony between his own nature and one altogether foreign to him that he may chance to assume. Mr. Mantell's acting as *Romeo* was all the more admirable because of the decisive skill with which he was able to create the due effect of nature, in a part with which his maturity of intellect and robust manliness do not permit him to sympathize. In one situation, that of the killing of the truculent, insolent *Tybalt*—a situation which requires tragic power—the actor liberated the whole force of his emotion, and by the vehement utterance of invective and the velocity of attack, created a superb effect. That, it is remembered, was the finest moment of the *Romeo* of Edwin Booth—an actor to whom, in a general way, the part was unsuitable and distasteful.

In acting *Richard III* Mr. Mantell used, with all the customary startling effects of rapid transition, treacherous dissimulation, and frantic violence, a modified version of Cibber's play, garbled from that of Shakespeare, and he gave a bold, turbulent, sinister performance, such as always has been popular. *Shylock*, as personated by this actor, was relieved of those attributes of Mosaic majesty and paternal tenderness which capricious criticism has long striven to foist upon a perfectly obvious image of malignity and wickedness. Mr. Mantell's *Shylock* hates *Antonio* because he is a Christian; but more because he has lent out money gratis, hurt *Shylock's* business, and personally insulted and affronted him. He therefore entraps his enemy into a possibly fatal engagement, hoping and intending to murder him, and he is defeated by a contemptible quibble, no more honest than the trick which has imperiled the Christian merchant. But, while Mr. Mantell's ideal of *Shylock* is simple and right, his expression of it is complex, in the denotement of evil purpose, in the revelation of character under the stress of experience, and in the awful conflict of sordid, malignant passions. He reached a superb climax in the terrific street scene, at the

wonderful, electrical speech, "Hath not a Jew eyes?" The best of the acting of Mr. Mantell's auxiliaries was supplied by Mr. Hale and Mr. Guy Lindsley, among the males, and by Miss Marie Booth Russell. The latter distinguished herself especially by her performances of *Constance,* in "King John," and *Ophelia,* in "Hamlet"—showing power and tenderness, and indicating a considerable range of dramatic faculty. She is a woman of exceptional beauty, but her tall, ample figure and commanding aspect fit her rather for such parts as *Volumnia, Queen Katharine,* and *Meg Merrilies* than for *Cordelias,* and *Julie de Mortemars* of the drama.

An exceptionally interesting incident of last season was Miss Julia Marlowe's presentment (February 15) of the romantic blank-verse play written by Miss Mary Johnston, called "The Goddess of Reason." Miss Marlowe gave a fine performance of a part that blends attributes of Charlotte Corday and Joan of Arc. Stories of the French Revolution, however, have become tiresome, because, mostly, they proceed in one and the same track. Miss Marlowe's personal success was distinct and complete, but the production was another failure.

Late in March, Miss Crosman gave a sprightly performance, in a flimsy but unpretentious play, called "Sham"—a mild satire of artificial conduct in polite society. The part was named *Katherine Van Riper.* On May 3, Mr. George Fawcett came forward as "The Great John Ganton," a rough, belligerent, unscrupulous, auriferous Chicago pork packer, which type of character he impersonated in an effective, photographic, literal style, showing decisive ability to copy the surfaces of life, and evincing personal force and grim humor. His performance carried the play and it was enjoyed: his engagement ended June 12; as also did that of Robert Hilliard, in a revolting drama—based on a hint given in Mr. Kipling's lines about "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair"—called "A Fool There Was." The engagements of Miss Maude Adams, Miss Eleanor Robson, and Miss Frances Starr, ended on June 5. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore acted at the Empire for two weeks, beginning on June 7, in a play called "The Mollusc," a satire on selfishness, and they were seen with pleasure. Mr. Sothern's performance of *Dundreary,* his revival of "If I Were King," and his presentment of *Cardinal Richelieu*—an effort more ambitious than successful, though praiseworthy and promising—were notable features of last season. From May 31 Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe acted together at the Academy of Music, presenting "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew," and winning a renewal of the public favor that formerly attended their conjunctive professional efforts.

Laborious, feverish and exacting as was the dramatic season of 1908-1909, that of 1909-1910, now opening, bids fair to surpass it, in emulous activity, excitement and strife. Old monopolies of management have acquired strength by combination with those of more recent origin. There is no reason to expect that efforts to corrupt the current of decent dramatic literature will be wholly relinquished, notwithstanding that they have been sternly rebuked by the respectable public. On the other hand there is no reason to doubt that "enterprizes of great pith and moment" will be undertaken by leading actors and by some of the more reputable of the managers.

Mr. Mantell, it has been signified, will organize an efficient company, and, as heretofore for many years, will act in Shakespeare and the classic drama. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, having again combined their professional forces and fortunes, under a contract for three years, will follow Mr. Mantell's wise example. Mr. William Faversham has planned an ambitious and worthy campaign. Mr. Charles Frohman will form and manage a stock-company, for presentment of the best plays that he can obtain. Miss Viola Allen, according to auspicious rumor, will once more adventure in that field of Shakespearean comedy in which, by reason of her refinement, vivacity, and skill, she is so well

fitted to shine, and in which, already, she has obtained distinguished success. The eminent English actor, Mr. F. R. Benson —one of the few persons in the dramatic profession who content themselves with doing fine deeds and not *talking* about them—is expected to make his first professional visit to America. Rumor, with her front far more ruffled than serene, whispers that Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree will again visit this country. Various blessings are said to be destined for our shores from Continental Europe. The firm of Liebler & Co., making its "booking arrangements" through the Shubert agency, has proclaimed no less than seventeen different ventures. Mr. Belasco and Mr. Harrison Gray Fiske will not be out of fashion.

The influence of "The New Theatre" will declare itself, and should its word of promise be fulfilled, that institution will help to make our stage what its friends and supporters so earnestly wish that it should be. The desirable result—one that could reasonably, almost certainly, be expected to ensue upon its success—is the establishment of Stock Companies—organized according to old, well-tried models—which are the only right schools of acting. If such companies should again be established, companies in which theatrical aspirants can thoroughly learn their art, a golden age can indeed be looked for—because, at present, the community, everywhere, evinces a passionate interest in theatrical entertainments; vast sums of money are invested in the building and maintenance of theatres; large numbers of persons resort to the histrionic vocation; numerous writers flood the press with commentary on theatrical affairs and proceedings; and such is the temper of the time that only trained and competent acting in fine plays, old or new, seems necessary, to the acquisition, by the Stage, of an influence over the people never yet equaled in the history of the world.

Intimacy

By William R. Benét

We are the rooms of life—and in that mansion
Bar upon heavy bar,
Bolt upon bolt immure us from expansion
To views of what we are.
Oh, in the night, the wandering souls and weeping
Flitting from door to door
That opens not, though their most dear be keeping
The repast a vigil sore.
You know a friend, you say? and through his speaking,
Peer past his inmost ward?
Words—words—such mutes, called words, are but the creaking
Of a door locked and barred!

Drawing by C. S. Price.
TAPS.

Taps

The Adventures of a Trumpeter's Horse

By Herminie Templeton
Author of "Darby O'Gill and the Good People"

TAPS and the Colonel's gray entered the military service of their country on the same day. The Colonel's horse was furnished him by the government; Corporal Tim O'Brien, the Colonel's trumpeter, by a special dispensation, brought his own fine chestnut sorrel into the service. The Colonel's mount was a shaggy gray four-cornered brute that clumped about at parade on four wooden legs; Taps swept after him as effortless and as graceful as a deerhound. The gray had an ugly streak of white in his eye and nothing delighted him more than a quick, vicious nip at the sleeve of some soldier specially gifted in profanity. Taps, on the contrary, while he might mumble playfully with soft lips at some unsuspecting ear, had but one unsoldierly trick: whenever he could edge himself to within reach of the Colonel's mount he 'd instantly up with both heels and let fly at the gray's resounding ribs.

On such occasions the Colonel's volcanic language furnished suppressed but immeasurable delight for thirteen hundred men.

But this sort of misconduct could not go on forever.

The day before the regiment started on its eventful tour of active service Taps brought down upon his humiliated master an avalanche of censure, and at the same time almost got for himself a dishonorable discharge from the military service of his country.

At the moment this disgraceful offense was committed the regiment was passing in review before the Colonel and

his staff. Just as that officer was acknowledging in starched dignity the salute of the first battalion, Taps thought he saw in the imposing tableau a fitting opportunity for impressing the assembled public with his final opinion of the Colonel's gray. So, with a sharp whinny of disdain he whirled like a flash and let fly both heels at short range.

Under the thunderous impact of this unexpected attack the Colonel's horse reeled and plunged until his enraged rider was almost dismounted.

"O'Brien," roared the Colonel, "I 'll stand this no longer! You get another mount!"

"I—I—wish I could, sir," groveled the poor trumpeter.

"Mind my words, if he does it again, I 'll shoot the brute!"

And perhaps the Colonel would have carried out his threat if it had n't been for the splendid way Taps redeemed himself a fortnight later in the skirmish at San Fillippo.

This is how that came about: For two days the brigade had been poking around through the Province of Tayabas in the scrub and the sand and the mud—most of the time in the mud—hunting an elusive foe who, though always invisible, yet who never failed to leave ghastly evidence of his presence on any one thoughtless enough to straggle far from the lines.

The morning of the third day of September, 1899, found the command on the left bank of the swollen Passic River. On the other side and half way up the long uneven slope crouched the gray old Church of San Fillippo, with its cluster of low sun-dried huts—looking for all the world like a belligerent hen sheltering under outstretched wings her clutter of frightened chickens.

The bridge over the stream was down, of course, and the field guns had not come up yet—indeed, no one seemed to know just where they were.

An ominous quiet pervaded the peaceful looking little town across the river. Not a soul was in sight, either, but for all that the old church looked mighty secretive and guilty.

For a long while the Colonel sat on his tall old gray, his field-glasses glued to the innocent looking windows and roofs beyond, and then, without lowering the glasses from his eyes, he called quietly to his trumpeter:

"O'Brien, do you think they 're over there? We must find out some way, and the current 's so blamed swift! The stream is only half a mile wide, but they 'd play ducks and drakes with us if we tried to ford."

"Oh, they 're over there, sure enough, sir, hiding in that ould church. It 's just the place for thim; it was never the flood that tore down the bridge! A handful of them over there would n't lave many of us for the other bank, sir."

"I can't afford to lose too many men, O'Brien! Do you think your horse could swim that river?" The Colonel asked this still peering through the glasses.

In spite of himself, Corporal Tim felt his cheek blanch. Still, he answered: "If anny horse can, sir. Do you want me to try?"

The officer turned his head away and looked down the river a moment. "It is not an order, O'Brien!"

No braver man than Corporal Tim O'Brien wore the uniform. He had proved as much among the Apaches a dozen times; nevertheless, to go out this way alone, hopeless, and unresisting to certain death, seemed harder than anything he had imagined. But in a second the trumpeter squared his jaws and the glint of steel came into his blue eyes. He brought his hand to a salute.

"I understand, Colonel," he said. And then, with the word, he was on the ground tightening his saddlegirth.

While the Corporal knelt there his tent mate, Jack Roberts, came hurrying up.

"Wait till I get a mount, Tim, I 'll go with you!" he entreated breathlessly.

"Nonsense! What use? Good-bye, lad," Tim evaded. "The kit 's all yours, of course; and if you ever get the horse back ye 'll take good care—but, sure, I know ye will."

Without another word the trumpeter sprang light as a feather into his saddle. As he rode along the line toward the bank the color-sergeant dipped the flag

to him. To salute a common trumpeter clearly has no place in the army regulations; but, after all, it was perhaps no more than was due a man who was on his way to die for his country. With that proud reverence characteristic of the true soldier, Corporal O'Brien bared his head to the beautiful silken standard and, the next thing the regiment knew, brave horse, and brave rider, were buffeting the yellow foam in the middle of the swirling river.

Eight hundred soldiers of Tim's uniform breathlessly watched the two as they fought their way across the stream, and every soldier sprang up to cheer when Taps and his master climbed the bank on the other side. His comrades saw the trumpeter carefully picking his way up the shelving, uneven slope and ride on without once turning his head until he reached a point not more than four hundred yards from the church itself. Then, evidently sighting danger, he turned and dashed madly back toward the bank. As he did so a line of white puffs beaded with fire spurted from the old walls of the church, and an interminable time after, the faint crack of rifles floated lazily across the river.

Drawing by C. S. Price.
THE COLONEL'S OLD GRAY.

The trumpeter bent low over his rein as Taps came lunging down the slope with great swinging strides through the deep sand.

Then a cry of mingled pain and anger broke from the eager line of men that fringed the left bank of the river, for the horse was seen to stumble to his knees and to pitch the Corporal heavily to the ground.

"By heaven, they 're both hit," cried Sergeant Jimmy Wilson. "No—look, the horse is up, and away he goes down the beach. And—see, Tim's trying to get to his feet. No, there he 's down again."

"They 've hit him," shouted Jack Roberts. "I 'm going over there if I die for it."

"So will I," seconded Jimmy Wilson. "You get the Major's horse, Jack; I 'll borrow the Adjutant's! Maybe we can bring him back."

They saw the Corporal drag himself with difficulty to a little knoll for shelter from the dropping fire which spurted the sand dangerously near on every side. Then the whole regiment, from the Colonel down, went clear daft with rage to see a score of little brown men, rifles in hand, creep out from behind the treacherous walls like so many black ants, and come stealing down toward the wounded soldier. Discipline was forgotten, every one was talking at once.

"They've got him! Where in blazes are those field guns!"

"Sure! That poor chap has n't a chance; it 'll take the curs only about five minutes to get to him! There goes Jimmy Wilson! He 's crazy! He can't get there in time. I say, I can't stand this any longer. I 'm goin' to take a shot at them, anyhow!"

"Ah, save your powder! You could n't hit them from here." And then half the regiment, cheering, cursing and shouting, was crowding knee deep into the water.

"Look! Look, boys! What 's O'Brien doing with his trumpet?"

They saw the Corporal struggle halfway up and raise the trumpet to his

lips; and then above the cries of the soldiers, above the crackle of the musketry, clear and full rang the well-known bugle notes. "Halt!" it commanded.

There was not a soldier in the regiment knew the bugle calls better than did Taps; but, in the excitement and terror of the moment, would he forget?

Far down the bank, with head flung high, Taps was trotting aimless and bewildered. He heard the command to halt and splendidly obeyed it, as he would his master's spoken word. With forefeet planted in the sand, he stopped and listened. Good boy!

"About face!" the bugle commanded. Slowly as if on parade the horse turned in his tracks and stood tense and waiting. "Trot, gallop, charge!" and the glorious animal swept up the bank straight as an arrow to his master's side.

A moment later, as Tim painfully drew himself into the saddle, he noticed that the firing about him had stopped and that the little brown men were running for dear life back to the shelter of the walls.

And no wonder! The grim muzzles of two field guns were being poked through the underbrush on the friendly side of the river, and a few seconds later the mud walls of San Fillippo were filling the air with dust. From that day on Taps was the hero of the regiment.

"The little bone of the leg two inches above the ankle, Corporal. A clean break! About four weeks in the hospital!" the surgeon said.

So off to the hospital the trumpeter went, and six long weeks he stayed. And if during that time Taps was not spoiled with petting and pampering and caresses it was not the fault of Jack Roberts nor, for that matter, of any one in the regiment.

Within two weeks after Tim left the hospital the regiment was again on the move. And was n't Taps glad to get his master back! The gray-bearded Colonel was n't half so grand a man, the horse thought.

"Ta, ra, ra," Tim's bugle fiercely called, and the long line broke into a run. "Tata-a, tata-a," down to their knees, with leveled guns, went the regiment. And so, whatever Tim commanded a thousand willing soldiers flew to obey.

Was n't it a grand life! Taps was willing to march forever if only the band kept playing. The tuba held a special fascination for him. He could never understand where the big "toot toot" came from; and whenever the musician rested his heavy instrument on the ground it was the regimental joke to see Taps steal cautiously over and, with ears pricked forward, peer timidly into the wide, shining bell

While as for Tim, the enamoured man took to holding conversations with his horse as though the creature were human.

"You 'd think now, Taps," boasted Tim one day as he was rubbing the horse down, "that all this skitting and skirmishing and waddlin' round in the mud like a flock of ducks is hard sojerin'! Well, you should have been with me down in Arizona whin we wint afther Geronimo!"

Taps turned what seemed a supercilious eye on his master.

"Shtop that!" blustered the Corporal, threatening him with the brush. "Dont be so handy wid calling people names; it 's a good chug in the ribs I ought to be given ye for yer impidence!"

The next day the trumpeter stalked moody and bothered into the temporary stable.

"I 'm afeared we 're up against it at last, me boy," he confided to his dumb comrade. "They say we 're going' down to Manila next week and pretty soon the regiment is goin' back to Chicago to be mustered out; what 'll we do then? I 'll only have thirty-two dollars in me pocket to pay your passage across six thousand miles of say and land. Heigh, ye! if yer wor only a government horse ye 'd go back free.'

Taps tossed his head impatiently and snatched a huge mouthful of sweet grass from the canvas manger; which motion the Corporal interpreted to mean: "Oh, well, dont worry; we 'll manage some way."

"Will we then! it 's aisy for ye to be talking," the Corporal reproached. "But

supposin' be accident I got married and me wife didn n't loike ye, eh? Ye 'd expect me to lave her, would ye?"

Taps sighed tremendously and the sigh ended in a deep "br-r-r" of utter content. Corporal O'Brien laughed softly into his pipe.

"Well, ye 're right there at an-ny rate, Taps. I would n't thrade your own pair of brown eyes for an-ny tin pair of woman's eyes in America!"

Alas! Tim's judgment concerning the effect of powder and steel and Apache arrows was a good deal safer than his opinions about the destructive power that lies ambushed in a woman's eyes.

As the trumpeter sat there deeply ruminating, temptation in the person of the regimental adjutant strolled into the stable and laid a caressing hand upon the shoulder of the horse.

"I say, O'Brien," began the officer, "I hear you are not going to re-enlist."

Tim shook his head. "Not for me! I 'm done wid sojerin' in peace times," he said.

"Well, of course, you 're not going to take the horse back with you? It would cost you almost a year's pay. Besides that, what would you do with him when you got him there? I 'll tell you what I 'll do! I 'll give you three hundred dollars for him!"

"Three hundred dollars! Huh! Ye might as well thry to buy me ould mother," answered Tim, "or me wife an' family if I had wan. It 's thrue Taps and we dont know any thrade except sojerin'." Taps tossed his mane again and took another mouthful of grass—"But we wont worry; we 'll manage some way," Tim added.

The six weeks in Manila, with their days of music and parading, and of restfulness and plenty, were the happiest days of Tap's life.

However, it was not so with the Corporal; for stew and worry as he would, no way presented itself for getting Taps on board. The evening of the last day found the trumpeter a desperate man. He was riding back from parade behind the Colonel, when that officer turned to ask:

"What are you going to do with your horse, O'Brien?"

"I dont know, sir. I 'd give a year or two of me life to take him back with me, but it 's a long swim," he sighed.

The Colonel laughed grimly. "And a trifle dangerous, too!"

The old steely glint flashed into Tim's eyes. "He had almost as dangerous a swim at San Fillippo, sir! And it 's little thanks he got for it!" he added quietly.

The officer reined up and turned a straight look on the soldier. For an instant the two men glowered deep into each others' eyes.

"By jove, that 's the Lord's truth, O'Brien," the Colonel said. "And I 'll tell you what I 'll do! I 'm entitled to transportation for one horse. I 'll take yours! I 'd like to take the gray, too, because, some way or other, I 've grown fond of the old chap; but—well, I can't afford it."

Thus, Trumpeter Tim O'Brien was saved from the unpardonable crime of desertion, and the trumpeter's horse was enabled to continue his fateful career as a citizen.

Two months later at Fort Sheridan, when the regiment was mustered out of the Government service, Taps held a public reception in his stall; the survivors of O'Brien's company, under the leadership of First Sergeant Jimmy Wilson, marched in a body down to the stable to say good-bye to him.

And then the good old regiment melted, each man going his own way.

Tim, undecided and troubled as to what he should do, remained helplessly behind in barracks two long weeks after. A fish out of water, and an old campaigner without his gun experience the same general emotions. But Tim could not stay there forever; so one morning, taking his luck in his hands, he turned his steed from the high stone archway of the fort and trotted down the dusty road beside the great lake toward the distant city. It was a sky full of hurrying black perplexities which lowered before the Corporal, that bright June day.

"Well, Taps, me lad, here we are home in Chicago, you an' me alone." Taps pricked up first one ear and then the other. "Did I say *home,* me poor

boy?" The Corporal sighed. "Sure, we have no more home, Taps, than a couple of rabbits. I wish we had some other thrade, Taps—some thrade that has a wife and childher in it an' a roof over our heads that is n't a rag fluttherin' in the wind. Hi! Yi! sojerin' makes an ould maid of a man." He twisted a wisp of Tap's mane in his fingers, and looked thoughtfully out over the lake.

"What in thunderation we 're to do the sorra one of me knows," he went on. "But dont be afeard that I 'll enlist again an' lave you behind. No, no, me an' the guns and the dhrums are quits forever."

In the heart of the city, the bewildering crush and turmoil of traffic tossed them hither and thither like weeds on drifting waves. The dark was coming on; Tim was looking helplessly about for some sort of present refuge, when his name was called three times from the curb.

"Hey, Corporal! Tim! Captain Tim! Colonel Taps!" Tim started and there in the street not six feet distant stood little Jimmy Wilson in all the glory of a new suit of ill-fitting store clothes. In a twinkling the Corporal was on the ground and the two friends almost hugged each other.

"Well, well, Jimmy, is that yourself? Oh, thin it 's I that 's glad to see ye. Turn your head around, Taps, you vagabond, and see who 's here."

The two soldiers were as unaffectedly glad to meet as two children. In a few minutes each had unburdened his mind of all the happenings of the past two weeks.

"Now, as good luck will have it, Tim," the Sergeant cried, slapping the trumpeter exultantly on the shoulder, "I know the very thing for you and Taps."

"I wondher! But sure, it 'd be just like ye to know. There never was a first sergeant to aquil ye. Out with it."

"Well, it 's this. There is a fellow named Carroll over on the West Side—he used to be in the cavalry—who owned a horse and express wagon, and he had a stand down near the Wisconsin Central depot. Well, two days ago the poor beggar's horse died and now he wants to quit the business. You can buy the wagon, license, and whole blamed outfit cheap—dirt cheap."

Tim's jaw dropped and he threw a guilty look at his horse; then, instinctively lowering his voice so that Taps might not hear, he said:

"How could I ever have the heart to hitch the loikes of him to a dirty ould express wagon. Besides, the poor fellow has never had a harness on his back in his life."

"Oh, he 'll get used to it; he 'll do fine." The two friends discussed the situation over and over again; Tim must find some kind of work! The upshot of the matter was, that, bright and early the next morning, poor Taps, with the most puzzled expression in the world, was standing between a rickety pair of shafts while his master shamefacedly buckled a strap here, or punched a hole there, all the time carefully avoiding the horse's inquiring gaze.

But there was no complaint, no reproach in the trusting brown eyes—only deep, hurt wonder.

The first few days of the new life brimmed over with profitless monotony. Would business never come! From hopeful morning till gray discouraged night, Tim watched the endless, unnoticing procession, as it trudged past him down the street toward the river, and he heard with dull ears the warning, "clang, clang," of the tireless bridge bell, as the great iron structure swung sullenly open to let the ships go by. They earned nothing the first two days, fifty cents the second day, then business fell off again.

However, Tim had often fronted much sterner situations without flinching. Besides, things might change any day. So each morning, with an assumed indifference, he drove down to Carroll's old stand (which, by the way, was almost in front of Michael Dempsey's popular-priced restaurant), and pulling up close to the curb, the Corporal sat bolt upright on the narrow seat of his wagon, with arms folded like a cannoneer.

One might reasonably suppose that Taps and his master were at last settled down to a sedate and respectable existence. But if peace hath her victories,

she also has her perils, and an unsuspecting soldier and an unsophisticated horse may find dangers undreamed of in just a pair of gray eyes. And by the same token who had a more dangerous pair of gray eyes than Nellie Dempsey?

So at this juncture it came about that the strangest of all experiences flashed into the lives of our two friends. And the trunk of Michael Francis Dempsey, Junior, which had to be carried from his father's restaurant over to the LaSalle Street depot, started the trouble.

Yet for days before this happened, if the truth must be known, Tim had watched furtively, out of the tail of his eye, the trim black figure of the girl with the touch of white at her throat, as she busied herself over the cashier's desk in the restaurant. One morning the man's admiration shaped itself into words.

"By jaymini!" he said with half a sigh, "if that is n't the purtiest, neatest bit of a little woman I 've laid me two eyes on in many 's the long day!" And that she was; and sweet-tempered, and sound-minded, and dutiful besides.

The thought was still lingering in the soldier's mind, when, wonder of wonders! the restaurant door opened, and out into the sunshine came the young lady herself with that fateful order about her brother's trunk.

Certainly Taps, and no other, was to blame for what immediately followed. The horse turned on Miss Dempsey those earnest brown eyes of his and deliberately moved a step nearer to the curb. No one ever yet had resisted those eyes.

The girl stroked his velvet nose as she gave the order about the trunk and the Corporal stood at attention, as if receiving a military command. But Taps, the sly, impudent fellow, instinctively recognizing a new friend, mumbled at the girl's hand with playful, caressing lips until, in a sudden excess of kindly feeling, she leaned her cheek against his smooth white forehead. That did the business for Tim! As he drove away with the trunk the enamoured lad could see nothing but the clear, steadfast, gray eyes of Nellie Dempsey, and he could hear no sound except a pleasant low voice enquiring, "Will you please tell me his name, sir?" Just that! A few words, and the whole world changed!

It was two o'clock that afternoon when Taps returned to the stand. Then the acquaintanceship begun in the morning strengthened into friendship by a lump of white sugar, and three parts of a sweet apple.

Whether it was purely a case of love at first sight on the part of Taps is a matter of grave doubt; I am afraid that at the start the sugar and the apple cores appealed strongest to him, but in a little while his stomach having been won, then, after the manner of his sex, his heart went with it. As for Miss Dempsey, woman-like, her heart went out to him unselfishly.

Thus it came to pass that every day Taps was sure of a friendly, gift-sweetened visit from his new admirer, during which, in the most unembarrassed way, Taps kissed Miss Nellie, and Miss Nellie kissed Taps.

During such delightful interviews Tim stood by, shy adoration in his honest eyes, relating in stumbling sentences the story of San Fillippo, or else the wonderful accomplishments of his horse. In spite of himself, a few of Tim's own soldierly exploits slipped out in the telling. Nor could Nellie, with her quick woman's instinct, help reading the man's strong but gentle nature, and feeling in her own heart some of his isolation and lonesomeness. At any rate, the three continued to grow better and closer friends until into the empty heart of the homeless soldier crept a hopeless something deeper than friendship.

A dozen times the man reproved himself: "You 're a crazy old fool, Tim O'Brien—you, thirty-seven years ould—to be lettin' that slip of a girl inter yer head—she that 'ud be a credit to a millionaire, or a general, for the matther o' that. Have some sinse, you big Omadhaun! Wake up and take yerself an' Taps and your ould wagon to some other part of the town, an' maybe you 'll quit dhraming nonsinse about her."

But it was no use for the trumpeter to

call himself hard names; one quick glance of Nellie Dempsey's welcoming eyes and lo! every wise resolve was scattered to the four winds.

And Nellie herself, behold you, took to blushing furiously when she met the eyes of the Corporal. As for Taps, well —at such times he munched his apple core, bobbed his head reflectively and looked wise.

"I tell ye, Nellie," warned old Mrs. Dempsey one morning, "take your mother's advice and dont be paying so much attention to that good-for-nothing sojer out there an' his lazy horse. I make no doubt 'tis a dozen sweethearts he 's had be this—cajolin' the likes of you with thim Injun stories!"

Nellie felt in her heart that the accusation about the sweethearts could n't be true, yet in some way her mother's words burned and burned.

One night, as Taps munched his late supper, Corporal O'Brien for the hundredth time took the horse into his confidence.

"Oh, musha, Taps, me boy, would n't it be grand if ye could only sound her intintions for me! She 's fair daft about *you*. Any one can see that. *I* could n't spake to her, I have n't the courage! Be comparison to meself sure a sneakin' coyote has the bouldness of a lion."

The next day, and for some time after the giving of Mrs. Dempsey's motherly advice, Corporal O'Brien and Taps experienced, to their great surprise, an atmosphere of cold but polite disfavor in the neighborhood of the restaurant. Each in his own way resented the slight. Taps, by quick, indignant glances, and angry stampings and tossings whenever the door opened; the Corporal, by tilting his chin a little higher and folding his arms a bit tighter, whenever he felt a certain pair of gray eyes resting on him.

To add to the misery of the situation, as the winter wore on, a sterner, more exacting trouble came to keep watch at night beside the Corporal's hard pillow.

Either for the reason that our two friends had few acquaintances, or because their stand beside the restaurant was badly located, the express business did n't prosper with Tim any better than did matters of a more delicate, and sentimental nature. Errands were so few and far between that soon nickels grew to be as large as dollars.

At last, toward the end of the winter, things came to such a pass that sometimes the rations for horse and man were scant to the pride-hidden verge of extremity. Indeed, let it be whispered, there were days when poor Tim, unknown to the world, actually crossed that painful line. However, on such grim journeys he went alone; for by hook or by crook, the Corporal always managed to have a mouthful of oats or a handful of hay for his friend.

But hunger is not the worst trouble which can come to a soldier; when rations fail, all he need do is to pull his belt a hole or two tighter, close his teeth hard and well—wait for reinforcements.

One night, as our two heroes were returning, cold and tired, from a late trip, Fate gave the Corporal a particularly cruel jolt. Under the street lamp about a block from the restaurant Tim beheld, and his heart almost suffocated him at the sight—Nellie Dempsey talking familiarly to a well-dressed young man. Now, an ordinary observer would have found nothing startling in this, but to Tim—the sight was like a sudden blow in the dark. To this day he remembers with an unconquerable pang, how confidingly the girl's hand rested upon the stranger's arm and how brightly she smiled up into his face.

That night Tim's couch was a bed of thorns, and the next morning, to Taps' unbounded surprise and disgust, he was halted with a jerk a good two hundred feet this side of the restaurant, and told fiercely to "stand there." And perhaps Taps would have obeyed, as a soldier's horse should do, only that, when his master stepped across the street to the newsstand, Taps saw the flutter of a dark dress in the restaurant door beyond, and his elated eye caught the wave of a friendly hand. That settled it. He was never the one to hold spite. Without waiting for further permission, he deliberately and soberly walked up the street and halted in his well-known place. A few moments later his master, hot-faced and resentful, was obliged to follow.

"I saw you last night, Mr. O'Brien," exclaimed the lady. Very pretty, indeed, was Nellie as she perched like a blackbird on the threshhold. A thunderous glower was the best Tim could do by way of answer.

Miss Dempsey saucily tilted her head and smiled through half-shut eyes; the man's evident displeasure pleased her greatly. In the heart of the gentlest woman lurks a touch of innate savagery.

"You know, we are to have a wedding at our house pretty soon," she went on gaily. "Oh, *you 'll* get an invitation!"

The muscles of Tim's mouth stiffened into iron and a great chill crept into his soul.

The girl swept his face with keen, inquiring eyes while she waited intently for some hasty word of remonstrance, some unguarded play of feature. But long ago the soldier had learned to hide his hurts. And yet in spite of himself when he tried to wish her happiness, the bitter words died in his throat, and he could only stand there staring straight ahead into the gray emptiness of the desolate street. A ruined universe was tumbling about his ears. Then suddenly, before the smiling, but half-frightened, girl realized his purpose, the trumpeter sprang into his wagon and, without one word of parting, drove rapidly away.

"The foolish dhrame is over, Taps, and foolish enough it was, the Lord knows," the Corporal sighed that night as he unbuckled the heavy leather collar. The horse gave himself a grateful shake and rubbed his head a little sadly against his master's shoulder.

"Oh, God, help us, look at the ribs of ye, ye poor darlint! an' the gray hairs on your beautiful neck from the collar. Oh-ho! never mind, my boy. There 's a pair of us! I 'm lookin' as ould and as shabby as yerself. We 'll get another stand tomorrow, Taps, an' thry to forget her. Heigh-ho, sorra 's the day!"

Recognizing the sigh, and in his dumb way feeling something of its meaning, the horse turned on his master a look of sympathetic intelligence which was almost human. It appealed to the Corporal like the grasp of a friendly hand, and he lovingly stroked the black mane.

"Look how you 've helped me, ould man! Nobody would belave it! You 've kept me stiddy. You 've saved me from the dhrink. You 've kept me—why, if it was n't for you, Taps, I 'd be in the reg'lar army be this, out in some of thim forts where min are only machines and pris'ners, and the hearts eatin' out of thim with the tiresome longings. If 'twas *active* service the two of us 'd go jumpin', would n't we? What 's to be done? I dunno! I dunno!" The Corporal drew himself erect and gazed sternly into the dark shadows of the old stable. After a little he spoke again. "There 's one thing sartin', though, whatever comes or goes, tomorrow 'll be our last day on Dempsey's block."

The next morning Taps and his master, grim with the new determination, were up betimes. No backing out this time! There were several farewell errands to be done—small sums to be collected, and little debts to be paid—so that it was almost noon before Tim threw the blanket over Taps and halted him about a block from the restaurant. "Dont stir a step from here, ould man," he continued, "and if she beckons, pay no attention—turn your head away!" Then the Corporal, with a reassuring twist of the horse's forelock, hurried down the street to Michael Casey's blacksmith shop to pay for Taps' last set of shoes. As Tim passed into Harrison Street, struck by some unaccountable premonition, he looked back at the horse. Taps had half turned the wagon in an effort to keep his master in sight.

"Will ye mind that now," muttered Tim to himself as he hurried on. "Is it any wondher I 'm fond of him?"

No soldier who had known Taps in the days of his prosperity would have recognized the fallen favorite now, as he stood at the curb, listless and patient, waiting for his master. The fire had died out in him—he was only a dray horse. The early spring sun sifted through his shabby blue military blanket, bringing with its comfortable warmth memories of far-away Manila. Presently his head sank to the shafts in a half doze, and his mind was drifting into happier scenes, when, suddenly, in the distance behind, swelled the inspiriting music of a mili-

tary band. Taps woke up. Could it be possible? Yes, it was the music of his constant dreams—the tune the regimental bands so often played at twilight along the Prado.

Why—could it be the old regiment was returning for him! Maybe the splendid golden days were coming back again. At the thought, his fond, loyal heart gave a great throb of gladness that sent the blood plunging through every vein. Louder and louder grew the well-remembered tune. Taps twisted his head awkwardly to look. There, sure enough, not a hundred feet away, came the long, swinging line of men in blue. The same, the very same—the darkly glittering guns, the dancing flags and the rhythmic tramp, tramp, of the dusty feet. A regiment was on its way to the railway station.

All doubts vanished now. Here were the boys returning for him! Every inch of the quickened body quivered with excitement. What must he do? Where was the Corporal? Taps tried to throw up his head in the old proud way, but his collar—that yoke of ignoble servitude—checked him.

TAPS' OLD ARMY FRIENDS WOULD NOT HAVE RECOGNIZED HIM NOW.

When the band was almost beside him, the music he loved so well abruptly ceased and then, like a flash of light, stern and clear rang a bugle. "Halt!" it commanded. Ha! Why, that must be his master now; see how quickly the men obeyed—just like the old times. Now Taps knew well what the bugle's next order would be—no soldier knew

better. Champing and eager, he prepared to obey.

"Ta ra!" (Forward!) commanded the trumpet. "Ra!" (March!) Without another thought, without a moment's hesitation, Taps, express wagon and all, gravely started for his old place in the line just behind the Colonel. He tried to crowd in between the ranks. Some one pushed him back. In an instant all was confusion. Angry shouts and violent commands were in his ears, and a gloved hand suddenly struck him in the face.

That was strange! In all his life before, no one had ever struck him in anger. Troubled and not a little frightened, he fell back a step, and then plodded along with his cart, beside the marching regiment until the band struck up again. What should he do? Where was his master? He tried once more to reach his old place and was again fiercely rebuffed. Was it possible the boys had forgotten him? A bewildering fear crept into his mind and clouded it like a fog.

"On Right, into Line!" called the bugle. At the familiar sound Taps made one desperate lunge to reach the bugler, but only succeeded in breaking the changing line.

There was a burst of suppressed laughter from the men, and a chorus of bitter maledictions from the officers. Realizing in a dazed way that everything was wrong, and that somehow he was in great trouble, Taps made frantic attempts to break away. As he plunged through the line of men the adjutant struck him with the flat of a sword, and a soldier, needlessly cruel, reached out and gave him a spiteful thrust with a bayonet.

All reason vanished. An uncontrollable frenzy seized the horse. Blind with terror, he leaped through the scattering ranks and dashed down the street toward the bridge. As he passed the restaurant, old Michael Dempsey rushed out, bareheaded and coatless, in a vain endeavor to stop the runaway, but was knocked down by the careening wagon. Half a block behind the old man, Tim O'Brien followed breathless, his face tense and gray.

The flying animal gathered fresh fear at every crash of the wagon behind. A dozen men, senselessly waving their arms, dashed into the street in an effort to stop the maddened horse, but recoiled, themselves, from the terror in the great wild eyes.

On, on, he flew, straight as an arrow down the street toward the great pivot bridge. Could no one stop him? A policeman with raised baton sprang bravely into the very path of the approaching horse. In ten seconds Taps would have reached the bridge, when the short, impatient whistle of an incoming boat, and the warning "clang, clang" of the bridge bell, burst like a rocket, high above the rumble of the street. The bridge was opening!

"Merciful heaven!" Michael Dempsey, with a cry, swirled in his tracks and covered his face with his arm to shut out the horror. The towering iron structure trembled, hesitated, then turned noiselessly and swiftly to the left, leaving forty feet of clear space above the dark, creeping river.

All these things Tim saw through blurred eyes as he stumbled on. There was a whirring noise in his head, and his chest heaved painfully. The man's mind for the moment fiercely refused to grasp the certainty of the tragedy, but kept a struggling hope fixed on the figure of the policeman, who now crouched in the road, as if bracing himself for a shock.

An age of agony!

Then the Corporal sent forth such a cry as a man gives only when the sharp steel enters his breast; for the frenzied horse swerved wide from the policeman's saving hand and, plunging sixty feet down into the waiting chasm, disappeared forever.

Almost an hour went by and the Corporal, leaning on the bridge rail, was still gazing in numb despair at the secretive, deadly current. His whole life passed in review—empty, friendless and purposeless as it was. Here it ended. Whither could he turn? A hand touched him lightly on the shoulder and old man Dempsey's brusque, friendly voice said in his ear:

"Come back to the restaurant, Mr

O'Brien! The family sent me afther ye. Your friends are waitin' for ye!" The Corporal started and shook the sympathetic hand from his shoulder.

"Thank ye kindly, Mr. Dempsey," he answered with something suspiciously like a sob, "but the last friend I had, an' all I owned in the worruld lies down there."

"Arrah what nonsinse, man! Dont be an ould woman! Come back with me till we talk it over; we 'll find something for ye to do, niver fear."

Tim shook his head sadly. "I 've thought it all out, standing here alone. These hands are fit for nothing in the worruld but the handling of a gun. I 'm goin' straight down to the recruitin' station and thry to begin life all over again. Though," he added with a sigh, "God knows how loath I am to do it."

As the Corporal spoke in that quiet but determined manner which forbids all argument, the two men simply shook hands and parted—Mr. Dempsey to hurry home with the news, and Corporal O'Brien to go plodding along in the opposite direction.

But happily, electric cars go ever so much quicker than sorrow-weighted, unwilling feet. And who can fathom the ways of a woman. Thus it happened that when our desolate trumpeter reached the foot of the dark stair leading up to the recruiting office, there stepped out to him from the gloom of the hall a slim familiar figure; and a pair of unfaltering gray eyes fired a volley of reproach into his own. "Where are you going, Mr. O'Brien?" Miss Dempsey spoke with chilling asperity.

The Corporal flushed guiltily. "I 'm —I 'm goin' back into the reg'lar sarvice Miss—wherever they may send me." Then remembering, he asked sternly, "What brought ye here?"

There was no answer. Instead of replying the girl looked steadily at the ground, and, to the Corporal's unbounded surprise, the sensitive lips began to quiver, and two irrepressible tears trembled on the long dark lashes.

"What brought ye here?" he repeated.

She clasped her hands with all the strength of her slender arms, and bowed her head until the shamed love-confessing face was quite hidden. "I came because—because—Oh, dont you understand?" she faltered. "I came because I dont want you to go away."

A golden wonder dawned in the trumpeter's soul, but in its clear light stood revealed the hopeless jealousy of the past two days. "But you told me—but the wedding!"

The girl gave one quick smile upward through her tears. "Oh, yes, the wedding! Why did n't you know?" she laughed nervously, "that 's my sister Julia's."

It was all so marvelous, so unexpected to the man, this revivifying happiness, that the bitter day with its cruel tragedy, for the instant, faded utterly. Then, through the triumphant swirl of things, into his beseeching outstretched palms crept two trembling little hands, and the next moment eager arms held her close. But evening brought torturing remembrances of Taps and the Corporal lay all night awake and cried like a woman until morning.

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"AN' RED SANDY KEEPS ED AC'OR SOME BUSY FER A FEW MINITS."

When Stanley Scratched Steamboat

By Frank Harding

Note: This is an account of real incidents and characters of a famous Wyoming "Frontier."

"FIRST time I sees Dick Stanley o' Portland," said Snake River Sam, speaking of the winner of the world's championship at last year's annual Frontier celebration at Cheyenne, Wyoming, "he was a-standin' over by the gran'stan' a-makin' signs to Chief Tee-Bone. He's a little, thin, pale-faced lookin' cuss an' that sorry lookin' ye'd pick 'im out fer a short yearlin' comin' out of a hard winter. He's that skinny I reckon a mangy canner'd look like a corn-fed beef critter, by way o' comparison, an' he stands kinda humped up like a July calf in a March blizzard. He wears a big black hat, a flamin' purple shirt, an' jest pants with the legs stuck in 'is boots. He's got a pair o' big silver spurs an' he's holdin' a pair o' fancy Injun gloves with beads all over 'em an' long fringe a-hangin' down. No chaps—jes' dressed like any cowpinch what's come down to see the fun an' have a good time.

"When Charley Irwin tells me the thin one's goin' to ride, I hunches up closer an' takes another look at 'im. Wiry lookin' sort of a geezer—nervous as a two-year-ol' with her firs' calf. He's got a little sickly lookin' mustache an' a goatee, an' wears his hair long same's Buffalo Bill.

"'Where'n hell'd he come from, an' who'se bin loadin' 'im. He 's a buster,' I says to Charley. 'Didn't know ye had a infant class this year, Charley,' I says, kinda laughin' like.

"'Nobody knows 'im,' says Charley. 'Jes' slipped in here las' night an' says he's a buster here to play fer the chunk. Says he's from Portlan', er som'ers out that way. He may fool ye, Sam,' says Charley, 'fer he's that light he kin stick a hoss like a deer fly.'

"'Well, he's got to show me,' I says as I rides over to where I kin see the O—O outfit what only *thinks* he 's a buster; the secon' jump he loses a stirrup an' grabs leather—an' twenty-three fer him. Next is Carl Smith on Skiddoo—an' all the critter does is skiddoo fer the corral, an' Carl 's out of it. Bald Mountain, an' Miss Biglow, an' Hornet, an' Millbank dont do nothin' but buck a little an' then try to run away, an' Red Sandy keeps Ed Acor some busy fer a few minutes. But we 're all a-waitin' fer Danks an' the Portlan' guy with the purple shirt to play the last hand.

"Danks—who 's champion from las'

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"THE FIRST RIDER UP IS TIPTON ON 'GIN FIZZ' • 'BUT HE'S LIKE HIS NAME, AN' IN A MINIT THE FIZZ PART 'S GONE."

bustin' better. An' Stanley sure showed me that day, an' I sees he's in it fer the finals—which I'm a-tellin' ye about now.

"The first rider up is Tipton on Gin Fizz—an' that hoss is sure well named. The way the critter sunfished at the start looked like he'd have Tipton a-pullin' leather er piled up in a heap som'ers. But he's like 'is name, an' in a minit the fizz part's gone an' a kid could ride 'im. Guy McNerlin makes a ride fer the money all right, an' the way his hoss jumped up high an' landed stiff-legged made ye seasick to look; but Guy 's game, an' sticks. The third is some guy from the year—draws Ol' Steamboat. Danks knows the ol' hoss like a book; he 's rode 'im five times afore this, an' already feels the big belt with the gold twenties in it a-hangin' on 'im. But Danks—knowin' 'is hoss—takes no chances; he sticks his spurs in his cinch on both sides—bein' careful to keep 'em out o' Ol' Steamboat's sides—an' lets the ol' hoss buck away. He makes a good ride, Danks does, an' when Ol' Steamboat quiets down a bit he jumps off 'n 'im, waves 'is hat at the bunch an' gits a cheerin' ye could hear a mile.

"Stanley draws a live 'un an' makes a

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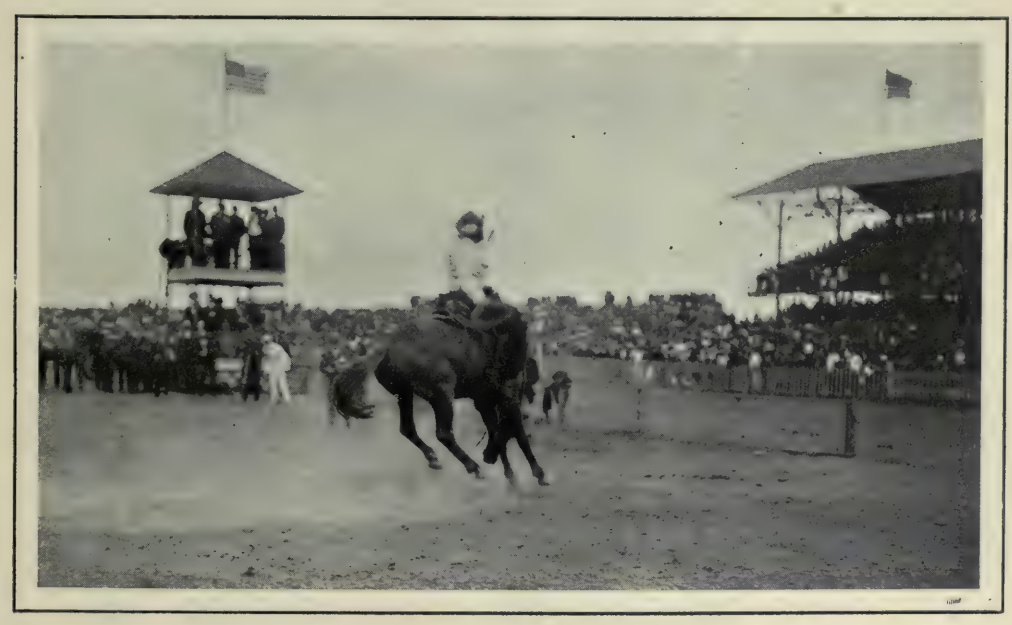
"A-SNORTIN' AN' A-PAWIN' THE GROUN' WHEN THEY PUTS THE BLINDERS ON 'IM."

ride that looks to me like the money. He slaps 'is hoss on the head with 'is hat an' scratches 'im good an' plenty—jes' nacherly gits all the hell out o' 'im he 's got in 'im. But the judges can't tell—though I see the crowd 's ready to give it to Stanley—an' the judges tell Danks to take Red Bird, an' Stanley 'll ride Ol' Steamboat after he 's rested.

"While Danks is a-makin' his ride I



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"GUY McNERLIN MAKES A RIDE FOR THE MONEY, ALL RIGHT."

comes up to Stanley an' gives 'im my mit. 'Ol man,' I says, 'ye made a good ride an' I think it 's yore money right now. All ye need to do when ye straddle Ol' Steamboat 's to stick yer spurs in yer cinch an' hold on; that 's what Danks does. Jist stick yer steel in the cinch, an' keep 'em there, an' the big belt full o' twenties is yourn.'

" ' 'Tain't the way I learned to bust 'em, pal,' he says to me. 'When I 'm bustin' I scratch 'em good an' plenty.'

" 'But ye wont scratch Ol' Steamboat!' I says. 'No man could never do that an' git away with it. Why, jes' scratch 'im a little an' he 'll throw ye higher 'n hell! Look 'e here, stranger, dont ye know nobody never dared touch that critter's hide with a spur? If ye know what 's good fer ye, ye 'll take my tip an' do like Danks does.'

" 'Pal,' he says to me in that low voice o' his 'n, 'I 'm a-goin' to ride Steamboat jes' as I did the last hoss. I 'm shore goin' to prod 'im some with the steel 'til he gits me er I gits him.'

" 'Yer a buster all right, Stanley,' says I, 'but yer talkin' like a dam fool now,' says I, as I walks away to see Danks finish.

"Well, up comes Ol' Steamboat fresh 's a daisy after his rest; head up an' eyes a-spittin' fire. Great big black hoss is Ol' Steamboat; never done nothin' in 'is life but jes' buck Frontier time an' stan' aroun' an' eat the rest the year. When I sees the ol' devil a-snortin' an' a-pawin' the groun' when they puts the blinders on 'im I says to myself, 'Sammy, if that damfool does try to stick the steel in that ol' boy he 'll throw 'im so high he wont never light.'

"Steamboat 's soon saddled an' Stanley's up; off comes the blind—an' they 're off! Steamboat a-jumpin' high an' a-landin' hard, with the purple-shirt guy a-stickin' to 'im like a deer fly in August. But I notice he 's takin' my tip an' aint a-shovin' no steel in Ol' Steamboat's hide, jes' the same.

" 'Scratch 'im, scratch 'im!' yells the crowd.

Photograph by E. L. Kirby.

SADDLING A REFRACTORY "BRONC."

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"A-PLUNGIN' AN' A-SUNFISHIN' LIKE THE DEVIL 'S GOT 'IM."

"An' what does the guy do but pull 'is left foot out o' the stirrup an' rakes Ol' Steamboat's side from 'is neck to 'is flank! An' 'e dont stop at once! He does it some more, an' then some more, an' in a minit he 's got both feet out an 's a-rakin' the ol' hoss like Satan.

"When they sees 'im scratch 'im first, ever'body says 'Good-bye, Stanley,' but they dont know 'im yet.

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

AN INDIAN BRONCHO BUSTER.

Photograph by E. L. Kirby.

"SLICKER-BREAKING." ONE MAN SLAPS THE POOR "BRONC" WITH A RAINCOAT, WHILE ANOTHER HOLDS THE ANIMAL.

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

A PITCHER—THAT GOT BROKEN.

"Clean across the open groun' goes Ol' Steamboat, a-plungin' an' a-sunfishin' like the devil 's got 'im; a-snortin' an' a-heavin' the ol' critter breaks through a gap in the fence an' comes right down by the bleachers an' gran'stan', with Stanley a-rakin' 'im at ever' jump an' a-slappin' 'im with 'is hat.

"Couldn't a-bin better if he 's trained to do it that way, an' the crowd jes' goes wild! Why them people in the seats jes' raises right up on their hind laigs an' hollers like Comanches—women doin' it, too, they 're that excited!

"When Ol' Steamboat gits down close to the gran'stan' he stops a minit to git 'is wind.

" 'S-c-r-a-t-c-h!' An' the steel rakes the critter's hide from 'is neck to 'is flank, an' makes 'im that mad he tries ever' devilish trick he 's ever learned in years at Frontier; he 's jis' goin' to dump that rider er bust a ladigo. Up in the air he goes, an' then fer a straight dart down, jumpin' sideways an' a-snortin' and a-foamin' at the mouth, he 's that mad. But the guy in the purple shirt 's still doin' bizness.

"An' Stanley! Why, the crowd jist could 'nt git through a-handin' it to 'im! It was sure great the way they stood up an' howled an' tossed up their hats! The wimmen 's bad 's the men, too, fer they yelled an' hollered an' jest waved their handkerchiefs an' parasols to beat the band.

"Purty soon Ol' Steamboat — Ol' Steamboat what's never bin really conquered in his life an 's tossed more men up in the air than any two critters in Wyoming—Ol' Steamboat they said nobody 'd ever dare scratch—quits like a steer in the road. He 's all in; he ain't got a wiggle left, an' when Stanley gits off on the groun' that ol' hoss goes to the corral with his head a-hangin' down an' 'is tail a-draggin' an' a-cryin' like a baby, he 's that broken-hearted!"

Life

By William Northrup Morse

Life! Life! And the passion of living!
  May the strong blood leap like the sap of the tree,
  When the world cries, "Come! O Heart who 's free,
For there 's passion of taking, and passion of giving!"

"WE 'LL REVERSE THIS A HUNDRED TIMES OVER!" HE EXCLAIMED.

Impeached

By William Hamilton Osborne

HE clerk pulled himself together. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, looking the foreman in the eye, "have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman's hand was tremulous. In it he held a piece of paper upon which his gaze was fixed.

"We have," he responded in a hoarse whisper.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the clerk, "how do you find—guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman lifted his head and turned his glance toward the Court.

"Guilty, your Honor," he exclaimed, "guilty as charged in the indictment."

There was silence pure and simple, for the space of half a minute, and then the big old-fashioned courtroom broke into a subdued uproar. Spectators looked each other in the face.

"Gee," said the crowd, with a long-drawn whistle, not altogether of surprise, but rather of excitement. Porteous, the hardware man, sitting on the last seat, turned to Johnny Burns of the Ideal Dairy. "I owe you fifty plunks on that verdict, Burns," he said. "Jumpin' Jerusalem, I did n't think they 'd have the nerve to do it."

The Court rapped for silence. Cowen, of Cowen, Covington & Black, the senior counsel in the case, had consulted with his confreres. Now he rose, and moved formally to set aside the verdict.

"Motion denied," returned the Court. Cowen retorted with a motion for arrest of judgment. That was denied. There was another pause.

The Court was Justice Wallace T. Angleman, the most experienced, the most noted judge of Oyer and Terminer in the State. But this experience was new to him, and he trembled, almost shivered. He removed his glasses, wiped them with his kerchief and put them on again.

"Is there any reason, Counselor," he asked of Cowen, "why sentence should not *now* be pronounced?"

This brought seven lawyers to their feet. "Why, your Honor," they cried in unison, in indignant protest, "this is most unusual in a case like this—"

"This is an unusual case," responded the Court drily. Nevertheless, he heard them patiently. The crowd gnawed its finger nails and waited.

"What 'll he give him?" queried the crowd of itself.

On the rear seat Burns, of the Ideal Dairy, turned to Porteous, the hardware man.

"I 'll bet you another fifty, Billy," he remarked, "that he fines him a cold million dollars—that or more."

Porteous only laughed. "Done," he answered. "Judge Angleman would n't dare fine him fifty thousand dollars. Not on your life."

"John Watts Grubb," exclaimed the Court at last, "will you please arise."

John Watts Grubb arose. He was the defendant, the guilty man. He was a big man, and his face just now was angry red. His eye flashed fire. From the instant of the rendition of the verdict, he had been a spluttering volcano of righteous indignation. And now, upon his feet, as he glared at the Court, he was preparing, in the back of his head, some private vengeance suitable for such a jury and for such a judge. Justice Angleman no longer trembled. His cold judicial gaze met the hot glance of belligerence and quelled it. And yet, Angleman knew then, what the rest knew later, that from that instant, his career as a Court was practically at an end. He strode on to his doom.

"John Watts Grubb," he said, incisively, "the sentence of the Court is, that you be confined in the State's Prison, at hard labor, for the term of five years. That 's all."

"All." The crowd gasped. Porteous and Burns, on the rear seat, sank back and fanned themselves. John Watts Grubb glared but for one instant into the soul of Justice Angleman. Then he turned white and slumped into his chair, sprawling half across the table in a faint.

Justice Angleman rose, gathered his robe about him and stepped to the door of his private chambers.

"You may clear the courtroom, constable," he said.

The crowd filed slowly out, with the reporters first. Two New York newspaper men boldly ascended to the bench, and stood upon the Judge's desk and took three flashlights of John Watts Grubb as he lay supine upon the table. It took three-quarters of an hour to clear the room. Within that time New York had the news, London almost had it, and Paris was getting it hot over the wires. That night Constantinople had it. The world had it and gloated over it. As a piece of news, it was quite worth while.

John Watts Grubb was a man worth sixty-five millions of dollars in securities that could have been turned into cash in twenty-four hours. He was the president, the proprietor of the Universal Food Concern. He had been convicted by a jury of his townsmen, in the county where he lived, for the flagrant violation of the anti-monopoly laws of his own small commonwealth. He had been sentenced by a judge whom he had known for years—sentenced to five years in the State's Prison.

That night in his own home on the Hill, John Watts Grubb turned to Cowen, his adviser-in-chief. "They tell me," said John Watts Grubb, feebly, "that Angleman's job carries a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. What are we comin' to, when a twenty-five-hundred-a-year man can do a thing like that."

There were present at the time, five of Grubb's counsel, his private secretary, and three of the officers of the Universal Food Concern. Cowen waved his hand, and they gathered, one and all, about the big round table. Cowen paused for an instant, and Grubb, the convicted magnate, took advantage of the opportunity.

"We 'll reverse this a hundred times over," he exclaimed.

Cowen held up his hand. "Grubb," he said, puffing on a black cigar and speaking between puffs, "listen to me. We 've appealed this case, and filed a bond. You 're out on bail. Out on bail you 'll stay, until—"

"Out on bail," repeated Grubb, "hang it, man, I 'll always stay out, bail or no bail. Humph!"

"I was about to remark," went on Cowen quietly, "that this case would go first to the Superior Court, thence to the Supreme Court, thence to the Court of Errors and Appeals. After that, we 'll take it up on a constitutional question to the Supreme Court of the United States. That will be the course. Considering a number of writs of habeas corpus and other preliminary motions, all this will take a matter of, well, years. There 's no hurry, therefore. We can take our time."

Grubb was about to speak again. Again Cowen raised his hand. "What I wanted to impress upon you, Grubb," he went on, slowly, "is that, in the last resort, this conviction and this sentence—"

"Will be reversed as sure as guns," said Grubb.

"Will be affirmed," concluded Cowen, quietly. He leaned back and puffed and looked each person present in the eye. There was no uncertainty about Cowen. He spoke as one who knew. And in his voice there was the crack of doom. A chill settled down upon the crowd. Grubb swaggered boldly to the front. "Do you mean to tell me, counselor," he queried, "that a man who 's worth a hundred million if he 's worth a cent is actually going to serve five years in a state's prison at hard labor!" Nonsense, man."

"I mean," said Cowen, his voice ringing prophetically, "that this verdict and this sentence are going to be affirmed." He nodded swiftly. "We 've got plenty of time, gentlemen," he began again, "but we 'd better take time by the fore-

lock." He threw one leg over the arm of his chair. He settled comfortably down into its leather depths. "Let 's talk politics," he said, with a half-smile, "what about the election of a governor."

Grubb spluttered. "What in thunder has that got to do with me?" he queried.

"A good deal," returned Cowen, "for when this conviction *is finally* affirmed, we 've got to have a governor who can exercise the gracious privilege *of pardon.* Dont you see?"

They saw. It was a simple thing, too. They would have thought of it in the event. But Cowen knew his business. He was counsel for the heads of trusts simply because he could figure out today the very thing that happened ten years later.

"By George!" said Grubb.

"Yes," returned Cowen. He waved his hand. "Leave Grubb and me alone for about twenty minutes," he suggested. The rest filed out, and Cowen strode to Grubb and sat upon the table and swung his legs.

"Grubb," he said, "who is Aline going to marry?"

"What the deuce—," began his wealthy client. Then he subsided. "I dont know," he answered.

"Send for her and find out," commanded Cowen. He stepped into an alcove behind a curtain. "I 'm going to stay here until she 's through," he said to Grubb. "If she dont tell us with her lips, she may tell us with her eyes," he told himself. Grubb rang a bell and a man appeared. "Tell my daughter to come here," said Grubb.

Aline came. From behind his curtain Cowen watched her. She was a girl of about twenty-two, well rounded. In no sense was she a beauty, but she had good features, and her eyes were unmistakably expressive. In them now, lurked trouble. Fear shone from them. Upon her shoulders lay the weight of a five years' sentence.

"Father," she exclaimed, "you take things so easily—you are wonderful, dear, wonderful. I dont see how you do it." She came to him and sat beside him and took his hand in hers. "Is n't it *terrible!*" she exclaimed.

"Aline," said her father, "strange things are happening these days, and they—they disarrange things, dont you see? There are things I 've got to settle before—before—"

"Dont—dont say it, father," she implored him.

"Girlie," he went on, "I want to know —I 've got to know, who you 're going to marry—" The girl sprang to her feet and the blood rushed to her face. She laughed hysterically.

"It 's up to you, and not to me," went on her father, "and—I 'd like to know—" Silence. From behind the curtain Cowen watched and listened.

"Is it J. Berry Broughton?" queried the magnate. The flush still mantled the face of the girl. "I dont know," she answered faintly. Grubb shook his head. "There's only one other that I know," he went on. "Is it Peter Stanwick?" The girl paled for an instant, and then a richer flood of color rushed to her face.

"I dont know," she answered faintly, once again.

"I 've *got* to know," said Grubb. But she could n't or she would n 't tell him. "I *dont* know, really, father," she exclaimed. He waved her aside and she left him. Cowen emerged.

"Blamed if I could find out," said the magnate.

Cowen lit a fresh cigar. "Young Peter Stanwick is our man," he said.

Peter Stanwick was a lawyer in town —a young lawyer, a struggling lawyer, of the kind that wears good clothes, and joins a club, and tries a case well and neatly, and gives good square advice. He was, he told himself, of the ordinary run. The only unusual thing about himself, he thought, was that Aline Grubb liked him. And some day, he felt, when he was well upon his feet, and had an income of four thousand a year or so, he was going to marry Aline, and make her live on *his* money, not on hers. And he was pretty sure Aline would do it, unless, Berry Broughton—

Peter was sitting in the green room at the club one night when Mulholland, of the machine, swung in and caught him by the arm and drew him into a private room.

"Peter, my boy," he announced confidentially, "you 're going to run for Governor."

"W-what?" gasped Peter Stanwick, "why, thunder, Major, I 'm not even in ward politics."

"Exactly," returned Mulholland, "if you were, you could n't run for Governor. We 've got to have somebody clean, unhampered, unallied—and you 're the man." Peter rubbed his eyes and pinched himself. But it was not a dream and Major Mulholland was *not* drunk, as he at first supposed.

"You 'll run," remarked Mulholland. Stanwick ran. He was nominated. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. All this had taken months. But the hour when Peter Stanwick took his oath of office was the hour of his life. In a far corner of the room was Aline, watching him, and he knew, he felt—well, he was Governor, on a salary of seventy-five hundred a year, and it was only a question of time, *now*, at any rate.

Three months after he took his seat, Cowen of Cowen, Covington & Black drove up to Grubb's in his runabout. He saw Grubb.

"Grubb," he said, holding a yellow flimsy in his hand. "Advance information—from Washington. The papers wont get this till tomorrow. Look at it, if you please."

Grubb looked, and fell back into his chair. "Conviction affirmed," he gasped, "by George, you were right, months ago, and I was wrong. I might have saved the endless dollars that I 've spent upon this thing."

"I wish you 'd given 'em to me," growled Cowen. He nodded. "Have these chaps 'phoned for, Grubb," he said, "and we 'll have a conference. This ought to go up to the Governor at once. We 've still got lots of time. It 's the long vacation, and there are three motions that can hold this up for months. But still—"

Two days later there were handed up to Governor Peter Stanwick two applications for pardon. One was in the case of Mackerley, a murderer. The other was in the case of John Watts Grubb. The one was supported by the argument of Counselor Eisenstein, of the police courts. The other was presented by ten of the ablest counsel in the State. Even Wellington, the biggest Wall Street lawyer in the world, came over on a special, to make a special plea.

"Tommy," said the Governor to his private secretary some three weeks after that, "here 's my memo, in two pardon cases. File 'em if you please." The private secretary looked them over and turned pale.

"There—there must be some mistake," he faltered.

"File them, if you *please,"* exclaimed the Governor. His private secretary filed *one*. Then he sought a private telephone and called up the office of Cowen, Covington & Black. He got Cowen on the wire.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Cowen. He called together his colleagues and they went in a body to the Governor's office. But the Governor was adamant. "I cant help it," said the Governor. Cowen sent for Grubb, and Grubb, with the sweat starting from his pallid countenance, saw the Governor alone, and groveled before him. Grubb got upon his knees, Grubb lay flat upon his face before he got through. The Governor was adamant, and a man worth fifty million dollars in cold cash squirmed out of his office as helpless as a new-born babe.

"Send for Aline," commanded Cowen. Aline was sent for, and came, flying. Two words placed her in full command of the situation, and then she plunged into the vortex.

"But," she protested to Governor Stanwick, "you pardoned this man Mackerley—a murderer. And yet—"

"Mackerly was n't a murderer," answered the Governor, "and he was convicted on insufficient evidence, and his counsel did n't protect his interests, and the real murderer has confessed upon his death-bed since the trial. I *had* to pardon Mackerley—"

"Peter," said the girl, "John Watts Grubb *is my father*—"

"I cant help it," groaned the Governor, "look at me. Do you think I 've

had any sleep for the last two weeks? Do you think that I have n't strained every nerve to find some flaw. But, my God! Aline, cant you see? *I* did n't convict your father. I 'm not doing anything. You 're asking me to interfere in a perfectly simple case, I cant interfere. I have no jurisdiction. Read the statute. There it is—that tells you when a Governor may pardon. Well, the requisite situation does n't exist in this case. That 's all."

"But," she exclaimed, "you *can* pardon, if you want to. If you do, it will be effective, wont it?"

"I *cant,* that 's all," he answered. There were things that happened in that private room. Aline, too, went upon her knees. The agony had eaten into her. In all the world there was but one thing that had to be done, that must be accomplished. Her father, John Watts Grubb, had to be saved from going down to State's Prison between two uniformed men, from serving five years at hard labor, from—

In the outer office, Cowen, Grubb and counsel waited for two hours. At the end of that time Aline came forth, pale, haggard, terrified, and with something of the wild beast in her. There was something that had come down to her from her father, something *yellow,* for she stood facing them all, with the door of the Governor's private room shut upon her.

"Oh-h-h!" she almost snarled, through shut teeth, "oh, I 'll even up with him for this. Let him look out! Let him take care!"

They knew then that the case was hopeless; knew that the door of last resort was closed to them; knew that John Watts Grubb, when the time came, must go down into the ignominy that his wealth had carved for him—they all knew that, save Cowen. He only lit a fresh cigar.

"Let 's go back to Grubb's, boys. Everybody." They went. Grubb, an old man, with the taint of the jail already on him, sank down and rested his head upon a table and sobbed. Cowen left him alone.

"Sit down and let us reason together," said Cowen.

They reasoned. One week later there was introduced into the Senate a resolution for the impeachment of Governor Peter Stanwick. It was backed by the affidavits of thirty witnesses. It was based upon his acceptance of a bribe in the case of the pardon of Mackerley, a murderer. The Senate passed the resolution. Stanwick was tried. He was exposed. The State soon knew what man this was they had elected Governor. There was no hint, no innuendo—everything was proof, proof, proof. Witnesses were called by the dozen, unimpeachable witnesses, witnesses who *knew.* For Cowen understood his business, none better. And in order to clinch the matter, there were inferences here and there, of a bribe stronger than mere money. There was a woman in the case, and the name of Governor Stanwick was plunged into the mire of immorality. He was guilty beyond any reasonable doubt. He was impeached, unanimously; irrevocably. As Governor of the State, he was down and out.

"Well," said Cowen to Grubb, when that was done, "well, bless me, now we *have* no Governor. We 'll have to get one now, sure enough. It 's up to the Senate and the Assembly, now, to give us one."

"Who?" asked Grubb.

"Do I understand," queried Cowen, "that Aline is going to marry J. Berry Broughton, after all?"

Grubb nodded.

"Then," said Cowen, "J. Berry Broughton is our man."

To make assurance doubly sure, they sent for Berry Broughton and had a long, strong talk with him. Aline was present at this interview, and at its close, for one swift moment, she caught J. Berry Broughton about the neck and clung to him, in an excess of delight.

"Berry," she exclaimed, "I love you, love you, love you."

It was part and parcel of his reward. Not all of it, for Broughton was an ambitious man. He was appointed Governor, and on the very day he took his oath, that day he pardoned John Watts Grubb.

"No chances, you know," Cowen told him, "you may die overnight." And

the shadow of the prison slipped easily from the magnate and he rounded out, and his face took on its accustomed hue once more. He slept nights, and he ate with regularity. And trouble faded from the eyes of Aline Grubb.

Down in a secluded corner of the green room at the club, there sat a spectre, whose name was Peter Stanwick. Shadows still clung to him. Vengeance still pursued him. He had been impeached on manufactured evidence and he had squared his square shoulders at his fate.

"I 'll practice law and stick it out," he told himself, "I 'll live it down." But in order to practice law, a man must be a lawyer and he must have clients. His clients drifted from him at the start, even those who believed him, and believed in him. Without explanation, they deserted him. If he met them in the street, they crossed to the other side. They knew better than he why this thing was and was to be. Cowen never did things by halves. And the time was to come, and came, when Stanwick no longer was a lawyer. The *Morning Mail*, Grubb's daily document, was the first to spread the news:

"Disbarred." The Supreme Court had done it. It had no other course. These things must follow legal evidence, and the evidence was there, on tap. Fraud, chicanery, unprofessional conduct as a lawyer—thievery, crime—proved beyond question by witnesses whom Stanwick had never even seen.

"I 've got some friends left yet," thought Stanwick, in his corner at the club, "some friends left here—I 'll stick it out."

The secretary sought him in his seclusion—the secretary of the club. He passed him a square envelope. "Sorry, Mr. Stanwick," was his only comment. Stanwick shivered, tore it open, and groaned aloud. He was expelled from the Algonquin. He drew his hat down across his eyes and strode out the door and down the broad steps.

"I 'll stick it out—*alone,*" he said.

Day after day, night after night, he walked the streets, with shame clinging to him. Today he held a job, but the merciless detectives on his track corrupted his employers, and he was turned out again. He grew shabby. But he was glad of one thing. He held his pride. He kept himself neat and clean—he felt, though, that these were things that would slip from him as he slumped down into the army of the unknown. Many times he thought of drink, of drugs—of the comfortable vices of the vagabond. But he shook his head. He gritted his teeth. "I 'll stick it out alone," he said.

In his extremity, he turned his head one night, and saw—Mackerley, the man he had pardoned. Mackerley took off his hat and bowed low.

"Governor Stanwick," he exclaimed. Mackerley took him home, for Governor Stanwick had five cents left in his pocket and nothing more. Out of all the big town, out of all the crowded State, this man Mackerley was the one man who understood, who was his friend. Mackerley knew, too, what unjust prosecution was. And in the warmth of Mackerley's little room, pride tore itself from Peter Stanwick, and he poured into the sympathetic ears of Mackerley his tale, and its burden was: "Aline—Aline—Aline."

Mackerley only smiled. "I 'm a detective, too, just now," said Mackerley. Stanwick shivered. "You?" he exclaimed, drawing away.

"Sure," replied the other, "oh, there 's many, many things that *you* dont know."

There were. And one of them that Stanwick did n't know was that at that very instant J. Berry Broughton—Governor Broughton—was standing, with pale face, before a girl who was handing him a ring. Ex-Governor Stanwick could not know that at that instant Governor Broughton was a living protest. "But—Aline," the Governor was saying to her, in the drawing-room at Grubb's big house, "you cant mean it. Dont you know that I 've held you in my arms! Dont you know that my kisses are on your lips! Dont you know that you *belong* to me, just as much as though—my heaven," he broke off, wiping his brow, "my heavens! Aline, why, you belong to me because I 've earned you—look what I did for your father! Look what I did for you—"

Aline shook her head sadly. "I know —I know," she admitted, "the yellow streak was in me—that, and the agony. There was only one thing I could think of, Berry—but the agony is gone, and the strain, the terrific strain is over—and I know that the yellow streak has oozed out with the rest. I can't think of you—I cant marry you—not with the taint upon you as it is. I broke my promise. But I had to, had to, dont you see—Berry," she cried, "I 'm just beginning to find out that I 'm a woman, and that you are *not*—a man."

She waited there until he had gone. She waited for two hours after that in the little den by the side door. At last there was a knock. She opened. A man stood there.

"Have you found him?" she inquired. The man nodded. "He 's safe," he answered, "I left him asleep—asleep. And I locked the door." She peered out and saw that the cab was there. She was fully dressed in street clothes. Hastily she extinguished the light in the little den, and caught her companion by the arm, and stole out to the cab. "Walk your horse for two blocks," she commanded, "then drive like the wind."

Ten minutes later the two stood astounded, looking into an empty room. "He broke out, the cuss," said her companion, "he must a been—afraid—"

Ex-Governor Stanwick walked, walked, walked—up one block and down the other. "Why dont they leave me alone," he exclaimed to himself, "why do they follow me—"

He stopped. Behind him a cab clattered down the street. He drew up by a tree to watch it pass. It also drew up, within ten feet of him. A man jumped out.

"I thought so," said this man, "this here is *him.*" The man was Mackerley, the pardoned convict, the detective. For the first time in his life Stanwick started to run, away from the nameless terror that pursued him. But he was caught, not by Mackerley, but by a woman, a woman who held him in a nervous grip.

"Peter Stanwick," she exclaimed.

"Aline," he answered—up the street Mackerley was slinking around the corner. Aline, clinging to her prisoner, forced Stanwick into a cab. "Where were you going, Peter?" she queried in a very matter-of-fact way.

"I was going to get out—I was going to New York," answered Stanwick, desperately.

"I 'll go with you," said Aline.

"What?" exclaimed Stanwick. She nodded. "I 'll go with you," she went on, "I 've got it all arranged. What a weary chase I 've had to find you—Yes, dont say a word—we 're going to get married, Peter, you and I. I 've got the money, here in my bag—listen, we 're going to a justice of the peace—and we 'll take the night train to New York —anywhere, I dont care. I dont care about anything, Peter, now—but *you.* We 'll come back and live it down together. Oh, you have nothing to live down, but I have. And people are going to know it. People are going to find out—if it takes every dollar I can lay my hands on, Peter," she suddenly exclaimed, "what—if—you *wont* marry me. Oh! I never thought of that—do Peter, please. I 'm good. I 'm not yellow any more—and I love you, love you!

Ex-Governor Stanwick bowed his head upon his hands and his breast labored with the heavy, painful sobs of a man. Her soft arms held him then. When this paroxysm was over, he straightened up and care dropped from him like a mantle.

On their way back to the station, Stanwick caught her by the arm. "The Algonquin Club is all ablaze tonight," he said, "what 's going on?" Aline smiled. "Governor Broughton has been elected United States Senator. Dont you read the papers? Verily, he has his reward."

"I have *my* reward," sighed Stanwick, "somehow I *knew* I should."

The Way To Wealth

By Clinton Dangerfield

THE western sun happened to be just pleasantly warm, the rockers on the porch very conducive to comfort, and our tobacco remarkably good. This put Dent Hackett into a contemplative mood. He stretched out his chaps-enclosed legs, tilted back his sombrero and let his head repose peacefully against the cushion hung to the rocker's back; a most artistic cushion done in green needlework on a red background.

My rocker had no cushion, therefore I did n't nod, and that 's why I happened to notice a long-legged, sad-faced man with a satchel of books under his arm, and a Prince Albert on his back, coming down the sidewalk.

The Prince Albert would n't have been so impressive but for the fact that his trousers were ultra western in style, his boots of the rustiest, so the contrast was remarkably effective.

I poked Dent in the ribs.

"Look at the effete East and the boundless West happily united in one costume," I said.

Dent's eyes flew open in their usual instantaneous way. He always wakes up as swiftly as a baby at daybreak. He glanced at the figure solemnly stalking on, sat suddenly upright, rubbed his eyes, looked again and swore under his breath.

"Know him?" I asked.

Dent relapsed into comfort, but his eyes had a moody expression.

"Do I know him?" he repeated. "Do I know cheese from a billiard chalk?"

I waited, encouragingly. Dent rattled a few pieces of silver in one pocket and said gloomily:

"He wont wear them chaps tonight. He 's goin' to lecture—I 'll bet that—and he 'll bloom out like a flower."

"Going to hear him?" I ventured

"See him in h——; but wait till I tell you how it was. Then you can caper over there if you like. It was several years ago. I had come into Ten-Forks to bust my check—been ridin' herd. After the usual round was over, brief but rapid, I hears, the ensuing night, that a lecture is on at the combination building which answered for opery house, church, or anything else to be made public. Not havin' nothin' to do, I paid my last dime fer a ticket—it was plum cheap I thought then— and I went. When that lecture man come out he was the mournfullest lookin' galoot I had ever saw. But he had all the language in the world on tap in his big bumpy-shaped head, and when his eyes lighted up they glowed at you like electric signals; and presently, I was in the fust row, I found myself as deadly fascinated as any squir'l over a rattler.

"Fer this was what he was sayin', an' sayin' it plum magnetic, shootin' it into my mind like a bullet:

" 'There is a Law,' says he, 'of Financial Success. Understand this Law and you can have all the money you want; but before I tell you about it I want to explain what must preface this Law. Desire goes before the Law—if you dont desire success you will not follow the Law.'

" 'Most of you gents here tonight are cowboys. Are you content to go on riding herd for another man all your lives, makin' money for him? You save up for months and when you come in here to Ten-Forks you ain't got enough money for more 'n a thirty-six-hour spree. Ain't that so?'

" 'Mine never lasted but twenty-four,' says I hastily, my memory revertin' to Shivery Jim's peculiar way of playin' cards, which yet I could n't prove.

" 'Here 's a gent whose money only lasted twenty-four hours,' says the lecturer. 'No doubt many others could tell the same sad tale.'

" 'You bet we could,' yelled a bunch.

" 'But your employers,' goes on the lecturer, 'they have money for all the sprees they choose! They have a good time all the year round. They dont have no cares! They kin do as they please. They are independent rich. Why dont you all desire to be independent rich too?'

" 'We do—we do!' hollers the boys, and I begins to feel how small an' triflin' my job was.

"Well, then, that lecturer got down to business. 'Thought,' says he, 'is the Man. There is no limitation to Thought. What you wish to be, you may be.'

" 'Hold on there,' says I, 'hold on, Mister. Suppose I take my best bronco and put him on the race-track against Salvator, and that there bronc desires to git under the wire fust, an' desires it hard—will he win? Or will Salvator git the purse?'

"My poor benighted friend,' says the lecturer, 'you are talkin' of a mere horse. Horses have their limitations; but Man has none.'

" 'He who resolutely tramples Doubt under foot may undertake Anything—an' push it to a glittering accomplishment.'

" 'The more original you are, the more glitter! This is a secret well known to the Carnegies and Rockefellers. They only had to will, and they accomplished. Man is the unicorn'—no, that ain't his word,—'the unification of the will. All men are equal—it 's just a question of weddin' the act to the wish.'

"Now, that last phrase took me powerful. 'Just a question of weddin' the act to the wish.' There was glory in a nutshell—an' fifty-hour sprees, an' the best ponies—an' everything.

"Well, that there lecture man, he took up that theme, an' he embroidered it, an' he done it up in pyroggy-raphy, an' he painted it, an' he hung jewels over it, an' he corusticated it, an' filled our minds with pyramids of joy, for language to him was n't no consideration atall.

"At last he comes to a stop, an' says he:

" 'Now, my friends, I have told you much. The rest, putting gold and limitless pleasure in your hands, is in this little book, *Successful Finance and Its Easy Laws*—which I only ask for it the simple price, one dollar. Dont buy it if you dont choose; but if you fail to buy it, you 'll ferget what I 've told you—it 's all in here, and much more.'

"Of course, we all bought his book—them as had no money borrowed. Under the spell of them soothin' and fiery words of his 'n we 'd have cheerful paid ten plunks.

"He took our money, called down a blessing on us and left.

"Well, I read my book plum to pieces; and it jest confirmed all he said, 'Wed the act to the wish'—and you could be what you liked.

"Now, the ideel of my life was always a banker. I observed them spoke of with more respect than most any other citizens; an' most important of all I never saw a poor banker—did you?"

"No, I never did," I admitted.

"Well, after thinkin' over all the different careers which offered, I hesitated between smokin' a cegar in the rostrum of Congress, or being a banker; but banking won the day.

"I chucked up my job, rid into Waldrop, as a promising village, havin' no bank, and set about the matter in earnest. Fust thing I needed was a cashier an' I enquired about till I heard of one out of a job. I never let him guess I had n't no money. I jest made up my mind I had plenty, an' I turned my enthusiasm loose on him to sich an extent that he jumped at the chance. He was a tall, loose-limbed, smother-jawed, blue-eyed kind of a galoot; but he could sling figgers like I can bullets, an' he was facilitous with his tongue, an' a quick reader.

"I engaged him on the spot, and then I rid to the office of the weekly paper an' told, in glowin' language, of the

bank which I proposed to establish.

"They did n't waste no time in comin' out with a column on the Cowboy Financier. I rented a mejum-sized buildin', bought a lot of wire nettin', an' a string of second-hand fencin' on time.

"That night I rounded up the cashier an' him an' me went to work like sixty, by lamp-light, with curtains down. He grumbled considable. Said he 'd et too much supper an' was n't used to workin' all night; but I told him I knowed it was customary to work bank officials overtime whenever necessary, an' for him to shut up—which he did, though he eyed me curious now and then. He was a kind of an ill-tempered man.

"We built a lot of remarkable good bank fixin's inside that buildin', an' instead of leavin' them wire-nettin' pens open at the top, like they do in other banks, I covered mine completely, and put stout padlocks on the door, so I could lock up the force, an' leave 'em workin' an' stay off as many hours as I pleased. I wanted to fix up an elegant pen top for the cashier; but he said that was n't considered the thing at all; that the cashier was always allowed loose, being the most important officer in the bank.

" 'Except the president, my friend,' says I, 'except the president.'

"About that time the cashier hit his finger with his hammer, and I never got no answer, as he was too busy swearing.

"Well, it took us just three days to complete the force, which were the receivin' an' the payin' teller, an' install 'em.

"I wanted to open the buildin' with music; something classic like 'Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree;' but the cashier, which his name was Slade, objected so strong that I gave it up. He was a very inartistic man, with no sense of the beautiful.

"The force kicked some at havin' the keys turned on 'em; but, if I say it as should n't, I 've got a rep-and-a-half as a handy man with a gun, and I only had to scowl at 'em once.

"Havin' everything in good shape, I started forth to round up depositors."

"That must have been the hardest part of all," I sympathized.

"Sometimes it was, sometimes it was n't. My fame as the 'honest cowboy banker,' ready to give a square deal preceded me; yet occasionally folks would raise the most curious objections. F'r instance I visited the home of Abijah Brownfield Smith, the richest miser in the county. I explained the whole matter to him, and that I must have his support.

" 'What rate you payin'?' says Abijah, squintin' up them little, green eyes of hisn.

" 'Twenty per cent on the dollar,' says I, 'and the depositors is well pleased at the prospect.'

"Abijah gave a kind of gasp.

" 'That 's too much.'

" 'Too much!' I hollers, taken completely by surprise. 'Are you turnin' philanthropist, Mr. Smith—or do my ears deceive me?'

" 'It 's too much,' says Abijah again.

" 'Why 'nt you say that when I borrowed a hundred from you last year,' I demands; 'you made me pay exactly fifty cents on the dollar for a year's use, and mortgage my string of ponies besides.'

" 'That ain't got nothin' atall to do with it,' says Abijah, in his rusty voice, crossin' one ancient shoe over the other, 'I 'm a private individual. I 'm talkin' now about your bank proposition. Banks dont do business that away. They borrows at two-and-a-half or three, and lends fer as high as they kin git.'

" 'Well, what in h— is it to you,' I says, 'how high I choose to pay you?'

" 'A bank paying twenty per cent to its depositors,' says Abijah firmly, 'aint no safe place of deposit.'

"I jumped up, feelin' plum indignant and entirely outraged.

"I stalked to his chair and I stood in front of him, my gun slid into my hand.

"You 'd ort to be shot for makin' slanderous remarks concerning of my institution,' I says hotly, 'me that aint never done you no harm! I 've a notion to plug you right now!' Of course, I never meant to hurt him, but Abijah gave a yell of horror.

"'Dont do that!' he screams, 'I 'd ruther let you have a couple of hundred as—as a deposit!'

"I stuck my gun back in my pocket.

"'I reckon that will suit better all round,' I says, scowlin' at him; 'make it five hundred. You 'll git your interest regular.'

"He looks at me and says he:

"'Yes, but what about the principal?'

"'Principal!' I says, surprised; 'you aint got nothing to do with that—all you gotter do is draw your twenty per cent.'

"Abijah looks at me again, then he says deliberate, still kind of eyeing my gun:

"'Go on back to your bank—there 's a good boy! I 'll send you a checque fer deposit tomorry.'

"He done it. The checque come; but it was only fer a measly two hundred. Not even bodily fear could loosen up more 'n that from Abijah. However, the cashier said his name would be worth thousands in influencing others, if it was known he banked with us.

"''Taint no trouble to make known,' I says, and I had the county paper print a long list of depositors' names. They covered two colums. Some of 'em had n't deposited yet; but when I took the list to 'em and showed that the publicity had bound 'em to do it, they come around quite reasonable.

"Well I worked hard; yet it was a surprise to me at the end of two weeks to find what a big, fat sum we had in the vault.

"Then I called a directors' meetin', which consisted of myself and the cashier, and says I:

"'Now this business is well under way. And when them citizens draws their twenty per cent per annum—'

"'Their what?' says the cashier hasty.

"'Their twenty per cent—'

"'I told you we 'd pay three and four,' hollers Slade.

"'I would n't offer a cat such interest as that!' says I; 'I told 'em twenty. That 's how come I got so many corraled. They all know I 'm honest.'

"The cashier stared hard at me.

"'How you goin' to get that interest to pay 'em? Think it 'll grow on them dollars you got locked up?'

"'I mean to get it the way banks always gets their interest money. How do they do it? It 's your business to tell me.'

"'They borrow low and loan high—and you 're doing the very reverse,' says he, in an awful sort of tone. He was naturally a disagreeable man when discussin' business.

"'Keep to the pint,' I says. 'How do I pay them twenty per cent?'

"He looks at me very offensive, and says he, like he was talkin' to a kid:

"'Pay it out the principal, of course.'

"I sat there thinking. It sounded all right and then again it did n't.

"'Is it ever done that way?' I says.

"'Frequent,' says he, 'in a certain kind of institution.'

"'But soon the principal would all be gone, would n't it?'

"'Them kind of bank officials dont wait for that,' says he. 'They always leave with enough to live on.'

"'Now look here,' I says, 'do I look like a thief or do I not?'

"'Taint never safe to tell folks what they look like,' says the cashier. 'Pass on to another question!'

"'What am I agoin' to do?' I asks, dogged; for I was reelly gittin' alarmed; 'I have promised solemn that that twenty per cent should be confounded every quarter.'

"'You kin take a flyer in stocks,' says the cashier, 'in which case you 've a millionth chance of makin' enough to pay these suckers—'

"'Dont you talk of my depositors in such a way, or I 'll bat your head agin the wall,' says I.

"'Excuse me,' says he. 'Under the circumstances I kinder thought—but never mind! Does the stock idea appeal to you?'

"'No it dont,' I says very short. 'I aint takin' no chances on other people's money.'

"'H'm!' says he, 'Well there's several other ways of possibly relievin' the situation; but it 's all apt to come to the same result. You 've reversed your bankin' an' ruined everything. If you wont gamble you aint got no chance at all to pay no such outrageous per cent—unless you pay the first installment out

of the principal an' so keep 'em quiet until—'

"'Until what?' says I, bewildered.

"'Oh, nothin',' says he; 'there aint no way out.'

"'I 'll take time to think,' I says; 'there 's a way out shorely. I must read my book over again slow an' thoughtful.'

"'What book?' says the cashier, quite curious.

"I got it out an' showed it to him. He give a peculiar little sound kinder like a choked-off giggle.

"'Why, I wrote that myself,' says he, 'one week when I was stranded in New York. I got jest fifty dollars for the hull thing.'

"I nearly fell outn my chair, for I seen he was talkin' the truth.

"'You!' I says. 'You! Well, why'nt you foller what it says. Why'nt you rich?'

"This time he giggled outright.

"'Have n't I created riches?' he says, 'aint the vault fuller money?'

"'The act to the wish!' I quotes, 'if that lecturer was thirty miles of here—'

"'What lecturer?' says the cashier.

"I told him the whole story. I never seed a man so amused in my life, an' the more amused he got the more I kept a-wonderin' whether I could afford the scandal of pluggin' my cashier in the laig. But I decided it would n't be ettiquette fer a bank president, an' I sat there glowerin'.

"Then the cashier looks at the clock.

"'My goodness,' says he (he never did learn to swear proper); 'my goodness, how time has flew in this pleasant discussion! Well, you take a few days to think—an' I 'll think, too.'

"Well, fer two days I got out in the open an' thunk an' thunk—but all I could think of was my havin' found out who reelly wrote that book, an' wishin' I could tackle that lecture man. Weddin' the act to the wish would, at that moment, have been sweet to me—if not to him!

"It was the afternoon of the second day when I come gallopin' back to town sooner than I 'd said I was comin', about half-past four o'clock. The bank was closed to outsiders; but, of course, I could git in the back way. I throwed my reins over the pony's head an' marched up the stairs.

"When I come into the bank I was surprised to see the payin' an' receivin' teller still locked up in their wire cages; both of 'em standin' quite gloomy an' majestic.

"'What you doin' here so late?' I says, irritated, for they was always liberated at three, they bein' simply ornaments, anyway. The cashier slept in the bank an' got extry pay as night watchman. He was a very steady man, seemin' perfectly content to stay close by the money.

"'The cashier would n't let us out,' says the receivin' teller, 'an' after consultin' with the paying' teller, we decided it did n't make no difference. You had no right to put tops on our cages this way. The end of it serves you jest right!'

"'What end?' says I, very quick.

"'The cashier 's gone with the money. He left a note on your desk,' says both in chorus.

"I made a leap for the desk, my heart in my throat.

"Sure enough, there was a note! I remember it well enough! Says it:

Dear President:

I am gone with the funds which my own excellent pamphlet created. They appertain to me in all reason. I have wed the act to the wish, an' have cut for you a Gordian knot. Dont let the payin' an' receivin' teller out until their tempers go down, an' be careful about your depositors when you explain.

"That was all?" I asked, as Dent paused.

"Yes, that was all, an' me with a crowd of widdys an' orphums on my hands!

"For one foolish moment I thunk of killin' myself; next I thunk of killin' the payin' an' receivin' teller for not hollerin' bloody murder an' raisin' the town—but that would n't do no good. I found out later I had hurt their vanity, an' they had tuck it out on me, besides which they said they did n't care to yell for help an' have to face the crowd alone. Long as he was there the cashier kept 'em quiet with his gun.

"I pressed my hands to my forehead an' only one thing stood out distinct. I had to catch my cashier. I jest had to. He had only got under two hours start—an' something might yet be done.

"'You two kin stay where you are,' says I, very savage; 'I 'll let you loose when I git good an' ready!' An' in spite o' their implorin's I run out the back way an' made tracks for another horse, the speediest pony ever foaled in the West, an' I left that town, goin' God only knew where. But I must catch my cashier. I simply must.

"I figgered he was makin' straight for the nearest railroad, which was miles away; so he could hit New Mexico.

"On an' on I galloped, an' presently I seen an autymobile makin' straight toward me.

"Both of us stopped to once an' I hollered to know if they 'd seed my man, givin' a description.

"'No,' says they, 'but have you seed the president of the Cowboy Bank in Waldrop?'

"'I might,' says I; 'why?'

"'We are three bank examiners,' says they, 'sent down by the Government on the earnest report of Mr. Abijah Brownfield Smith, of your county.'

"'I wish you good luck,' says I, an' galloped on.

"As I rode, I began to see more an' more that I had no chance whatever to find that sleek cashier. Yit I must do somethin'; so I rode, an' now an' then I wondered what them bank examiners would do when they found nothin' to examine, but the tellers—an' also what the tellers would tell.

"An' then, very sudden, as I came over a rise in the distance, I see a wore-out lookin' horse standin' riderless. When I reached him I found the tracks of an auty where he had met the same. The pony was unfamiliar; but yet it might have been rid by the author of that inspirin' book on success.

"If so it was, an' the cashier was safe in a machine, I shorely had no better outlook than a cow chasin' an engine!

"But I ducked my head down savage, an' I galloped on an' on.

"I heerd the birds singin' an' I damned 'em. I seen the flowers a-bloomin' an' I damned them too.

"Furder an' furder. My pony was smokin' now an' his breathin' was comin' harder than it should. He could n't hold out forever; yet I knowed I 'd ride him till he dropped.

"Several times we passed wagons, twice we passed other autos, but all goin' toward town.

"However, at last I seen an auto a-goin' the other way. That is it was goin' when I fust seen it, but the speed growed lesser an' lesser as I galloped arter it, an' presently it stood still.

"Now I felt in my bones what was goin' to happen. Instead of the man I wanted there would be a beautiful girl in that broke-down machine (for broke-down it evidently was), just as the hero-wines always appear in stories.

"An' sure enough, when I come up alongside, a beautiful girl it was! An' I classed her along with the singin' birds an' blowin' flowers—only I did n't say it out loud.

"'What 's wrong?' I asks instead.

"She turned the anxiousest face on me you ever seen, but she stammers out:

"'Nothin', it 'll go all right presently.'

"'All right, your grandmother!' says I rudely.

"'Yes, my grandmother is all right,' says the girl severely; an' sure enough I seed that her grandmother was there too; an ancient ole soul all done up in bonnet an' veils, wearin' big gloves an' goggles, an' all humped over with rheumatism or somethin'.

"'Make a try at the auty again, Miss,' says I, willin' to rest my pony.

"She did try; she pulled an' jerked an' the machine sobbed; but it was plum stalled. I could n't help feelin' sorry for her; the more that she was too proud to ask help. I got off my horse.

"'Lemme see under the blamed thing,' says I.

"I crawled under an' messed around in cranks an' chains an' gearin's; but I rather tackle two horses with botts than one machine with plain colic.

"When I got out, my temper was riled.

"'Lemme look at your tank,' I says; 'aint nothin' wrong with your blamed gear so far as I can detect.'

"I yanked open the tank, slipped out my box of fancy matches, scratched one

of the same, the tank bein' low set an' darkish inside, an' looked in.

"Now I have always scratched matches when an' where I pleased, an' I have never had no trouble.

"But I had dropped the wrench the beauty girl had handed me, on the ground jest at my feet, an' I accidentally stepped on its round handle. It was my left foot that touched it, an' the muscles of that foot has always been weak from a bad sprain. The ankle turned, an' down I went, the lighted match breakin' in my fingers. The innocuous end went down with me, while the burning terminal—it fell into the gasoline!

"Racket! Well I reckon you 'd have thought Judgment day an' Gabriel with twenty megaphones was turned loose! Me bein' under it an' the explosion drivin' kinder upward, I was n't even to say singed; though a few hot spatters marked my face into some freckles.

"But them two in the machine!

"The beauty girl was throwed over the cow-catcher, lighten' on her head an' it subsequently developed that while her frills an' her picture hat was sure a wreck, her brains was not hurt by the fall—which was fortunate, she not havin' any to spare.

"But the grandmother! While I lay there starin' upward, she went plum skyward, an' the miracle was that she went up an ole woman an' she come down—a man!"

"The cashier!" I exclaimed.

"You 've hit it," said Dent approvingly.

"It sure was my missin' cashier; yet me bein' so dazed with the roar an' the transformation he might still have grabbed my pony an' escaped; but when he struck the ground there war n't no escape in him.

"I thought he was dead, an' though I got up an' put out the fire on him, I just did it mechanically.

"Then I went slowly round to the cow-catcher, stood the beauty girl up straight, an' asked her how she felt.

"Her picture hat was now formin' a ruff like I seen on a photo of Queen Elizabeth.

"She only looked at me an' busted into what I reckon the story books would call a passion of tears. I felt kinder sorry for her; although I now perceived that she had been consider'ble interested in the moves of my cashier, an' I looked around for something to wipe her eyes with. Then I saw that greenbacks in heavy packages, an' silver, was scattered everywhere.

"Fortunately the money was not hurt, an' the machine, though a wreck, not afire, the explosion havin' put out its own conflagration as it were, like the use of dynamite in a burning town.

"I got busy immejiately. I made the beauty girl stop cryin', which she did as soon as she found her looks were n't interestin' me none. I made her help me gather up an' count that money, an' I give a war whoop of joy when I found them funds was perfectly intact.

"I patched up the sacks; an' also used the suit cases. When I dumped the contents of the beauty girl's case on the cold prairie, she give a little scream as her personal adornments came rollin' out.

" 'Let my things alone, you brute!' she shrieked.

" 'Madame or Miss,' I says, 'you know quite well, I suspect, how your pard over there got this cash. You mind your manners with me, or I 'll turn you in for the pal of a thief.'

"At this she hushed up an' collapsed on the ground, sittin' there wringin' her hands an' wailin'.

"I went on steadily with my job, an' I carefully loaded my horse with every cent of that money.

"When I was ready to move, I seen the cashier stir, an' I went over, searched an' disarmed him. When he opened his eyes, sat up an' stared at me, I addressed him:

" 'I am still weddin' the act to the wish,' I says; 'I wanted this money back an' I come for it. What 's the matter—kaint you stand?'

" 'My leg is strained or broke,' he groans, turnin' white; 'I kaint stir.'

" 'All the more romance for your lady friend here,' says I; 'she can nuss you till I send back a detachment.'

"An' I started off.

"Right there the beauty fool gathered herself together an' run after me an' throwed her arms round my neck, an'

begged me to take the money an' come with her; she 'd show me what life was!

"I looked back at the cashier, an' I felt sorry for him; the truth about that beauty girl was the worst to him of all.

" 'Take your hands off me, mam,' says I, 'I am a very busy man! As to showin' me life, you an' your pard has done enough of that, thank ye! All I ask is to vegetate a while.'

"Well, as I had to walk every step of the return, it was well into the next day afore I come in sight of Waldrop again. An' then I met an auty goin' out, containin' the three bank examiners, solemn an' fat.

"I halted 'em.

" 'Did you examine the bank?' I says.

" 'My good man,' says the fattest one, ' 'twas a most dreadful outrage! There war n't no bank to examine! It appears that that rascally president an' cashier had bolted. The populace finally heard screams issuin' from the bank, before we got there. They broke in, discovered the tellers imprisoned in wire netting, released them, heard their story, found the bank was looted, an' irrationally vented their rage by firin' the buildin'. They are searchin' everywhere for the president—'

" 'Wont have to search far,' says I; 'I 'm he!' An' as they gave a kind of a shout of surprise, I told 'em the whole story.

"That fattest man shore had a funny vein in him! He laughed till I thought he 'd cry; but it war n't sinister laughin' like that cashier used to do, but jest a roll of jolly 'ha ha's,' an' I was plum pleased to see him enjoyin' himself.

"Well, them examiners acted white. They took me into their big autymobile an' they went flyin' back, money an' all, into the excited town of Waldrop.

"Here the fattest one made speeches, an' when the truth became fully known of how I 'd saved them funds, I was the most popular man in the county. They forgive me everything, an' in my turn I was blamed well ready to forgive Abijah Brownfield Smith for reportin' my bank.

"The widdys an' orphums an' Abijah get back every cent, an' I got back my job as cow puncher—which I have helt ever since with expressful satisfaction."

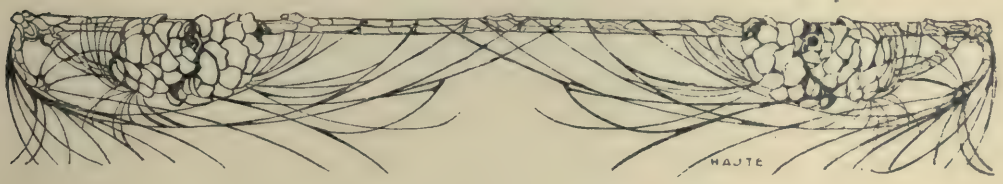
"So you dont want to be a banker?" I smiled.

"Who? Me? The other day I seed one—you 'd know his name quick enough if I told you, an' sich a wave of sympathy come over me that I walked straight up to him, told him how hard I knowed his profession was, an' how I admired him an' his cashier for bein' able to run it on the square, as they 've done for years, satisfyin' everybody.

"He had a lot of big guns with him, an' they looked like they 'd faint, but he helt out his hand—

" 'Shake,' says he; 'how did you come to understand?'

" 'I 've been there myself!' says I."



A Fairy Story

By Frederick E. Pierce

"Now tell me, why is your hair so white,
You stern old man from across the way?
And why did you watch so long tonight
By the grassy grave where the roses lay?"
"You are young, my child, and to understand
You must grow and suffer for many a day.
But I 'll tell you a story of fairy-land
To help you in whiling the time away.

"Far under the wilds of the storm-swept snow.
In the silent caves of the Northern Pole,
Where over the plains the whirlwinds blow,
Was the home of the elf-king Imranole.
All bright with silver and veined with gold
Were those caverns hammered by gnome and troll;
But lonely ever and wintry cold
Was the heart of the elfin Imranole.
But once on a night that was fierce with frost,
When the ice would burn you like burning coal,
A mortal maiden whose way was lost
Came, none know how, to the Northern Pole.
The icicles hung in her yellow hair,
As her trembling feet o'er the threshold stole;
Without was the dark and the polar bear;
And she made her dwelling with Imranole.
Never a whisper nor mortal sound

Was heard in those caves of the Northern Pole,
Where the maiden sat as the years rolled round,
Taught and tended by gnome and troll,
Till her terror died, and a mighty love
Over her heart like music stole;
And the bridal lamps shone bright above,
As she knelt with her lover, soul to soul.
But there came a call from the realms of death,
From the God of sorrows whom none control;—
So hard is heaven to earth beneath;—
And she died on the bosom of Imranole.
They laid her deep in the frozen clay,
And piled the snow in a wintry knoll,
Where the Northern Lights at midnight play
O'er the buried bride of the Northern Pole.
And there when the winds blow wild and bleak
From ancient glacier and icy shoal,
The tear-drops freeze on the withered cheek
Of a lonely watcher—'tis Imranole.
His hair streams white on the howling blast,
And his beard waves white like a floating scroll;
And I know his grief by a sorrow past
And the silent bond of a kindred soul."

"But really, truly, and was it so,
You stern old man from across the way?
And why is your voice so strange and low?
And why are you crying at what you say?"
"Oh child, sometime you will understand;
My friends are few and my head is gray;
But this was a story of fairy-land,
And the Northern Pole is far away."

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

"OVERDUE" still continued to lie forgotten on the table. Every manuscript that he had had out now lay under the table. Only one manuscript he kept going, and that was Brissenden's "Ephemera." His bicycle and black suit were again in pawn, and the typewriter people were once more worrying about the rent. But such things no longer bothered him. He was seeking a new orientation, and until that was found his life must stand still.

After several weeks, what he had been waiting for, happened. He met Ruth on the street. It was true, she was accompanied by her brother, Norman, and it was true that they tried to ignore him and that Norman attempted to wave him aside.

"If you interfere with my sister I 'll call an officer," Norman threatened. "She does not wish to speak with you, and your insistence is insult."

"If you persist, you 'll have to call that officer, and then you 'll get your name in the papers," Martin answered grimly. "And now, get out of my way and get the officer if you want to. I 'm going to talk with Ruth.

"I want to have it from your own lips," he said to her.

She was pale and trembling, but she held up and looked inquiringly.

"The question I asked in my letter," he prompted.

Norman made an impatient movement, but Martin checked him with a swift look.

She shook her head.

"Is all this of your own free will?" he demanded.

"It is." She spoke in a low, firm voice and with deliberation. "It is of my own free will. You have disgraced me so that I am ashamed to meet my friends. They are all talking about me, I know. That is all I can tell you. You have made me very unhappy, and I never wish to see you again."

"Friends! Gossip! Newspaper misreports! Surely such things are not stronger than love? I can only believe that you never loved me."

A blush drove the pallor from her face.

"After what has passed?" she said faintly. "Martin, you do not know what you are saying. I am not common."

"You see, she does n't want to have anything to do with you," Norman blurted out, starting on with her.

Martin stood aside and let them pass, fumbling unconsciously in his coat-pocket for the tobacco and brown papers that were not there.

It was a long walk to North Oakland, but it was not until he went up the steps and entered his room that he knew he had walked it. He found himself sitting on the edge of the bed and staring about him like an awakened somnambulist. He noticed "Overdue" lying on the table, and drew up his chair and reached for his pen. There was in his nature a logical compulsion toward completeness. Here

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was something undone. It had been deferred against the completion of something else. Now that something else had been finished and he would apply himself to this task until it was finished. What he would do next he did not know. All that he did know was that a climacteric in his life had been attained. A period had been reached, and he was rounding it off in workmanlike fashion. He was not curious about the future. He would soon enough find out what it held in store for him. Whatever it was, it did not matter. Nothing seemed to matter.

For five days he toiled on at "Overdue," going nowhere, seeing nobody, and eating meagerly. On the morning of the sixth day the postman brought him a thin letter from the editor of the *Parthenon.* A glance told him that "Ephemera" was accepted. "We have submitted the poem to Mr. Cartwright Bruce," the editor went on to say, "and he has reported so favorably upon it that we cannot let it go. As an earnest of our pleasure in publishing the poem, let me tell you that we have set it for the August number, our July number being already made up. Kindly extend our pleasure and our thanks to Mr. Brissenden. Please send by return mail his photograph and biographical data. If our honorarium is unsatisfactory, kindly telegraph us at once and state what you consider a fair price."

Since the honorarium they had offered was three hundred and fifty dollars, Martin thought it not worth while to telegraph. Then, too, there was Brissenden's consent to be gained. Well, he had beeen right after all. Here was one magazine editor who knew real poetry when he saw it. And the price was splendid, even though it was for the poem of a century. As for Cartwright Bruce, Martin knew that he was the one critic for whose opinions Brissenden had any respect.

Martin rode down town on an electric car, and as he watched the houses and cross-streets slipping by he was aware of a regret that he was not more elated over his friend's success and over his own signal victory. The one critic in the United States had pronounced favorably on the poem, while his own contention that good stuff could find its way into the magazines had proved correct. But enthusiasm had lost its spring in him, and he found that he was more anxious to see Brissenden than he was to carry the good news. The acceptance of the *Parthenon* had recalled to him that during his five days' devotion to "Overdue" he had not heard from Brissenden nor even thought about him. For the first time Martin realized the daze he had been in, and he felt shame for having forgotten his friend. But even the shame did not burn very sharply. He was numb to emotions of any sort save the artistic ones concerned in the writing of "Overdue." So far as other affairs were concerned, he had been in a trance. For that matter, he was still in a trance. All this life through which the electric car whirred seemed remote and unreal, and he would have experienced little interest and less shock if the great stone steeple of the church he passed had suddenly crumbled to mortar-dust upon his head.

At the hotel he hurried up to Brissenden's room, and hurried down again. The room was empty. All luggage was gone.

"Did Mr. Brissenden leave any address?" he asked the clerk, who looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Have n't you heard?" he asked.

Martin shook his head.

"Why, the papers were full of it. He was found dead in bed. Suicide. Shot himself through the head."

"Is he buried yet?" Martin seemed to hear his voice, like some one else's voice, from a long way off, asking the question.

"No. The body was shipped East after the inquest. Lawyers engaged by his people saw to the arrangements."

"They were quick about it, I must say," Martin commented.

"Oh, I don 't know. It happened five days ago."

"Five days ago?"

"Yes, five days ago."

"Oh," Martin said, as he turned and went out.

At the corner he stepped into the Western Union and sent a telegram to the *Parthenon,* advising them to proceed

with the publication of the poem. He had in his pocket but five cents with which to pay his carfare home, so he sent the message collect.

Once in his room, he resumed his writing. The days and nights came and went, and he sat at his table and wrote on. He went nowhere, save to the pawnbroker, took no exercise, and ate methodically when he was hungry and had something to cook, and just as methodically went without when he had nothing to cook. Composed as the story was, in advance, chapter by chapter, he nevertheless saw and developed an opening that increased the power of it, though it necessitated twenty thousand additional words. It was not that there was any vital need that the thing should be well done, but that his artistic canons compelled him to do it well. He worked on in the daze, strangely detached from the world around him, feeling like a familiar ghost among these literary trappings of his former life. He remembered that some one had said that a ghost was the spirit of a man who was dead and who did not have sense enough to know it; and he paused for the moment to wonder if he were really dead and unaware of it.

Came the day when "Overdue" was finished. The agent of the typewriter firm had come for the machine, and he sat on the bed while Martin, on the one chair, typed the last pages of the final chapter. "Finis," he wrote, in capitals, at the end, and to him it was indeed finis. He watched the typewriter carried out the door with a feeling of relief, then went over and lay down on the bed. He was faint from hunger. Food had not passed his lips in thirty-six hours, but he did not think about it. He lay on his back, with closed eyes, and did not think at all, while the daze or stupor slowly welled up, saturating his consciousness. Half in delirium, he began muttering aloud the lines of an anonymous poem Brissenden had been fond of quoting to him. Maria, listening anxiously outside his door, was perturbed by his monotonous utterance. The words in themselves were not significant to her, but the fact that he was saying them was. "I have done," was the burden of the poem.

> I have done—
> Put by the lute.
> Song and singing soon are over
> As the airy shades that hover
> In among the purple clover.
> I have done—
> Put by the lute.
> Once I sang as early thrushes
> Sing among the dewy bushes;
> Now I 'm mute.
> I am like a weary linnet,
> For my throat has no song in it;
> I have had my singing minute.
> I have done.
> Put by the lute.

Maria could stand it no longer, and hurried away to the stove, where she filled a quart-bowl with soup, putting into it the lion's share of chopped meat and vegetables which her ladle scraped from the bottom of the pot. Martin roused himself and sat up and began to eat, between spoonfuls reassuring Maria that he had not been talking in his sleep and that he did not have any fever.

After she left him he sat drearily, with drooping shoulders, on the edge of the bed, gazing about him with lack-luster eyes that saw nothing until the torn wrapper of a magazine, which had come in the morning's mail and which lay unopened, shot a gleam of light into his darkened brain. It is the *Parthenon,* he thought, the August *Parthenon,* and it must contain "Ephemera." If only Brissenden were here to see.

He was turning the pages of the magazine, when suddenly he stopped. "Ephemera" had been featured, with gorgeous head-piece and Beardsley-like margin decorations. On one side of the head-piece was Brissenden's photograph, on the other side was the photograph of Sir John Value, the British Embassador. A preliminary editorial note, quoted Sir John Value as saying that there were no poets in America, and the publication of "Ephemera" was the *Parthenon's* "There, take that, Sir John Value!" Cartwright Bruce was described as the greatest critic in America, and he was quoted as saying that "Ephemera" was the greatest poem ever written in America. And, finally, the editor's foreword ended

with: "We have not yet made up our minds entirely as to the merits of 'Ephemera;' perhaps we shall never be able to do so. But we have read it often, wondering at the words and their arrangement, wondering where Mr. Brissenden got them, and how he could fasten them together." Then followed the poem.

"Pretty good thing you died, Briss, old man," Martin murmured, letting the magazine slip between his knees to the floor.

The cheapness and vulgarity of it was nauseating, and Martin noted apathetically that he was not nauseated very much. He wished he could get angry, but did not have energy enough to try. He was too numb. His blood was too congealed to accelerate to the swift tidal-flow of indignation. After all, what did it matter? It was on a par with all the rest that Brissenden had condemned in bourgeois society.

"Poor Briss," Martin communed; "he would never have forgiven me."

Rousing himself with an effort, he possessed himself of a box which had once contained typewriter paper. Going through its contents, he drew forth eleven poems which his friend had written. These he tore lengthwise and crosswise and dropped into the waste basket. He did it languidly, and, when he had finished, sat on the edge of the bed staring blankly before him.

How long he sat there he did not know, until, suddenly, across his sightless vision, he saw form a long horizontal line of white. It was curious. But as he watched it grow in definiteness he saw that it was a coral reef smoking in the White Pacific surges. Next, in the line of breakers, he made out a small canoe, an outrigger canoe. In the stern he saw a young bronzed god in scarlet hip-cloth, dipping a flashing paddle. He recognized him. He was Moti, the youngest son of Tati, the chief, and this was Tahiti, and beyond that smoking reef lay the sweet land of Papara and the chief's grass house by the river's mouth. It was the end of the day, and Moti was coming home from the fishing. He was waiting for the rush of a big breaker whereon to jump the reef. Then he saw himself, sitting forward in the canoe as he had often sat in the past, dipping a paddle that waited Moti's word to dig in like mad when the turquoise wall of the great breaker rose behind them. Next he was no longer an onlooker, but was himself in the canoe, Moti was crying out, they were both thrusting hard with their paddles, racing on the steep face of the flying turquoise. Under the bow the water was hissing as from a steam jet, the air was filled with driven spray, there was a rush and rumble and long-echoing roar, and the canoe floated on the placid water of the lagoon. Moti laughed and shook the salt water from his eyes, and together they paddled in to the pounded-coral beach where Tati's grass walls through the cocoanut-palms showed golden in the setting sun.

The picture faded, and before his eyes stretched the disorder of his squalid room. He strove in vain to see Tahiti again. He knew there was singing among the trees and that the maidens were dancing in the moonlight, but he could not see them. He could see only the littered writing table, the empty space where the typewriter had stood, and the unwashed window-pane. He closed his eyes with a groan, and slept.

CHAPTER XLI.

HE slept heavily all night, and did not stir until aroused by the postman on his morning round. Martin felt tired and passive, and went through his letters aimlessly. One thin envelope, from a robber magazine, contained a check for twenty-two dollars. He had been dunning for it for a year and a half. He noted its amount apathetically. The old-time thrill at receiving a publisher's check was gone. Unlike his earlier checks, this one was not pregnant with promise of great things to come. To him it was a check for twenty-two dollars, that was all, and it would buy him something to eat.

Another check was in the same mail, sent from a New York weekly, in payment for some humorous verse which had been accepted months before. It was

for ten dollars. An idea came to him, which he calmly considered. He did not know what he was going to do, and he felt in no hurry to do anything. In the meantime he must live. Also he owed numerous debts. Would it not be a paying investment to put stamps on the huge pile of manuscripts under the table and start them on their travels again? One or two of them might be accepted. That would help him to live. He decided on the investment, and, after he had cashed the checks at the bank down in Oakland, he bought ten dollars' worth of postage stamps. The thought of going home to cook breakfast in his stuffy little room was repulsive to him. For the first time he refused to consider his debts. He knew that in his room he could manufacture a substantial breakfast at a cost of from fifteen to twenty cents. But, instead, he went into the Forum Cafe and ordered a breakfast that cost two dollars. He tipped the waiter a quarter, and spent fifty cents for a package of Egyptian cigarettes. It was the first time he had smoked since Ruth had asked him to stop. But he could see now no reason why he should not, and, besides, he wanted to smoke. And what did the money matter? For five cents he could have bought a package of Durham and brown papers and rolled forty cigarettes—but what of it? Money had no meaning to him now except what it would immediately buy. He was chartless and rudderless, and he had no port to make, while drifting involved the least living, and it was living that hurt.

The days slipped along, and he slept eight hours regularly every night. Though now, while waiting for more checks, he ate in the Japanese restaurants where meals were served for ten cents, his wasted body filled out, as did the hollows in his cheeks. He no longer abused himself with short sleep, overwork and over-study. He wrote nothing, and the books were closed. He walked much, out in the hills, and loafed long hours in quiet parks. He had no friends nor acquaintances, nor did he make any. He had no inclination. He was waiting for some impulse, from he knew not where, to put his stopped life into motion again. In the meantime his life remained run down, planless and empty and idle.

Once he made a trip to San Francisco to look up the "real dirt." But at the last moment, as he stepped into the upstairs entrance, he recoiled and turned and fled through the swarming ghetto. He was frightened at the thought of hearing philosophy discussed, and he fled furtively, for fear that some one of the "real dirt" might chance along and recognize him.

Sometimes he glanced over the magazines and newspapers to see how "Ephemera" was being maltreated. It had made a hit. But what a hit! Everybody had read it, and everybody was discussing whether or not it was really poetry. The local papers had taken it up, and daily appeared columns of learned criticisms, facetious editorials, and serious letters from subscribers. Helen Della Delmar (proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets and rolling of tomtoms to be the greatest woman poet in the United States) denied Brissenden a seat beside her on Pegasus and wrote voluminous letters to the public, proving that he was no poet.

The *Parthenon* came out in its next number patting itself on the back for the stir it had made, sneering at Sir John Value, and exploiting Brissenden's death with ruthless commercialism. A newspaper with a sworn circulation of half a million published an original and spontaneous poem by Helen Della Delmar, in which she gibed and sneered at Brissenden. Also, she was guilty of a second poem, in which she parodied him.

Martin had many times to be glad that Brissenden was dead. He had hated the crowd so, and here all that was finest and most sacred of him had been thrown to the crowd. Daily the vivisection of Beauty went on. Every nincompoop in the land rushed into free print, floating their weazened little egos into the public eye on the surge of Brissenden's greatness. Quoth one paper: "We have received a letter from a gentleman who wrote a poem just like it, only better, some time ago." Another paper, in deadly seriousness, reproving Helen Della Delmar for her parody, said: "But

unquestionably Miss Delmar wrote it in a moment of badinage and not quite with the respect that one great poet should show to another and perhaps to the greatest. However, whether Miss Delmar be jealous or not of the man who invented 'Ephemera,' it is certain that she, like thousands of others, is fascinated by his work, and that the day may come when she will try to write lines like his."

Ministers began to preach sermons against "Ephemera," and one, who too stoutly stood for much of its content, was expelled for heresy. The great poem contributed to the gayety of the world. The comic verse-writers and the cartoonists took hold of it with screaming laughter, and in the personal columns of society weeklies jokes were perpetrated on it to the effect that Charley Frensham told Archie Jennings, in confidence, that five lines of "Ephemera" would drive a man to beat a cripple, and that ten lines would send him to the bottom of the river.

Martin did not laugh; nor did he grit his teeth in anger. The effect produced upon him was one of great sadness. In the crash of his whole world, with love on the pinnacle, the crash of magazinedom and the dear public was a small crash indeed. Brissenden had been wholly right in his judgment of the magazines, and he, Martin, had spent arduous and futile years in order to find it out for himself. The magazines were all Brissenden had said they were, and more. Well, he was done, he solaced himself. He had hitched his wagon to a star and been landed in a pestiferous marsh. The visions of Tahiti—clean, sweet Tahiti—were coming to him more frequently. And there were the low Paumotus, and the high Marquesas; he saw himself often, now, on board trading schooners or frail little cutters, slipping out at dawn through the reef at Papeete and beginning the long beat through the pearl-atolls to Nuka-hiva and the Bay of Taichae, where Tamari, he knew, would kill a pig in honor of his coming, and where Tamari's flower-garlanded daughters would seize his hands and with song and laughter garland him with flowers. The South Seas were calling, and he knew that sooner or later he would answer the call.

In the meantime he drifted, resting and recuperating after the long traverse he had made through the realm of knowledge. When the *Parthenon* check of three hundred and fifty dollars was forwarded to him, he turned it over to the local lawyer who had attended to Brissenden's affairs for his family. Martin took a receipt for the check, and at the same time gave a note for the hundred dollars Brissenden had let him have.

The time was not long when Martin ceased patronizing the Japanese restaurants. At the very moment when he had abandoned the fight, the tide turned. But it had turned too late. Without a thrill he opened a thin envelope from the *Millennium*, scanned the face of a check that represented three hundred dollars, and noted that it was the payment on acceptance for "Adventure." Every debt he owed in the world, including the pawnshop with its usurious interest, amounted to less than a hundred dollars. And when he had paid everything, and lifted the hundred-dollar note with Brissenden's lawyer, he still had over a hundred dollars in pocket. He ordered a suit of clothes from the tailor and ate his meals in the best cafes in town. He still slept in his little room at Maria's, but the sight of his new clothes caused the neighborhood children to cease from calling him "hobo" and "tramp" from the roofs of wood-sheds and over back fences.

"Wiki-Wiki," his Hawaiian short story, was bought by *Warren's Monthly* for two hundred and fifty dollars. The *Northern Review* took his essay, "The Cradle of Beauty," and *Mackintosh's Magazine* took "The Palmist"—the poem he had written to Marian. The editors and readers were back from their summer vacations, and manuscripts were being handled quickly. But Martin could not puzzle out what strange whim animated them to this general acceptance of the things they had persistently rejected for two years. Nothing of his had been published. He was not known

anywhere outside of Oakland, and in Oakland, with the few who thought they knew him, he was notorious as a red-shirt and a socialist. So there was no explaining this sudden acceptability of his wares. It was sheer jugglery of fate.

After it had been refused by a number of magazines, he had taken Brissenden's rejected advice and started "The Shame of the Sun" on the round of publishers. After several refusals, Singletree, Darnley & Co. accepted it, promising fall publication. When Martin asked for an advance on royalties, they wrote that such was not their custom, that books of that nature rarely paid for themselves, and that they doubted if his book would sell a thousand copies. Martin figured what the book would earn him on such a sale. Retailed at a dollar, on a royalty of fifteen per cent, it would bring him one hundred and fifty dollars. He decided that if he had it to do over again he would confine himself to fiction. "Adventure," one-fourth as long, had brought him twice as much from the *Millennium*. That newspaper paragraph he had read so long ago had been true after all. The first-class magazines did pay on acceptance, and they paid well. Not two cents a word, but four cents a word, had the *Millennium* paid him. And furthermore, they bought good stuff, too, for were they not buying his?—this last thought he accompanied with a grin.

He wrote to Singletree, Darnley & Co., offering to sell out his rights in "The Shame of the Sun" for a hundred dollars, but they did not care to take the risk. In the meantime he was not in need of money, for several of his later stories had been accepted and paid for. He actually opened a bank account, where, without a debt in the world, he had several hundred dollars to his credit. "Overdue," after having been declined by a number of magazines, came to rest at the Meredith-Lowell Company. Martin remembered the five dollars Gertrude had given him, and his resolve to return it to her a hundred times over; so he wrote for an advance on royalties of five hundred dollars. To his surprise a check for that amount, accompanied by a contract, came by return mail. He cashed the check into five-dollar gold pieces and telephoned Gertrude that he wanted to see her.

She arrived at the house, panting and short of breath from the haste she had made. Apprehensive of trouble, she had stuffed the few dollars she possessed into her hand-satchel; and so sure was she that disaster had overtaken her brother, that she stumbled forward, sobbing, into his arms, at the same time thrusting the satchel mutely at him.

"I 'd have come myself," he said. "But I did n't want a row with Mr. Higginbotham, and that is what would have surely happened."

"He 'll be all right after a time," she assured him, while she wondered what the trouble was that Martin was in. "But you 'd best get a job first an' steady down. Bernard does like to see a man at honest work. That stuff in the newspapers broke 'm all up. I never saw 'm so mad before."

"I 'm not going to get a job," Martin said with a smile. "And you can tell him so from me. I dont need a job, and there 's the proof of it."

He emptied the hundred gold pieces into her lap in a glinting, tinkling stream.

"You remember that fiver you gave me the time I did n't have carfare? Well, there it is, with ninety-nine brothers of different ages but all of the same size."

If Gertrude had been frightened when she arrived, she was now in a panic of fear. Her fear was such that it was certitude. She was not suspicious. She was convinced. She looked at Martin in horror, and her heavy limbs shrank under the golden stream as though it were burning her.

"It 's yours," he laughed.

She burst into tears, and began to moan, "My poor boy, my poor boy."

He was puzzled for a moment. Then he divined the cause of her agitation and handed her the Meredith-Lowell letter which had accompanied the check. She stumbled through it, pausing now and again to wipe her eyes, and when she had finished, said:

"An' does it mean that you come by the money honestly?"

"More honestly than if I 'd won it in a lottery. I earned it."

Slowly faith came back to her, and she re-read the letter carefully. It took him long to explain to her the nature of the transaction which had put the money into his possession, and longer still to get her to understand that the money was really hers and that he did not need it.

"I 'll put it in the bank for you," she said finally.

"You 'll do nothing of the sort. It 's yours, to do with as you please, and if you wont take it I 'll give it to Maria. She 'll know what to do with it. I 'd suggest, though, that you hire a servant and take a good long rest."

"I 'm going to tell Bernard all about it," she announced, when she was leaving.

Martin winced, then grinned.

"Yes, do," he said. "And then, maybe, he 'll invite me to dinner again."

"Yes, he will—I 'm sure he will!" she exclaimed fervently, as she drew him to her and kissed and hugged him.

CHAPTER XLII.

ONE day Martin became aware that he was lonely. He was healthy and strong, and had nothing to do. The cessation from writing and studying, the death of Brissenden, and the estrangement from Ruth, had made a big hole in his life; and his life refused to be pinned down to good living in cafés and the smoking of Egyptian cigarettes. It was true, the South Seas were calling to him, but he had a feeling that the game was not yet played out in the United States. Two books were soon to be published, and he had more books that might find publication. Money could be made out of them, and he would wait and take a sackful of it into the South Seas. He knew a valley and a bay in the Marquesas that he could buy for a thousand Chili dollars. The valley ran from the horse-shoe, land-locked bay to the tops of the dizzy, cloud-capped peaks and contained perhaps ten thousand acres. It was filled with tropical fruits, wild chickens and wild pigs, with an occasional herd of wild cattle, while high up among the peaks were herds of wild goats harried by packs of wild dogs. The whole place was wild. Not a human lived in it. And he could buy it and the bay for a thousand Chili dollars.

The bay, as he remembered it, was magnificent, with water deep enough to accommodate the largest vessel afloat, and so safe that the South Pacific Directory recommended it as the best careening place for ships for hundreds of miles around. He would buy a schooner—one of those yacht-like, coppered crafts that sailed like witches—and go trading copra and pearling among the islands. He would make the valley and the bay his headquarters. He would build a patriarchial grass house like Tati's, and have it and the valley and the schooner filled with dark-skinned servitors. He would entertain there the factor of Taicohae, captains of wandering traders, and all the best of the South Pacific riff-raff. He would keep open house and entertain like a prince. And he would forget the books he had opened and the world that had proved an illusion.

To do all this he must wait in California to fill his sack with money. Already it was beginning to flow in. If one of the books made a strike, it might enable him to sell the whole heap of manuscripts. Also he could collect the stories and the poems into books, and make sure of the valley and the bay and the schooner. He would never write again. Upon that he was resolved. But in the meantime, awaiting the publication of the books, he must do something more than live dazed and stupid in the sort of uncaring trance into which he had fallen.

He noted, one Sunday morning, that the Bricklayers' Picnic took place that day at Shell Mound Park, and to Shell Mound Park he went. He had been to the working-class picnics too often in his earlier life not to know what they were like, and as he entered the park he experienced a recrudescence of all the old sensations. After all, they were his kind, those working people. He had been born among them, he had lived

among them, and, though he had strayed for a time, it was well to come back among them.

"It it ain't Mart," he heard some one say, and the next moment a hearty hand was on his shoulder. "Where you ben all the time? Off to sea? Come on an' have a drink."

It was the old crowd in which he found himself—the old crowd, with here and there a gap, and here and there a new face. The fellows were not bricklayers, but, as in the old days, they attended all Sunday picnics for the dancing, and the fighting, and the fun. Martin drank with them, and began to feel really human once more. He was a fool to have ever left them, he thought; and he was very certain that his sum of happiness would have been greater had he remained with them and let alone the books and the people who sat in the high places. Yet the beer seemed not so good as of yore. It did n't taste as it used to taste. Brissenden had spoiled him for steam beer, he concluded, and wondered if, after all, the books had spoiled him for companionship with these friends of his youth. He resolved that he would not be so spoiled, and he went on to the dancing pavilion. Jimmy, the plumber, he met there, in the company of a tall, blond girl who promptly forsook him for Martin.

"Gee, it 's like old times," Jimmy explained to the gang that gave him the laugh as Martin and the blond whirled away in a waltz. "An' I dont give a rap. I 'm too damned glad to see 'm back. Watch 'm waltz, eh? It 's like silk. Who 'd blame any girl?"

But Martin restored the blond to Jimmy, and the three of them, with half a dozen friends, watched the revolving couples and laughed and joked with one another. Everybody was glad to see Martin back. No book of his had been published; he carried no fictitious value in their eyes. They liked him for himself. He felt like a prince returned from exile, and his lonely heart burgeoned in the geniality in which it bathed. He made a mad day of it, and was at his best. Also, he had money in his pockets, and, as in the old days when he returned from sea with a pay-day, he made the money fly.

Once, on the dancing-floor, he saw Lizzie Connolly go by in the arms of a young workingman; and, later, when he made the round of the pavilion, he came upon her sitting by a refreshment table. Surprise and greetings over, he led her away into the grounds where they could talk without shouting down the music. From the instant he spoke to her, she was his. He knew it. She showed it in the proud humility of her eyes, in every caressing movement of her proudly carried body, and in the way she hung upon his speech. She was not the young girl as he had known her. She was a woman, now, and Martin noted that her wild, defiant beauty had improved, losing none of its wildness, while the defiance and the fire seemed more in control. "A beauty, a perfect beauty," he murmured admiringly under his breath. And he knew she was his, that all he had to do was to say, "Come," and she would go with him over the world wherever he led.

Even as the thought flashed through his brain he received a heavy blow on the side of his head that nearly knocked him down. It was a man's fist, directed by a man so angry and in such haste that the fist had missed the jaw for which it was aimed. Martin turned as he staggered, and saw the fist coming at him in a wild swing. Quite as a matter of course he ducked, and the fist flew harmlessly past, pivoting the man who had driven it. Martin hooked with his left, landing on the pivoting man with the weight of his body behind the blow. The man went to the ground sidewise, leaped to his feet, and made a mad rush. Martin saw his passion-distorted face and wondered what could be the cause of the fellow's anger. But while he wondered he shot in a straight left, the weight of his body behind the blow. The man went over backward and fell in a crumpled heap. Jimmy and others of the gang were running toward them.

Martin was thrilling all over. This was the old days with a vengeance, with their dancing, and their fighting, and their fun. While he kept a wary eye

on his antagonist, he glanced at Lizzie. Usually the girls screamed when the fellows got to scrapping, but she had not screamed. She was looking on with bated breath, leaning slightly forward, so keen was her interest, one hand pressed to her breast, her cheek flushed, and in her eyes a great and amazed admiration.

The man had gained his feet and was struggling to escape the restraining arms that were laid on him.

"She was waitin' for me to come back" he was proclaiming to all and sundry. "She was waitin' for me to come back, an' then that fresh guy comes buttin' in. Let go o' me, I tell yeh. I 'm goin' to fix 'm."

"What 's eatin' yer?" Jimmy was demanding, as he helped hold the young fellow back. "That guy 's Mart Eden. He 's nifty with his mits, lemme tell you that, an' he 'll eat you alive if you monkey with 'm."

"He can't steal her on me that way," the other interjected.

"He licked the Flyin' Dutchman, an' you know *him,*" Jimmy went on expostulating. "An' he did it in five rounds. You could n't last a minute against him, see!"

This information seemed to have a mollifying effect, and the irate young man favored Martin with a measuring stare.

"He dont look it," he sneered; but the sneer was without passion.

"That 's what the Flyin' Dutchman thought," Jimmy assured him. "Come on, now, let 's get outa this. There 's lots of other girls. Come on."

The young fellow allowed himself to be led away toward the pavilion, and the gang followed after him.

"Who is he?" Martin asked Lizzie. "And what 's it all about anyway?"

Already the zest of combat, which of old had been so keen and lasting, had died down, and he discovered that he was self-analytical, too much so to live, single heart and single hand, so primitive an existence.

Lizzie tossed her head.

"Oh, he 's nobody," she said. "He 's just ben keepin' company with me.

"I had to, you see," she explained after a pause. "I was gettin' pretty lonesome. But I never forgot." Her voice sank lower, and she looked straight before her. "I 'd throw 'm down for you any time."

Martin looking at her averted face, knowing that all he had to do was to reach out his hand and pluck her, fell to pondering whether, after all, there was any real worth in refined, grammatical English, and, so, forget to reply to her.

"You put it all over him," she said tentatively, with a laugh.

"He 's a husky young fellow, though," he admitted generously. "If they had n't taken him away he might have given me my hands full."

"Who was that lady friend I seen you with that night?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, just a lady friend," was his answer.

"It was a long time ago," she murmured contemplatively. "It seems like a thousand years."

But Martin went no further into the matter. He led the conversation off into other channels. They had lunch in the restaurant, where he ordered wine and expensive delicacies, and afterwards he danced with her and with no one but her, till she was tired. He was a good dancer, and she whirled around and around with him in a heaven of delight, her head against his shoulder, wishing that it could last forever. Later in the afternoon they strayed off among the trees, where, in the good old fashion, she sat down while he sprawled on his back, his head in her lap. He lay and dozed, while she fondled his hair, looked down on his closed eyes, and loved him without reserve. Looking up suddenly, he read the tender advertisement in her face. Her eyes fluttered down, then they opened and looked into his with soft defiance.

"I 've kept straight all these years," she said, her voice so low that it was almost a whisper.

In his heart Martin knew that it was the miraculous truth. And at his heart pleaded a great temptation. It was in his power to make her happy. Denied happiness himself, why should he deny

happiness to her? He could marry her and take her down with him to dwell in the grass-walled castle in the Marquesas. The desire to do it was strong, but stronger still was the imperative command of his nature not to do it. In spite of himself he as still faithful to Love. The old days of license and easy living were gone. He could not bring them back, nor could he go back to them. He was changed—how changed he had not realized until now.

"I am not a marrying man, Lizzie," he said lightly.

The hand caressing his hair paused perceptibly, then went on with the same gentle stroke. He noticed her face harden, but it was with the hardness of resolution, for still the soft color was in her cheeks and she was all glowing and melting.

"I did not mean that—" she began, then faltered. "Or anyway I dont care.

"I dont care," she repeated. "I 'm proud to be your friend. I ' do anything for you. I 'm made that way, I guess."

Martin sat up. He took her hand in his. He did it deliberately, with warmth but without passion; and such warmth chilled her.

"Dont let 's talk about it," she said.

"You are a great and noble woman," he said. "And it is I who should be proud to know you. And I am, I am. You are a ray of light to me in a very dark world, and I 've got to be straight with you, just as straight as you have been."

"I dont care whether you 're straight with me or not. You could do anything with me. You could throw me in the dirt an' walk on me. An' you 're the only man in the world that can," she added, with a defiant flash. "I ain't taken care of myself ever since I was a kid for nothin'."

"And it 's just because of that that I 'm not going to," he said gently. "You are so big and generous that you challenge me to equal generousness. I 'm not marrying, and I 'm not—well, loving without marrying, though I 've done my share of that in the past. I 'm sorry I came here today and met you. But it can 't be helped now, and I never expected it would turn out this way.

"But look here, Lizzie. I can't begin to tell you how much I like you. I do more than like you. I admire and respect you. You are magnificent, and you are magnificently good. But what 's the use of words? Yet there 's something I 'd like to do. You 've had a hard life; let me make it easy for you." (A joyous light welled into her eyes, then faded out again). "I 'm pretty sure of getting hold of some money soon —lots of it."

In that moment he abandoned the idea of the valley and the bay, the grass-walled castle and the trim, white schooner. After all, what did it matter? He could go away, as he had done so often, before the mast, on any ship bound anywhere.

"I 'd like to turn it over to you. There must be something you want—to go to school or business college. You might like to study and be a stenographer. I could fix it for you. Or maybe your father and mother are living—I could set them up in a grocery store or something. Anything you want, just name it, and I can fix it for you."

She made no reply, but sat, gazing straight before her, dry-eyed and motionless, but with an ache in the throat which Martin divined so strongly that it made his own throat ache. He regretted that he had spoken. It seemed so tawdry what he had offered her—mere money—compared with what she offered him. He offered her an extraneous thing with which he could part without a pang, while she offered him herself, along with disgrace and shame, and sin, and all her hopes of heaven.

"Don't let 's talk about it," she said, with a catch in her voice that she changed to a cough. She stood up. "Come on, let 's go home. I 'm all tired out."

The day was done, and the merry-makers had nearly all departed. But as Martin and Lizzie emerged from the trees they found the gang waiting for them. Martin knew immediately the meaning of it. Trouble was brewing. The gang was his body-guard. They passed out through the gates of the park with straggling in the rear a second gang, the friends that Lizzie's young

man had collected to avenge the loss of his lady. Several constables and special police officers, anticipating trouble, trailed along to prevent it, and herded the two gangs separetely aboard the train for San Francisco. Martin told Jimmy that he would get off at Sixteenth Street Station and catch the electric car into Oakland. Lizzie was very quiet and without interest in what was impending. The train pulled in to Sixteenth Street Station, and the waiting electric car could be seen, the conductor of which was impatiently clanging the gong.

"There she is," Jimmy counseled. "Make a run for it, an' we 'll hold 'em back. Now you go! Hit her up!"

The hostile gang was temporarily disconcerted by the maneuver, then it dashed from the train in pursuit. The staid and sober Oakland folk who sat upon the car scarcely noted the young fellow and the girl who ran for it and found a seat in front on the outside. They did not connect the couple with Jimmy, who sprang on the steps, crying to the motorman:

"Slam on the juice, old man, an' beat it outa here!"

The next moment Jimmy whirled about, and the passengers saw him land his fist on the face of a running man who was trying to board the car. But fists were landing on faces the whole length of the car. Thus, Jimmy and his gang, strung out on the long, lower steps, met the attacking gang. The car started with a great clanging of its gong, and, as Jimmy's gang drove off the last assailants, it, too, jumped off to finish up the job. The car dashed on, leaving the flurry of combat far behind, and its dumfounded passengers never dreamed that the quiet young man and the pretty working-girl sitting in the corner on the outside seat, had been the cause of the row.

Martin had enjoyed the fight, with a recrudescence of the old fighting thrills. But they quickly died away, and he was oppressed by a great sadness. He felt very old—centuries older than those careless, care-free young companions of his other days. He had traveled far, too far to go back. Their mode of life, which had once been his, was now distasteful to him. He was disappointed in it all. He had developed into an alien. As the steam beer had tasted raw, so their companionship seemed raw to him. He was too far removed. Too many thousands of opened books yawned between them and him. He had exiled himself. He had traveled in the vast realms of intellect until he could no longer return home. On the other hand, he was human, and his gregarious need for companionship remained unsatisfied. He had found no new home. As the gang could not understand him, as his own family could not understand him, as the bourgeoisie could not understand him, so this girl beside him, whom he honored high, could not understand him nor the honor he paid her. His sadness was not untouched with bitterness as he thought it over.

"Make it up with him," he advised Lizzie, at parting, as they stood in front of the workingman's shack in which she lived near Sixth and Market. He referred to the young fellow whose place he had usurped that day.

"I can't—now," she said.

"Oh, go on," he said jovially. "All you have to do is whistle and he 'll come running."

"I did n't mean that," she said simply.

And he knew what she had meant.

She leaned toward him as he was about to say good night. But she leaned, not imperatively, not seductively, but wistfully and humbly. He was touched to the heart. His large tolerance rose up in him. He put his arms around her and kissed her, and knew that upon his own lips rested as true a kiss as man ever received.

"My God," she sobbed. "I could die for you. I could die for you."

She tore herself from him suddenly and ran up the steps. He felt a quick moisture in his eyes.

"Martin Eden," he communed. "You 're not a brute, and you 're a damn poor Nietzscheman. You 'd marry her if you could and fill her quivering heart full with happiness. But you can't, you can't. And it 's a damn shame.

"'The poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers,'" he muttered, remembering his Henley. "'Life is, I think, a blunder and a shame.' It is—a blunder and a shame."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE Shame of the Sun" was published in October. As Martin cut the cords of the express package and the half-dozen complimentary copies from the publishers spilled out on the table, a heavy sadness fell upon him. He thought of the wild delight that would have been his had this happened a few short months before, and he contrasted that delight that should have been with his present uncaring coldness. His book, his first book, and his pulse had not gone up a fraction of a beat, and he was only sad. It meant little to him now. The most it meant was that it might bring some money, and little enough did he care for money.

He carried a copy out into the kitchen and presented it to Maria.

"I did it," he explained, in order to clear up her bewilderment. "I wrote it in the room there, and I guess some few quarts of your vegetable soup went into the making of it. Keep it. It 's yours. Just to remember me by, you know."

He was not bragging, not showing off. His sole motive was to make her happy, to make her proud of him, to justify her long faith in him. She put the book in the front room on top the family Bible. A sacred thing was this book her lodger had made, a fetich of friendship. It softened the blow of his having been a laundryman, and though she could not understand a line of it, she knew that every line of it was great. She was a simple, practical, hard-working woman, but she possessed faith in large endowment.

Just as emotionlessly as he had received "The Shame of the Sun" did he read the reviews of it that came in weekly from the clipping bureau. The book was making a hit, that was evident. It meant more gold in the money sack. He could fix up Lizzie, redeem all his promises, and still have enough left to build his grass-walled castle.

Singletree, Darnly & Co. had cautiously brought out an edition of fifteen hundred copies, but the first reviews had started a second edition of twice the size through the presses; and ere this was delivered a third edition of five thousand had been ordered. A London firm made arrangements by cable for an English edition, and hot-footed upon this came the news of French, German, and Scandinavian translations in progress. The attack upon the Maeterlinck School could not have been made at a more opportune moment. A fierce controversy was precipitated. Saleeby and Haeckel indorsed and defended "The Shame of the Sun," for once finding themselves on the same side of a question. Crookes and Wallace ranged up on the opposing side, while Sir Oliver Lodge attempted to formulate a compromise that would jibe with his particular cosmic theories. Maeterlinck's followers rallied around the standard of mysticism. Chesterton set the whole world laughing with a series of alleged non-partisan essays on the subject; and the whole affair, controversy and controversialists, was well-nigh swept into the pit by a thundering broadside from George Bernard Shaw. Needless to say the arena was crowded with hosts of lesser lights, and the dust and sweat and din became terrific.

"It is a most marvelous happening," Singletree, Darnley & Co. wrote Martin, "a critical, philosophic essay selling like a novel. You could not have chosen your subject better, and all contributory factors have been unwarrantedly propitious. We need scarcely to assure you that we are making hay while the sun shines. Over 40,000 copies have already been sold in the United States and Canada, and a new edition of 20,000 is on the presses. We are overworked trying to supply the demand. Nevertheless we have helped to create that demand. We have already spent five thousand dollars in advertising. The book is bound to be a record-breaker.

"Please find herewith a contract in duplicate for your next book which we have taken the liberty of forwarding to you. You will please note that we have increased your royalties to twenty per cent, which is about as high as a conservative publishing house dares go. If our offer is agreeable to you, please fill in the proper blank space with the title of your book. We make no stipulations concerning its nature. Any book on any subject. If you

have one already written, so much the better. Now is the time to strike. The iron could not be hotter.

"On receipt of signed contract we shall be pleased to make you an advance on royalties of five thousand dollars. You see, we have faith in you, and we are going in on this thing big. We should like, also, to discuss with you the drawing up of a contract for a term of years, say ten, during which we shall have the exclusive right of publishing in book-form all that you produce. But more of this anon."

Martin laid down the letter and worked a problem in mental arithmetic, finding the product of fifteen cents times 60,000 to be nine thousand dollars. He signed the new contract, inserting "The Smoke of Joy" in the blank space, and mailed it back to the publishers along with the twenty storiettes he had written in the days before he discovered the formula for the newspaper storiette. And promptly as the United States mail could deliver and return, came Singletree, Darnley & Co.'s check for five thousand dollars.

"I want you to come down town with me, Maria, this afternoon about two o'clock," Martin said, the morning the check arrived. "Or, better, meet me at Fourteenth and Broadway at two o'clock. I 'll be looking out for you."

At the appointed time she was there; but *shoes* was the only clew to the mystery her mind had been capable of evolving, and she suffered a distinct shock of disappointment when Martin walked her right by a shoe-store and dived into a real-estate office. What happened thereupon resided forever after in her memory as a dream. Fine gentlemen smiled at her benevolently as they talked with Martin and one another; a typewriter clicked; signatures were affixed to an imposing document; her own landlord was there, too, and affixed his signature; and when all was over and she was outside on the sidewalk, her landlord spoke to her, saying: "Well, Maria, you wont have to pay me no seven dollars and a half this month."

Maria was too stunned for speech.

"Or next month, or the next, or the next," her landlord said.

She thanked him incoherently, as if for a favor. And it was not until she had returned home to North Oakland and conferred with her own kind, and had the Portuguese grocer investigate, that she really knew that she was the owner of the little house in which she had lived and for which she had paid rent so long.

"Why dont you trade with me no more?" the Portuguese grocer asked Martin that evening, stepping out to hail him when he got off the car; and Martin explained that he was n't doing his own cooking any more, and then went in and had a drink of wine on the house. He noted it was the best wine the grocer had in stock.

"Maria," Martin announced that night, "I 'm going to leave you. And you 're going to leave here yourself soon. Then you can rent the house and be a landlord yourself. You 've a brother in San Leandro or Haywards, and he 's in the milk business. I want you to send all your washing back unwashed—understand?—unwashed, and to go out to San Leandro tomorrow, or Haywards, or wherever it is, and see that brother of yours. Tell him to come to see me. I 'll be stopping at the Metropole down in Oakland. He 'll know a good milk ranch when he sees one."

And so it was that Maria became a landlord and the sole owner of a dairy, with two hired men to do the work for her and a bank account that steadily increased despite the fact that her whole brood wore shoes and went to school. Few persons ever meet the fairy princes they dream about; but Maria, who worked hard and whose head was hard, had never dreamed about fairy princes, entertained hers in the guise of an ex-laundryman.

In the meantime the world had begun to ask: "Who is this Martin Eden?" He had declined to give any biographical data to his publishers, but the newspapers were not to be denied. Oakland was his own town, and the reporters nosed out scores of individuals who could supply information. All that he was and was not, all that he had done and most of what he had not done, was spread out for the delectation of the public, accompanied by snapshots and photographs—the

latter procured from the local photographer who had once taken Martin's picture and who promptly copyrighted it and put it on the market. At first, so great was his disgust with the magazines and all bourgeois society, Martin fought against publicity, but in the end, because it was easier than not to, he surrendered. He found that he could not refuse himself to the special writers who traveled long distances to see him. Then again, each day was so many hours long, and, since he no longer was occupied with writing and studying, those hours had to be occupied somehow; so he yielded to what was to him a whim, permitted interviews, gave his opinions on literature and philosophy, and even accepted invitations of the bourgeoisie. He had settled down into a strange and comfortable state of mind. He no longer cared. He forgave everybody, even the cub reporter who had painted him red and to whom he now granted a full page with specially posed photographs.

He saw Lizzie occasionally, and it was patent that she regretted the greatness that had come to him. It widened the space between them. Perhaps it was with the hope of narrowing it that she yielded to his persuasions to go to night school and business college and to have herself gowned by a wonderful dressmaker who charged outrageous prices. She improved visibly from day to day, until Martin wondered if he was doing right, for he knew that all her compliance and endeavor was for his sake. She was trying to make herself of worth in his eyes—of the sort of worth he seemed to value. Yet he gave her no hope, treating her in a brotherly fashion and rarely seeing her.

"Overdue" was rushed upon the market by the Meredith-Lowell Company in the height of his popularity, and being fiction, in point of sales it made even a bigger strike than "The Shame of the Sun." Week after week his was the credit of the unprecedented performance of having two books at the head of the list of best-sellers. Not only did the story take with the fiction-readers, for those who read "The Shame of the Sun" with avidity were likewise attracted to the sea-story by the cosmic grasp of mastery with which he had handled it. First, he had attacked the literature of mysticism, and done it exceeding well; and, next, he had successfully supplied the very literature he had exposited, thus proving himself to be that rare genius, a critic and a creator in one.

Money poured in on him, fame poured in on him, he flashed comet-like through the world of literature, and he was more amused than interested by the stir he was making. One thing was puzzling him, a little thing that would have puzzled the world had it known. But the world would have puzzled over his bepuzzlement, rather than over the little thing that to him loomed gigantic. Judge Blount invited him to dinner. That was the little thing or the beginning of the little thing, that was soon to become the big thing. He had insulted Judge Blount, treated him abominably, and Judge Blount, meeting him on the street, invited him to dinner. Martin bethought himself of the numerous occasions on which he had met Judge Blount at the Morse's and when Judge Blount had not invited him to dinner. Why had he not invited him to dinner then? he asked himself. He had not changed. He was the same Martin Eden. What made the difference? The fact that the stuff he had written had appeared inside the covers of books? But it was work performed. It was not something he had done since. It was achievement accomplished at the very time Judge Blount was sharing this general view and sneering at his Spencer and his intellect. Therefore it was not for any real value, but for a purely fictitious value that Judge Blount invited him to dinner.

Martin grinned and accepted the invitation, marveling the while at his complacence. And at the dinner, where, with their women-kind, were half a dozen of those that sat in high places, and where Martin found himself quite the lion, Judge Blount, warmly seconded by Judge Hanwell, urged privately that Martin should permit his name to be put up for the Styx—the ultra-select club to which belonged, not the mere men of wealth, but the men of attainment. And

Martin declined, and was more puzzled than ever.

He was kept busy disposing of his heap of manuscripts. He was overwhelmed by requests from editors. It had been discovered that he was a stylist, with meat under his style. The *Northern Review,* after publishing "The Cradle of Beauty," had written him for half a dozen similar essays, which would have been supplied out of the heap had not *Burton's Magazine,* in a speculative mood, offered him five hundred dollars each for five essays. He wrote back that he would supply the demand, but at a thousand dollars an essay. He remembered that all these manuscripts had been refused by the very magazines that were now clamoring for them. And their refusals had been cold-blooded, automatic, stereotyped. They had made him sweat, and now he intended to make them sweat. *Burton's Magazine* paid his price for five essays, and the remaining four, at the same rate, were snapped up by *Mackintosh's Monthly,* the *Northern Review* being too poor to stand the pace. Thus went out to the world "The High Priests of Mystery," "The Wonder-Dreamers," "The Yard-stick of the Ego," "Philosophy of Illusion," "God and Clod," "Art and Biology," "Critics and Test Tubes," "Star-Dust," and "The Dignity of Usury"—to raise storms and rumblings and mutterings that were many a day in dying down.

Editors wrote to him, telling him to name his own terms, which he did, but it was always for work performed. He refused resolutely to pledge himself to any new thing. The thought of again setting pen to paper maddened him. He had seen Brissenden torn to pieces by the crowd, and despite the fact that him the crowd acclaimed, he could not get over the shock nor gather any respect for the crowd. His very popularity seemed a disgrace and a treason to Brissenden. It made him wince, but he made up his mind to go on and fill the money-bag.

He received letters from editors like the following: "About a year ago we were unfortunate enough to refuse your collection of love poems. We were greatly impressed by them at the time, but certain arrangements already entered into prevented our taking them. If you still have them, and if you will be kind enough to forward them, we shall be glad to publish the entire collection on your own terms. We are also prepared to make a most advantageous offer for bringing them out in book-form."

Martin recollected his blank-verse tragedy, and sent it instead. He read it over before mailing, and was particularly impressed by its sophomoric amateurishness and general rottenness. But he sent it; and it was published, to the everlasting regret of the editor. The public was indignant and incredulous. It was too far a cry from Martin Eden's high standard to that serious bosh. It was asserted that he had never written it, that the magazine had faked it very clumsily, or that Martin Eden was emulating the elder Dumas and at the height of success was hiring his writing done for him. But when he explained that the tragedy was an early effort of his literary childhood, and that the magazine had refused to be happy unless it got it, a great laugh went up at the magazine's expense and a change in the editorship followed. The tragedy was never brought out in book-form, though Martin pocketed the advance royalties that had been paid.

Coleman's Weekly sent Martin a lengthy telegram, costing nearly three hundred dollars, offering him a thousand dollars an article for twenty articles. He was to travel over the United States, with all expenses paid, and select whatever topics interested him. The body of the telegram was devoted to hypothetical topics in order to show him the freedom of range that was to be his. The only restriction placed upon him was that he must confine himself to the United States. Martin sent his inability to accept and his regrets by wire "collect."

"Wiki-Wiki," published in *Warren's Monthly,* was an instantaneous success. It was brought out afterward in a wide-margined, beautifully decorated volume that struck the holiday trade and sold like wildfire. The critics were unanimous in the belief that it would take its place with those two classics by two great writers, "The Bottle Imp" and "The Magic Skin."

The public, however, received the

"Smoke of Joy" collection rather dubiously and coldly. The audacity and unconventionality of the storiettes was a shock to bourgeois morality and prejudice; but when Paris went mad over the immediate translation that was made, the American and English reading public followed suit and bought so many copies that Martin compelled the conservative house of Singletree, Darnley & Co. to pay a flat royalty of twenty-five per cent for a third book, and thirty per cent flat for a fourth. These two volumes comprised all the short stories he had written and which had received, or were receiving, serial publication. "The Ring of Bells" and his horror stories constituted one collection; the other collection was composed of "Adventure," "The Pot," "Wine of Life," "The Whirlpool," "The Jostling Street," and four other stories. The Lowell-Meredith Company captured the collection of all his essays, and the Maxmillian Company got his "Sea Lyrics" and the "Love-Cycle," the latter receiving serial publication in the *Ladies' Home Companion* after the payment of an extortionate price.

Martin heaved a sigh of relief when he had disposed of the last manuscript. The grass-walled castle and the white, coppered schooner were very near to him. Well, at any rate he had disproved Brissenden's contention that nothing of merit found its way into the magazines. His own success demonstrated that Brissenden had been wrong. And yet, somehow, he had a feeling that Brissenden had been right after all. "The Shame of the Sun" had been the cause of his success more than the stuff he had written. That stuff had been merely incidental. It had been rejected right and left by the magazines. The publication of "The Shame of the Sun" had started a controversy and precipitated the landslide, in his favor. Had there been no "Shame of the Sun," there would have been no landslide, and had there been no miracle in the go of "The Shame of the Sun" there would have been no landslide. Singletree, Darnley & Company attested that miracle. They had brought out a first edition of fifteen hundred copies and been dubious of selling it. They were experienced publishers and no one had been more astounded than they at the success which had followed. To them it had been in truth a miracle. They never got over it, and every letter they wrote him reflected their reverent awe of that first mysterious happening. They did not attempt to explain it. There was no explaining it. It had happened. In the face of all experience to the contrary, it had happened.

So it was, reasoning thus, that Martin questioned the validity of his popularity. It was the bourgeoisie that bought his books and poured its gold into his money sack, and from what little he knew of the bourgeoisie it was not clear to him how it could possibly appreciate or comprehend what he had written. His intrinsic beauty and power meant nothing to the hundreds of thousands who were acclaiming him and buying his books. He was the fad of the hour, the adventurer who had stormed Parnassus while the gods nodded. The hundreds of thousands read him and acclaimed him with the same brute non-understanding with which they had flung themselves on Brissenden's "Ephemera" and torn it to pieces—a wolf-rabble that fawned on him instead of fanging him. Fawn or fang, it was all a matter of chance. One thing he knew with absolute certitude. "Ephemera" was infinitely greater than anything he had done. It was infinitely greater than anything he had in him. It was a poem of centuries. Then the tribute the mob paid him was a sorry tribute indeed, for that same mob had wallowed "Ephemera" into the mire. He sighed heavily and with satisfaction. He was glad the last manuscript was sold; that he would soon be done with it all.

To be continued.

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Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD.

"The land is the mother of us all; nourishes, shelters, gladdens, lovingly enriches us all."

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments, are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

Opening of 700,000 Acres of Indian Reservations.

One of the largest land openings in the recent history of the West and the Nation is that just authorized by a proclamation of the President. The announcement from Washington includes plans for the opening and settlement of approximately 700,000 acres of Indian reservation lands in the three States of Washington, Idaho and Montana. The Indian reservations to be opened are the Spokane, Washington, about 50,000 acres; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, about 200,000 acres; and the Flathead, Montana, with approximately 440,000 acres. These immense tracts of land will be thrown open to homesteaders under the conditions named by the Land Department. Land of all degrees of value are included within the reservations affected, ranging from an estimate of one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre for a part of the Flathead Reservation land that has been appraised by the Government, to an estimated valuation of a hundred dollars or more an acre for certain portions of all three of the reservations.

Circulars of information from the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, D. C., name the usual condition followed in the Indian land lotteries of recent years. In the reservations an allotment of land has already been made to each of the Indian residents, and the lottery method has been chosen as the most fair one for turning the remainder of the land back to the public domain and making it available for settlement by homesteaders from any part of the United States. Any person who has not yet used his homestead right is eligible to enter this, one of Uncle Sam's largest land lotteries. His chance of winning is equal with that of any other person in the United States, and the reward will vary according to his place among the lucky numbers. The first necessary step for the would-be lucky one is registration for the drawing. This must be done in person between the dates of July 15 and August 5, 1909, at any one or all of the designated places, according to whether he wants to register for a single one or all three of the drawings. The designated places for registering are as follows: Spokane, Washington, for the Spokane Reservation; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, for the Coeur d'Alene Reservation; and either Kalispell or Missoula, Montana, for the Flathead Reservation. An exception is made in the case of war veterans, who are allowed to register by power of attorney. The registrations having closed, the drawings for the lucky places begin on August 9, with the Coeur d'Alene first, Flathead second and the Spokane last. It is said that the drawings will be made by children, the letters of registration having been placed in a heap and shuffled.

The first letter taken out will entitle the person whose name it bears to first choice of land, and so on through the list of applications. The lucky persons will be notified by mail of the place which they draw and their right to make entry upon the reservation lands. Beginning with April 1, 1910, the holders of numbers from one to fifty, inclusive, must present their applications to make entry on the reservation lands, the place of application being the same as the place of registration. From this date on, applications will be eligible at the rate of fifty each day. A person failing to appear on that day will lose all rights gained by his number.

At the time of making entry, the applicant will be required to make a payment of one-third of the appraised valuation of the Coeur d'Alene lands, which are classified as agricultural, grazing and timber lands. A one-fifth payment is required to be made on the lands of the other two reservations, the Flathead lands being already appraised at an acreage valuation of from one dollar and twenty-five cents to seven dollars an acre. The Washington law requires that the Spokane Reservation agricultural lands be sold at a flat rate of five dollars an acre, some of which is said to be worth one hundred dollars an acre. The remainder of the purchase price of the land must be paid in five equal annual installments. Residence must begin on the land within six months from the date of entry and continue for five years, accompanied by cultivation of the land. It is provided that title may be gained by a continued residence and cultivation for a period of fourteen months, with the exception of the timber lands, and the payment of all installments.

The National Irrigation Congress.

Reclamation of arid and swamp lands will have a prominent place on the program now in preparation for the National Irrigation Congress, which will have its seventeenth session in Spokane, August 9 to 14. George Eames Barstow, of Barstow, Texas, will preside, and it is expected there will be from 4,500 to 5,000 accredited delegates from various parts of the United States and representatives from Canada, Europe, the South American Republics, China and Japan. President Taft and members of his Cabinet, also officials of the Reclamation and Forestry Services, and other branches of the Department of Agriculture; bankers, railway presidents and experts in forestry, reclamation work, deep waterways, good roads and home-building, will participate in the deliberations.

The primary objects of the Congress are to save the forests, store the floods, reclaim the deserts and make homes on the land, but the reclamation of swamp lands, deep waterways, good roads and the conservation of the country's resources in general will be thoroughly discussed. It is also purposed to demonstrate to the West the possibilities of this development and to show to the East the importance and value to the entire country of this work.

The economic value of irrigation, whether by national project or private enterprise, cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is no longer an experiment in the West; it is a confirmed success from commercial and financial viewpoints, and economists declare that the development of the country will provide a safety valve against the impending dangers of congestion in the cities of the East. Five to ten acres of land in the irrigated districts will provide shelter, food and raiment for a family and enable its owner to put aside from $500 to $1,000 a year.

It has been demonstrated that under irrigation western land will produce paying crops of anything which grows in the temperate zone. The products are noted for their brilliant coloring, unusual size and excellent flavor, and they command the markets of the world. Vegetables in almost endless variety and the choicest vine and tree fruits follow each other in rotation and fill out the season.

The Government of the United States recognized the possibilities of the lands in the Northwest, where its projects cover nearly a million acres.

Two hundred private projects are in operation in the Inland Empire. There are scores of gravity, siphon and pumping plants in various parts of the country, and nearly all are successful. The extent of operations on irrigated lands in the Northwest will be better understood when it is known that the value of the apple and other fruit crops in the Inland Empire amounted to $14,000,000 in 1908. It will be $60,000,000 in 1912, by which time several million trees set out in the last two years will come into bearing and others planted between 1903 and 1906 will have reached maturity. It has been demonstrated that irrigation will do much more for the growing crops than rain, as the natural element gives nothing except moisture, while the waters diverted from the mountain sides bring with them new fertility. Much of this land, now not worth more than a few dollars an acre, will then readily sell at from $250 to $500 an acre, according to location and the character of the soil.

The Passing of the Stock Baron in the West.

Following the natural economic and industrial evolution in the West, the cattle king and the sheep king have seen their best days. The herds and the stock ranches have reached their maximum in

size and in fact are fast being cut up. While the West has now and doubtless always will have its cowboys and sheep herders, these classes are fast being reduced almost to the level of general Western rural humanity, and both are very apt to be serving in several other occupations during a part of the year. By the very nature of the West, however, the livestock industry will always continue to be a large one. The change will be in the breaking up and increasing of the number of the herds and the parceling out of the range. In the early day the whole of the West was "range." The farms were merely range headquarters, chosen for their central location, their control of watering places and as a place where enough hay could be easily raised for the coldest part of the winter season. These were the days when the railroads were far apart and a two-hundred or a five-hundred mile drive with beef cattle was not out of the ordinary. With the coming of the railroads and more people, other industries grew up and the more choice agricultural land became in demand for other purposes. During the past two decades still other factors, tending to reduce the range, have entered. A very large part of the thousands of acres of new irrigated land of the West is taken bodily from the former sheep and cattle range. And still a greater factor is just getting well under way. The dry-farming movement is robbing the ranges of thousands and thousands of acres. Another large influence which limits the freedom of the stockman of the West is the creation of the National forest reserves. It is the universal custom in the West to winter the sheep on the warmer lowlands, where hay is plentiful, and then, with the coming of spring and summer, drive the herds back into the mountains, following up the melting snow-line and the green feed. Horses and cattle naturally followed the same rotation without any herding. With the coming of the National forester all was changed. The forests of the West, including the greater part of the summer range, are now almost wholly under either private ownership or strict Government supervision. While the Government supervision limits the freedom of the stockman, there is every evidence for believing that it is a splendid thing for the range, hence the stockman, in that it is protected from forest fires and above all from the destructive previous habit of overstocking. In the allotting of summer range, the grazing department of the Forestry Service tends to favor the several smaller herds rather than the single large one. A considerable per cent of the land of the West can never be utilized for anything but stock range, but with the fencing up of the watering places and the increasing number of dry-farming districts, the premium is decidedly placed on the small herd rather than the large one. There is also a strong movement on foot which purposes to place all of the remaining open range of the West under some sort of Government supervision, in the interest of range economy. Everything, then, is against the sheep baron and the cattle baron. However, the West will certainly increase rather than diminish its total livestock production in the years to come, but the work, likewise the profits, will as certainly be scattered among the tens and hundreds where now they are among the ones and the tens.

Government Will Encourage the Honest Settler.

With the announcement that Congress had appropriated a million dollars, and that the land department would send out two hundred men to investigate the 32,000 alleged land frauds in the West, doubtless many persons had their visions of sly detectives on everybody's trail, and innumerable delays and complications for all land-seekers in the West. With the first excitement of the announcement over, we can now appreciate some of the calm assurances that come to us via Interior Department, whose duty it is to make the investigations. The large appropriation and the army of investigators is rather in the interest of the honest settler than toward the harassing of the evildoer. In the true Western spirit, the new Department of Interior announces that it will give everyone credit for being honest until he is found to be otherwise. The investigation of the 32,000 cases will be pushed as fast as possible in order that the man who is under the mistaken charge may be relieved from further embarrassment as soon as possible. Records of the past show that fully half of the cases of land title that are held up for investigation prove to be on unfounded charges. The detection of the other half, however, justifies the total inconvenience. Contrary to popular impression, also, it is said that the investigations will not be conducted in the sleuth manner, and that no secret service men will be needed. Most cases of land fraud are apparent on their face, often stupidly so. Only the painstaking work will be necessary in the sifting out of the wholesale frauds, which of course will inclule the larger part of the total. The evil-doer who has become so prosperous in the business as to be able to retain high-priced brains employed to cover up bad looking tracks, is the real menace to the republic and the one at whom the larger part of the million dollars is aimed.

Future of the Indian in the West.

Statisticians tell us that there is no justification for the sentiment that the Indian is of a fast-dying race. Neglecting

those of Alaska and including those of part blood, it is estimated that there are at present 300,000 Indians within our National borders, or about the same number found here by Columbus. With the cooping up of the Indian on his reservations, popular interest in the noble Red Man has largely died out. In fact the greatest interest in the Indian comes in connection with the remaining open lands within the Indian reservations. Land-grabbing and land-hungry man is looking upon these large parcels with greedy eyes. He is sending messages and delegations to Washington almost every day, praying that these unused lands within the reservations be thrown open to public settlement. He thinks enviously of the Osage Indians of Oklahoma, said to be the richest people on earth from the standpoint of per capita wealth. He impatiently awaits the surveying of the reservations and the allotments to the Indian, which action must precede the opening of the extra land. Popular interest in these lands will increase, for Congress has authorized the opening, during 1909 and 1910, of reservations which contain millions of acres of land. It is inevitable, then, that the Indian lands will soon be absorbed. This, however, does not solve the future of the Indian in the West and Nation. With all charity, it is known that the Indian is finding the lesson of civilization hard to learn. Wealthy by the hand of a paternal Government, it still remains, in many reservations at least, that they prefer to let their white brother farm their land rather than to bother with it themselves. They, as a rule, take practically no interest in political affairs, and the educated Indian often lapses back to the habits and dress of his fathers, and vices rather than virtues seem to grow. On the contrary, too much should not be expected for their change during a two-generation period has been a radical one. Perhaps, too, their very wealth promotes a slothfulness that prevents their better natures from showing or growing.

Exclude Farming Lands From Reserves.

It is the announced plan of the Forestry Service to carefully go over all of the reserve areas during the summer months with a view of determining the exact class of land included within these areas. This great task will be made possible during a single season, following the reorganization of the Department into well-defined districts, with the district superintendent in his field. This work is undertaken particularly for the purpose of excluding any agricultural land that may be included within the present boundaries.

From the Pacific to the Atlantic in Four Days.

That the East is not so isolated from the West as some people might think, is indicated by the announcement from a transcontinental railway that it has established a regular schedule that will carry the traveler from the Pacific Northwest to New York in less than four days.

Investigate Flow of Western Streams.

In order that the Government may act more intelligently toward the conservation of the water power of certain states in the West, it is planned to undertake systematic surveys of the streams of these states. These investigations will be conducted by the Geological Survey, under the direction of the Secretary of Interior. In some cases the states have made appropriation of funds for combining with the Government in this public-service work.

City People Buy Orchard Tracts.

It is said that fully seventy-five per cent of the fruitgrowers of some of the famous fruit sections of the Northwest are former business men from the large cities. It is a strange fact of human nature that the dream of the average business man is to own a country tract, and, of those possible, the orchard seems the favorite, as the above figures would seem to prove.

CALIFORNIA.

Government to Irrigate 600,000 Acres in Sacramento Valley.

Director Newell of the Reclamation Service has pronounced the Sacramento Valley project one of the most satisfactory, and the greatest project to be undertaken by the Government. While only a single unit of this immense project is at present under way, it is the plan of the Reclamation officials to ultimately reclaim 600,000 acres in the rich Sacramento Valley. That this task will be a large one is evidenced in the fact that to secure the water for the irrigation of such a vast amount of land it will be necessary to control the flow from a water-shed of approximately 4,000 square miles of land. To do this it will also be necessary to completely control the two great rivers of California. The Government has already appropriated $650,000 for the construction of the initial Orland or Stony Creek project by means of which water will be brought to 15,000 acres of land in the neighborhood of Orland, California. In addition to the water for irrigation of this land, which will, with water, immediately take its place among the very best of the land in California, valuable power-sites will be secured at the impounding dams. In fact, it is estimated that enough electricity can

be cheaply produced to supply almost all of the great area of land reclaimed. One of the greatest features of value inherent in the proposed scheme of the Reclamation Service will be the control of the winter floods which have done such an immense amount of damage in this section in the past. The Big Valley reservoir will hold more than a million acre-feet of water, and with this part of the system completed, the Reclamation engineers will have complete control of the upper waters of the Sacramento River, the chief stream of the valley, thus checking the winter flood flow and using this water for later irrigation. The completion of this immense system may well be counted an economic triumph for the Reclamation Service, California, and the West. It is said that nothing equaling the magnitude of this project has been attempted in the world since the great Nile irrigation system was undertaken by the British Government.

Harriman May Colonize 500,000 Acres in California.

It is announced as very likely that E. H. Harriman will soon acquire the Miller & Lux holdings on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley and will make them the basis of a vast colonizing scheme. The lands in question comprise a total of 500,000 acres which are at present almost unused. The land is especially valuable and promising, however, from the fact that the Supreme Court has recently decided that these lands control the use of the San Joaquin River for irrigation. This land is a part of the holdings of one of the best-known livestock companies of the West, but like many other sections of the West the pressure of settlement has made the land too valuable to longer be used for grazing purposes. German capitalists have in the past negotiated for the lands, but nothing tangible came, and it is now announced that options on the lands have been taken up by the Railroad Wizard. The colonization of the lands would afford homesites for a vast number of people, besides being a traffic developer for the railway company. It is thought that the scheme is also a shrewd move to head off some of the competition in the colonization business that is sure to result as soon as the Panama Canal is completed.

Reclaim 240,000 Acres Under the Wilson Law.

Land owners of the Yolo basin, in Yolo County, are to take immediate advantage of the Wilson Act of the last Legislature permitting the organization of drainage districts in the various sections of the State, and the voting of bonds for the construction of drainage canals. The property owners of the Yolo district have already organized with the view of voting the necessary bonds for the immediate construction of drainage canals that will reclaim 240,000 acres of land that were formerly of small value because subject to annual overflow.

OREGON.

Prospective Population of Oregon in Ten Years.

One of the prominent railroad traffic officials of the West, whose business it is to foresee and provide for movements of population, has estimated that the State of Oregon will gain two millions of people during the next ten years. On the same basis, the traffic expert has credited the city of Portland with a population of half a million at the end of the ten-year period. These conclusions are based upon interesting figures and deductions. According to this authority, the population of the United States is increasing at the rate of between two and three millions each year. Taking a conservative average he would estimate the total increase in population of the United States to be 25,000,000 for the next ten years. Deducting from his past experience in superintending the distribution of the arrived immigrants, he estimated that not less than one-half of this twenty-five million influx will seek the States west of the Missouri River, and that the Pacific Coast States of Oregon, Washington and California will claim one-half of this latter number. Of the between-six-and-seven-million people, prospective for the Coast during the decade, he says the State of Oregon should claim at least one-third of the number, or something over two millions. On the basis that the city of Portland will continue to have almost one-fourth of the population of the State, he gives the metropolis of Oregon a round 500,000 people in the year 1919. On the basis of the recent increase of Portland's population, it would seem that the figures are not overestimated, she having but 90,000 according to the census of 1890 and being credited with at least 200,000 at the present time. On the other hand, recent traffic reports, and the great undeveloped possibilities of the State of Oregon would seem to indicate that the figures, so far as the State of Oregon is concerned, might be too conservative. It is admitted that the two competing Coast States of California and Washington will have a great advantage over Oregon in the appeal for the oncoming colonists and homeseekers to the Pacific Coast, because population tends to accelerate population, and since either of the other States have a much larger present population than the State of Oregon. Some other facts must be considered, however. It should be re-

membered that a large part of Oregon is at present bottled up, due to the lack of railroad transportation; further, that Oregon has, according to Director Newell of the Reclamation Service, more irrigation possibilities than any other State of the Union, and that the development of these will follow the railroads into Central Oregon. Present colonist figures ought to prove something, also, as to the westward trend. Figures from the Harriman traffic officials show that during the past few months, Oregon has received more than one-half of all the colonists coming to the Northwest. These latter figures may be slightly misleading in that the Harriman lines have made a specialty of advertising Oregon in contrast to Washington during the past year. Further, it is a significant fact as to the Westward movement, that the colonist traffic this year is the greatest in the history of the West, and fully twice as large as that of last year. A further fact concerns the class of immigrants. Colonist traffic of the past spring shows that the new-comers to the West are of a different class than formerly, representing rather the well-to-do middle classes of the East and Middle West than the new-coming immigrants from Europe. The poorer classes of immigrants as a rule remain in the large Eastern cities and the factory districts, while the westward homeseekers are largely made up of the fairly well-to-do, seeking better opportunities and being crowded further westward by the cheaper unskilled labor pouring into the East.

Coming to Oregon Ahead of the Railroad.

Notwithstanding the discouraging fact that Central Oregon is at present the largest section in the United States without a railroad, the very fact has its value as an advertising feature. It is some notoriety to have the largest of anything in the United States, even though that be only a railroadless area, and suggestive rather of pioneer times than present-day advancement. This condition is not without its compensating features, however, for the really serious homeseeker. People know that with the coming of a railroad, values multiply rapidly and opportunities must be divided and are quickly snapped up. Hence going into Central Oregon ahead of the railroad has been considered "getting onto the ground floor," an opportunity that comes but once. That this vast and promising section of Central Oregon has had its advancement regardless of discouraging conditions is proved by some of the figures of settlement. Six years ago there was barely one postoffice in what is known as the Deschutes River Valley, in Crook County, centering about Bend. Today the town of Bend has at least 500 people, and half a dozen other towns in the same section are well under way. Fifty thousand acres of the desert land in this neighborhood are under irrigation ditches, and more than five times this amount has been segregated for reclamation under the Carey Act. Besides this vast area of 200,000 acres of land which will be irrigated under the Carey Act, there are a number of private ditch companies that have their hundreds and thousands of acres under canal. Besides these schemes, there might be mentioned at least ten other promising projects, totaling at least 500,000 acres, that have been openly considered by the Government and private companies. With all of these irrigation possibilities, Central Oregon cannot long remain the greatest railroadless area in the United States, nor will settlers and capital hesitate pushing into this section ahead of the railroad, knowing that values will double and the population will quadruple with the sounding of the locomotive whistle in Central Oregon.

Wheat-Growing Possibilities of Central Oregon.

Some interesting figures relative to the possibilities of Central Oregon became a part of the public records during the Harriman merger trial recently in Portland. A prominent man, well acquainted with the interior of the State, testified that there are 20,000,000 acres of undeveloped land susceptible of cultivation in Central and Eastern Oregon. The testimony went to show that this vast wealth is at present dormant largely, or wholly, because of the lack of railway transportation in Central Oregon.

The great dormant possibilities of Central Oregon, as a wheat section, were again emphasized by James J. Hill on a recent visit to Portland. Mr. Hill had just announced that he would not build a railway into Central Oregon (Harriman's territory), giving as his reason that he could not serve two masters, adding that he considered it a duty to first develop the territory adjacent to his own railways rather than to seek new territory. Mr. Hill added, however, that if Eastern and Central Oregon were as rich as he thought it to be, there was no question but that someone would be building a railway to relieve the section within the next five years. "This railway is sure to come," he added, "simply because the country will need the wheat that Central Oregon can raise."

The dry-farming movement is one of the great facts that has brought the wheat-growing possibilities of Central Oregon to the attention of the State and the West. With the demonstration of the fact that "the man who understands his business can grow wheat on the semi-arid lands of Eastern Oregon for twenty-five cents per bushel," the value of the land has increased many times. This cheap production means a profit of from six to eight dollars an acre or more. It is not strange,

then, considering the dormant wealth of Central Oregon, that settlers are continually pouring into the vast section in order to "get in ahead of the railroad."

Opening of 300,000 Acres of Land Near Lakeview.

The vicinity of Lakeview, in Lake County, South Central Oregon, expects 10,000 new settlers this fall as the result of the opening of 300,000 acres of the old Oregon Military Road land grant. The corporation which is promoting this large settlement project last year purchased about 500,000 acres of land of an old military road land grant, the land being situated in the three counties of Lake, Klamath, and Harney. This tract has later been added to by the purchase of large stock-ranches in the section, and the whole was platted into a vast colonizing scheme. A project for the irrigation of about 65,000 acres of the Goose Lake Valley was also planned, and this irrigation scheme is now under construction, and water will be ready for next season's irrigation. The whole amount of land was cut up into 12,000 individual tracts, and these have been sold to homeseekers in twenty-two different states of the Union. To show the appeal of these lands in the East and Middle West, it is said that but one thousand of the twelve thousand tracts have been sold on the Pacific Coast. In order to promote the growth of Lakeview, the county seat of Lake County, and the town about which the land is chiefly located, twelve thousand lots have been platted as an addition to the city, and one of these is given as a bonus to every purchaser of a tract of land. Lakeview is the expected terminus of the Harriman lines extending north from California, and just completed to the town of Klamath Falls, in Klamath County. It is said also that the Nevada, California & Oregon Railway Company expect to extend their line up from Alturas, California, very soon. Much of the land of this vast project is very choice, the winters in this section being mild, and with water for irrigation, alfalfa, fruit and grains will be the big crops. There are still many opportunities, also, for the small stockman, taken together with the facts that there is considerable open range, and that winter feeding of stock is said to be seldom necessary. The date for the formal opening of the 300,000-acre tract has been fixed at September 9, 1909, and it is expected that a large part of the ten to twelve thousand purchasers of the homeseekers' tracts will be on hand to take the first steps toward becoming loyal Oregonians and in preparing their winter homes.

Portland as a Future Manufacturing City.

Portland is in the battle for progress, development and growth with the war-cry of "500,000 in 1912." And there are many indications that she will win, not only the 500,000, but more. First, she is coming to be the railroad center of the Pacific Northwest and the Coast. It is said that she already has more transcontinental trains than any other port of the Pacific Coast. They are also faster, for one of these lines has just put into effect a time table that will carry the business man and the tourist from Portland to New York City, from ocean to ocean, in somewhat less than four days. This railroad supremacy is due to Portland's strategic location—at the head of navigation on the Columbia for ocean-going traffic, and at the foot of a water-grade penetrating east almost to the Rockies, and following the only natural passage through the rugged Coast Mountains to be found from Alaska to Mexico. This fact will make Portland the natural drainage point and market for the vast fruit, grain, livestock and timber productions of the great Inland Empire, comprising the best part of four large states. Another factor of large importance towards the rapid growth of Portland is the growing importance of the Pacific Coast as a supply house for the increasing trade of the Orient and South America. Still a larger factor will be the completion of the Panama Canal, which will make Portland one of the entry-ports of the world, for the shipment of the fruit, grain, lumber and livestock, in the production of which her tributary territory excels any other part of the United States. With the completion of the great National Canal, pure economy will draw these products west rather than send them east, as is the rule now. The ships of Europe will load at Portland, rather than at New York or New Orleans.

Oregon Lands Withdrawn for National Reclamation Sites.

A recent order of Secretary of Interior Ballinger has withdrawn from entry a total of 242,000 acres of land in Oregon, this withdrawal being in the interest of Government reclamation in the State. The largest unit in the several withdrawals relates to the prospective Malheur project, in the vicinity of Ontario, in extreme Eastern Oregon, the purpose of this withdrawal being merely to preserve the land for the possible project, and the 148,000 acres affected are still open to homestead entry. Another large withdrawal was of 23,000 acres in The Dalles land district, announced to be in the interest of the Crooked River project. Though the exact project is not made known, it is presumed that this withdrawal relates to a large project that has been agitated and investigated by the Reclamation Service in the vicinity of Madras, Crook County, and which was presumed would reclaim 100,000 acres. It is thought that the 23,000

acres withdrawn are merely for the purpose of retaining the reservoir site so that the Government may not be forced to buy out expensive land-holdings when the project is finally located. Ten thousand acres are completely withdrawn in the Burns land district, in connection with the proposed Harney project. Also, there was a withdrawal of 62,000 acres in connection with the Deschutes project, located in the vicinity of Lakeview, Oregon. This latter tract was withdrawn for the purpose of investigating the feasibility of the project and to insure the reservoir site, should the project be finally decided upon.

Klamath Falls' "Railroad Day."

Klamath Falls, the county seat of Klamath County, Southern Oregon, has recently celebrated "railroad day." This long-hoped-for event was made possible by the completion of the California extension of the Harriman branch line from the south. The coming of the railway will be the turning point in the history of this long-isolated section and town, and will bring a new era of prosperity and many opportunities to the homeseeker.

Improvements in Ashland.

Ashland, one of the fast-growing cities of rich Southern Oregon, has demonstrated its excellent civic spirit by the recent purchase of a forty-five-acre tract of land to be used as a city park. This is in addition to the adjoining fifteen-acre Chautauqua Park, devoted for some years to the only summer chautauqua in this part of the State. In addition to these park sites, the city has just voted a large sum for pavements, and has also authorized three miles of cement walks and curbs.

Value of Umatilla River for Irrigation.

Government engineers have, in a recent report, made the statement that the waters of the Umatilla River, in Eastern Oregon, if properly conserved, are capable of irrigating 200,000 acres of land. It is said that only about 50,000 acres of land are proposed for irrigation at this time, however. The land capable of irrigation from the waters of this stream is all very rich, as evidenced by the fact that the Government has fixed forty acres as the unit on the Umatilla project, for which a part of the water is being used.

Gresham, a Future Cherry City.

The great success in the growing of cherries in the section centering about Gresham, in Eastern Multnomah County, has given the citizens of that place courage to assert that theirs is the coming cherry-city of Oregon. A number of large orchards have already been planted to cherries, and it is predicted that within ten years at least 2,000 acres in this section will be growing this fruit.

Irrigation in Oregon.

It is announced by the Department of Irrigation Investigations of Washington, D. C., that they will be glad to furnish free, to any one interested, their new pamphlet, "Irrigation in Oregon," Bulletin 209.

WASHINGTON.

Spokane Indian Reservation Opened to Homesteaders.

It is said that some of the most valuable of the land included in the different reservations, recently opened to settlement by presidential proclamation, is found in the Spokane Indian Reservation. This reservation is well located, being about thirty-five miles west of Spokane, and situated in the heart of the irrigated district of the Inland Empire. A considerable part of it is said to have a market value of at least one hundred dollars an acre in its present state. This is the smallest of the three reservations to be thrown open simultaneously in the States of Montana, Idaho and Washington. It is estimated to contain between fifty and one hundred thousand acres of unsettled land. According to Washington law, the flat rate of five dollars an acre is required to be paid as a condition of settlement. One-fifth of this amount is required paid at the time of entry upon the land, the remainder to be paid in five annual installments. Every person in the United States who has not used his homestead right has an equal chance in this land-lottery drawing, conducted under the rules approved by the Land Department. The would-be homesteaders must register in person at Spokane between the dates of July 15 and August 5, this registration being forwarded to the superintendent of the opening, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. A fair and open drawing begins at that place on August 9, the first name taken from the applications being entitled to first choice of land, and so on, until all of the land has been taken. The lucky persons are notified of the fact by mail, and they must make entry on the land, in person, on April 10, 1910. Actual residence must begin on the land not later than six months after entry, and continue for five years, accompanied by cultivation, improvements and payment of installments. (For further conditions see article at beginning of this department.)

Railroad Experimental Farms in Washington.

An index to the methods of the modern

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railroad builder in the West, is the announcement that the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway Company will establish and operate six experimental farms in the State of Washington. The purpose of these experimental farms will be to demonstrate to the prospective homeseeker and investor the possibilities of the new lands that the extension of this new railroad will open to settlement. That these farms are to be placed as truly on a business basis as the modern science of railroad building, is proved by the fact that they are to be entirely self-supporting. The six farms in Washington will each have an area of ten acres and they will be located in sections representative of the different classes of land which the railroad will open to possible development. The farms will be conducted in an up-to-date and scientific manner, with enough of the experimental to determine the class of agriculture or industry to which each particular climate and soil is adapted. These model farms will be of immense value to the new sections in that the farmers and investors themselves will be saved the years of experimentation usually necessary to determine the crops and industries most profitable in the section. It may be said in a general way that many sections of the West have been greatly injured by the haphazard manner in which the crop of the community is usually determined. Let a few farmers partial to the raising of wheat settle first in a new community, and the natural result is the establishment of a wheat-growing community, even though the soil and climate may be more adapted to much more intensive cultivation. In turn the markets develop parallel to the product, the community comes to be noted for the production of this one crop, and the newcomer is almost compelled to enter into the established industry.

Above the matter of getting the community started right, the railroad experiment farms have great significance in other directions. They indicate the coming of the new idea of railroad building—the idea of developing rather than exploiting a community. The railroad has its reward, for the more profitable it can help to make the community the greater is the traffic developed. No agricultural community can succeed without the railroad, and this parallel development of the community and the railroad fosters the proper spirit of co-operation that should exist between the public-service corporation and the public which it serves. Such a system of experiment farms will do great good in that it will answer many of

the questions that are being asked about the West. Many of the prospective homeseekers are from the city, they know little about practical, and still less about scientific agriculture. Also the basic principles of irrigation are little known to the average agriculturist, even though he may have been successful in a humid or dry-farming section. Without scientific instruction the would-be irrigator has as many chances of failure as success. The visitor of the West, including the capitalist and prospective investor and tourist, as well as the homeseeker, has heard much about the wonderful productivity of the irrigated sections of the West, and he is ready to appreciate a demonstration of these stories. The growing crop is certainly more convincing than the word of the real estate agent. Taken altogether the new experiment farms of this and other railroads are sure to be of immense advertising and economic value to the West.

Irrigate 15,000 Acres of Land in Grant County.

Contracts are said to have been let for the construction of a twelve-mile irrigation canal along the north and east banks of the Columbia River, which will irrigate some 15,000 acres of land directly tributary to Wahluke, Washington. This land, when irrigated, will become very excellent fruit land, it being in the vicinity of several sections that have already acquired fame in the fruit-producing world. The land is well located, from a transportation standpoint, being five miles up the Columbia from White Bluffs, and fifty miles from the famous Kennewick section. Water for the irrigation scheme will be pumped from the Columbia River by a $65,000 plant, which will use both gas and electricity as lifting power. The promoting company now owns about three thousand acres of the land to be irrigated, and is said to have a contract with the Northern Pacific Railway for the purchase of the remainder of the land that will be reclaimed. The estimated total cost of the new land to be acquired by the company is thirty-five dollars an acre, including the cost of supplying it with water.

Possible 500,000-Acre Project in Big Bend Country.

"The time will come when an immense irrigation project will be carried through for the reclamation of the Big Bend country," said Director Frederick H. Newell, of the National Reclamation Service, at Spokane, during his recent tour of inspec-

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tion of the Government reclamation projects of the West. He added that the time might not come in this generation or the next, but that it was sure to come. "It is just the question of money and courage to undertake the big project," he said. He goes on to tell that a survey has already been made, showing that it is possible to take water from the Spokane River for the reclamation of 500,000 acres in this section. The large amount of capital necessary is indicated in the fact that a canal fully seventy miles long would be required. This canal must carry a flow of 5,000 cubic feet of water a second, or, in other words, must be one hundred feet wide and twenty-five feet deep and give a current of two feet a second. This canal would follow the south bluff of the river, necessitating a number of expensive tunnels and aqueducts. Director Newell intimated that it would likely be some years before the Reclamation Service could think of undertaking the great project, due to the lack of funds. It is rather the present province of the Service to attempt and complete the smaller projects, he said, thus demonstrating the possibility of reclamation to private capital and gaining the support of the people through practical good done to the homeseeker. He adds that "the National Service proved the practicability of irrigation and induced private capital to spend ten dollars to our one."

Seattle's Enviable Building Record.

An official bulletin of the United States Geological Survey, covering the year 1908, credits Seattle with seventh place in building permits among all of the cities of the United States. This rank is really sixth, counting the building of Brooklyn as a part of that of New York, as perhaps should be done. These Government records for the year 1908 show that, in amount expended for construction, Seattle is excelled only by the cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and San Francisco. These figures are made still more significant when it is known that, so far during the present year, neither St. Louis nor San Francisco are reported to have done as much building as Seattle. With this showing, it is expected that the records for the year 1909 will show still further changes in the rank in favor of Seattle. The official tables still further show that in the actual number of building permits, Seattle has exceeded San Francisco, and that in the number of wooden buildings constructed Seattle leads all of the cities of the Nation. This latter fact would seem to indicate that Seattle is growing as a home city more rapidly than any other city in America. These figures show that more money has been spent in Seattle for building, during 1908, than in the larger cities of Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Boston and Detroit.

Forest Resources of Washington.

Recent Government reports credit the State of Washington with a larger lumber production for the year 1908 than that of any other State in the Union. This statement comes in the face of the fact that Washington's lumber production for this year is considerably smaller than that of former years in her history, notably 1906. For many years, however, lumber has been one of the leading resources of the State and one of the leading sources of income. Recent figures and estimates show that at the present time lumber is bringing about one-third of the total income of the State, though the State is rich in fruits, grain, fisheries, livestock, manufactories and minerals. These Government reports are supplemented by those of the State Conservation Commission, which estimates the present forest area of the State of Washington to be 25,000,000 acres. It is probable that this vast area contains at least 300,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber. Indeed, some authorities say that this total is easily 400,000,000,000 feet. The total value of the timber cut in Washington during the year 1907 is estimated to be over $76,000,000. At the present rate of cutting, it is estimated, then, that the present forests of Washington would not be exhausted for fifty years. Allowing a probable rate of growth of one hundred and twenty board feet of timber per acre annually, however, the timber of Washington, at the present rate of cutting, would last for one hundred years. It is certain, though, that this rate of consumption will increase rapidly as the years go on, and as the lumber dealers of the Nation are forced to look to the West for their supplies, following the fast-disappearing of the timber of the Middle West. There are new factors entering in, however, that will aid in preserving the present supply, and reproducing a future supply. The control of the forest fires is becoming more scientific; a part of the present timber area is now in forest reserves and controlled by forestry principles; the future will probably see careful state regulation of the cutting of the timber so as to insure successive crops; reforestation of denuded non-agricultural lands will very likely be undertaken; and, most important of all, it is likely that state timber taxation laws will be so revised that cut-over lands can be held awaiting future crops. Under the present state laws, both the land and the growing crop of timber is taxed annually, even though it is known that the timber matures only once every fifty years or one hundred years. Under this method, then, the timber owner is required to pay fifty

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or a hundred taxes on a single timber crop, notwithstanding that other agricultural crops pay only one assessment.

Co-operative Irrigation of Horse Heaven Section.

Owners of a total of 75,000 acres of land in the Horse Heaven country, in the northeastern part of Klickitat County, have joined in a co-operative movement looking to the construction of a large irrigation scheme. These land-owners have reached a solid basis in the organization of a Land-Owners' Association, and each quarter-section represented in the organization has been taxed twenty-five dollars for a preliminary investigation of irrigation possibilities. The organizaton will encourage outside capital to construct an irrigation system; this failing, they may turn to canal-building themselves. Until such a time that an irrigation system may be established, it is the purpose of the organization to promote the best interests of all by the encouragement of better dry-farming methods.

Growing Cabbage Seed Profitable Industry.

What has been called the most profitable crop grown on the Pacific Slope is well established in the vicinity of LaConner, Washington, in the growing of cabbage-seed. It is reported that six hundred acres are being planted to cabbage by the farmers, the seed of which has been contracted for in advance. Three hundred acres will also be planted to old cabbage grown last year which will produce seed this season. The plants being set out this year will grow to hundreds of tons of cabbage, all of which will be stored for replanting next year.

Will Colonize Large Acreage in Clark County.

Swedish capitalists have a scheme already well under way which presumes the establishment of a large Swedish colony in Clark County, Washington. It is said that the total holdings of the project run into many thousands of acres of land. The success of the scheme seems assured in that 2,000 acres are being cultivated by the colonists this year, mostly in five and ten-acre tracts. The town of Vennersborg, named after one of the well-known cities of the Fatherland, is already under construction. The residents of the district have hired one of the best-known of the Swedish ministers of the Northwest to hold regular services at the place, and they expect to have a church building within a few months. Most of the Swedish settlers are farmers from the East and Middle West, who have been attracted to the Northwest by the promising opportunities offered here.

Fruit Growing in Yakima Valley.

The fruit-growing possibilities of Yakima County are well indicated in statistics that have been prepared. These figures show that the county already has 8,000 acres planted to 550,000 bearing trees. In addition, 25,000 acres are planted to 2,500,000 young trees. Fifteen thousand acres of orchard lands are under irrigation, and when schemes under construction are completed, this will be increased to 200,000 acres.

Skagit County as a Dairy Section.

Land-owners in Skagit County, in the western part of the State, have found the dairy industry to be a profitable solution of the logged-off land problem. It is reported that some of the experimenters in the new industry have found that a cow can be kept and fed for fifty-seven dollars a year, and at this rate the net profit on a 160-acre farm was found to be $9,000 for the year, or thirty per cent on the land investment. That other opportunities are open, is indicated from the fact that Skagit County is reported to have 60,000 acres of bottom land, 130,000 acres of logged-off uplands and small valleys, and 300,000 acres of unlogged-off lands, outside of timber reserves.

Will Plant a 5,000-Acre Apple Orchard.

It is the announced plan of the Adrian Irrigation Company to plant almost the whole of the five thousand acres of their lands near Wenatchee, which have just been brought under irrigation, to winter apples. They are reported to have already planted 12,000 apple trees, and to have given a recent order for 50,000 additional trees for fall planting. The land has only just been reclaimed from a raw, unproductive state by the construction of an irrigation system, and the winter apple trees will be planted where a year ago there was nothing but sagebrush.

IDAHO.

Coeur d'Alene Reservation Open to Homesteaders.

One of the biggest land rushes to Idaho this year will be that following the opening to settlement by the homesteader of the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation, in the northern part of the State. It is estimated that 200,000 acres will be subject to drawing under the lottery system of the Government, much of which is very valuable land, with an estimated worth of between twenty-five and a hundred dollars per acre. Allowing each settler 160 acres of the estimated 200,000 acres of the reservation to be thrown open, there will be 1,250 lucky ones in the drawing. According to the conditions of the opening and settlement of the land (stated fully

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at the beginning of this department) each person has an equal chance with every other person in the drawing of a valuable homestead, and it is expected that there will be registrations from all parts of the United States. Registration must be made in person at Coeur d'Alene, between the dates of July 15 and August 5, and the drawing will begin on August 9, the lucky ones being notified by mail. Beginning with April 1, 1910, the holders of the lucky numbers must present their applications to file on the land, actual residence to begin within six months. One-third of the appraised value of these lands, the land being appraised very low, must be paid at the time of making entry, and the remainder of the amount may be paid in five annual installments. Allotments on this reservation have been recently made to over six hundred Indians, and it is said that the Indians in making their selections almost invariably chose the agricultural lands, in contrast to the timber land. For this reason some of the prospective homesteads have as fine timber as may be seen in the Northwest. Other sections are partially timbered, while others are wholly agricultural. Still other land is rough and valuable only for grazing purposes. Much of the timbered land has double value, in that it will be fertile agricultural land after the timber is removed. Certain restrictions will be imposed regarding the disposal of the timber on the claims, tending to preserve it for its best future use.

Plan to Irrigate 12,000 Acres Near Glenns Ferry.

The State Board of Land Commissioners of Idaho have approved the plan of well-known Lewiston men for the irrigation of from twelve to fifteen thousand acres of arid land in the vicinity of Medbury and Glenns Ferry. Wide attention has already been attracted to the segregation as it is said to contain some of the best fruit land in the State. The land being on the bank of the Snake River and protected by high cliffs, government records for the past two years are said to show that the climate averaged warmer than any other spot in the State of Idaho. The possibilities of this section were discovered by a former newspaper man who has made the necessary water filings for the irrigation of the large body of land and who is promoting the project. Another feature adding to the value of the tract is that it is traversed by a railroad. With the segregation approved by the land board and the money provided, it is planned soon to begin actual work. A part of the water necessary for the project will be taken from Malad River and carried across Snake River by means of an inverted syphon a mile and a half long. The section too high to be reached by this means will be irrigated from a storage reservoir collecting the water from a number of small streams. The entire system is expected to total a cost of $65,000. The water rights have been fixed at sixty-five dollars an acre, which price will not be prohibitive considering that the land is among the most promising in the State and in the Northwest for the raising of fruits and early vegetables and for intensive farming. It is planned to promote two towns upon the project, both of which are expected to be of some importance in the near future.

Progress on the Salmon River Project.

All divisions of the work on the great 80,000-acre Salmon River project are being pushed preparatory to the opening which is expected to take place early in August. Work on the large tunnels, which will carry the water through the obstructing mountains, is said to be well along. Galvanized steel flumes will carry the water around several rocky points, and the main canal will be sixty feet wide on the bottom and carry five feet of water. The immense dam, forming the reservoir, is the real wonder of the system, backing up the water of the Salmon River for fifteen miles. This great retaining dam will be of masonry, constructed in the form of an up-stream arch, the two ends of which will be imbedded in the solid lava of the hills on either side. Construction is also being pushed on the new Twin Falls-Nevada Railroad, which will extend through the land to be reclaimed. This railroad is expected to be completed this summer. The new town of Hollister, centrally located on the tract, is now being platted, and everything being made ready for the opening in early August.

A Billion Dollars for Irrigation in Idaho.

An Idaho man has found print in one of his State papers for the startling statement that a full billion dollars will be necessary for the construction of the most promising of the irrigation systems of the State of Idaho. This bold boost was called forth in correction of the statement of a writer who had credited Idaho with the expenditure of some tens of millions of dollars for irrigation. But the Idaho man would substitute hundreds in place of tens of millions; best of all, he gives out a few figures, which, even allowing for local enthusiasm, are startling as well as convincing. He enumerated what he classes as the "most widely known" projects under way in the State. When these nineteen are reduced to the estimated acreage to be reclaimed, they total 2,376,000 acres. The combined cost of these projects is estimated at $83,630,000. But after building up this great castle of possibility, the writer brushed it all away with a single sweep, saying that these are "only a few of the most widely known projects." He

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says that there are many more—"not less than twenty in Blaine County alone"—in which sums varying from $20,000 to over a million dollars are invested. Our Idaho defender then goes on to say that this initial cost is one of the smaller features, since the water must be carried to the individual headgates and then distributed. He estimated that at least $100,000,000 has already been thus expended in the "few" systems enumerated, and fully as much more will be necessary in getting the water where the individual user can handle it at will in doing his part toward the miracle of irrigation. The last point of the writer is that since such a small part of the total arid and semi-arid sections of the State have as yet been placed under even paper ditches, and considering the great cost of some of the latter of these, that a total expenditure of fully $1,000,000,000 will be necessary before the irrigation possibilities of Idaho are approached.

Following are what our informant classes as the "most widely known" projects under way in Idaho:

	Acres.	Estimated Cost.
Salmon River—Bruneau	700,000	$27,000,000
North Side Twin Falls	185,000	7,400,000
South Side Twin Falls	240,000	6,000,000
Idaho Irrigation Co.	230,000	4,500,000
Salmon River	150,000	2,000,000
Clover Creek	40,000	2,400,000
Owyhee	200,000	3,500,000
Big Lost River	50,000	3,000,000
Little Lost River	25,000	750,000
Goose Creek	55,000	2,000,000
Minidoka North Side	84,000	2,500,000
Minidoka South Side	60,000	1,800,000
Minidoka North Side Pumping	200,000	7,000,000
Cedar Creek, west of Salmon	55,000	2,000,000
American Falls, water from Blackfoot	60,000	1,500,000
Mountain Home	150,000	6,000,000
King Hill	12,000	780,000
Medbury	10,000	500,000
Miscellaneous	20,000	400,000
Totals	2,376,000	$83,630,000

Resources of Blaine County.

The new economic conditions that have come to Blaine County, Idaho, are well indicated from the fact that it is said that the average size of the present farm is eighty acres, in contrast to the condition of a few years ago when the average man controlled from one hundred and sixty acres to several thousand acres. The county was formerly known only as a mining section, and other possibilities seemingly were not considered. A change is coming, however, and the county is now making a strong call to the up-to-date stockman, the irrigationist and the fruit-grower. The mountains of the northern part of the county insure a continuous stock-range for all time, and this fact likewise insures a market for the alfalfa that is easily grown in the irrigated sections. One of the promising features of the county is the many small irrigation systems that could easily be constructed by the banding together of the land-owners of the section, and the newcomers, who are fast settling up the vacant lands of the county.

New Industries in and About Pocatello.

The completion of the largest and most up-to-date creamery plant in the State of Idaho, at Pocatello, is a reminder of some of the promising new industries in the southeastern part of the State. The creamery has a capacity of 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of butter daily and is capable of being enlarged, indicating faith in the surrounding country as a dairy section. It is claimed that this part of the state and the West has many advantages, even over the East and Middle West, as a dairy section. A mingling of the irrigated tract and the cool mountain pasture gives a good combination for the support of the herds. The altitude and purity of the air is also said to be a great advantage over the East, in that the cream can as easily be shipped one hunded miles here as ten miles where the altitude is low and atmosphere heavy.

Above being a promising dairy section, Pocatello is also the center of a large irrigated district. The Government project under way will irrigate a 50,000-acre tract, about 10,000 acres of which will be directly tributary to Pocatello. The remainder of the land to be irrigated is owned by the Indians at present, though it is expected to be thrown open to public entry within a short time. This is one of the lowest-priced irrigation schemes to be found in the West, it being estimated that the water can be supplied at a cost of not exceeding ten dollars an acre, and some of the estimates carrying this figure as low as six dollars an acre. As showing the possibilities in the section for home-seeking irrigationists and the dairy-capitalist, it is said that fine farming land, within a few miles of the city, may be purchased at prices ranging from fifty to sixty dollars an acre. Still another project in the vicinity, of promise to the prospective newcomer, is the announced plan of promoters to subdivide a large acreage tract near the city, the terms to be fixed especially for the benefit of the newcomer of small means.

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Possibilities of Irrigation by Artesian Wells in Idaho.

Before the days of irrigation the greater part of the semi-arid land of the West was thought to be desert, waste, useless. The great unpopulated section between the Mississippi Valley and the fringe of humid land on the very coast was merely tolerated by the traveler as he made his transcontinental journey. With the discovery of irrigation and the construction of the great irrigation systems in the West all was changed. Thousands of acres have already been reclaimed; thousands more will be reclaimed. The State of Idaho, for example, which had been previously noted only for its mountain scenery and livestock and mining resources, entirely changed its economic and industrial front. There are more than 3,000,000 acres of land in Idaho lying under irrigation canal systems, and half of this amount is actually being irrigated today. It is expected that an additional 3,000,000 acres of land will be under projected and completed irrigation ditches within another decade. Even with the reclaiming, from barrenness to productivity, of this vast amount of land, which will support millions of people, only a small per cent of the unoccupied land of Idaho will be utilized, however. In contrast to the five or six million acres of land that is expected to be under way of reclamation in another ten years, the State of Idaho has a total of over 54,000,000 acres of land within her borders. It is not claimed, however, that this great total amount of land is prospective or even possible of irrigation. Firstly, of course, Idaho, in common with all of the Western States, has a vast amount of waste land that can never be of greater service to mankind than in the utilization of the minerals that it might contain, or for stock range. Beyond this limit is that of water supply. Truly does development in the West follow the water line. But if science were able to utilize every drop of water that flows in the streams of the West, still thousands of acres of land equal to the best in the irrigable sections would be calling for the life-giving water. In utilizing the water-flow of the West, several progressive stages have already been marked in hydraulic engineering. First and easiest, is the simple gravity system by which the water is carried to the lower land. Most of the Western stream beds are worn down, however, and in such cases water is recovered only by the construction of dams, thus allowing the fluid to lift itself. Still a later, and usually a more expensive method of securing water, is the construction of great storage lakes in the ravines and basins far up the stream. This latter method is a great step in economy, in that the flood-flow of the spring that is usually wasted to the endangerment of property and life in the valley below, has been utilized. Also, with the great increase in value of irrigated land in the West, it has been found profitable to pump the river water from the river bed onto the high plains along the bank. Still, all of these methods are limited, in their extreme development, to the surface water-flow. With irrigated land worth from a hundred to a thousand, and even three thousand dollars an acre, it is not to be presumed that man is going to limit himself to the suface flow of the streams. With water measuring values, he goes out after the water. His latest source is found to be the hidden artesian supply. With the searching for artesian water he has discovered great possibilities. Scientists tell us that there is in Southern Idaho and Eastern Oregon a belt of land, of at least a thousand square miles, where artesian water is not only a possibility but a demonstrated fact. The four great artesian districts are known as the Lewis, Otis, Harney and Whitehorse. These districts roughly center about the towns of Glenn's Ferry, Boise and Weiser, in Idaho, and Ontario in Oregon. Although there are many wells already flowing artesian water in this large district, yet the artesian possibilities have only as yet been touched. It is said that some of these artesian wells have been drilled for the sum of $400—surely a low price to pay for practically a perpetual flow of water.

MONTANA.

Opening of the Flathead Reservation in Montana.

Allowing each of the winners to select the full one hundred and sixty acres of land possible under the homestead law, and granting that all of the land is of enough value to justify settlement, there will be 2,750 lucky ones in the drawing by which the remaining 440,000 acres of the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana is thrown open to settlement. The drawing of this land under the regulation government lottery system for Indian lands is made possible by the recent proclamation of the President, and its entry and settlement will be governed by the rules of the Department of Interior and the National and State land laws applicable. For some time past the Indian Bureau of the Department of Interior has been allotting the lands of the large Flathead Reservation to the Indians who have not previously received allotments. With this and the surveying of the remaining lands complete, all of the would-be homesteaders in the United States will be given an equal chance at

The Gigantic Grains Shot from Guns

These pictures show Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice exactly as they look when puffed.

Puffing expands the grains eight times in size — makes them four times as porous as bread. It does this by blasting every starch granule to pieces, so the digestive juices act instantly.

But the coats of the grain are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. The result is these mammoth, nut-like grains, ready to melt in the mouth.

Don't they look good to you?

A Million a Month

These enticing new foods have come into favor fairly by leaps and bounds.

The demand now exceeds a million packages monthly. And it will probably double before the summer is over.

For every new user tells others about them, and the others tell others. They want all the world to enjoy them.

You'll do the same when you know them. For these are delightful foods. There's nothing else like them—nothing that begins to compare with them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in the Extreme West

This is the method invented by Prof. Anderson — by which these curious foods are prepared: The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes terrific.

Then the guns are unsealed —the steam explodes, and instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times, yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified kernels of grain, made porous and crisp and digestible.

This is the Day of Puffed Foods

We make more cereal foods and in greater variety than any other concern in America. So we know how the taste is turning. The flaky confections are going out. People are coming to the hearty and the substantial.

They are demanding the most digestible foods, and these are Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They are turning to these crisp, enticing, whole-grain foods.

This is the time to join this tide—to learn what these foods mean. For the summer is the time to enjoy them.

Order one package and see what a food you get.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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the remaining 440,000 acres of open land, a large part of which is very valuable. The Flathead Reservation land is classified as grazing, timber and agricultural, and the land has been appraised at a price which must be paid by the homesteader as one of the conditions of settlement. The appraised value of the land varies from one dollar and twenty-five cents to seven dollars an acre. One-fifth of the appraised value of this land must be paid at the time of entry, the remainder to be paid in five equal annual installments. Title will be granted following the five years' residence and continued cultivation of the land. It is provided, also, that the land may be "commuted" and title gained by a continuous residence of fourteen months providing all of the installments have also been paid. (For other conditions governing this opening see article at beginning of this department.)

Open Lands in the State of Montana.

Future opportunities for the homeseeker in Montana are clearly indicated in the statement, that of the more than 92,000,000 acres of the State, only 20,000,000 acres have as yet been taken. Of the remaining amount, however, 18,000,000 acres are reserved for irrigation, forestry and parks. That the pressure of the land seeker has not yet become very strong in the State is indicated from the fact that there are still 35,000,000 acres of unsurveyed land in the State. A large part of the land that is at present reserved for irrigation will, in time, also be offering many opportunities to the homeseeker and supporting many people. It is known that Montana is one of the most favored States in the West in the amount of water available for irrigation; and many large systems will surely result in the future, in addition to what the Government is already undertaking in this State. Many of the small streams have been utilized, but it is said that none of the larger ones have been appropriated to more than a small fraction of their capacity. Due to the mountainous condition of a large part of the State, stock raising will always be a large industry. The mineral wealth of the State also insures the continuance of the mining districts.

Presenting Montana's Possibilities to Homeseekers.

Following the passage at the last session of the Legislature of a bill permitting the appropriation of funds for general publicity purposes, the Montana Development League has been organized. It will be the purpose of this league, which is headed by the Governor of the State, to prepare booklets and advertising material and in every way possible place before the homeseeker the possibilities of the great State of Montana. That there is already demand for such information is shown by a news report concerning the Montana Commissioner of Agriculture, Labor and Industry, he receiving many inquiries from prospective settlers from all parts of the United States. The larger number of these inquiries are reported to come from the Middle Western States of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and North Dakota. People are apparently looking to Montana from other directions, also, as the receipt of fourteen inquiries from California people on the day previous to the report would indicate. The first work of the new publicity bureau will be the preparation of a booklet adequately and conservatively describing the resources of the State of Montana as a whole. They will show, that while the great coal fields of Montana have as yet been only half explored, they surpass those of Pennsylvania; that her forests have greater possibilities than those of Michigan, and that her wheat fields are far ahead of those of the Mississippi Valley—the high plateaus in the eastern part of the State, formerly thought to be only of value as grazing lands, now being counted as among the very best hard-wheat districts of the world. In the mineral field, while Montana has as a Territory and a State furnished to the Nation gold, silver, copper and lead valued at more than $1,500,000,000, yet it is said that these resources have as yet merely been scratched. The great area of Montana, being larger than the States of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana combined, has given it immense advantage in the livestock industry. Indeed, so great has been its prestige in this field that the average person thinks of the State only as a cowboy and sheep-herder headquarters. For many years it was thought, too, that much of the table-land of Montana was of value only for grazing purposes. But with the application of the new dry-farming ideas it has been found that these same lands are among the best grain fields in the world. Such standing has Montana gained among the dry-farming enthusiasts, that her city of Billings has has been selected as the meeting place of the annual session of the Dry-Farming Congress later during the present year. Montana has her prestige to maintain in livestock circles, dividing with Wyoming the honor of being the greatest sheep-raising State of the Union, and being the last American home of the cattle baron. But her best stock-raising days are past. While the large water-resources of the state will permit the reclamation and irrigation of several million acres of land, when the different Government and private projects now under construction are

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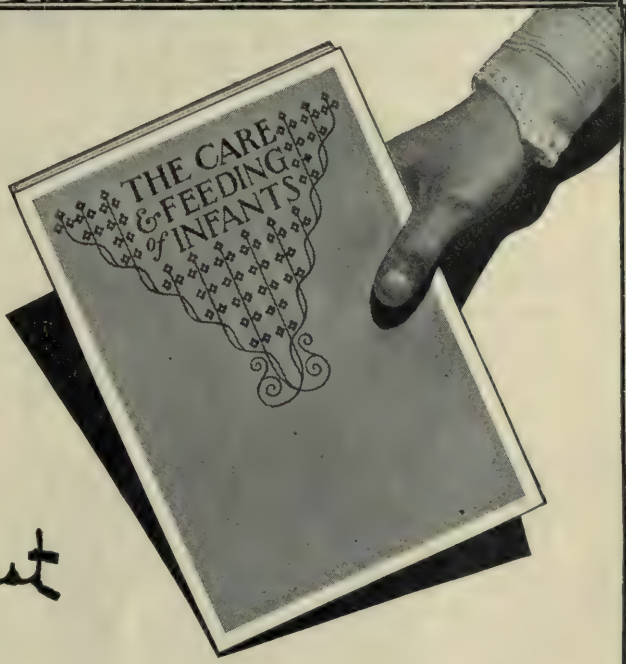

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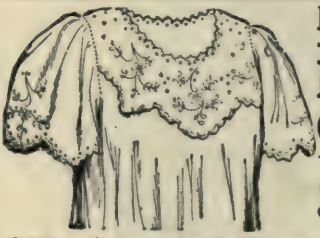

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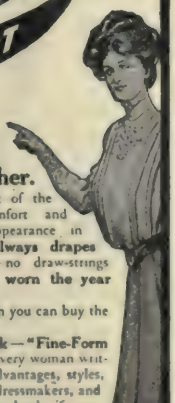

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completed, the greatest amount of open land is to be found in the dry-farming belt. It is said that there are 20,000,000 acres of open dry-farming land in the State of Montana making its call to the homeseeker and would-be settler. It would seem, then, that the known facts of the great agricultural, mineral and livestock possibilities of Montana and her evident need of her share of the stream of American immigrants that are looking for opportunities of betterment, would abundantly justify the organization of the State Publicity Bureau, and the time of even such busy men as the Governor.

From being the home only of scurrying prairie dogs last August, to becoming the habitation of from three to five hundred human beings, is the first chapter in the history of Judith, Montana. That the coming of these people is not counted as temporary is proved from the fact that there are already thirty business houses in the less-than-a-year-old town, and plans are under way for the building of at least three grain elevators, three churches and a school house. The young city already has a nucleus of the professions, numbering one doctor and two dentists. The town is on the Northern Pacific Railroad and is said to be the center of a very promising grain district. It is reported that all of the land within a radius of fifteen miles of the center has been homesteaded within the short space of the year, but that more opportunities are offered, in that some of this land may be purchased cheap, and in that a little more than fifteen miles from town is not a prohibitive distance for the ambitious pioneer homeseeker in the West.

HAWAII.

Experiments in Cotton Raising in Hawaii.

The experiments covering several years, conducted by the United States Agricultural Experiment Station, seem to indicate that cotton production will in time become one of the great industries of the Hawaiian Islands. As a result of these experiments, half a dozen small fields, totaling at least one hundred acres, have been planted to this staple. This industry is not entirely new, for during the Civil War, when prices were very high, a considerable acreage was planted. Following the close of the war, however, the industry was allowed to lapse, and the earlier experience seemed entirely forgotten until the Experiment Station began its recent work. Several interesting discoveries have been made regarding cotton raising in Hawaii. One of the most far-reaching of these discoveries is the seeming demonstration that instead of planting the crop every year, as in most of the cotton sections of the world, one planting will be sufficient for a long period of years. This discovery comes in connection with the fact that many of the cotton plants that were left during the Civil War are still

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growing, some of them now being trees from fifteen to thirty feet in height. It has also been demonstrated that the plants can as well be started from the cutting as from the seed and that they can be easily grafted. This latter fact would seem to insure a better quality of the staple and at a much lower cost than afforded by other cotton-growing sections of the United States. It is expected that the industry will grow very rapidly as soon as the experimental stage has well passed.

Prosperity Figures From the Hawaiian Islands.

Figures compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor prove that Hawaii has had a healthy increase in trade this year over that of last year. The total value of the domestic merchandise shipped from the United States to Hawaii during the month of January of this year is more than one-third greater than the shipment of the same class of goods last year, or an increase from $1,006,356 to $1,547,609. Likewise the importations for the seven-month period ending with January have increased more than a million dollars in value over a similar period for the year previous. To show, also, that the trade is going the right way to insure a healthy balance in favor of the Islands against the Mainland, the figures indicate that the shipments of domestic merchandise from Hawaii to the United States is more than double that of the shipments in the other direction. The exportations have also had a healthy increase over the same periods of a year ago. The total value of the sugar shipped from the Islands for the seven-months period ending in January of this year was $17,722,915, or a slight increase over the previous like period. Coffee exportations show an increase of more than three times during the period, while the total of the fruit and nut shipment has increased from $150,000 to a total of more than $800,000. The shipments of wool and rice show a decline over the former period.

Profits in Pork Production.

As an indication of the feeling in the pork market of the Islands it is reported that there is a constant and active demand for pork at ten cents per pound, live weight, and even at this price the demand cannot be supplied locally. That large profits are possible in this industry is further indicated in the fact that the climate will permit the animal to run on pasture during the entire year. In contrast to the ten-cents-per-pound, live weight, paid on the market for the hog, it is estimated that the hog can be produced on the Island for from one and a half to three and a half cents per pound.

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erally independent and self-respecting, as in Honolulu. This is due in part to the general character of the various classes who make up the 45,000 population of this metropolis of Hawaii, and in part to the climatic conditions of the Island. The native Hawaiians are generous to a fault and their racial pride restrains them from alms-asking except under very great provocation. The Chinese and Japanese inhabitants are industrious almost without exception and they care for the unfortunate of their countrymen, never allowing them to come to public attention. The greatest tendency towards professional pauperism is found among the native Portuguese of the Island, which number some 20,000, but this trait which has been imported from their European homeland, is being severely condemned by the younger generation and it seems likely that the third generation will have evolved entirely out of the pauper class. Besides the numerous native and foreign charitable societies, the greatest reason for this absence of the beggar and tramp class is a climatic one. In all parts of the Island vegetables and small fruits grow almost without attention and mature during nearly any month of the year. Also, there are great varieties of wild fruits and plants to be had for the gathering, even among the forests and more waste portions of the territory. Add to these conditions the fact that the climate is so mild as to prevent suffering because of lack of clothing, and we have the general reasons for the surprise of the world traveler when he reached Hawaii and fails to find the hordes of beggars common to the streets of the average tropical and semi-tropical city.

Though the pineapple industry is one of the latest to be established on the Islands, already over 4,500 acres are devoted to this profitable crop, and the last year's output was 190,000 cases, besides about 700 tons that were shipped fresh. It is expected that the output for the year ending in May of 1909 will be double that of the previous year.

Sixty acres will be planted to tobacco during the year 1909 by the two companies already in the tobacco-growing industry and their plans call for a planting of about 400 acres during 1910. The United States Agricultural Experiment Station has proved that a grade of wrapper leaf can be grown in Hawaii that will compare favorably with that for which Cuba and Sumatra are famous.

Work Begins on Feather River Project.

It is reported that actual work has begun on the Feather River canal, which will supply water for an estimated 300,000 acres when completed. The water will be taken from the Feather River below Oroville and will cover the section about Biggs and Nelson.

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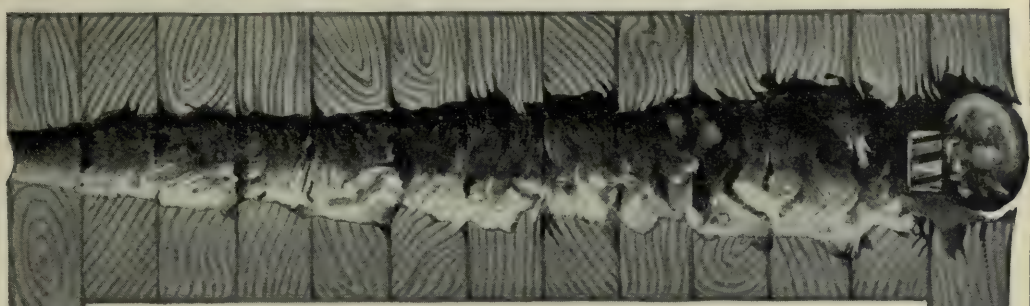

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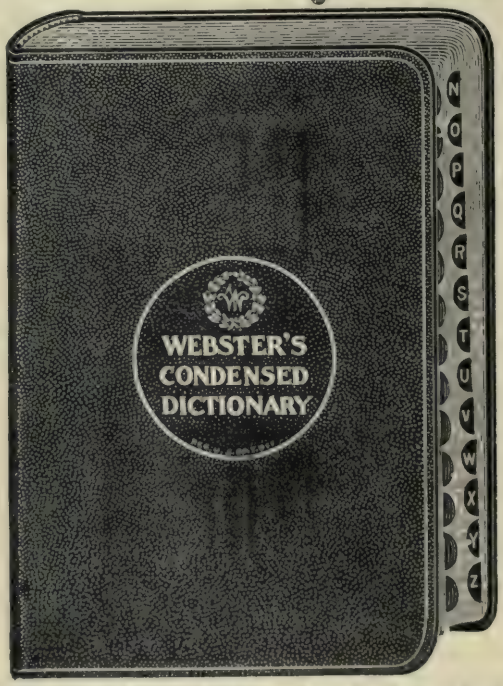

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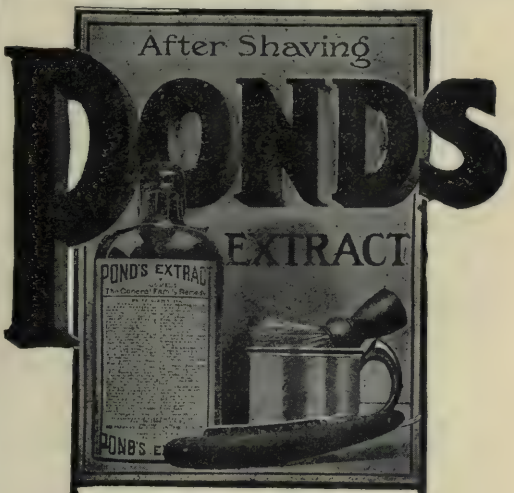

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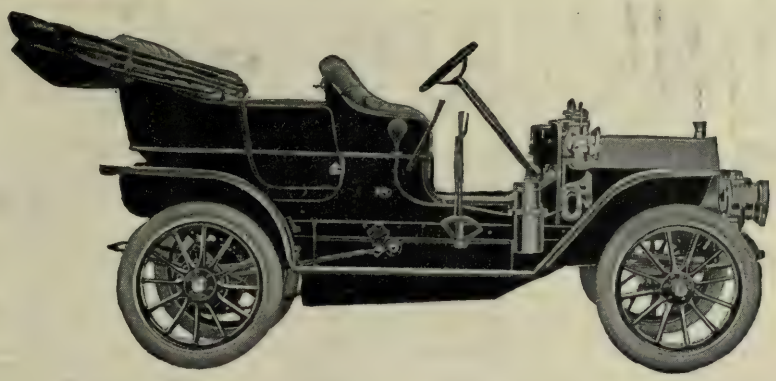

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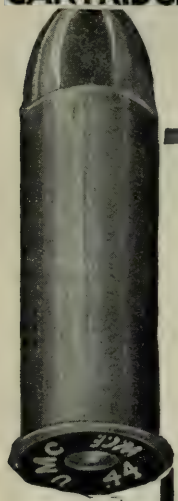

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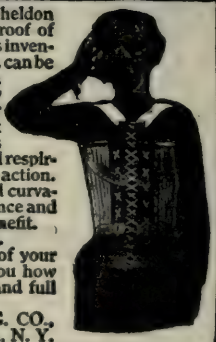

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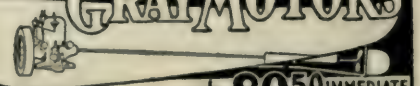

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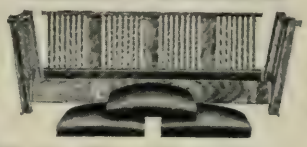

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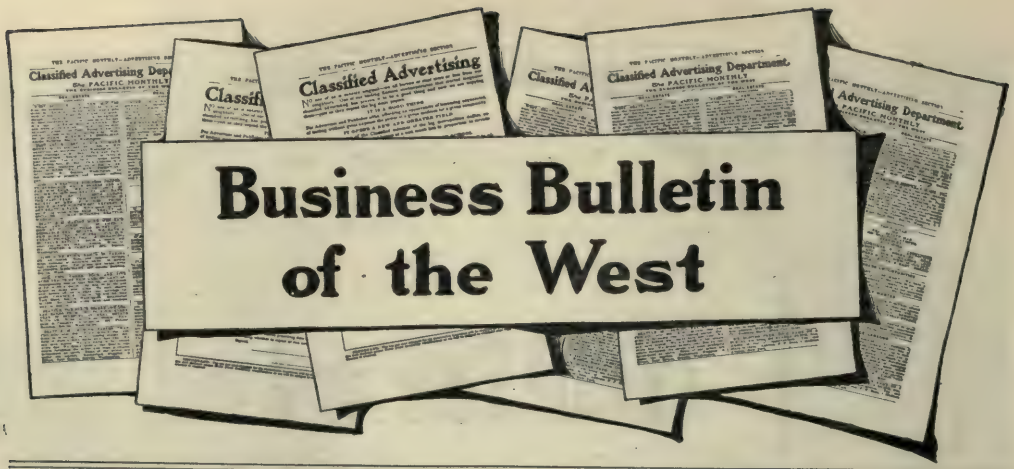

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LINN & BENTON REAL ESTATE COMPANY : ALBANY, OREGON

HOOD RIVER LANDS

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage. PRODUCE the finest apples and strawberries in the world
We also have lands for sale in White Salmon and Mosier Districts. **Twenty Years Residence in Hood River**

W. J. BAKER & CO., HOOD RIVER, ORE.

Invest Now in Eucalyptus

Do you know that Eucalyptus Culture is today attracting more attention than any other industry in the country?

Do you know that at the present rate of consumption our present hardwood supply will be totally exhausted within the next fifteen years?

Do you know that $2,000 invested today in a ten-acre Eucalyptus grove will, in ten years, produce trees worth conservatively $2500.00 per acre, allowing you in the meantime to cut 300 trees per acre worth from $2 to $5 each?

Get our free booklet, "A Story of Eucalyptus" today.

MURRIETA EUCALYPTUS COMPANY 211 Mercantile Place **Los Angeles, Cal.**

LYLE
WASHINGTON

THE outlet for the Klickitat Valley. Hartland, Camas Prairie, Timber Valley and Lyle Districts. *Seventy five thousand* acres of finest orchard, berry, nut, dairy and wheat land in the State, can be bought reasonable. Vast bodies of yellow pine and fir timber adjacent to the Klickitat River practically untouched, offering special inducements to the lumber manufacturer. Only nice location on the North bank of the Columbia River between Pasco and Vancouver, with an ideal climate the year around. Junction of the Goldendale Branch of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway and head of navigation on the Washington side of the Columbia River. Three Steamboat lines call daily at Lyle and competition in freight and passenger traffic very keen. INVESTIGATE THE LYLE COUNTRY if you want to get a home or an investment. For particulars as to our varied resources, write to the Secretary of

LYLE COMMERCIAL CLUB :: LYLE, WASHINGTON

OREGON TIMBER

Safe and Sure Investment Millions have been invested in Oregon timber during the last five years, every dollar of which shows great profit. The lumber industry here is yet in its infancy and values will increase immensely without risk to the investor. ¶ This timber is being gathered into larger bodies held by stronger men, so that values naturally go up. In a very short time timber in this section can only be had at a large advance over present prices, as was the case in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where the timber is now nearly exhausted. ¶ We have for years made a study of the timber situation in the West and from our positive knowledge can advise clients to their best advantage. If you have either large or small amounts, we can place them for you to your best interest. ¶ Bank and other references furnished as to our reliability.

FRED A. KRIBS Third Floor Chamber of Commerce PORTLAND : OREGON

"Finest Climate in the Pacific Northwest"

Umpqua Valley Fruit Lands

¶ Perhaps no other section of the Northwest offers greater opportunities to the homeseeker and investor than does the famous fruit belt of the Umpqua Valley.

¶ Nature has bestowed her richest favors upon this favored region, and one may enjoy the delights of an Italian climate here and reap a golden harvest in the growing of fruit.

¶ **The climatic advantages** relate not only to one's own comfort—because there are no extremes of heat or cold—but to production as well, for mildness of climate means **earliest fruits, no frosts, full crops,** and the rainfall is sufficient to mature all fruit, bringing it to the highest state of perfection **without irrigation.**

¶ Irrigation being unnecessary in the Umpqua Valley means a saving of time, labor and money, better colored and finer flavored fruits which keep better and stand shipping better.

The Roseburg Home Orchard Tracts

owned and being developed by the W. C. Harding Land Company, were the first to be offered in 5, 10 and 20 acres and an orchard of 1200 acres has been planted by them for purchasers who wished them to plant and care for their orchards.

¶ These orchard lands are near the city of Roseburg and accessible to good schools, churches, modern stores and all the comforts of life.

¶ You can purchase a five, ten or twenty-acre tract planted to Spitzenberg and Newtown Pippin (or other varieties) on very easy terms and your trees will be cared for until they begin bearing, or if you prefer to develop your own orchard you can do so.

¶ **Our plan of intertree development** commends itself. This is the method of planting peach trees between the apple trees. This method is strongly advised, as peach trees begin to bear the third year and thus give quick returns. A peach crop failure is unknown in the Umpqua Valley, and can be marketed two weeks earlier than other parts of Oregon thus commanding fancy prices.

¶ **We solicit full investigation** and only ask the opportunity to show the homeseeker and investor our Umpqua Valley lands and prove every statement we make. Our prices are much lower than those in more widely advertised fruit districts and our terms are within the reach of every man who desires to provide for the future of himself and family.

¶ For booklet, prices and complete information call upon or write the

W. C. Harding Land Company

80 Board of Trade Building
PORTLAND, OREGON

or **Corner Cass and Rose Streets**
ROSEBURG, OREGON

BANK REFERENCES FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

APPLES APPLES APPLES
ALFALFA ALFALFA ALFALFA

ONTARIO, OREGON

IS THE PLACE WHERE BOTH ABOVE MENTIONED PRODUCTS GROW TO PERFECTION—THERE IS NO LAND IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST PRODUCING AN EQUAL INCOME VALUED SO LOW. APPLES GROWN HERE ARE PRIZE WINNERS AND ALFALFA RUNS EIGHT TONS TO THE ACRE, THREE CUTTINGS ANNUALLY—CLIMATE UNEXCELLED FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ADDRESS SECRETARY

ONTARIO COMMERCIAL CLUB

O N T A R I O : O R E G O N

APPLE ORCHARDS **ALFALFA TRACTS**

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND ALL INFORMATION, INCLUDING ORIGINAL MAPS, WRITE

COULTER & FOX

Dealers in Fruit Tracts, Homestead Locations, Relinquishments, Timber Lands and Mining Properties

ONTARIO **P. O. Box A 357** **OREGON**

SIX TO EIGHT CROPS OF ALFALFA YEARLY AND A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

OUR NEW PLAN BOOK tells how you can secure 5 to 40 acres of Southern California's most *fertile irrigated* valley land. IT TELLS how you can have the same put under cultivation for little money. How *big profits* are made *annually* upon your investment without moving or giving up present business until ready.

$1,500 PER ACRE is being made from these rich valley lands growing fruit. YOU can do the same. BY OUR PLAN you get a BIG PROFIT from your investment the second year and it increases yearly. *Nothing like it ever offered before.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our new plan book, etc. Enclose 25 cents and we will include six months subscription to the NATIONAL HOMESTEAD the *best homeseekers publication* in California. DO IT NOW.

NATIONAL HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION Dept. Z. 644 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

IF YOU ARE A WAGE EARNER

And desire to secure a tract of land 125 x 298 feet on the installment plan, paying a few dollars each month, upon which you can raise your own garden truck, fruits and flowers.

Earlington Heights

One mile and a half by two electric lines from Seattle is just what you are looking for.

TRACTS OF LAND 125 x 298 FEET

can be secured for $25 down and $10 monthly.

LOW TAXES WITH EVERY CITY IMPROVEMENT

Including electricity, telephones, two electric and two steam roads and splendid schools.

¶ WRITE TODAY FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

THE JONES-THOMPSON INVESTMENT COMPANY

407 UNION STREET
Ground Floor White Building
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Health is Wealth

and as climate has much to do with health, the man who does not inquire closely into climatic conditions before locating in a new country is not wise.

Ashland, Oregon

with its elevation of 1900 feet; its abundance of sparkling mountain water, from a protected water-shed; its invigorating mountain breezes; its numerous springs of white sulphur, natural soda and lithia waters; its natural park that rivals Yosemite, and an environment that is of itself helpful in its inspirations to both soul and body

Beckons You

Ashland has a population of 6,000; excellent schools; strong churches; public library; Chautauqua Assembly—not to mention a wealth of commercial resources.

For full information concerning

The Ideal Home Town

write to the *ASHLAND COMMERCIAL CLUB,* Box 598, Ashland, Oregon.

SEND TODAY FOR OUR BOOKLET—IT TELLS ABOUT

NUTLAND HILLS

It tells you of the wonderful opportunities awaiting you there—where ten acres of rich land makes you absolutely independent. We will also send you a wonderful contour map of the country

The Jacobs-Stine Company Largest Real Estate Firm on the Pacific Coast. **Portland, Ore.**

STOP!

at Grants Pass, Rogue River Valley, Southern Oregon, where irrigation ditches are now being completed.

LOOK!

no further as opportunities are plentiful here. Land may now be bought at but a fraction of what it is sure to be worth within two years.

LISTEN!

to no one who offers you high priced land without water.

For further particulars and free booklet, address

The Best-Fuller Realty Co., Grants Pass, Oregon

The Best Commercial Nut on the Market. Our booklet, mailed free, gives full information. Before buying you should investigate this nut. Address OREGON NURSERY CO., Dept. P, Salem, Ore.

PEACHES THREE YEARS OLD

PAYETTE

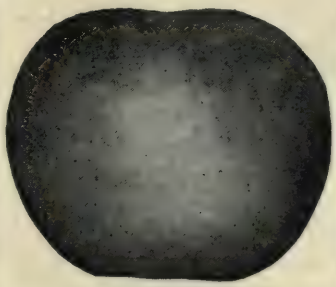
AND THE PEERLESS PAYETTE VALLEY

THE HOME *of the* JONATHAN APPLE *and the* WINNER *of* MORE PRIZES *on* FRUIT EXHIBITS THAN ANY OTHER VALLEY IN THE WEST

The Payette Valley furnished more than two-thirds of the Canyon County Exhibit at Council Bluffs, Iowa, which won First County Prize against all Counties in the United States. First Prize on Artistic Display and Second Prize on State Exhibit. If you contemplate a trip West, be sure to stop off at Payette. It will pay you. The following Real Estate Dealers will be pleased to furnish any further information you may wish.

AKERMAN & DONOVAN
C. E. BRAINARD
BETTER FRUIT LAND CO.
B. R. FITCH
HAMBLY & PETERSON
IDAHO REAL ESTATE AGENCY
E. A. JOHNSON
PAYETTE VALLEY REAL ESTATE AGENCY
WELLS & MAULE
or the Secretary of the

PAYETTE VALLEY COMMERCIAL CLUB, PAYETTE, IDAHO



WHITE SALMON

WASHINGTON

An ideal fruit belt, mild climate, wonderful scenery, pure water, an abundance of fuel, a productive and inexhaustible soil, assuring large and unfailing crops, a ready market and unsurpassed transportation facilities. Land values as yet very reasonable. Write for beautifully illustrated booklet, *free.*

ADDRESS

***Secretary,* Development League, White Salmon, Wash.**

BOISE VALLEY THE VALLEY OF SUNSHINE AND HOMES

We have the finest bearing orchards (on the electric car line) in the United States, in tracts of 5 acres up to 160. We also have fruit land, as level as a floor, with a good water right, under the U. S. Government Ditch, at $75.00 per acre. We have 3,500 acres to sell on easy payments. Write us for catalogue.

ROBERTS & CLARK : First National Bank Building : BOISE, IDAHO

BEAVERTON-REEDVILLE ACREAGE *"The Pasadena of Oregon"*

It is now a well authenticated fact that the most satisfactory and remunerative farming is from small acreage with a diversity of products. Our acreage combines all the requisites and can be had at reasonable prices. No such offerings as these, either in location, richness of soil, improvements nor extensiveness of area, can be found elsewhere. We invite the closest investigation. For particulars, address

The Shaw-Fear Company, 245½ Stark St., Portland, Ore.

MEDFORD, OREGON
AND THE
ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

ARE you going to take a trip this summer? Have you had your vacation? Are you looking for the grandest climate on earth in which to rest and recuperate from your labors? Are you a lover of the rod and reel? There is no better fly fishing on the American Continent than in the sparkling, rippling, cold waters of the Rogue River. The steelhead has long been known for its gameness and sporty fight. It equals, if not excels the famous land-locked salmon of Maine.

¶ The Rogue River Valley is the home of the big, red, juicy, Spitzenberg apples and those luscious, yellow fellows, the Newtown Pippins. The equally popular Comice, Anjou, Bartlett, Winter Nelis, Bosc and Howell pears are ripe and the trees are loaded to the ground.

¶ Why not take your vacation where not only the best climate, fishing, hunting and scenery can be had but where you can see for yourself the enormous packing industry in operation and eat the fruit as it is taken from the trees. MEDFORD, the metropolis of Southern Oregon, is the gateway to CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK. The trip consumes six hours by automobile through the most scenic grandeur in Oregon. Comfortable accommodations at the lake for tourists.

For Detailed Information Write to the Secretary of the **Medford Commercial Club, Medford, Oregon**

VALE
OREGON

Is the place for you to locate, because it is situated in the most favored section of the great proposed *Malheur Government Irrigation Proposition.* You can learn everything about great producing qualities of *Vale* lands by writing for illustrated booklet. Please address

***Secretary* VALE COMMERCIAL CLUB**
VALE : OREGON

LAND { FRUIT FARMS OIL GAS } *In the* MALHEUR VALLEY *with* UNEXCELLED BARGAINS *in a* WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY { Improved and Unimproved FARMS } **OREGON**

We have it in quantities to suit, from a town lot to 5000 acres. Now, "while Uncle Sam is putting in the big Malheur Irrigation Project here," is the time to invest. Nowhere in the United States are values increasing more rapidly. We still have a few choice Homestead and Desert Land Relinquishments. If you want to double your money in the next twelve months, write us, we enjoy answering inquiries. Address **C. O. THOMAS CO.** Rooms 3 and 4, I.O.O.F. Bldg. **VALE, OREGON**

GOODING IDAHO

Is the Center of an IRRIGATED EMPIRE and the LAND OF THREE CROPS. The Idaho Investment Company deals in **GOODING** Irrigated Lands, and transacts a strictly Real Estate Investment Business. LANDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. For further information and ILLUSTRATED Booklet, write or call on

THE IDAHO INVESTMENT CO. : GOODING, IDAHO

1,300,000 Acres

OF THE FINEST IRRIGATED LAND IN THE UNITED STATES

THIS fine tract of land lies in Eastern Idaho in the famous Upper Snake River Valley. It is watered by the most complete canal system to be found on the continent. It has the first, oldest and cheapest water rights on the great Snake River.

IDAHO FALLS

is a rapidly growing city of 7,000, located in the center of this great irrigated empire. It is the largest shipping point in Idaho. It will soon be the largest city in the state.

This valley is the home of the famous Idaho potato and red clover, which yields seed from 5 to 12 bushels to the acre. In it are located **three large sugar factories** from which over 50,000,000 pounds of sugar is manufactured annually. Sugar beets yield from 15 to 25 tons. Its soil and climate especially adapt it to the raising of all grains, grasses, clover, alfalfa, potatoes and beets, and is an ideal stock country with abundance of free range.

OUR CLIMATE IS IDEAL

and the great west is being rapidly settled. If you have not secured a piece of irrigated land, you should. Come to the Upper Snake River Valley where crops never fail and where you can make investments that are safe and sure to bring you big returns.

¶ Write today for our beautiful illustrated pamphlet

IDAHO FALLS DEVELOPMENT CO.
IDAHO FALLS : IDAHO

EUCALYPTUS

EUCALYPTUS
FOR INVESTMENT

Growing Eucalyptus trees for Hardwood timber recommended by U. S. Government, State Forestry Department, Forest Society of California.

Provides an income for many generations.

Enormous Dividends.

Guaranteed by High Class Gold Bonds.

You can not loose your principle.

Lowest estimate $2,500 per acre in 10 years. We will plant 800 acres. Should be worth $2,000,000.

We guarantee 10 per cent per year for first ten years.

Stock, $1.00 Per Share
GUARANTEED
(No application or less than 100 shares)

Columbia Trust Co., Trustees.
First National Bank, Escrow Trustees.
Write for information and booklet.

CALIFORNIA SUNSET EUCALYPTUS CO.
214 Citizens National Bank Building
LOS ANGELES : CALIFORNIA

If we didn't say a word, except to tell you that the entire Hill System will operate their Western freight terminals at

VANCOUVER, U.S.A.

It would be sufficient to give the average Easterner a "hunch" that things are going to happen and "happen big" in this city

We can give you authentic information concerning the industrial advantages of Vancouver, U. S. A., as well as the agricultural resources of **Clarke County**, where "everything grows to perfection." ¶ If there is anything you want to know about **Vancouver, U. S. A.** or **Clarke County**, you can find it out by addressing the

VANCOUVER COMMERCIAL CLUB [INFORMATION DEPARTMENT]
VANCOUVER—U. S. A.—WASHINGTON

NOTICE TO A.-Y.-P. VISITORS: *"Keep Moving 'til You Reach Vancouver, U. S. A."*

Read These

RARE LETTERS!

Revealing How Pompeian Face Cream Makes People Good-Looking

Women and men (and there are several million) who do use Pompeian Massage Cream are certainly enthusiastic about it. Read and see for yourself.

Note: These unusual endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine, a publication, noted for its discriminating class of readers. From the many letters received we reproduce a few (exactly as written except the underscorings). Obviously, we are not at liberty to publish the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. But upon request we will give names and addresses.

What Women Say:

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleaning qualities I have seen a woman go to her room **looking haggard, weary and worn**, and issue therefrom a short time after looking **as if she had discovered the bloom of youth**, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable. Mrs.——, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be **clean "cell deep"** I like Pompeian Massage Cream The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath. Mrs ——, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. **It gives one a sense of freshness and cleanliness** unequalled by anything I have ever used. Mrs.——, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and **is an absolutely necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman.** Mrs.——, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of a front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply She writes to know if I am still growing young, which, of course, I am. **It is one of the luxuries of my life.** It goes so far as to make me feel at peace with all the world. Mrs.——, Orwell, N. Y.

I have **used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years** and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids. Miss——, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream **leaves the skin soft, cool, and velvety. My husband uses it always after shaving.** We began its use through advertisements in Good Housekeeping.
Mrs.——, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pompeian Massage Cream is **excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look.** Miss——, Masonville, Canada.

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It is an excellent article **and does not need the use of powder after its use.**
Mrs.——, Omaha, Neb.

What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects My son who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend **recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving**, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed. Mr.——, Denver, Col.

The skin feels **delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream, and looks clean and healthy.** A 50c jar lasts a long time. Mr.——, Denver, Col.

I am approaching forty-eight years of age, and it is a difficult matter to convince any of my customers or friends who do not know my age that I am that old. They guess my age at not more than thirty-five. And I attribute my youthful appearance to the use of "Pompeian Massage" and one massage a week does the business, and the massage treatment enables me to shave once a day, whereas, before I began using the massage, three shaves a week was all my face would stand for If this unsolicited testimonial of the merits of Pompeian Massage will avail you anything for publication I authorize you to use it.
W. H. Hoffman, Cincinnati, Ohio

I find your cream to be **very good after a shave.** It makes the face feel better and **does away with the stinging, itchy feeling.** I have procured a couple of bottles. W. A. McNeil, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that **I have been using your massage cream a very long time**, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a **gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it.** It is very refreshing and healing, **especially when a man shaves.** It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it.
Chas. J. Hromatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

Note: Last 3 endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

Pompeian Massage Cream

"Don't envy a good complexion; Use Pompeian and have one"

Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest-selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily. 50,000 dealers sell Pompeian. 40,000 barber shops use it.

Get a Trial Jar and Book

Cut off Coupon NOW Before Paper is Lost

This special trial jar affords a generous supply, with which you can try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. You can also discover its almost immediate effects in giving a natural, fresh, healthy glow to the skin. A wonderfully improved complexion will be yours through the steady use of Pompeian Cream. The illustrated book is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Send 6c in coin or U. S. stamps.

All dealers, 50c, 75c and $1. Cream sent to all parts of the world; postage paid if dealer cannot supply you.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
199 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

CUT ALONG THIS LINE, FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
199 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6c. Please send me one copy of your famous illustrated massage book and a special trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

Library slips saved (one in every package) means magazines and books earned

A
Hot Weather
Suggestion

Orange Ice
with
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

Summer afternoon five o'clocks will be crowned with ne'er-forgotten charm if the beverages and ices be accompanied by

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

Perfect auxiliaries to desserts and dainties—fitting accessories to family table or the social hour. Serve NABISCO with cream or ices, with fruits or frozen puddings, with sweets or any beverage.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY

In Touch With His World

The railroad president to-day spends the greater portion of the summer at his country home renewing his energy. He keeps in touch with his railroad system over the telephone.

He may be one hundred miles or more away from headquarters, yet *his office* and the *principal business centers* of the country are *within talking distance.*

He is notified immediately when anything important occurs; his advice and direction are asked and given *over the telephone;* the machinery of the road goes on.

Each day, at the noon hour or in the early morning or late afternoon, he conducts his business over the long distance line.

He is in touch with his world.

Through the day he has been renewing his energy—sailing, driving, or playing golf—making himself *more fit for the busier season* and able at all times to handle a larger system and a larger volume of business than the railroad president of two decades ago.

This is simply an illustration *which applies to every busy man,* whether he be railroad president, merchant, manufacturer or professional man.

It shows the importance of universal service, which is the constant aim of the Associated Bell Companies—of *one system,* extending to every nook and corner of the United States, keeping *all* localities within speaking distance of one another.

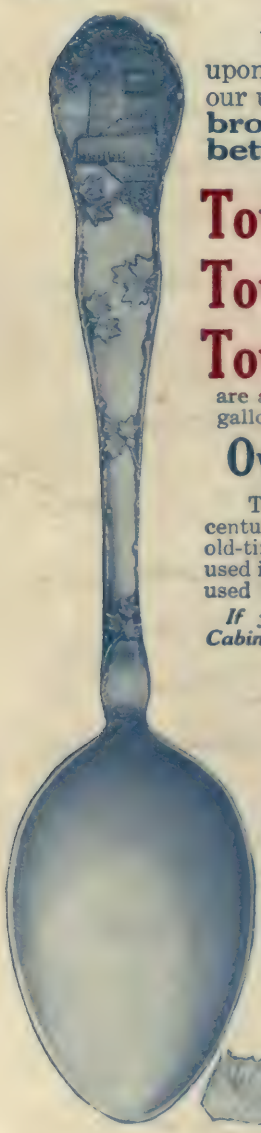
Long Distance Bell Service is universal in two ways—in its extension to all localities and in its application to all human activities. Whatever your interests, it will advance them economically, certainly, constantly.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Full Purity
Full Quality
Full Measure

In the Log Cabin Can



When you buy Log Cabin Syrups you can depend upon getting delightful flavor and uniform quality. By our unique process the **delicate maple flavor is brought out,** making Log Cabin Syrups actually **better** and **smoother** than any other.

Towle Log Cabin Maple Syrup
Towle Log Cabin Cane and Maple Syrup
Towle Log Cabin Pen-o-che Syrup

are all put up in genuine Log Cabin Cans, in pints, quarts, half-gallon and gallon sizes.

Over 25 Years of Uniform Excellence

Towle has made Log Cabin Syrups for more than a quarter of a century, and they have grown steadily in popularity because of their old-time goodness and the **uniformity** of that goodness. Once used in the household it immediately wins favor and continues to be used in that household **always.**

If your grocer does not sell Towle's Log Cabin Syrups, go to one who does.

A Serviceable and Beautiful Spoon

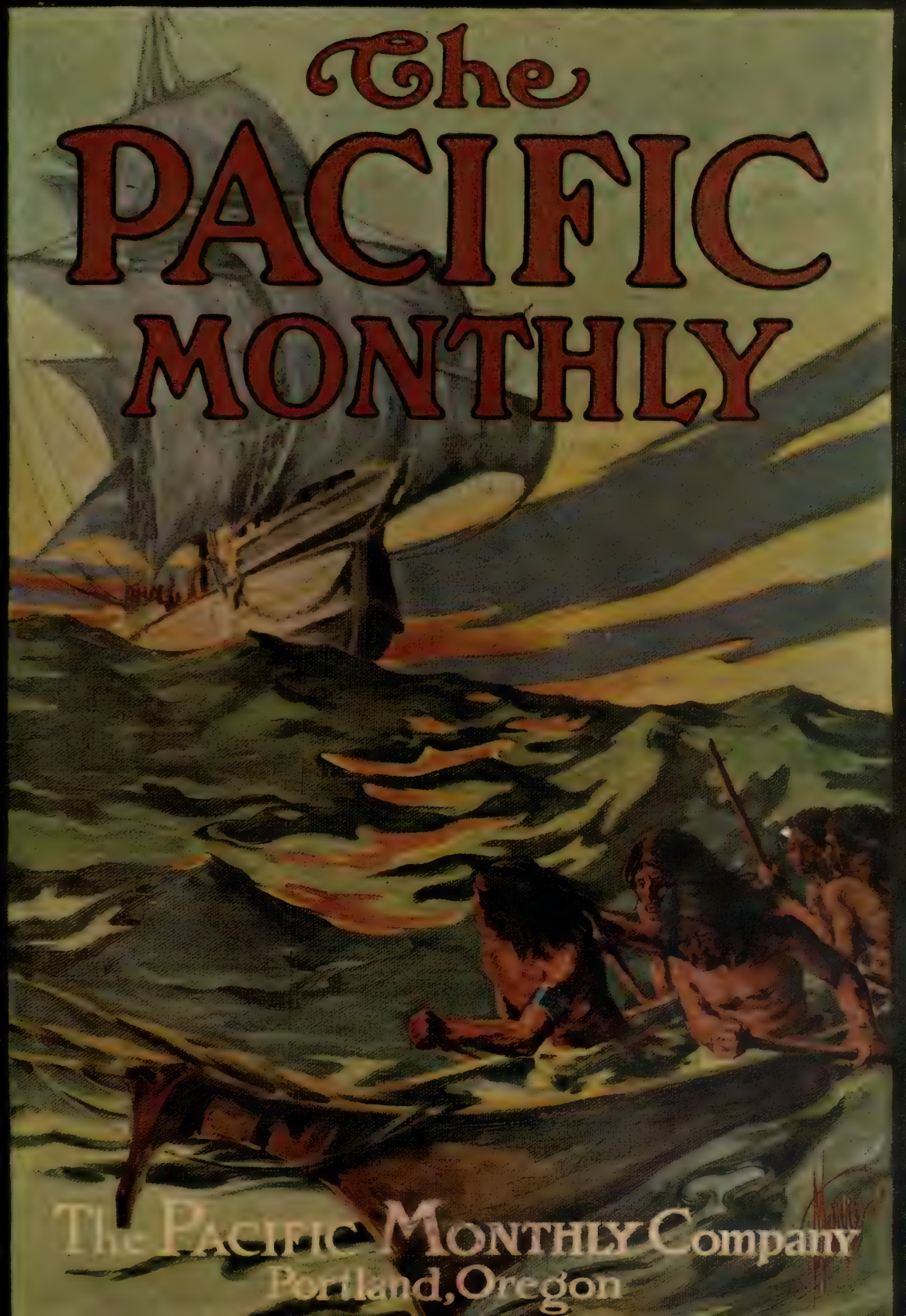
To every reader of this advertisement who will send us 10c in coin or stamps, we will send you at once, postage paid, a handsome silver plated teaspoon, as shown here, which is actual size.

There is a tag on every Log Cabin can which can be used by you to secure more spoons.

The Towle Maple Syrup Co.
Custer Street, St. Paul, Minn.

SEPTEMBER 1909 PRICE 15 CENTS

The PACIFIC MONTHLY



The PACIFIC MONTHLY Company
Portland, Oregon

A Severe Test for the Memory

Amusing for all but exceedingly useful for liars

MACKLIN, the celebrated actor, one evening made "The Cultivation of the Memory" the subject of a lecture, during which he said that to such perfection had he brought his own, that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote, another actor, was present, and handed up the following sentences, desiring that Macklin would read them once and repeat them from memory:

> "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! No Pears Soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblilies, and the Garcelies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

It is needless to say that Foote had the laugh of old Macklin, and that Pears' Soap is matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

Cut Glass—most cherished of all the household gods

¶ Whenever gentleness and culture enter the home—cut glass enters also.

¶ And as gentleness seldom departs when it has found an abode — so, cut glass, in that abode, remains the most cherished of the household gods.

¶ Its mission is unique.

¶ It satisfies the hunger for beauty; and it fulfills a hundred homely purposes.

¶ It is exquisitely delicate—and still solidly and substantially practical.

¶ Its presence on the breakfast table lightens and brightens the first meal of the day.

¶ At luncheon and at dinner each piece renders more appetizing that which it contains.

¶ It is the gift universal and par excellence.

¶ Released from its tissue wrappings it sparkles out a greeting to the recipient which never fails to win a little cry of delight.

¶ For the birthday, the wedding, the anniversary, for Christmas, the feast of feasts—what could diffuse so gracious and so joyful a spirit as Libbey Cut Glass?

¶ For, of course, when you think of cut glass you impulsively and instinctively say: "Libbey's."

¶ Because Libbey Cut Glass literally is "the world's best."

¶ Doubtless there is a Libbey dealer in your town.

Libbey
"THE WORLD'S BEST"

The Libbey Glass Company

Toledo, Ohio

Leave Your Wife a Fixed Monthly Income for Life

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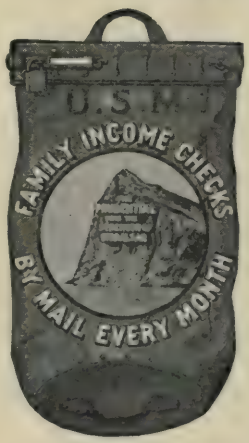

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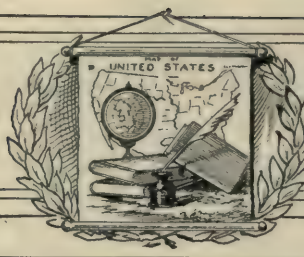

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To Our Readers

CTOBER will be a "homeseekers' and irrigation" number. The popularity of our annual special numbers for homeseekers is a remarkable indication of the many persons in the Middle States and East who are planning a future in the West. While it is impossible to say generally much more than we have in the past, descriptive of irrigation enterprises and other Western land opportunities, yet in the next number we shall present much new and detailed information of value to prospective homeseekers.

"A Piece of Land in the West" is an article compiled from notes and observations by the editor and various contributors having expert knowledge in Western lands and conditions. It is an attempt to answer, in conservative fashion, the many questions asked by Easterners regarding Western lands, the prices, where to locate, how to locate and what to expect. It tells about logged-off lands; the actual conditions of dry-land farming in the sagebrush country; what you can do with Carey Act irrigation projects and Government reclamation projects. Also a lot of valuable information about the classes, quality and location of open Government lands. Many persons do not know that opportunities to locate Government land are still as good as ever in some regions. That is to say: the man who homesteaded forty years ago usually faced conditions not one whit more advantageous or promising than the would-be homesteader must face today. The development of the future means the fortune of vast numbers of present-day homesteaders. The article also discusses at some length the relative conditions in farm profits between the East and Middle States, and various sections of the West.

Uncle Sam, Real Estate Agent; National Irrigation and Flood Control; and **The Kinship of Forestry and Irrigation,** are several contributions by heads of the Reclamation Service, which are combined in one article, describing many interesting problems of reclamation of the West. It tells you what the Government is doing to give you an opportunity for a home and prosperity; how Uncle Sam is planning to save waste, and conserve our soil resources.

Artesian Waters in the West, by N. H. Darton, of the United States Geological Survey, presents some very striking facts regarding the flow, extent and character of our artesian waters; how they are handled, and what is being accomplished with them.

"Teacher and Child" is the subject of Dr. Stephen S. Wise's article next month. It will command the attention of not only all teachers, but everybody interested in children.

Fiction for October

The Death of Wilkins Micawber, by John Fleming Wilson. Mr. Wilson's work is becoming very popular with the Eastern magazines, which have for some time past been absorbing his product, so that our readers have missed his stories for several months. Probably no character in fiction has ever been more popular than Micawber. Everybody has met him time and again in real life, and it has remained for Mr. Wilson to carry him a little further than Dickens.

The second installment of **A Dangerous Game,** by Max Nordau. **Pay Dirt,** by Edith R. Mirrielees, a charming love story of out-door Western life; **The Nun at the Tavern,** by James Church Alvord, a powerful story of the church-and-state troubles in France some three years ago, and **Dave Bowman, Miner,** by Frank A. McGraw, describing a typically Western character, are among the short stories of the issue. These latter two were announced for September, but were crowded out of the issue.

"All At It, Always At It, Brings Success!"

A Business Motto

By Alan Brackinreed

What then, Horatio, is this thing Success?
What mean they by the phrase so often heard?
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What measures their Success?
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Lies it in this, or in some other cast
Of Dice-Box Fortune,
That we gain Success?

Or shall we boldly throw all Things away
And stake the prize of Manhood on the play?
Hazard the utmost,
Count it all a gain,
Rank all Possession as a fleeting thing,
Had or Not Had, Held Fast or Thrown Away,
So that we Live our lives,
Live through This day,
Live on, Live greatly,
Live Beyond our time,
Looking not backward on primordial slime,
But On, But On——

Ah, yes, Horatio, yes!
Live in thy dreams,
So let thy day go by,
While men about thee, running here and there,
Jostling and striving, all in breathless haste,
And bent on Getting, be it more or less,
Pursue their visions of this thing Success.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

A FAMILY CIDER MILL, MONTANA.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

INTERCEPTING THE MAIL MAN ON OREGON COAST BEYOND THE REACH OF EVEN A SADDLE HORSE.

UP AGAINST IT IN OREGON.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

THE MISSION RANGE ON THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION, MONTANA.

From Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

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Two More Stars for Old Glory

By John L. Cowan

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of Statehood at the short session of Congress, the people of New Mexico and Arizona cherish an abiding faith that another year will witness the addition of two more stars to the National constellation —the last until Alaska is ready to take its place in the Union. The pledge of "immediate" Statehood, contained in the platform of the Republican Party, has not been kept; but if the "square deal" does not constitute a forceful argument at Washington, political expediency does.

Marcus A. Smith served Arizona as Delegate to Congress for eighteen years, so that the Territory was long regarded as hopelessly Democratic. Last November, to the surprise of everybody, Smith's normal plurality of about 1500 was wiped out, and the Republican candidate, Ralph H. Cameron, was elected, with a plurality of 700—simply because the people believed that the Republican Party had put the Statehood plank in its platform in good faith. New Mexico has been counted safely Republican for years, but last fall W. H. Andrews had the fight of his life to secure re-election as Territorial Delegate. Since then, Colonel Max Frost, known variously as the "Matt Quay of the Southwest," the "Blind Boss of New Mexico," and the "Blind Editor of Santa Fe," has been compelled by ill health and failing intellect, to retire from active life. Totally blind, paralyzed to such an extent that he could not walk a step, and otherwise afflicted past ordinary powers of endurance, he was one of the most picturesque and remarkable personalities in American politics. For more than a quarter of a century he was the unquestioned dictator of Territorial politics, by virtue of his abilities and of his absolute control of the Mexican vote. No worthy

CHARLES BENT, FIRST AMERICAN GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO. ASSASSINATED AT TAOS IN 1847.

successor to the fallen leader has appeared, and it is not likely that New Mexico will soon again see his like.

Therefore, if the Republican Party fails to redeem its Statehood pledge, it is unlikely that either Arizona or New Mexico will tamely continue to line up in support of Republican policies. On the other hand, if the approaching session of Congress sees the passage of enabling acts, the two new States will come into the Union under conditions that will practically assure their fidelity to the party now in power, for a time at least. And signs are not wanting that the time may not be far in the future when the Republican Party may have need of all the recruits it can muster.

It may help to a realization of the injustice that has been done New Mexico, to recall the fact that nothing but the accident of an inopportune handshake prevented the admission of the Territory thirty-five years ago. In the forty-fourth Congress, the question of the admission of Colorado and New Mexico was one of the burning issues. Apparently the two Territories must come in together, or stay out in company. Separate enabling acts were passed by the House, but were amended in a few minor particulars in the Senate. Unfortunately, just at this juncture a "force bill" was up for debate. Julius Cæsar Burrows, now a Senator from Michigan, but then a member of the House, delivered a fiery phillippic, grilling the South in the manner approved at that period. Stephen B. Elkins was then Territorial Delegate from New Mexico, and had not yet acquired the suave and subtle diplomacy that came to him with advancing years. He was carried away by the vehement oratory of the man from Michigan, and rushed up to congratulate him the moment he had finished. Others hastened to grasp Burrows by the hand, but Elkins reached him first and was most effusive in praise of his wonderful speech. The Congressmen from the South took note of Elkins' enthusiasm over the merciless grilling that had been administered them, and were too human to refrain from revenge, when revenge was so easy. When the Statehood bills came up, for concurrence in the Senate's amendments, Colorado was admitted, but New Mexico was barred, lacking four votes of the necessary two-thirds. A rather costly handshake for New Mexico!

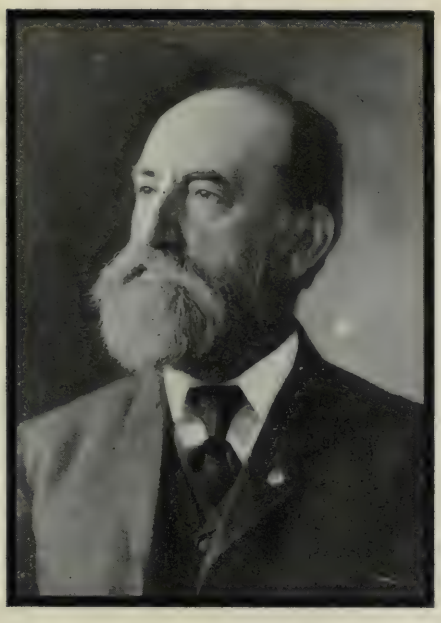
New Mexico's Delegate to Congress has had a Statehood bill in his pocket or in committee most of the time since then; but never with much prospect of favorable action until in 1905. The East

HOUSE IN WHICH GOVERNOR BENT WAS ASSASSINATED, AT TAOS.

THE "FONDA" OR OLD EXCHANGE HOTEL; TERMINUS OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL AT SANTA FE.

Photograph by A. B. Craycraft.

CLIFF DWELLINGS AND PICTOGRAPHS, SANTA CLARA CANYON, PAJARITO PARK, NEW MEXICO.

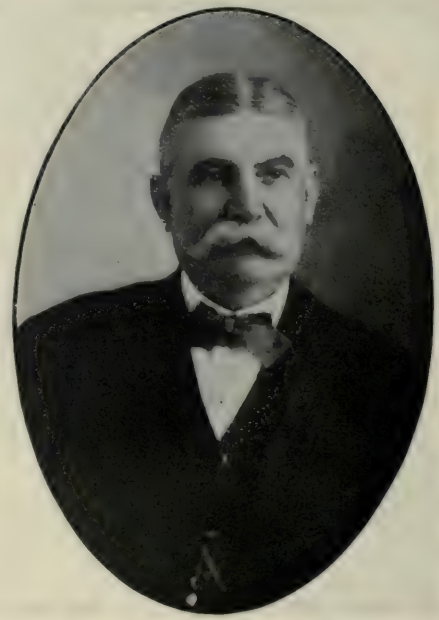


EX-GOVERNOR L. BRADFORD PRINCE, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BEST TYPE OF NEW MEXICAN STATESMANSHIP.

in general, and New England in particular, does not view with favor the growing power and prestige of the West in National councils. So the idea was conceived of linking Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State, and New Mexico and Arizona as another. That would limit the number of new Senators from the West to four—and there never would be any more. The Administration favored joint Statehood, and Senator Beveridge made it his particular hobby, being one of a congressional committee of ten that made a pleasant junketing trip through the Southwest to investigate.

On the principle that half a loaf is better than nothing, New Mexico was willing to become a party to this unholy alliance; but Arizona refused to be either coaxed or coerced. One reason for Arizona's coyness was the preponderance of the population of Spanish descent in the neighboring Territory, while the Mexican element in Arizona is so small as to be a negligible quantity. Another objection was on geographical grounds. Arizona belongs to the Pacific Coast; New Mexico to the Gulf watershed. The marts and markets upon which the former must depend are in California; the latter does its trading and banking in El Paso, Denver and Kansas City. Had the consolidation been effected, the new State would have had an area of 235,600 square miles, with its capital located away up in the northeast, at Santa Fe, accessible to the people of the rich valleys and mining regions of Southern Arizona (where the major part of the population of that political subdivision must always reside) only by a weary journey of from seven hundred to a thousand miles.

Congress passed the bill providing for joint Statehood, if approved by the people of the Territory; but at the election held in 1906 the people of Arizona negatived the proposition so decisively that it is unlikely that it will ever again be advanced. During the last National political campaign, both of the great parties incorporated planks pledging immediate Statehood for each of the Southwestern Territories. Despite the weight of President Roosevelt's influence, Sena-



WILLIAM H. ANDREWS ("BULL" ANDREWS), NEW MEXICO'S DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

THE THREE SISTERS, ARIZONA PETRIFIED FOREST.

COLONEL MAX FROST, THE "BLIND BOSS" OF NEW MEXICO.

tor Beveridge barred the way, with Senator Aldrich cheering him on; and the people of Arizona and New Mexico once more experienced the heartsickness that comes from hope deferred.

Senator Beveridge, though a man of high motives, is not fair to the Southwest. He had set his heart upon joint Statehood, making that measure his pet project. Since the Territories would not accept Statehood on his terms, he seems determined that they shall not have it at all.

Various are the pretexts given for the denial of separate Statehood, which the Territories ask, not as a boon, but as a right. It is charged by Senator Aldrich that they are dominated by the railway and mining interests, and that their political affairs are hopelessly corrupt and rotten. Senator Beveridge says "ditto" to Aldrich, and adds that they are not fit for Statehood, and will not be for many years. Some argue that their population is too small, and declaim against the creation of any more "pocket-borough" States like Nevada; some would deny Statehood to New Mexico on account of its large number of Spanish-speaking citizens, and some think that the alleged domination of the "Pennsylvania gang" ought to disqualify it. Again it is argued that to give to Arizona with 200,000 inhabitants, and to New Mexico with approximately 500,000, the same power in the United States Senate that New York possesses with more than ten times the population of both combined, would be a manifest absurdity.

There has long been a curious underground political connection between New Mexico and Pennsylvania, but its complete explication belongs not in this article. For years the late Senator Quay was the most ardent advocate of Statehood for New Mexico in the field, arguing, trading, intriguing, filibustering, and on one occasion threatening to hold up all legislation until it was granted. The present Delegate to Congress from New Mexico, W. H. Andrews (or "Bull" Andrews, as his enemies prefer to call him), came from Meadville, Pennsylvania, and was a long-time henchman and adherent of the Pennsylvania "Boss." The Pennsylvania Development Company, the New Mexico Fuel and Iron Company and the Santa Fe

PAUL A. F. WALTER

Successor to Colonel Max Frost, the "Blind Boss" as Editor of the "Santa Fe New Mexican," the Leading Boosting-for-Statehood Newspaper of the Territory.

Photograph by Putnam & Valentine.

CLIFF DWELLINGS ON TRAIL INTO GRAND CANYON.

Central Railway Company are New Mexico enterprises promoted by Pennsylvanians of former Quay affiliations; and it was loans to these that swamped the Enterprise Bank of Alleghany, ruined hundreds of depositors, drove Cashier T. Lee Clark to suicide, and landed some of the small fry employes in the penitentiary. That men "higher up" were criminally responsible has been darkly hinted, but has never been proved. However, that W. H. Andrews, or anyone else in New Mexico, should be held up to odium on account of the Enterprise Bank failure seems rather unfair. One other thing ought to be placed on record. The strictly business operations of the "Pennsylvania gang" in New Mexico, have been of incalculable benefit to the Territory. The opening up of the coal fields was a public necessity; and the building of the Santa Fe Central Railway has resulted in the founding of numerous towns of importance, and the settlement of tens of thousands of farmers in the great Estancia Valley, that was formerly occupied as a private grazing range by a half-dozen sheep barons. The Estancia Valley was claimed as private property, by virtue of an alleged Spanish land grant that never had any but a fictitious existence; and much of the howl against the Pennsylvania gang may be traced directly to deposed sheep barons.

When H. J. Hagermann was removed from the office of Governor, by President Roosevelt, (who had appointed him) he made wholesale charges of trickery, corruption and jobbery against the party leaders responsible for his removal. This plaint was resurrected, without his wish or knowledge, and used by Beveridge and others as a pretext for holding over the Statehood bill until some better excuse can be found or invented. It was Hagermann's misfortune to incur the bitter enmity of Max Frost and others of

THE OLD AND THE NEW—NAVAJO HOGAN CLOSE TO THE BUSINESS CENTER OF ALBUQUERQUE.

THE FAMOUS "OLD PALACE" AT SANTA FE.
The Seat of Government of New Mexico for Three Hundred Years—Under the Spanish, Mexican and American Flags.

the Republican leaders, almost from the day he assumed his office. His removal was considered by these a political necessity. I believe that he suffered a grave injustice—but such are the fortunes of politics, which are quite as merciless as war. His resentment was natural, but his manner of expressing it (like that of a small boy yelling "you're another") did him no good, worked his enemies no harm, spread broadcast the idea that Santa Fe is a hotbed of political iniquity and gave color to the pretext that New Mexico is politically so rotten and corrupt as to be unfit for Statehood.

GEORGE CURRY, ONE OF ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS, NOW GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO.

Undoubtedly there is graft, corruption, chicanery, in the politics of both Arizona and New Mexico. Are they not found in the politics of Rhode Island? If all rumors be true, Senator Aldrich should know something about that. These things appear to be inseparable from American politics; but that the standard of political morality is any lower in New Mexico than in any other portion of the country is distinctly untrue. In comparison

Photograph by A. B. Craycraft.
STONE IDOL OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS, IN PAJARITO PARK, NEW MEXICO.

with the Augean stables at Washington, at Albany and at Harrisburg, the political life of Santa Fe is clean and wholesome; and to demand of Arizona and New Mexico a political spotlessness that exists nowhere in America, or on the rolling globe, seems inconsistent and ridiculous.

Similarly, the charge that Arizona is dominated by the mining interests is true enough to pass—as true as that Pennsylvania and California are dominated by the railways, or Montana by the copper producers, and Wyoming by the stockmen. Mining is the most important interest in the Territory, and so long as that condition prevails its domination is inevitable. It is true that the great copper-mining properties are not assessed at anything like their actual value, and that they do not bear their just share of the burden of government. Is this an argument against Statehood? It is the condition that prevails under the Territorial Government. It is not probable that it will be wholly corrected until the agricultural interests attain the vast development promised by the great irrigation enterprises now under way.

Some Eastern editors, in the attempt to score a point against Statehood, point out the alleged injustice of giving to Arizona and New Mexico the same weight in the United States Senate as New York and Pennsylvania, with twenty times as great population. The injustice, if it exists inheres in our form of government. The six New England States, with New Jersey added, have no more people than New York; but they have seven times as many Senators. New Mexico and Arizona have undeveloped agricultural and mineral resources fully capable of giving support to as large a population as that of New England. For the development of those resources men and money are needed. Both are coming, but they will come more rapidly if Statehood be granted. At the dates of their admission to the Union twenty-four of the existing States had less population, and twenty-seven had less property assessed for taxation than Arizona has now.

It seems rather strange that New England has always misunderstood and obstructed the Southwest. But for the prejudices and shortsightedness of New England, Arizona would be a far greater Territory than it now is—or perhaps there would be another Territory. Among the first official acts of President Franklin Pierce was the sending of James Gadsden to Mexico to negotiate a treaty for the acquisition of the territory through which lay the route commonly traveled to and from California. Gadsden

Photograph by Putnam & Valentine.

VIEW OF GRAND CANYON, LOOKING UP THE COLORADO RIVER FROM BRIGHT ANGEL POINT.

Photograph by C. C. Pierce & Co.

A DESERT PROSPECTOR.

brought back from Mexico the drafts of three treaties, to any one of which Mexico was willing to accede. One provided for the cession to the United States, for the sum of $25,000,000, of all the land west of the Rio Grande and north of

Photograph by W. J. Lubken.

APACHE BASKET MAKER AT WORK ON AN OLLA.

NAVAJO BRAVES CARDING THE FAMOUS NAVAJO BLANKETS.

thirty degrees north latitude, and of the entire peninsula of Lower California. This would have given the United States about one-third of the Mexican States

RUINS OF OLD MISSION AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

In This Church the Indians Took Refuge From Colonel Price, in 1847, After the Assassination of Governor Bent and Fifteen or Sixteen Others. Soldiers Made Holes in the Walls, Thrust Through the Muzzles of Howitzers and Discharged the Guns Into the Swarming Horde of Indians. More Than 200 Were Killed.

A COTTAGE AT PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

of Sonora and Chihuahua, and an outlet on the Gulf of California. The second treaty established a boundary line extending directly east to the Rio Grande from the most northerly point on the Gulf of California, the consideration to be $15,000,000. The third and least advantageous proposition established the boundary line, as it now exists, the consideration being $10,000,000. Thus, the statesmen of New England and the North saved the Nation the sum of $15,000,000, but lost to us forever Cannanea; all the rich mining districts of Northern Mexico; the peninsula of Lower California and an outlet on the Gulf. Of course the real reason why the first treaty proposition was not accepted was because the North looked with suspicion upon territorial extensions to the Southwest as tending to aggrandize the slave-holding States.

Arizona experienced as much difficulty in obtaining a Territorial organization as it is now meeting with in its Statehood aspirations. From the signing of the treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, until after the outbreak of the Civil War, it was practically without government of any kind. In 1856, shortly after the United States troops had taken possession of the lands included in the Gadsden purchase, an attempt was made to organize a Territory, and Nathan P. Cook was elected Delegate to Congress, but he was not admitted. Not until February 20, 1863, did Congress pass an act organizing the Territory as such and authorizing the appointment of civil officers.

By the close of the war with Mexico, almost every vestige of civilization had been obliterated in Arizona, by that red maker of history, the Apache, excepting at Tucson. After the consummation of the Gadsden purchase two military posts were established, and between that time and 1860 a considerable number of settlers, prospectors and miners came in. The outbreak of the war caused the withdrawal of the troops, and the Apache was again monarch of all he surveyed, having things pretty much his own way until in 1872. Cochise and his band practically depopulated the territory of whites, going out on the warpath towards the close of 1860. Even Tucson had only a few inhabitants left, and the scattered ranchmen who braved it out, like King S. Wolsey, Peter Kitchen and Max Grinnell, transformed their houses into veritable forts. Through all these dark days, when murder, torture and nameless barbarities were commonplaces in Arizona, the Boston sentimentalists defended the Indian, and their influence kept the Army in a state of inactivity.

CRATING CANTALOUPES FOR THE MARKET, SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA.

At last the people of Tucson were driven to desperation by a long succession of robberies, murders, assaults and depredations, which culminated in the wanton slaughter of four white men, and a little later of a white man and woman.

ON THE HIGHWAY BETWEEN LEHIGH AND MESA, ARIZONA.

AN IRRIGATED CABBAGE PATCH IN ARIZONA.

The perpetrators of these outrages were trailed to Camp Grant, where a band of Piñal Apaches had been given permission, by the military authorities, to make their rendezvous, drawing rations from the Army. Public meetings were held

AN IRRIGATED ONION FIELD IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.

in Tucson, resolutions were passed and petitions were addressed to military headquarters at Los Angeles, but absolutely nothing was done to stop the outrages. So the people resolved to take matters into their own hands.

In accordance with this determination an expedition was organized, consisting of fifty Papago Indians, forty-five Mexicans and five Americans, and on Sunday, April 30, 1871, the Apache encampment was surprised and exterminated, eighty-seven being killed, without the loss of a man to the attacking force. This was the "Camp Grant Massacre." Whether the American ringleaders were wholly justified or not I shall not attempt to say. But the affair made a tremendous sensation in the East. It was declared that Arizona was inhabited by a gang of lawless ruffians, who had reached the climax of their criminality in this wanton butchery of sleeping Indians. General W. T. Sherman recommended that all parties engaged be taken from the Territory and tried for their lives. The Americans were arrested, but their trial took place in the Territorial court, Judge Titus presiding, and all were acquitted.

This lamentable affair fastened upon Arizona the evil reputation that story-writers, romancing newspaper correspondents and "Arizona Kicker" near-jokes have perpetuated. All America has heard it said so often that "Arizona is the last refuge of the lawless" that a good many people believe it. Half of the prejudice that exists in the East against the Territory is based on nothing more than the traditions that were the outgrowth of the Camp Grant massacre. However, it served its purpose. Not only was Tucson rid of the band that had terrorized the neighborhood, but the War Department was roused from its slumbers at last. General Crook was sent to Arizona, and he handled the Apaches without gloves or red tape. For a time Crook was held up by Vincent Collier, of the ultra-philanthropic party of the East, who believed that kindness with the Indians would work wonders. It was found that too gentle methods did not do with the Apaches, and Crook had his way, punishing the Indians who merited punishment, and compelling them all to keep to their reservations.

This frank admission that the people of the Territories have made mistakes; that they are men who differ not at all from the men of Rhode Island, or Indiana or Oregon, prepares the way for the question as to whether New Mexico and Arizona have the making of States in them.

It is certain, at least, that the stock objection to New Mexico, that has done service for half a century, can no longer be urged. The native Mexican population is no longer in the majority. The present population is estimated at 450,000, not more than twenty per cent of which is of Spanish descent, and not more than ten per cent unable to speak English. The population has more than doubled, and the area under cultivation has been multiplied tenfold since the last census. The past three years have witnessed a remarkable influx of people from older communities, attracted by the vast area of free lands, which it has been found are susceptible of cultivation by the new methods of "dry farming," or scientific soil culture. In two and a half years 45,000 homestead entries were filed, and the operation of the Mondell Law, permitting entrymen to file upon 320-acre homesteads of non-irrigable, non-mineral and non-forested lands, is stimulating immigration to still greater proportions.

The mineral wealth of the Territory is well known. In it are located some of the oldest gold and silver mines within the limits of the United States, and its turquoise mines are the richest in the world. It is stated by the Geological Survey that New Mexico contains 8,532,000 acres of coal land, estimated to have one hundred and sixty-four billions of tons of coal in workable seams—a natural resource of inconceivable value. In addition it has vast gypsum deposits, saline lakes, mountains of iron ore, mines of alum and mica, uncomputed resources in copper, lead, zinc and other metals, and a forest area as great as that of the entire State of Massachusetts.

Nor is the history of the common-

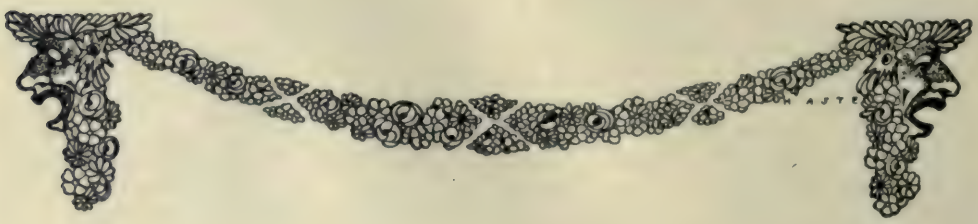
wealth one of which New Mexicans—whether of Spanish or Saxon blood—need feel ashamed. Before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth the *padres* had traversed the deserts of the Southwest and planted missions in the towns of the Pueblo Indians; and before a Saxon had set foot in New England Juan de Onate had planted European civilization at Santa Fe. The Territory is rich in memories of great names and heroic deeds; in relics of the *Conquistadores*, of the American pioneers, the Santa Fe trail, the Indian wars. Back of all these stretches a pre-history in which the imagination is lost. In Pajarito Park alone, only thirty miles from Santa Fe, are tens of thousands of ruined homes of the forgotten people whom we call the Cliff Dwellers. Hence, the selection of Santa Fe as the seat of the newly established School of the American Archaeology, conducted by the Archaeological Institute of America, is peculiarly appropriate. The museum of this school will be in the historic Old Palace, in which the Spanish, Mexican and American Governors of New Mexico made their headquarters for three hundred years, and in which *Ben Hur* was written.

Arizona's population is much less than that of New Mexico, being probably about 200,000, but it is almost entirely American. In spite of the gorgeous desolation of the Painted Desert, it has vast areas of unbroken forest, boundless mineral resources and broad valleys that modern irrigation systems are transforming into garden spots. It is not so rich as New Mexico in historic memorials, but the prehistoric monuments of the Canyon de Chelly and other regions are unsurpassed in interest; and its scenic wonders, such as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the famous Petrified Forests, have not their like elsewhere.

Both Territories owe much of their interest to tourists and travelers to the Indians—to the Oriental-looking pueblos of the Rio Grande, from Taos to Isleta; the sky-city of Acoma, the ancient community of Zuni, the mesa-towns of the Hopis, the pastoral, blanket-weaving Navajos, the Apaches of bloody record. However, there is no longer an "Indian problem," and the traveler's life and property are as safe in the heart of the White Mountain or Navajo reservations as in the streets of Chicago or Philadelphia.

Stock-raising, the traditional industry of the Southwest, is on the wane. The great sheep and cattle ranges are being subdivided into farms and some of the stockmen already have moved across the border into Mexico, where lands are still cheap. Great irrigation enterprises, like the Laguna Dam and Salt River projects in Arizona, and the Elephant Buttes project in New Mexico, are being carried to successful completion by the National Reclamation Service; and numerous smaller projects are being carried through by private capital. These will change the economic character of the Territories, encouraging intensive agriculture in regions blessed with a soil of unsurpassed fertility, and a climate that makes of the Southwest the natural sanitorium for all afflicted with pulmonary and bronchial troubles.

Just now the Southwest is a Land of Opportunity. It is rapidly becoming a Land of Fulfillment.



The Worth-While Things

By Harvey Wickham

DEACON JOHN drove his plow straight forward through the furrow, and tried to keep his mind to his work. But it was impossible. Black trousers and a white shirt were torturingly uncomfortable, and even if he could have forgotten why he was wearing them he could not forget the tall brick church at his back. There was something else—something sad and portentious—that he did not want to forget. He had dressed up, nothwithstanding the working day, just to show that he remembered. It was hateful to have that same sad and portentious thing testified to by the brick church. And yet it was to the church that everything now had come.

When he turned at the end of the furrow he could not help seeing that squat spire, finished only as high as the belfry, and the peaked front, surmounted by its glittering cross. Several specks were crawling up the broad steps. The people were beginning to arrive.

Deacon John halted at the bush where he had left his coat, collar and necktie. With a jerk he unhitched the surprised team—it being not yet eleven o'clock, the horses were looking for at least another sweltering hour before resting—and watched them crop their way slowly homewards along an unplowed strip of sod. Then he dusted the soil from his trousers, mopped his forehead with a clean handkerchief, put on the rest of his Sunday raiment, and sat down on the stone wall that separated the farm from the highway. He even reached to his coat-tail pocket, found a pair of black cotton gloves that he had worn the last time he was a pallbearer, and put them on. But he kept his back to the church. He would not bow the knee to Baal. But neither would he, on the other hand, work during the hour of Hannah's funeral.

A deep-toned bell from the tower let fall a heavy stroke, startling, awful—breaking ruthlessly in on the stillness. Deacon John shuddered. He had been to so many funerals in his long life that the mere burying of the dead had lost much of its unnaturalness. But this funeral was unprecedented. Friends and relatives he had seen laid away—"like Christians," he thought to himself. But he dared not follow, even in imagination, the rites and ceremonies that were now preparing. And to think that Hannah had looked gladly forward to all this!

The deacon was a pitiable figure of stern, unrelenting grief. The black specks pointed to him as they crept up the steps. Without dreaming that his struggles were known, he was the most talked-of person in town. He had discouraged his wife from going, and had assured his family that he was not going himself. It was time to show the rising generation that the elders held to principle, even when their hearts were touched. But as he began to think of what Hannah had been to him and to his, a stubborn tear rose gradually on the edge of his lower lid, diving suddenly in a salt streak across his cheek.

The deacon's farm was the first to be encountered on leaving the town. The Catholic church was the first house of worship one passed coming in. Providence had arranged it thus, so that the Protestant elder and she whom he called the Scarlet Woman might be brought face to face. The Elder, long before attaining the title, had learned to fear and hate the Woman, hurling at her all the condemnatory speeches in the Bible. The Woman retaliated with a maddening indifference.

When John was a boy he never passed the church—then an ugly wooden building—except at a gait which would have

taken him in safety past the worst of haunted houses. During early manhood his views were compacted by Nast's bitter cartoon of the Pope as a mitered snake—a horror that still twisted in and out among the confused mass of Old Testament imagery that he interpreted as allegorical references to the Papel See. Once, while the old edifice was being torn down, he had stumbled over a carved water-spout, kicking it with his boot under the impression that it was an idol—a part of the worship of the golden calf—and after the carpenters and masons had finished the new walls, and the mysterious paraphernalia of the Woman began to arrive, John was certain that the boxes contained all the abominations of the Ammonites and the Jebusites. Age had added to his boyish terror the deep, passionate convictions of a narrow, earnest and naturally religious mind. He could give plausible reasons and quote emphatic texts for the aversion that was in him, and the Presbyterian prayer-meeting was never so lively as when Deacon John was lashing the Pontiff.

Yet these tirades always ended lamely.

"Of course, some good people are Catholics," he would say. "May the Lord show them the light of his countenance in place of their idols made with hands."

This was his covert tribute to Hannah, whom he regarded as the great exception. She had married his own farm-hand—had set up housekeeping in a corner of his own pasture—yet stood ready during the dark years of the hard times to lend her savings without security, enabling Deacon John to pay the mortgage interest and stave off ruin. When Bobby came; when the deacon had typhoid fever; whenever sorrow, or trouble, or even joy in too great measure to be borne alone, had invaded his life, he had counted on the plain, quiet little woman who spoke English with a brogue, and who went to the——!

But this was no time for hard thoughts. He had never been able to consider some of these things without choking, and now, as they came over him in one burning flame of recollection, the rubbish in his heart threatened to take fire. She had been that miracle of God—a good woman. And yet—yes, an Irish woman and a Catholic. The ways of Heaven were past finding out.

The poor old deacon turned his head as the bell tolled another pitiless stroke. An eternity seemed to have intervened since the first, and the metal vibrated with some of the unexpectedness of death itself. There was quite a crowd crawling up the steps now. The church would be comfortably filled, notwithstanding Hannah's humble station. He was glad of that.

With a twinge of conscience John turned so as to face the cross that glittered so conspicuously above the doorway. There was no need to carry disrespect too far at such a time, and the cross, although he mistrusted all material symbols, was the one thing with which he could find no fault. Perhaps, he mused, it was the leaven of truth in their lump of error which would save their souls at the last—Hannah's soul, at least. Of that he was sure.

Had a bell been tolling for him he was not so confident that Hannah's theology would have been as far-reaching. He and she had never spoken to each other of their religion. The gulf between them was too awful. Deacon Henry—John's nearest neighbor—could have held forth eloquently upon such a point, but his opinions were vitiated by his being a Baptist. So all that Deacon John had hazarded was a word or two with his own wife.

"Think, Mary," he said one day, after the ministering angel had helped them to look unflinchingly into their first open grave, "Hannah must believe—if her religion means anything to her, she must believe that Bobbie was n't——"

"Dont! Dont!" sobbed the mother.

And John had gone out to the barn to wrestle alone with the stern facts of the case.

Another time, while they were at Hannah's, offering the first fruits of their strawberry patch, John, in jocular mood, nudged his wife and whispered:

"I suppose she thinks that the priest could make berries like them grow on the table by just waving his hand."

But now John fingered the crease in a black trouser leg. He wondered what had prompted him to dress thus—since he meant to plow. Was it simply respect? The bell added stroke to stroke, as if to make an anvil of his heart. It seemed to break through his opinions and to beat upon the great fundamental cords. From being terrible it had become inviting—and now it pleaded:

"Come!"

Long, tremulous, like a voice calling in the night, it rang out from the belfry.

And John wanted to yield. That he finally admitted was the secret reason for his putting on the black clothes. He had not meant to plow—had only meant to cheat himself up to the last moment. But he would take himself in hand. There was now a great blotch on the steps where the people were packed, waiting until those ahead of them had passed in that slow march through the doors. It was too late for a newcomer to get in. Temptation's opportunity was lost.

So, letting his hypnotized legs carry him, he slipped from the wall and skirted the edge of the crowd. No one seemed to notice him; but his eyes, alert with self-consciousness, soon caught sight of —whom but Deacon Henry, towering on the opposite edge of the blotch. Here was a new problem. Had Deacon John, the oldest officer in the Presbyterian church, a right to tamper with things sacrificed to idols while the oldest officer of the Baptist church was at hand to spy? What an example such backsliding would be to the young people; what an argument in favor of immersion and against sprinkling! And Deacon Henry might exaggerate a glimpse until it appeared as if Deacon John had actually gone into the church. John turned and stalked past on the sidewalk. The heart of the man must not lead the head of the deacon astray.

Yet the heart ached. It was jealous of those who were permitted to mourn. To be shut off now increased the world's new emptiness. Of all that it held, what did he not owe to her? Yet he had never voiced his appreciation. If he could but do something—even now, it was not too late. Somehow the dead would see and understand.

He recalled the one occasion upon which he had come nearest acknowledging to the good woman that, in spite of doctrine, she had hit upon the essential things which make for salvation. But her youngest boy had stalked in most inopportunely.

"James was confirmed today," said the unthinking Hannah.

"She 's going to make a priest of him!" flashed through Deacon John's bewildered head, sealing the lips that had been about to extend what he understood to be the limits of the covenant. Of course, Hannah would teach her children to fall down and worship the image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up! But at last—so he reasoned—she was where the sound of the sackbut and psaltery could no more confuse her understanding. And he decided that he would go and stand bareheaded before her church,—as a monk doing penance, had he but known it.

The deacon walked on around the block, but when the cross once more looked down upon him his feet, instead of standing still, suddenly turned, taking him up the steps, through the crowd—thinned now to a small number that stood waiting for something—on past the vestibule with its marble fonts, and up the deserted middle aisle.

He had meant to drop inconspicuously into a back seat. But the church did not contain the decent scattering of parishioners he was accustomed to associate with funerals. Not only were the back seats filled, but the whole edifice was tense with the pressure of an astonishing multitude. It crammed every available space and emanated a strange magnetism which affected the imagination like wine. People were everywhere—by the doors, in the gallery, in the choir-loft. They stood along the walls, hiding the Stations of the Cross that John did not know were there. Only that one aisle—and a block of pews near the front, cut off from the rest by their sharp emptiness—afforded even a breathing space.

If the truth must be told, he had always regarded this simple Irish woman

a shade patronizingly, as if she were his own particular discovery; and he had rather feared a scant testimonial in her behalf. The assemblage, so much larger than the congregations he was used to, moved him with a sense of loss. His private benefactress proved to have been the village saint.

Yet he thanked God that Hannah had not gone unappreciated. Yes, face to face with the trappings of that alien worship—in spite of the strange, white construction that gleamed beyond a railing in front of him; in spite of the candles, which he had expected, and a motionless red light hanging from the ceiling, which was a surprise; in spite of the crowned image of a woman which stood on high to the left—he thanked God.

Deacon John was accustomed to sit well forward in church. The empty pews caught his eye as he moved on, and a boy in a black cassock lifted a wand that had been laid to block the passage. Without realizing it, Deacon John was seated in the place reserved for the mourners.

The strangeness of his surroundings had no time to arouse his theological ire before there was a stir, instantly giving place to a yet more graven stillness. Something was being brought up the aisle—something which made the very idea of mummery impossible. No matter what the priests and the congregation might do, it would be converted into solemn symbolism, even for Deacon John, by the calm presence that was soon installed by the altar-rail. A score of men and boys in vestments filed from a panel in the back of the chancel. An unseen choir struck up a solemn chant. But since she had wanted it—since she had loved all this, John determined not to disapprove. He did not wince even when an acolyte began to swing a brazen bowl from the end of a chain, and the aromatic breath of incense stole upon the air.

But as the service went on the spell gradually wore thin. Deacon John had almost come to himself, and was beginning to glance around, when the unintelligible Latin was interrupted by a startling English sentence:

"Although it is contrary to our custom on these occasions, I feel bound to say a word or two of my own."

It was the priest. He had come to the head of the coffin. A group of youths in vestments stood by him. John scanned the pale face in a vain search for the mark of the beast. Had he been aware, the face was not unlike his own—furrowed with years, yet sweetened with deep experience.

"If I were to preach a funeral sermon," the priest went on, "I should take for my subject some such words as might be found in a paraphrase of the thirty-fifth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew: 'I was hungry, and she gave me meat; thirsty, and she gave me drink; sick and in prison, and she visited me.' That is what you all are saying to yourselves. Many strangers are here—strangers to the church she served, yet not strangers to her. I feel that she did not belong altogether to us. We pour our charity into little vessels. She had a charity as wide as life. To visit the fatherless in their affliction, to help the poor, to comfort the bereaved, to lift up the fallen, to pray for the dying—these things, she told me—it was only last Thursday—always seemed to her the essentials of religion. The 'worth-while things,' she called them. To how many of us has she done the 'worth-while things!' I remember—"

What did the old priest remember? It remained unsaid. His voice wavered, and he stood silent. Even Deacon John could not deny the name holy water to the salt drops that fell on the coffin.

And in the graveyard back of the church it was the same story, told again and again in the hushed groups.

"She came to me when my man took to drink."

"It was her helped me when I could n't get a job nowhere."

"She nursed Willie through the small-pox."

"I dont see how her children bear their loss. It 's lucky for her husband that he died first."

And there were some strange-eyed girls who did not say anything, but dropped flowers on the grave, went one side, and wept.

Everybody was testifying in some way.

Deacon John—who had the most to thank her for—felt that he alone had done nothing, said nothing, showed nothing. He might have been a spy, like Deacon Henry, for all that his stiff-necked presence shadowed forth. What would she like? What could he do to indicate that he was taking some part? How might he appease his own soul-hunger?

The old man stood again in front of the steps. Slowly he made his way to the deserted vestibule. He had seen people dipping their fingers in the fonts and crossing themselves. If he were to touch the holy water, would she understand?

Sweat stood out on his brow as he dragged himself forward. The contents of the marble basin seemed icy cold to his shaking fingers. But he carried the ordeal through. He crossed himself, awkwardly, uncanonically. But he had taken part.

Eyes were upon his back. He wheeled around. There stood Deacon Henry.

"I wanted to do something like that myself, but couldn't think of what to do," said Deacon Henry.

And before Deacon John's amazed eyes the Baptist went forward and repeated the ceremony, as if he had been following an approved model.

Arm in arm the two old men, who had not spoken across their own little theological rift for thirty years, left the church.

"I liked that—what the minister said about the 'worth-while things,'" said Deacon Henry.

"Yes, it was just like *her*," said Deacon John.

Thy Presence

By Michael Zu Lonnenbourg Wertzman

This morn the bright sun woke me filt'ring through
The leafy treetops and a lark's clear note dropped out from the blue.
I beheld the June deep fields
In emerald stretches kiss the hills and trees,
Where wild-rose blossoms blew
And fragrance floated forth on every breeze.
But yet I was not happy
For thou wert not there with me.
I stood and watched the heaving billows of the lake,
Rising and then receding, leave their foaming wake,
Like the dark cloud on the horizon;
With them my feelings were as one;
My rest, my discontent, they seemed to share,
Beating upon the cliffs that held them there;
But had'st thou been there with me,
Havens of refuge in thine eyes I 'd see.
I floated down dark rivers when the autumn breeze
Drove down the dead leaves from the thinning trees,
And the catbird uttered its weary note,
And the crow its echo seemed to croak;
For every song-bird long had flown,
And the wind in the trees was a dismal moan;
Yet happy I floated on the dismal tide
For thou wert Spring and Maytime at my side.

Freightin'

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

Fifty miles from Taggart's store,
Sixty yet to grind;
Heavin' six strung out before,
Trailer snubbed behind.
Half a world of glarin' sand,
Prayin' for a tree;
Nothin' movin' 'cross the land
But the sun and me.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
Grunts the workin' wheels;
Lazy gust swirls up the dust
From the hawses' heels.
I've been young and raced and sung
But I've learnt my load.
Slow—slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

Where the skyline waves and breaks
Shines a misty beach
And the blue of ripplin' lakes—
Lakes no man kin reach.
Just beyond my leaders' bits
Winds the life I know—
Ruts and 'royos, hills and pits,
In a daylong row.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
Life's more miss than hit.
Luck's the thing I dream and sing,
Chuck is all I git.
'Neath the sky I crawl and fry
Like the horny toad.
Slow—slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

When I reach that sparklin' line
    Where the ripples run,
There'll be just this road o'mine
    And the dust and sun.
Mebbe on my last, far hill,
    When the dream-mist clears,
I'll be freightin,' freightin' still,
    Down the road of years.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
    Skylines mostly lie,
Yet they beat the limp mesquite
    That goes trailin' by.
Luck enough to move my stuff—
    More I've never knowed.
Slow—slow, on we go
    Out the stretchin' road.

Slim and far our shadow swings;
    Sun is on his knees.
Someone's campin' at the springs,
    Smell it down the breeze.
Chuck-time, boys, and sleep besides,
    When we've chomped our hay—
Damn your dusty, trusty hides!
    You've sho' filled your day.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
    Grunts the weary wheels,
Dreams untold and sunset gold,
    Cussin,' sweat and meals.
If You kin, Lord, let me win,
    But I'll move my load.
Slow—slow, on we go
    Out the stretchin' road.

Charity *versus* Justice

By Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D.

Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York

CHARITY is applied religion. Religion that is not applied is not religion. Charity is the heart of religion and the religion of the heart. Charity is that high morality, which is the "science of minimizing human misery."

Religion is the root of the tree of life. Charity or social service must be its fruit. We can have no fruit without root, but we would have no tree of life that were all root or trunk, and that yielded neither blossom nor fruit. It may be true, as has been said, that social science or service cannot take the place of religion, but it is not less true that religion cannot be without social service. Social teaching and religion are not to be substituted for each other. The social message of our day needs the last and largest uplift of religion, as truly as religion needs to be rehumanized and resocialized.

The great need of the social worker, as of all men honestly concerned with problems of social welfare and social ill-fare, is insight, insight into causes and not only acquaintance with effects. Ibsen says: "The devil has no stancher ally than want of perception." Because men and women lack vision, they are terribly shocked by the faintest intimation of change in the social order; but they remain unshocked and untouched by the hideously unsocial and anti-social arrangements which obtain.

The highest function of charity is not to tinker and temporize, but to anticipate and avert. Though concerning himself with the task of temporary alleviation, the social worker is never to lose sight of the possibility of ultimate redress. He must try to better things, but he must also make for the best; while seeking to better, aiming ever at the best, and never ceasing to believe that the best is achievable. Even if charity be only an experiment, let it be honestly and fairly tried. Unless we do this, we are playing at play instead of dealing seriously with serious things.

Social workers are not so much to mitigate the evil consequences of that which is, as they are to avert that which is inevitably attended by evil consequences. The higher charity, like Cervantes, holds heartbreak at bay: the highest charity will overcome the forces that cause heartbreak. To hold heartbreak at bay is to admit its power: to overcome the forces that bring it into being is to uproot and destroy. The worst of heresies is the belief that poverty is incurable; the faith that wrong and injustice are unpreventable. Charity must be more than the safeguard of democracy. The surest safeguard of democracy is social justice. But the charity that merely safeguards serves to undermine. No safeguard can be devised which will insure democracy against the evils of its decadence. The permanence of stunted, half-starved, enfeebled, degraded masses means the passing of democracy.

In the days of hard-and-fast distinction between "God's poor and the devil's poor," poverty was regarded as the crime or misfortune of the individual. A truer insight into the essence of the present-day order is enabling us to understand that poverty is not in the main a crime of the individual nor yet primarily his misfortune, but that poverty is a symptom of social disease, or, as some have put it, one of the stigmata of social crime. More and more we are coming to see

that poverty is social in origin, social in effect, and social in outreach. In a word, the devil's poor have been bedevilled into poverty. When poverty was regarded largely as the failure or crime of the individual, it was the misdeed of the individual that was dealt with,—his crime palliated at best or his misfortune mitigated. Now that poverty is beginning to be seen to be one of the incidents of the social order, it is dawning upon us that no remedy can be hoped for that shall not be social, for "social evils must be remedied socially."

Under the old pre-industrial order, the men who would not toil were few in number; they were the abnormal or the sub-normal. There was work ready for men and in the main men were ready to work. But, today, under the industrial era, the idle are not the voluntary idlers, but the involuntarily unemployed. The unemployed masses are made up today of the vagrant or tramp, who must be treated as one diseased; again, of the temporarily unemployed, it were almost truer to say, the temporarily employed; third, of the unemployed who are permanently worked out, useless, cast away to the human rubbish-heap, but, unlike other rubbish, conscious, sentient, needy; and, last, of those who, being badly born, permanently underfed, noxiously housed, ill-environed in every way, are not steadily and permanently employable.

The orphaned, touching upon another type of the needy, are not a limited class, but make up a large army consisting of the children of the victims of industrialism, which slays fathers without redress to wife or children. The sick and the stricken we know to be the underfed, the under-housed, the under-oxygenated. It is true, as has been said, that lack of oxygen enervates conscience, but it is truer still that the lack of conscience enervates the oxygen breathed by the millions in city tenements and city streets. The improvident were once reckoned among the devil's own poor, but today men can lay nothing by for a rainy day because they have n't enough for the dry days. Seeing that improvidence is a vice only of those who have, pennilessness in old age has ceased to mean improvidence and is becoming more and more inevitably the lot of the worker who survives into old age.

Charity may be said to be inflicting a great wrong insofar as through partial alleviation and temporary mitigation it keeps from the ken of men the measure of the world's suffering and misery. It were a betrayal of the poor to give momentary succor in the name of charity as a substitute for permanent redress. The gifts for so-called charity of those who have is not to purchase the silence of the social or charity workers touching the depths of misery which charity little more than skims.

The perils of charity sounds paradoxical and yet such perils become obvious when one considers the annual army of men that are the victims of preventable industrial accidents. Parenthetically, a preventable accident is not an accident; it is a crime. After the "accident" which had to happen, charity steps in and palliates the effects which are the result of unbridled *dividendomania,* succoring for a time widows and orphans who are rarely, if ever, justly dealt with by the slayers of the family head. Whereas it may well be that if charity were not, widow and children would so insistently clamor for justice as to secure some measure of real redress, and thus, through touching men's pockets, serve to limit the endless number of preventable accidents.

If charity hide from the "haves" the immediate consequences of poverty, it must, as far as it can, make clear to them its ultimate and permanent consequences as well as its causes. The givers of "charity" must not be suffered to rest snugly and smugly under the delusion that problems of poverty are solved because some shivering, hungry woman has been fed and clothed, or because some father-robbed children have been dumped into an asylum. This is only another way of saying that to the "charitable" it must be proclaimed all the time, that all remedies are doomed to futility which stop short of the removal of causes. The social worker, who is become one of the foremost agents of

civilization, must have a care lest upon him falls the reproach levelled at those "who take off the insurrectionary edge of poverty."

Better by far that charity cease than that it conceal or suppress the truth. Charity must not shut our eyes to, but rather focus our sight upon, poverty and wretchedness. There lies a glory in facing facts however hideous these may be. The least of the offices of the so-called charity worker is to bring home to men the utter fatuity of inadequate giving.

Charity is not only perilous but ruinous if it move men to condone the inequities and iniquities of the so-called charitable, for this spells the demoralization and perversion of all standards. Not very long ago, an article in one of the best-known American weeklies glorified a railroad king, with the usual incense to the "prestige of success" and with fine disparagement of "small scruples as the tomb of greatness." Without apparently the least understanding of the terrible significance of his words, the writer concludes: "Men, singly or grouped, are crushed if they camp before his target. . . . But this Thor-like man, terribly centered in his work, often bitterly vindictive with his enemies, can still be a prodigal in large-hearted charity." Man-crushing but, forsooth, of large-hearted charity! He crushes men, and then sends an ambulance to pick up the crushed and dying! No amount of charity ought move us to assent to the lie that one by whom "men, singly or grouped, are crushed if they camp before his target . . . can still be a prodigal in large-hearted charity."

The social worker must not succumb to the danger of keeping poverty in all its ugly nakedness from the sight of the well-to-do nor of suffering so-called charity to be and to remain impersonal. An English writer on "Human Justice for Those at the Bottom" has put it well: "The part that money plays is so subordinate. . . . It has been by inhumanity that these people reached their present condition; it is only by humanity that their condition can be remedied." People, who are ready to make gifts in charity but not to give themselves, ought to be told that the gift without the giver is not only bare but no gift at all. They are like the mayor in Ibsen's "Brand":

> "At least the sacrifice no worse is
> Than drafts upon good people's purses;
> The age is too humane to bring
> Any more costly offering."

The giving of money instead of service is to be compared to the hiring of a substitute instead of volunteering to serve in war. The highest charity demands your money and your life, your purse and your personal serving.

In the working out of charity, it needs to be said that absent treatment may be efficacious in the treatment of imaginary diseases of the individual, but it is most inefficacious in dealing with the real diseases of the social body. Checkbooks may pay bills, but they do not suffice to discharge social obligations. Touch the button and we do the rest,—may be a valid rule between superior and inferior, but it cannot be a rule of guidance as between equals. There are two dangerous classes in a democracy, the unemployed who vainly hunger to labor and to serve, and the leisured and overfed, who will neither toil nor serve. The so-called social class, if it serve not, is anti-social. There are no neutrals in the warfare of humanity. The social problem can no more be solved by social workers alone, however wise and consecrated, than priests alone can solve the problems of religion. The one as truly as the other is a matter of right living by all men.

Almost the highest value of social serving lies in its re-socializing the sundered fragments of life. With the passing of neighborliness, social or anti-social stratification has set in. Social serving can do much to bridge the chasm which has been made. But the evils of stratification cannot be overcome by social servants, unless these learn to look upon the poor not as freaks, but as humans,—just ourselves with less of possessions. Freakish are the undiscerning who think of the poor as peculiar and abnormal creatures of another world. The evils of stratification can be effectively combatted only by such as recognize and rejoice in the supremacy of the claim of human kinship.

As a substitute for justice, charity is irredeemably and hopelessly bankrupt. Charity can never be a substitute for justice, but it must ever be a supplement to justice,—crown and complement of justice. The charity of today must not alone be the justice of the morrow, but pillared upon justice eternal. Charity can never make justice superfluous. What injustice has done, justice alone can undo. What injustice has undone justice alone can restore. The charity that does nothing more than temper preventable woe tampers with the stream of justice. We have had effective injustice and ineffectual charity: we would have effective justice and effectual charity. Charity often demoralizes. Justice ever democratizes.

No wiser word on the question has ever been spoken than that of Theodore Parker: "We need the justice which removes causes as well as the charity that palliates effects." The higher charity has approximated to and adumbrated justice. The highest charity will be justice. The higher charity has dealt with curable woe and misery: the highest charity will deal with preventable woe and wrong. There are some, indeed, says Ernest Crosby, who would leave things as they are and accept the permanent substitution of libraries for justice, but they are not many. These are like the man, who in jail was assured that he would have justice. "That 's what I am afraid of," was his answer. Obversely, is charity, as practiced by many men of large possessions, to become the last refuge of such as are fearful of justice?

Who Pays?

By Alan Brackinreed

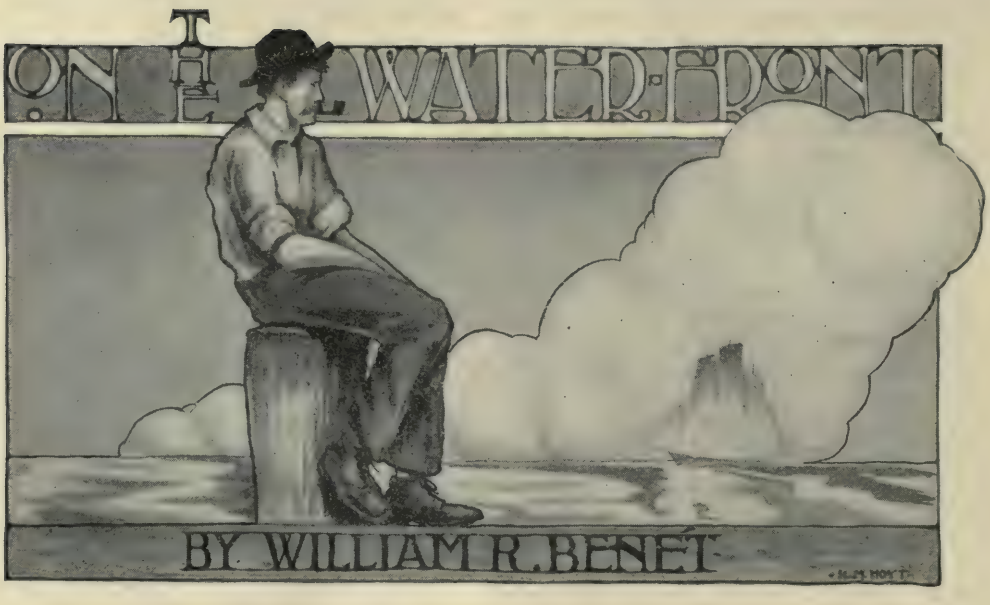
And I am made to think
The World's Hunger is but one hunger,
The World's Poor but one poor,
And if my brother starve in India,
It may be I have eaten too much bread.

How, then, for all these others who,
Midway between the Eater and the Man
Who toils that he may eat,
From every loaf of bread
Take the first bite?

Ah, I know, 'tis urged in their defense,
Some miracle of service they perform
Whereby an increase in the price of grain
Is had. And strong are they in figures,
Market-wise,
And foolish is the man who them assails.

But here a question in the foolish mind,
Who pays the increase?
He that eateth bread?

And who grows fat the while, one Fat between two Leans?



Lollin' on a dock pile, pipe a-draggin' slow,
Squintin' at the little tugs puffin' to an' fro—
All the shippin' in the sunlight busy with their sails,
Winches rarin', 'ands a-swearin'—cargo—'ooks an' bales—
Mist'ry o' the dirty water lappin' down below—
Lappin' an' a-lippin', "Aint ye goin' to go?"
Gawd, my 'eart is full this mornin'! Aint it swellin', though!
All the ships upon the sea, an' all the things I know!

Damn ol' wind-bag, strainin' at yer anchor—
(Aint yer goin' to go? Aint ye goin' to go?)
Dirty drab ol' 'ull, from yer fore truck to yer spanker—
Foksel-'ead to starn I know ye so!
Take me out—take me out—take me out along o' ye!
'Eave yer sloppy deck agin underneath my feet;
    Lemme bunk wi' frowsy Swedes
    An' them 'eathen Dago breeds—
An' we 'll start the 'ell a-goin' where the sea an' 'arbor meet!

Damn ol' storm sow, wallerin' through 'urricanes,
Shakin' like a wet dorg—tryin' to shake us orf!
Scuppers running' like the Yarrow
Whar it runs so muddy narrow—
Dark a night as nights in Lunnon when the fawg is thick an' sof'!
Sweepin' sea, leapin' sea—shakin' us an' blindin' us—
Still our lights are swingin' through the roarin', tearin' storm.
Fightin'—glad we 're fightin' on! 'Oo says that Gawd 's a-mindin' us?
(Shiverin'—*I'm shiverin'!* 'An aint this sunlight warm?)

Pa'my isles—ba'my isles—glidin' on a sea o' glass!
Sunset 's on the 'arbor an' it 's music to yer ear.
Gels are laughin' far an' faintly, an' the music tinkles gently.
'Oo 'll git lef' ashore tonight, long o' gels an' beer?
Clouds that 'ang forever on volcano tops a-slumberin',
Music ever tinklin' an' the moonlight paths we know!
'Oo 'll git lef' ashore tonight? Hours, 'oo 's a-numberin'?
(Aint ye goin', aint ye goin', aint ye goin' to go?)

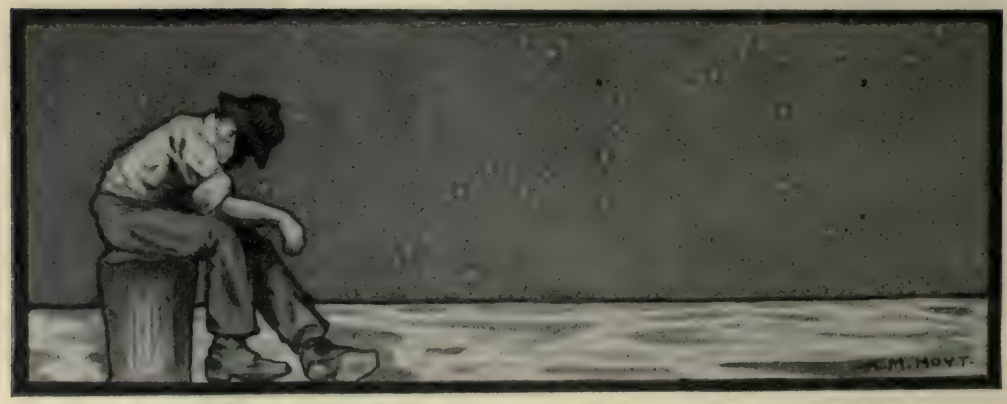
Frizzlin' days, sizzlin' days—shrivelin' all the pent of 'er!
We 're wearin' wot Gawd gave us, an' a-spoilin' for a fight.
'Awlin' 'ere, 'awlin' thar!
Mate so mad 'e 's dumb to swar.
Oh the cool, cool stars a-swingin' when the wind comes on with night!
Slum smells in the galley! The closeness an' the stink of it!
'Ell along the 'ot decks. Foksel an 'ell.
Quorlin' all along the bunks. Sleep? Dont wanter think of it!
(Say! Put up that knife, you—! Aie, thar goes eight bell!)

Swingin' lamps—battered fices, plannin' some new devilment.
Stinkin' raw terbaccy smoke—cursin' somethin' sweet.
Then the sea's ol' roar agin
An' the work that scraps with men.
Drowned voices in the boxin' wind—an' suddint death to meet!
Voices on the sea-wind—voices on the shore-breeze!
Wall-eye Fred, an' little Red, an' Butcher John an' Bo—
Cooky Black, an' Hackensack! Mateys? All my old uns.
(Aint ye goin', aint ye goin', aint ye goin' to go?)

Fair wind—foul wind! 'Ow I useter think of it!
Lyin' in the 'eadland grass, 'opin' I would be
Some day, just as I 'ave been,
Workin' ships that I 'ave seen,
A sailorman, a sailorman on any ship at sea!
Starin' in the sunsets, wonderin' an' wonderin'—
Watchin' all the sails beat 'ome . . . Oh, knowin' wot I know,
Was that black-eyed Susie right
When we 'ad our little fight?
The flashin', snappin' eyes of 'er, that said I *should n't* go!

* * * * * * *

Loafin' on a string-piece, hours a-crawlin' slow;
Dreamin' on the waterways where the big ships go—
All the busy 'arbor shippin', all the glintin' sails!
Tramps a-coalin', smoke a-rollin'—winches histin' bales!
Wot a mist'ry in the water lappin' down below!
Lappin' an' a-lippin', "Aint ye goin' to go?"
In my 'eart the sea is swellin'. Aint it swellin', though!
All the ships upon the sea, an' all the things I know!



M. E. HAY, GOVERNOR OF WASHINGTON.

FRANK W. BENSON, GOVERNOR OF OREGON.

JAMES H. BRADY, GOVERNOR OF IDAHO.

Photograph by Bushnell.

J. N. GILLETT, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

"A BIT OF HEROISM WORTHY A BETTER CALLING THAN THAT OF ROBBER."

"FIVE HORSEMEN WERE SEEN GALLOPING INTO TOWN FROM THE SOUTH."

Twice Told Tales of Frontier Characters

The Daltons

By George Elmer McCulloch

Drawings by C. S. Price

IF some day you should happen to be in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and should step into a certain mercantile establishment at the southeast corner of Third and Main streets, you will find, at the head of one of the departments there, a tall, good-looking man of quiet and dignified demeanor. There is no evidence of the "bad man" in his dress or bearing, or of the criminal in his blue eyes that meet yours squarely. Should you shake hands you would not suspect, from his hearty grip, that three inches of the bone of his right arm at the shoulder are lacking. Noting his fine physique, you would not imagine that a Winchester bullet had ploughed his body through and through, or that a load of buckshot had once raked him from hips to ears as he bent down from his horse trying to lift his dead brother from the ground. Yet these unpleasant things have happened to him. He is Emmett Dalton, survivor of that murderous band of outlaws, who tried to rob the banks of Coffeyville, Kansas, many years ago, and who, after a fearful street battle with the citizens, were exterminated almost to a man. Of the five desperadoes who rode into town that morning Emmett was the only one living after the fight, and he was so badly wounded that it was months before he was able to be about and stand trial for the part he had taken in the daring raid.

As men of desperate undertakings and reckless character the Daltons were certainly marked. Their mother was an aunt of the notorious Younger boys, while their father, in his early days a freighter, later became a stockman and race-horse man and staked the game of chance for amusement and pleasure. There were fifteen children in the fam-

ily, ten boys and five girls. All were born in Cass County, Missouri, and as Emmett expressed it, it was a real North Missouri family. They were, beginning with the oldest: Ben, Cole, Louis Komet, Lilia, Littleton (Lit), Frank, Grattan (Grat), Bill, Eva, Bob, Emmett, Leona, Nannie, Simon and Ada. Simon is now a soldier in the Philippines, and has been for over three years. It seems that in his earlier life the father had some elevated ideas of how children should be raised, and his two oldest boys, Ben and Cole, were sent to school in Kentucky and graduated from McGhee College in that state.

BOB DALTON AND HIS SWEETHEART. PHOTOGRAPH MADE ABOUT ONE YEAR BEFORE THE COFFEYVILLE RAID. BOB WAS THE BEST SHOT AND CHIEF "KILLER" OF THE ROBBER GANG.

In 1884 the family moved to the Cherokee Nation in the Indian Territory, and located on a lease near the head of Locust Creek, about eight miles east of Vinita. The Territory at that time was extremely lawless. The Indians had

EMMETT DALTON, ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE BAD DALTONS. NOW A USEFUL AND RESPECTED CITIZEN.
The older members of the family were always law-abiding.

their laws and courts and schools, but had no jurisdiction over white people. White children could not attend the Indian schools, and there were no schools for the whites except a few subscription schools, many of which were worse than none. The only courts for white people were at Fort Smith, Arkansas, over a hundred miles away. That was too far to go to seek justice, and the whites for redress of their wrongs resorted to the Winchester and six-shooter. Deputy marshals from Fort Smith rode over the country and pretended to keep order and run down violators of the law; but the laws were so few and uncertain that the deputies had great latitude in using their judgment to determine who were offenders of the law and who were not. Congress attempted to govern the country at long range, and it was practically nothing but a political dumping ground. While there were a good many excellent men on the marshal's force, it frequently happened that the deputy was as bad as the man he was after. The main work of the deputies seemed to be to capture whisky peddlers. In those days there was a severe penalty for taking whisky into the Indian Territory, and deputies received big fees for capturing bootleggers. It was more profitable to

SCENE OF THE TRAIN AND DEPOT ROBBERY BY THE DALTONS, IN 1892, AT ADAIR, INDIAN TERRITORY.

capture a bootlegger than it was to run down a horsethief or a murderer.

In those days, too, the Indian Territory was almost exclusively a cattle country. Men from Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas held great herds there, and the country was taken up with big ranches containing thousands and thousands of acres. Herding cattle was about the only occupation, and to become a cowboy and learn to rope and tie a steer was the first impulse of the growing territorial youth. To aspire to be a good cowboy and finally foreman of a ranch was a laudable ambition. It was a free, easy, reckless life, with few restraints, and every man was practically a law unto himself. It goes without saying that all apprentices did not turn out good cowboys, and the opportunities to drop into some other easy channel of existence were numerous and tempting. It has been frequently observed that the evolution of the outlaw began with the cowboy. It ran: cowboy, deputy marshal, outlaw. When a cowboy became desperate and reckless enough, the deputies usually sought him as a posseman, and as soon as there was an opening he became a deputy. It is well known in the Southwest that the older boys of the Daltons were respectable, well-to-do men, while the younger set furnished the outlaws.

After the Daltons had resided a few years in the eastern part of the Nation they moved to another lease in the western part, a few miles south of Coffeyville. The ranches in that locality were larger and more prosperous and afforded better opportunities of employment for the boys.

Frank Dalton had already joined the marshal's force at Fort Smith, and he was the first of the family to meet a violent death. The deputies had surrounded a gang of whisky peddlers in an old house near Fort Smith, and in the fight that ensued Frank was killed. That was in 1884. A little later Grattan—"Grat" as he was called—and Bob joined the marshal's force at Fort Smith and were excellent officers. But Grat, it was claimed, was bought off by a prisoner he had captured. He got into trouble with the marshal's office over the affair and was discharged. Bob resigned and they went back to their home near Coffeyville and began a life of lawlessness by stealing horses and cattle from the big ranches. They had been suspected for some time of running off cattle and horses, but no good evidence could ever be procured against them till they made a very bold move in stealing a herd of horses from the Skinner ranch and taking them to Galena, Kansas, to sell. That gave the whole thing away. Two or three other cowboys assisted them to take the herd up to Galena, and when they offered the horses for sale they asked such a low price for them that the buyers at the stock-yards became suspicious. They began asking the boys a good many questions about the horses, and where they got them, and the boys finally admitted they had got the horses at the Skinner ranch.

While the buyers were dickering for the horses messages were telegraphed to Skinner at Coffeyville, and he returned answer that the horses had been stolen, and to hold them and the men who had them. The Galena officers started after the gang to arrest them, and the latter turned and fled. The officers gave chase, and a running pistol battle of several miles occurred, but no one was hurt. The boys had too much the start and got away. In the run Grat's horse began to give out, and meeting a man driving a fine mare he was training, Grat dismounted and made the man unharness the mare and turn her over to him. He mounted her, and easily escaped. When he was safely away he left the mare at a farmhouse and told the farmer to whom she belonged. He then sent word to the owner where he would find his mare, and the latter obtained her all right. The boldness with which the boys took the horses and attempted to dispose of them near home shows how reckless and indifferent they had become. It also put the deputies on the right track to where a lot of stolen property was going.

From then on the Daltons were watched and chased by the deputies, and they abandoned their old haunts, organ-

ized a regular band of robbers and sought new fields. It is said that four of the boys—Grat, Bill, Bob and Emmett—were members of that band. They drifted to California, and at Tulare they held up an express train and robbed it, killing the fireman by their indiscriminate shooting. Chase was given by the California officers, and most of the gang was captured. Grat was tried and convicted, and was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. The others were tried, but not convicted. Emmett escaped capture, although a reward of six thousand dollars was offered for him.

It seems that, in California, the Daltons were associated with Evans and Sontag, the desperate Tulare County men, who were charged with train robbery, and whose exploits and killings subsequent to their first attempted arrest form one of the most sensational chapters in criminal annals. It is probable that the Daltons were leaders in the train robberies which led to the prosecution of Evans and Sontag. At that time Grat Dalton was most prominent in the eyes of the Californian sheriffs and other officers. His escape with Evans and Sontag from the strong, new Visalia jail, in Tulare County, was one of the remarkable episodes of that exciting period of the early nineties. Holes were drilled through walls, and strong iron bars severed with files, and escape to the nearby Sierra Nevada Mountains accomplished in the night on fleet horses provided by friends of the desperadoes.

After his escape Grat and the whole Dalton band drifted back to the Indian Territory, but they gave up horse and cattle stealing and resorted to the more dignified calling of holding up express trains.

In 1891, it is said, they robbed the Santa Fe express at Wharton, Indian Territory. The Santa Fe express was again robbed at Red Rock in 1892, and the job was laid to the Daltons. As the boys had been well known before they began their life of outlawry, in every one of their robberies some one of them was always recognized. Large rewards were offered for them, dead or alive, and the best deputies on the force were put in the field after them. But the country was very thinly settled, and contained many good hiding places. The climate was mild, and it was easy to spend the winter season in the hills. Food could easily be had from the Indians and forage for their horses was accessible at all times. Such conditions made the pursuit and capture of the outlaws difficult and dangerous. But the very fact that they were running such a long course without interception, and very little hindrance, made them still more bold and reckless, and slowly but surely they themselves were weaving a web that ultimately enmeshed them.

On the night of June 6, 1892, they held up and robbed the express train on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway at Adair, Indian Territory, and also robbed the depot safe at that place. It was a bold, open piece of work that only men grown hardened in the practice would have cared to undertake. At that time Adair was a small place of only a few hundred people and was principally known as a hay town, a great deal of baled prairie hay being shipped from that point. The eleven-thirty night express stopped there regularly, but it always carried a couple of United States deputy marshals and a couple of Indian policemen in the express car, all heavily armed. Holdups had become frequent and the railroad company was trying to guard against them. But the town was well located for a holdup, and on the night named the Dalton gang, consisting of eleven men, hitched their horses along a small creek about a half mile west of town, and about eleven o'clock marched up the main street, discharging their Winchesters right and left.

Few people were out, and these promptly hunted cover. The gang marched straight to the depot and ordered the agent to open up the safe. He refused, but said the safe was unlocked and they could get the money as easily as he could. He said he did not want it to appear to the company that he had turned the money over to robbers. They very obligingly opened the safe and took about sixty dollars. They then told the

agent that they wanted him to stop the express when it pulled in. He replied that it stopped there regularly anyway. But they said they did not want to take any chances of its running by, and when it came in sight they made him get out with his lantern and flag it. When it stopped they made the engineer and fireman get out out of the cab, and putting them and the agent in front of them the robbers advanced towards the express car. The express messenger and guards opened fire on the robbers, but the engineer begged them so hard to stop shooting that they ceased, and the guards jumped from the train. One of the guards received a bullet in his watch; another had the stock of his gun shot away, while a third had his gun shot out of his hands. All of them sought shelter behind a coal shed and attempted to keep up the fight, but the robbers soon silenced them. The old bullet holes in the depot may yet be seen as the result of that coal-shed battle.

When the guards jumped off the messenger still remained on his car and the robbers repeatedly ordered him to open the door, but he refused to do so. Seeing that they could not prevail on him to open the door, the robbers tied a stick of dynamite to a small board and fastened the board to the express-car door. Then exploding the dynamite they blew the door off and entered. When they got inside they cursed the messenger roundly and some of them threatened to kill him. They ordered him to open up the small safe, which he did after a good deal of hesitation, and they took its contents. They then ordered him to open up the big through safe. He told them that he could not; that it was a through safe and he was not supposed to know its combination. They did not believe him, but cursed him and jabbed him in the ribs with their six-shooters, and said if he did not open it up immediately they would kill him. In vain he told them that he could not open the safe even if it were to save his life.

"Well, try it," said one of them. "We are not going to stand any fooling," and he accentuated the order with a jab of his six-shooter into the messenger's side. The poor messenger, not knowing what to do, and death staring him in the face, seized the handle of the safe and gave it a wrench, when to his utter amazement the big door swung open. Then the robbers cursed him harder than ever and punched him in the ribs and back with their Winchesters and six-shooters, declaring that he knew all the time that the safe was unlocked. But the messenger still claimed he knew nothing of the kind and that he never had anything to do with the through safe. On account of the safe coming open as it did the messenger was afterwards arrested by the express company for complicity with the robbers, but investigation showed that the safe must not have been locked at the end of the line from which it started. There is no doubt whatever that the oversight to lock it saved the messenger's life.

The robbers held the train an hour and forty minutes, obtaining eleven thousand dollars in cash and forty thousand dollars' worth of bonds. As they could not use the bonds they burned them. None of the passengers were disturbed. It was a boast of the Daltons that they did not rob individuals, but only railroads and other rich companies and corporations.

When the robbers came into the town and marched up the main street, discharging their Winchesters in all directions, the people of the town naturally were badly frightened, and some even ran in their night-clothes to farmhouses in the country. Some sought refuge in their cellars, while others, knowing the disposition of the robbers, quietly remained in their houses. Among those who were not frightened by the shooting were two young men, Youngblood and Groutt, the latter being a physician. They were boarding not far from the depot, and when the shooting at the depot began they dressed, and going out on the front porch, facing the depot, watched the entire proceeding of the robbery. When the outlaws had finished they started back down the main street to their horses and saw the two young men out on the porch watching them.

Instantly they wheeled and coldbloodedly emptied a volley from their Winchesters at the two unarmed men, shooting off Youngblood's foot and wounding Groutt so badly that he died next day on the way to the hospital. Nobody else was hurt during the robbery.

After the holdup the band went to the Spavinaw Hills, a rough, thinly settled country about fifteen miles to the southeast, where they stayed several days and divided their booty. It is said that in the division of the spoils they had a quarrel, and that one of their number opposed the amount allotted to him and refused to receive it. As was characteristic of the gang, to settle the matter quickly and be safe, they killed this obstreperous one and buried him in the hills.

The railroad and express companies offered big rewards for the robbers, dead or alive, and the marshal's force for the Indian Territory put a great many deputies in the field to watch for the band and run them down. But the Dalton band was composed only of desperate men, who were dead shots and who cared little for human life; none of the deputies liked to take any chances with them. It was left for the robbers to execute the final move that should terminate in their own undoing.

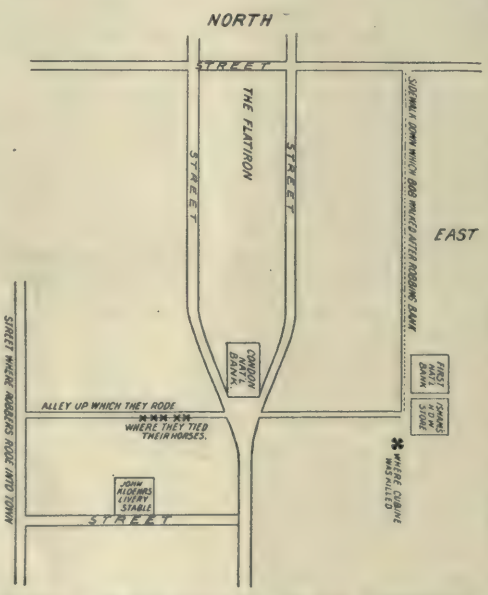


DIAGRAM OF THE LOCALITY OF THE COFFEYVILLE BATTLE.

The Coffeyville Raid.

In the fall of the same year the Daltons made the great fatal attempt to rob the banks of Coffeyville, Kansas. At that time Coffeyville was a straggling frontier town of about two thousand inhabitants situated on the line between Kansas and the Indian Territory. Its two banks each held large deposits, as a great many of the wealthy cattlemen of the Territory kept their money there. The people of the town had frequently expressed a fear that the outlaws from the Territory would make a raid some day on the banks, but no decided steps were taken to protect the town in case of such an occurrence. The Daltons had had their eyes on the Coffeyville banks, as well as a number of banks in the Territory, for some time, and had even boasted that some day they would swoop down on certain of them. Their good luck in the Adair robbery made them confident of success and a bit conceited, perhaps, and along about the first of October, when the banks were full of money, they began planning to descend on Coffeyville.

They camped for several nights on Onion Creek, a small stream in the Territory a few miles south of Coffeyville. Their number had been reduced to five for convenience in handling, and the band was composed as follows: Bob, the leader, Grat and Emmett Dalton, Bill Power and Dick Broadwell. All were picked men. Bob made the boast the night before the raid that they were going to outdo the James boys; that the latter had never robbed but one bank at a time, that they were going to rob two. Emmett was opposed to the raid at that time, as he was afraid things were not entirely ripe for the move, but the rest overruled him and final plans were decided on. The weather at that time of year in the Indian Territory is usually perfect. The evening before the raid they sent into Coffeyville and got some liquor to brace their nerves, and the following morning, after the Daltons

had disguised themselves with heavy false beards, they started for Coffeyville on the lope. Power and Broadwell were not well known in Coffeyville and were not disguised. The diagram shows exactly the plans they had and the moves they made in one of the most daring bank robberies ever attempted in the West.

On the morning of October 5, 1892, about nine o'clock, five horsemen were seen galloping into Coffeyville from the south along one of the outer streets on the west side of town.

They rode north till they came to an alley running east and west past the two banks of the town. The main street runs north and south, and is formed by the convergence of two streets, and the ground between these two streets is called "The Flatiron." The alley up which the robbers rode cuts the main street at the point of convergence, and the Condon National Bank is situated in The Flatiron at that point. East of the Condon National Bank and just across the street was the First National Bank, of which Thomas G. Ayers was cashier. Adjoining the First National Bank on the south and facing the alley, or at the end of the alley, one might say, was Isham's hardware store.

The horsemen rode east up the alley to within a few yards of the Condon National Bank and tied their horses. Directly south of them, on the street, was Kloehr's livery barn. Several people noticed the men tying their horses in the alley, but thought the matter nothing unusual. The heavy disguises the Daltons wore prevented them from being identified.

Two of the horsemen, Bob and Emmett, walked rapidly down the alley to the First National Bank, while Grat, Power and Broadwell entered the Condon Bank. Bob and Emmett very quietly entered the First National and ordered Ayers, the cashier, to throw up his hands, which he promptly did, and Bob went behind the counter with a mill sack to get the money, while Emmett stood in the corridor and held up every customer that entered, making them back up against the wall and hold their hands above their heads. Although it was early in the day, the safe in the bank happened to be open, and Bob very quickly secured twenty-two thousand dollars, mostly in greenbacks and silver. There was not much gold in the bank at the time and Bob was disappointed in not getting more gold. Ayers told him that he had got in his sack all the bank had, but Bob did not believe him, and thought they must keep the gold in the vault. He made Ayers light a lamp and go with him into the vault, and they searched high and low for more gold, but of course no more was found. Ayers, who was a large, powerful man, said afterwards that several times while they were in the vault he was tempted to seize Bob by the throat and throttle him, and but for the fact that the outlaw carried a dangerous-looking knife in his belt he would have done so.

In the meantime, the three of the robbers who attacked the Condon bank were not having such easy sailing. There was a time-lock on the safe of that bank and it was not yet open. Grat was behind the counter swearing and cursing because he could not get the money. One of the others stood in the corridor and held up customers as they came in till he had about twenty strung up in a line along the wall, while the third stood outside and watched that no one came up to interfere. Finally this one outside began shooting to frighten people and keep them off the street. This was a blunder.

As soon as the shooting began the people of the town suspected what was up and began arming themselves and rushing out on the street. "Coffeyville had sand!" Bob and Emmett heard the shooting and knew what was the cause. Bob was the dead shot of the gang, on whom they depended to do the killing, so he handed the sack of money to Emmett, who ran rapidly down the alley with it to their horses, where he mounted and rode off, while Bob went out on the street and walked north, shooting at every citizen who showed himself.

The first man killed was a German cobbler by the name of Cubine. His

shop was directly back of the First National Bank, and hearing the shooting he procured a gun and came around the hardware store from the south side. Bob saw him and shot him dead. The next man to die was the city marshal, Connelly. He ran out of a building with a pistol in his hand. Bob killed him before he could even raise the pistol. Bob's shooting was one of the remarkable things of the whole affair. He never raised his Winchester to his shoulder, but held it right at his side like a "hip-shooter," wheeling quickly from side to side and shooting all the time.

When Bob left the First National Bank, Ayers thought he would watch his chance and kill him. As soon as Bob was well out on the street, Ayers slipped out of the back door of the bank, and going into the hardware store procured a rifle; coming back he slipped quietly up to the front door of the bank and watched for a chance at Bob. The latter was standing up the street a short distance watching the doors of the buildings, firing this way and that. Ayers kept his eye on him until he thought the outlaw's attention was sufficiently attracted, when, opening the front door gently, he started to throw down on Bob. Before he could bring his gun to the level, Bob whirled and fired at him, shooting him through the face, the bullet entering at the side of his nose and coming out at the back of his neck. It was a fearful wound and though Ayers finally recovered, the surgeons said that had the bullet cut inward the sixteenth of an inch farther it would have proved fatal.

The aroused citizens were now firing at the robbers from all sides, and the battle was getting so hot that the latter were forced to retreat, and they made for their horses in the alley. By the time they had reached their horses, John Kloehr, the liveryman, opened fire on them with a Winchester from his livery-stable, while Isham and his clerks in the hardware store, began shooting straight down the alley at the whole gang except Emmett. Two of the four robbers were already badly wounded, but they paused to return the fire of the nervy hardware men. That pause was fatal. In less than three minutes every one of the four robbers lay dead on the ground except Broadwell. He managed to cling to his saddle as his horse broke away from fright and ran, but they found his dead body along the road, just out of town, shortly afterwards.

The battle between the robbers and Isham and his clerks, while it lasted, was terrific. Isham and his clerks had excellent rifles and plenty of ammunition and, concealing themselves behind some stoves on a platform that fronted a big plate-glass window, they fired straight through the window at the robbers, who were in plain view. The robbers fired back and did some excellent shooting, but could not hit the men behind the stoves. The bullets went through the plate glass, making small, clean holes, just as if the glass had been a hard board. This plate-glass window was afterwards shipped to Chicago to the Columbian Exposition, and became a great attraction.

Isham and his clerks not only had many narrow escapes from the robbers' bullets, but came very near being blown into eternity. A good-sized box of dynamite was sitting on top of one of the stoves and a bullet from one of the robbers' Winchesters cut its width through the lid of the box. Had the bullet cut a half-inch lower it would have exploded the dynamite, and there certainly would have been a different tale to tell about the killing.

When Emmett fled with the sack containing the twenty-two thousand dollars he got on his horse and started to ride away, though he was then badly shot through the arm and body. But after he was well started, seeing that the others were not following, he turned and rode back up the alley. By this time all the others had been killed. With a heroism worthy a nobler calling than that of outlaw, Emmett rode up to Bob, and leaning over, tried to pull him upon his horse. As he did so, a man with a double-barreled shotgun stepped from behind a building and emptied a load of buckshot into him, striking him in the hips, back, and back of the head, and

knocking him from his horse. People by this time were crowding up to the alley. Seeing that Emmett was still alive, he was removed to a surgeon's office for treatment, and the bodies of the others were picked up and ranged in a row for morbid people to look at. Everybody looked.

Excitement ran high for awhile, and at the beginning of the fight, word had been sent to an adjoining county for help. The news spread through the country, and in a short time the town was full of excited persons. Many of them, wanting mementoes of the fight, cut all the buttons off Bob's clothes for relics. Bob was known through the country as the most notorious of the band, and he had done most of the killing. After the relic-hunters had taken all the buttons, they began cutting little strips of cloth from Bob's trouser legs, and a photograph of the outlaws lying dead shows that they cut the cloth from one trouser leg clear above the knee. The robbers' horses were all killed except Broadwell's, and so wild did the people become for some relic of the fight that they cut away all the mane and tail of Bob's horse. In appearance Bob was said to have been handsome. He was tall, blonde, straight and somewhat slender, and agile as a cat, and with a pleasing address and sociable manner. His picture shows a rather cruel mouth.

It has always been a question as to who did the killing of the outlaws. John Kloehr got the credit for it, and received a gold medal for his bravery. Concealed in his livery stable, he fired point blank at the robbers, and being an excellent shot, he no doubt did good work. But later investigation showed that he was shooting at the robbers from one side, while Isham and his clerks were firing at them squarely from the front; and an examination of the robbers' wounds showed that they had been shot straight through the body from the front. But however the question may be, every citizen did his duty bravely and did good work. When the battle was over it was found that four of the citizens had been killed and three wounded. In all eight men were killed and four wounded in this miniature battle that from beginning to end did not last fifteen minutes.

As soon as Bill Dalton, who resided a short distance down in the Territory, heard of the fight and the wholesale killing of the band, he sent word to Coffeyville that he was going to raise a crowd and come up and wipe Coffeyville off the map. But he never made his appearance. Bill had killed an Oklahoma deputy and was himself killed in 1894 in a fight at Ardmore, Indian Territory. News of the fight and Bill Dalton's threat spread over the country like wildfire, and for awhile the people of Coffeyville were greatly alarmed lest another raid be made.

However, Coffeyville's "hand was in" and the town was willing to consider it "open season" for outlaws.

Within forty-eight hours after the fight, at least 500 Winchesters and almost a ton of ammunition had been sent into the town from people all over the United States, and the citizens of Coffeyville received many telegrams of congratulation and praise for the nervy fight they had made. There is no doubt that had Bill Dalton attempted to carry his threat into execution he would have met with a warmer reception than the robbers did.

The wholesale killing of the Dalton band marked a cessation of bank-robbing by outlaws in the Indian Territory, and had a deterring effect on other bands of outlaws who were infesting the country. There has never been another such desperate band of outlaws as the Daltons in the Territory since the Coffeyville killing.

At first it was thought that Emmett Dalton could not possibly survive the awful wounds he had received. When they carried him to the surgeon's office after the fight the doctors said he could not live over an hour. But he lived and got well enough in five months to go to trial. He was convicted and sentenced to the Kansas penitentiary for life, and not much time was lost in seeing that he was duly incarcerated.

After a few years his friends began trying for a pardon for him, making the plea that he was only a boy when the

robbery occurred, and had been led into the act by older heads. That was true, as he was only nineteen and had opposed the raid from the start. Ayers, who was so badly wounded and who was wealthy and influential, always strenuously opposed a pardon and his opposition was evidently very effective, as all efforts to get Emmett out of prison failed for years.

While in prison Emmett learned the tailor's trade, and he was a model prisoner. But his wounds never healed well in prison, and finally his health began to break down. He had to be taken out a couple of times to have operations performed. Finally, in 1907, a petition for his pardon signed by a number of bankers and the best citizens of Coffeyville and other towns, and containing Ayers' signature was presented to the Governor of Kansas. A parole was granted him, and he visited his relatives and traveled about for his health. It was seen that he could not live in prison, and in November, 1907, the Governor of Kansas granted him a full pardon.

There is no doubt now in the minds of all that the pardoning of Emmett was a wise act. He is a man of ability and excellent intentions, and freeing him from the prison walls has brought a reformed man to the ranks of good citizenship. He does not look back with pride on the events of his early life, and he deplores the fact that he ever had anything to do with exploits of which degenerate men would yet be secretly proud. As he now says he was only a youth and was led astray by bad environment and the strong persuasion of older heads, at a time when, and in a region where, there was a glamor of romance about the life of an outlaw.

Lotus Land

By Mabel Porter Pitts

It is a place of dreams so strangely fair,
So wondrous wrought that angels passing near
Go reverently bowed. A place it is
Of whispers; breathings, soft, and tiny stir
Of insects deep within the jungle shade
Of emerald grassblades. Here upon the heights
Of some bright-burnished grain of silver sand,
An opalescent pin-point of a life
Sways gauze-like, and with shining eyes
Looks fearsomely across the open space
That stretches, vast, one-millionth of an inch
'Twixt it and safety. Here beneath the boughs
Of quiet trees a playful shadow creeps
To catch the fluttering fingers of the light
And with them interlaced between its own
To scamper after fairies of the flowers.
It is a place of hope, of peace, of rest:
A place I knew; a place I know no more.
It is a faith; of love it is the soul;
It is a joy untrammeled by a sin;
It is—a thing to lose, and having lost,
Forevermore to dream of.

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A Dangerous Game

By Dr. Max Nordau

Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford

Part I

LATE in the afternoon of a beautiful May day, just as the cool sea breeze was beginning to blow, I sat in front of the Cafe del Correo, in Cadiz, reading one of the local papers. Suddenly a woman's figure in the narrow balcony of the opposite house attracted my attention. She was sitting behind the half-lowered green Venetian blind, which concealed the upper portion of her body. I could only hear her as, in high head notes, she sang a verse whose words reached me distinctly across the narrow street.

Me case con un viejo,
Por su moneda,
La moneda se acaba,
Y el viejo queda.

To an old man was I wed,
Solely for his pelf,
All his riches now have fled.
Leaving but himself.

Was she beautiful or ugly, young or old? I could not see. Her voice sounded mature, and she emphasized the wild Arab melody with a bitterness which pierced one to the soul. It was by no means the ordinary sing-song of a woman of the people, who thoughtlessly hums an air for amusement during her work. It was a plaint of personal grief. It was the cry of pain from a suffering creature. Suddenly I remembered the sorrowful fate of some people whom I had known in my youth.

* * * * * *

The Siefferts were an odd family. Many were the comical stories told about them in the neighborhood. Father Seiffert was a cobbler by trade, but on Sundays and holidays he blew the bellows of the organ in the Protestant Church and also, on special occasions, waited at table in the houses of some of the rich citizens. Mother Sieffert took in washing whenever her own housework and her duties as janitress of a large apartment house allowed her a moment's time.

The couple had fourteen living children, eleven girls and three boys, and some had died, to the great grief of the mother, who could never be comforted by her numerous living family for those whom she had lost. The whole household occupied three rooms, one of which was used for a kitchen. All the furniture and many an article which could scarcely be called by that name, was converted at night into beds. They slept in a bureau drawer, on the top of a table, in a big laundry basket, on cots which were folded up during the day.

Father Sieffert set off every morning before daybreak, and had his supplies either partly or wholly given to him by the kind-hearted market women. Then he went to a baker's wife, who saved all the pieces of stale bread and sold them to him at half price, carried his purchases home, poured them out on a blanket spread for the purpose, and called to Mother Sieffert: "Good morning, Mother. God has again supplied our daily food." Clothing was a great problem. Every rag which one child outgrew descended to the next one, gliding down the whole stepladder to the youngest, unless its downward course was stopped, before reaching its natural end, by total disintegration.

The shoe question presented insur-

mountable difficulties. A complete supply could never be maintained. If one of the children was obliged to go out, he put on the pair nearest to his size, while the theoretical owner was obliged to stay at home in slippers or barefoot.

Once it happened that fortune favored the Siefferts by letting the father win a small prize in a lottery. After a very brief consultation—for they all knew exactly what they wanted—the money was spent, first in buying each child a plate of ice cream, for which the older ones had expressed a hopeless longing for many years, and then, at one swoop, sixteen pairs of stout shoes were purchased, which enabled the whole family, for the first time since its existence, to take a Sunday walk at the same time to the city walls, an event which created joyful surprise in every street through which the noisy procession passed. The remainder, according to an agreement between the parents, was to be invested in a seventeenth pair of shoes—for once in their lives they would experience the blissful feeling of abundance—only Father Sieffert insisted that they should fit the mother, and Mother Sieffert that they should be bought for the father, whereupon a violent dispute arose, the first ever known within the memory of man in this united family, whose two little rooms, barely excepting the hours of sleep, were constantly full of laughter and song.

Father Sieffert was a very excellent man, on whom people could always rely. When he was waiting in the houses of the rich he never drank a drop of stolen wine. Not until his work was over did he swallow it hastily, but as generously as the remnants permitted—to carry off a whole bottle would have been against his conscience—pack the pieces of chicken, and especially the remains of sweet dishes, in a bag brought for the purpose, and reel off with his dainties to his family who, for the sake of the latter, forgave the former, and indulgently permitted him to sleep off his intoxication, while they did justice to what he had brought.

Father Sieffert took whatever kind-hearted, prosperous people wished to give him for his children, but he never asked for anything. He was always contented, and said in answer to inquiries that he had all he needed. If anyone expressed indelicate pity for the burden of his children he grew almost angry. They were *no* burden, he explained, but a blessing. True, he had to work constantly, but that was healthful and kept his blood from stagnating. He could not put out money at interest, but his children were his bank, and when they were all grown up and began to earn something they would not know what to do with so much wealth. Meanwhile he had the advantage of living more cheaply than anybody else, for he bought everything by the dozen, and therefore got it at a lower price. Then he chuckled and rubbed his hands merrily.

Mother Sieffert took life less happily than her light-hearted husband. The main burden rested upon her poor shoulders. She had the fourteen mouths to feed, the fourteen backs to cover so that they might appear respectably at school and at work; the children to nurse when they were ill, which never happened singly, always in squads. Even when her children were new-born infants she continued to be the mainspring of the household, her life was one of ceaseless, almost superhuman labor, and her only recreation her lonely, sorrowful walks to the cemetery, where, two or three times a year, she adorned the graves of her dead children with flowers.

The members of her almost uninterruptedly regular succession of organ pipes rewarded her self-sacrificing care with blooming health. They were all as round and as rosy-cheeked as winter apples, and roused the envy of wealthy parents whose choice food and continual solicitude failed to accomplish the result attained by the Siefferts' stale bread, potatoes, turnips, cabbage and Spartan treatment.

The oldest girl, Lena, who at the time of her confirmation went to work at a dressmaker's, and four years later earned enough to dress herself and five younger sisters very comfortably, had developed at eighteen into a wonderful beauty—tall, plump, fair, blue-eyed, with a complexion like peaches and cream, and mag-

nificent teeth. She was the undisputed Queen of the twenty girls in the dressmaker's establishment, who admired her beauty as much as they loved her for her pleasant temper and never-failing cheerfulness. At the winter Sunday evening meetings of the Protestant Young People's Alliance, where Father Sieffert held the office of collector—the small Protestant parish was very closely united in the far larger Catholic community—she was the central sun around which all the young men revolved. Though a scarcely opened bud, she was eagerly wooed, but she received or flouted her suitors with careless mirth, a trait inherited from her father, according to her fancy. Only one partner who, from the beginning of the winter, could not be driven from her side after she entered the room, had the power to bring the color to her cheeks and make her laughing lips grave. This was Niklas Brunner, a young, saddler's apprentice, who had just returned from his military service and begun work at his trade. She had evidently bewitched him, and he took no trouble to conceal it. At first she laughed at his love-making, according to her custom, but when her heart began to throb faster she forbade him one evening, in a pause of the dance, to say any more soft nothings. Then a snappish dialogue followed.

"Is n't a fellow to be allowed to fall in love with a pretty girl?"

"He had better keep his love for his betrothed wife."

"Just hear the precocious creature! You are too young to marry."

"Then you're too young to fall in love."

"One thing may lead to the other."

"What do you mean?"

"Let the fortune-teller explain, you little humbug."

Lena turned away pouting, just as the music struck up again, but he hastily seized her and, while whirling swiftly in the waltz, whispered, gazing boldly into her eyes: "I should have asked you before to promise yourself to me; I hope, in two years, to be able to take care of a wife, but I was a little afraid."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Afraid?"

"Why, yes," he answered, laughing, "the big family may be hereditary. I dont know whether I could stand fourteen nestlings."

At this blunt speech from the rough fellow Lena broke away from him with flaming cheeks, went to her parents and would have nothing more to say to him all the evening.

It was on the following Sunday that Mother Sieffert saw through the little window of her front room, which opened into the entry, her husband returning home apparently engaged in a confidential conversation with Herr Behr, who took leave of him with a long pressure of the hand. She was fairly rigid with amazement. Herr Carl Emil Behr owned the building in which she was janitress. He had the reputation of being one of the richest men in the city, filled one of the highest church offices in the parish, was Privy Councillor. How did this great man happen to shake hands with Sieffert?

She assailed her husband with questions as soon as he entered, but he only laughed silently, shook his head, and sat down without a word at the table, for on great festivals there was much to be done at the church after the close of the service, and it was past noon when he reached home.

The wife's astonishment increased. Father Sieffert had three coats; the black one in which he was married—he had not outgrown it during the twenty years—for church and the bank errands; the grey jacket with green facing and horn buttons, in which he waited at table, and the coarse grey cotton smock for the market and the house. When duty required him to wear the first or the second garment his first movement, almost before he had crossed the threshold, was to take off the coat or the jacket and put on the smock. But this time he forgot the habit of years and kept on the black coat, at the risk of spotting it while eating.

"Husband! What are you thinking of! Your coat," she cried, almost terrified. Father Sieffert started as if roused from a dream, cast a bewildered look at his sleeves and skirts, sprang up and made the change which he had neglected.

"What was the Privy Councillor talking about so eagerly?"

He only laughed heartily, shook his head, and began to eat his thick potato soup.

"Speak out, husband. What is it?"

"By and bye, Mother. You wont lose anything. Let me eat now."

But the meal was not finished when the door opened, and before the astonished family—who all sprang up from the table—stood Herr Behr's old servant, who, grinning and winking, set a heavy basket before them, nodded to Mother Sieffert, saying: "With the Herr Privy Councillor's compliments!" and instantly vanished.

Parents and children were utterly dazed. Lena was the first to recover from her surprise, and, lifting the lid, she began to unpack, bringing out in succession a cooked ham, a plum cake, two boxes of almonds and raisins, and four bottles of wine. All stared at these wonders as if they were some delusion of the senses. But the bewilderment vanished as soon as Father Sieffert, who was the first to recover his composure, uncorked a bottle and poured some wine for his wife and himself. The meal would have ended with stewed meat after the soup, but the ham and plum cake prolonged it, together with the wine—Mother Sieffert vainly tried to save two bottles for sickness or another occasion—which put them all in a hilarious mood, and roused even the youngest to crowing merrily, clapping its hands and kicking.

Mother Sieffert did not cease repeating the question what all this meant. But Father Sieffert, paying no attention, went on with the banquet until all were so fully satisfied that they refused their father's loud offers of more. Then he took a last glass of wine, wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his smock, rose, beckoned to his wife, and led the way into the next room. Bolting the door, he dropped into a straw chair so heavily that the legs creaked, and again began to shake his head and laugh silently.

"Stop this foolish nonsense," grumbled Mother Sieffert impatiently. "Will you tell me at last?"

"Presently, presently Mother. It's too comical. So you want to know what it is?"

"Well?"

"The Privy Councillor wants to marry Lena."

"Our Lena?" shrieked Mother Sieffert, her cheeks crimsoning.

"Yes."

"You are crazy."

"Why should I be? Perhaps the Privy Councillor is."

"Has he talked to you about it?"

"Of course. How else should I know it?"

"And what did you say?"

"That I would speak to you about it."

"Why did n't you tell him what you thought at once?"

"Well, what do I think?"

"Why, that it is a sin and a shame! What an idea! Who would ever dream of it! Always so pious and respectable, and rolling his red blear eyes at our Lena, who is scarcely more than a child."

"Dont get excited, Mother. Think it over quietly."

"What is there to think over?"

"Let me finish. The Privy Councillor is perhaps the richest man in the city."

"Do you want to sell our Lena?"

"Nonsense! Sell her! No! Provide for her."

"By giving her to a man seventy years old?"

"He is seventy-one. We went with the children four years ago to congratulate him on his sixty-seventh birthday. Dont you remember?"

"Seventy-one! Better still."

"Quite right. Better still." Husband and wife ought not to be too far apart in age. But when the difference is at least forty or even, as in this case, fifty-three years, it is all right again."

"Speculating on a man's death? Do you call that honest?"

"Mother, dont be foolish. No one can live forever. You know, as the beautiful psalm says, 'The age of man is three-score years and ten,' and at the utmost it is four-score. For a year every day has really been a gift to the Privy Councillor. Supposing he should live two years longer. Lena will then be twenty, in the full bloom of her beauty,

rich and respected. What is to prevent her marrying again as she chooses, and living as happily as a Princess in a fairy tale? Are you sure that she will find a suitable husband by that time if she remains a poor seamstress? Is it better for her to prick her fingers sore and work her eyes dim in her youth, than to be a great lady and live in luxury?"

"With such an old man by her side?"

"Will you be quiet?" The old man wont trouble her much. He'll be satisfied to sit in his arm-chair and have his cushions straightened now and then."

Mother Sieffert at first made no answer, and her husband also remained silent for a time. From the front room came the shouting, laughing and romping of the children. Lena's voice was the loudest of all. Father Sieffert was following his thoughts, which had taken a new direction. "Suppose the Privy Councillor wanted Lena for a nurse during the few remaining years of his life, and offered her high wages. Would you advise her to refuse the position?"

"You are talking sheer nonsense. That 's a different thing."

"Scarcely. The difference is that Lena would be the Privy Councillor's head nurse. She would have servants for the hard work and merely be the sunshine in the sick room, the daily bunch of flowers on the table."

Mother Sieffert secretly admired the cobbler's poetical language, but she would not let him see it. "It 's a sin and a shame, I'll stick to that."

"A shame! To marry a millionaire, a Councillor, a church dignitary, a city official? How high do you want your Lena to aspire? I suppose she must marry a Prince? And a sin if she compassionately brightens the evening of an old man's life and at the same time obeys the fourth commandment?"

"How do you bring in the fourth commandment?"

" 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.' If Lena becomes Frau Behr she will be a good daughter and sister, for she will make her parents and her whole family happy. The Councillor spoke of all this fully. He would consider it his duty to provide for his wife's relatives suitably. He will give me the office of collector of rents. Old Umbrecht will soon be retired. That would be a fine thing for me. Just think what it is to have something certain every month. Then, for once in my life, I could sleep in broad daylight. And it would do you good to give up your washing before the rheumatism is fixed in your bones. And the children will no longer have to run barefoot and sleep in drawers—how will you like that, old lady?" He gave her a hearty slap on the shoulder and looked into her eyes, laughing merrily.

"Man, I dont understand how you can laugh," she cried, drawing herself angrily away.

"It 's enough to make anybody laugh, Mother. This old man—when I think of his playing the lover to such a young girl, nobody can help it."

"You laugh, and Lena will cry her eyes out."

"Why? She will laugh, too, though not to the old man's face. It does her no harm. It is a farce. It will last a year or two, and then Lena will be happy all her life."

"Try it. Tell Lena. You'll see whether she laughs."

Father Sieffert did not hesitate a moment. The bolt shot back, the door flew open, and he called into the tumult of the front room:

"Come here, Lena."

The young girl released herself from the group and rushed in like a whirlwind. "What is it, Father?"

Sieffert locked the door again and, standing before his daughter, took her hand, saying with a broad smile: "Calm yourself, child, there will be a shock. One—two—three—somebody is courting you."

"Niklas Brunner?" escaped her lips. A burning blush deepened the color in her hot cheeks, and her panting breath failed.

"Niklas Brunner?" asked her father in surprise, while Mother Sieffert also looked at her in astonishment. "O-ho! That 's something new. No, child, put the lad out of your head. Thank Heaven, we have different people in view.

In short, not to leave you in suspense, Councillor Behr wants to marry you."

"Councillor Behr!" Lena repeated dully. A deathlike pallor drove the color from her cheeks, and her terrified black eyes turned toward her mother, who held out her arms. Lena sank into them, exclaiming: "It cant be, Mother. Tell me it cannot be."

"It is true," replied Frau Sieffert, in an expressionless tone, stroking the girl's fair, waving hair.

"I wont!" Lena shrieked passionately. "That old man! I'd rather be an old maid! Rather drown myself."

"Dont talk nonsense in your excitement," said her father. Drawing the struggling girl with gentle force away from her mother and pressing her into the chair by his side, he went on in a soothing, coaxing tone: "You are a child, a foolish, inexperienced child. You know nothing about life. Listen to sensible people. You will be a very rich lady."

"I am satisfied with dry bread."

"You have eaten that long enough, and we with you. Now you must have something better. The Councillor will make us all happy, and you the happiest of all."

Lena threw back her head and looked at her father with flashing eyes.

"And you the happiest of all, I say," he repeated with emphasis. "You will live like a Queen, wear velvet, silk and diamonds, which will make people's eyes water. And you will be able to provide for your brothers and sisters and your mother, who will no longer need to work so hard. I dont speak of myself. I ask nothing of anybody. I have always earned a living for myself and my family, and shall continue to do it. The Councillor will treat you with the greatest tenderness. And what does he ask of you? Nothing except that you will stay with him. You will be the delight of his eyes, the joy of his heart. He will be a father to you—"

"I have *one* father," Lena interrupted hotly.

"*Two* rows of sewing are stronger, child. I'm a cobbler, and ought to know. The new father can do more for you than the old one. Yes, if my grandfather had n't been ruined when the French took possession of the country—"

When Sieffert began to talk about the legendary splendors of his ancestors he never knew when to stop. His wife, who was well aware of this foible, cut him short: "Lena, you know now how matters stand. Tell your father what you think."

"Mother, you will not sacrifice me?"

"Sacrifice?" cried Sieffert, "why do you use that word? I am not Abraham, and you are not Isaac, since you are a girl"—he laughed in self-approval—"there is no question of sacrifice. I desire your happiness, and this will make you happy."

As Lena remained silent her father went on urgently: "So decide, child—"

"She will need at least to consider the matter," said the mother angrily.

"What is there to consider?" The Councillor will be no younger tomorrow or the day after. Decide quickly. I must give him an answer. He is waiting for it. At his age excitement is no joke. If joy should injure his health, I could answer for it to my conscience, but if he should have a stroke of apoplexy from impatience I should reproach myself. So, out with it."

"Then no, Father, no, no, no!" cried Lena vehemently, hiding her face on her mother's bosom and bursting into sobs.

"That makes four noes," remarked Sieffert coolly, "three too many. I will go now to the Councillor and tell him that his offer has been made. Then he will come himself, and you can repeat your 'no' to his face, if you want to be a silly mule."

"I'll run away!" cried Lena wildly.

"Very well. And we can pack up." He drew off his smock, put on the solemn Sunday coat, took his shaggy tall hat, and went out, leaving the mother and daughter bewildered and helpless.

It was not ten minutes before Father Sieffert, bowing and smiling, was ushering Councillor Carl Emil Behr through the front room, where, at his entrance, the startled children stopped romping, into the second one, saying: "Here is my little girl. Rather shy. She is still

so young. But you can win her if you speak freely of all that is in your heart." Then he nodded imperiously to his wife until, confused and awkward, she came out of the room, followed her quickly and closed the door behind them. The mother sat down in a corner of the front room, folded her hands in her lap, and stared into vacancy. Father Sieffert took a chair at the table, ate a few almonds which had been left, and smiled. The children, who felt a vague suspicion that something unusual was going on in the next room, pressed together in knots, and whispered anxiously to one another.

Lena had risen and stood with downcast eyes, pale and confused, before the Councillor. He was a thick-set man of middle height, with a long white beard, a somewhat thick under lip and flabby cheeks the color of withered leaves. His bleared blue eyes, with baggy lower lids, rested a short time on the beautiful girl, then drawing from his pocket a little package wrapped in tissue paper, he slowly unfolded it, saying in a deep, subdued voice, which trembled with emotion: "Will you allow me, dear Lena?" at the same time putting over her bowed head a heavy gold chain, which slipped down on her white neck. Lena started back with a low cry. "No, no—please—" and seized the jewel.

The old man took her hand, drawing it gently away from the chain. "Do me the favor to accept the trifle. It binds you to nothing. Whatever your answer may be, you have already given me some happy moments. Let me offer something in return."

He spoke so kindly, so tenderly, that it touched the girl's heart. Perhaps, after all, an old man was not such a horror as people imagined. A hurried examination of the gift showed her that it was magnificent. The slide, which held the chain together, was a serpent with diamond and ruby eyes. From it hung a little watch, set with diamonds and rubies. And these costly things were hers!

"You will take it, wont you?" he urged, still holding her hand in his.

"I dont know—whether I ought," she whispered hesitatingly.

"Then that is settled. I am happy that I was allowed to adorn you. And now sit down and listen to me kindly."

He took a seat by her side, hesitated a moment, and then began to speak slowly and earnestly.

"It may seem very bold for so old a man to wish to marry a young girl. But you will not think me ridiculous if you understand. Ten years ago, after thirty-seven years of happy married life, I lost my wife. Eight years ago my youngest daughter married. Since that time I have been alone. I have always been accustomed to cheerful society; I cannot grow used to the solitude. It gives me a foretaste of death. My large house is like a great tomb, so quiet, so empty. With you life would enter it again. I should be content if you could come to me as a companion, if you would direct the housekeeping so that I could have you always near me. But that is impossible. In spite of my age and your youth, the world would gossip. I can enjoy your companionship only if you will become my wife."

Lena had repeatedly tried to withdraw her hand, but he would not release it.

"Lena, you were born in this house. You have grown up under my eyes. I bought your first doll that my wife gave you. While you were little you came running to meet me when you saw me in the courtyard, and I stroked your fair curls. My wife loved you. When I saw you at the parish meetings, a beautiful, blooming, lovely girl, I felt that my wife in Heaven would be grateful to you, if you would bring a little sunshine into my dreary life. This has given me the courage to seek you and your parents."

Lena softened and allowed him to keep her hand, which he pressed tenderly.

"Give me a few years of your beloved life. I know that I am asking much of you. But I will venture to do it, because I know that you are as sweet and kind as you are beautiful. How long will it be? I am not far from seventy-two. You will soon bury me, and then you need not mourn me. I do not wish that. But you must remember

me as the best friend you could have during your life, and in your last hour you will rejoice that you did a work of charity to a human being, a man who perhaps deserved your kindness, for he, too, always endeavored to be kind. I need not praise myself to you. You already know me."

His voice shook still more, and bending forward over her hand he kissed it and she felt tears fall upon it. This was too much for her. She began to weep, too, and gently returned the pressure of his hand.

"Then it is yes?" he pleaded.

"Yes," she answered, barely above her breath.

Taking her face between his hands, he pressed a kiss upon her hair and forehead, rose clumsily, took her by the hand and led her slowly and solemnly into the next room.

As the door opened Sieffert started up. Behr went past him to Frau Sieffert and held out his hand to her, saying: "I am exceedingly happy to be permitted to greet you as my future mother-in-law."

Frau Sieffert rose, noticed at the first glance the chain around her daughter's neck and went toward her in silence with outstretched arms. Sieffert exclaimed loudly: "I congratulate you! I congratulate you!" and made a movement as if to embrace the old gentleman, who retreated from the familiarity in embarrassment. The children were quiet and silent, staring with wide-open eyes. Only Betty, the saucy girl of thirteen, burst into a loud laugh, which brought a sounding box on the ear from her father. She began to wail, the children were released from the spell, and in the tumult which followed the Councillor made his escape as fast as his slow movements would permit.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

World A-dream

By Jessie Davies Willdy

Through drowsy stillness of still August afternoons,
Red poppies flame and droop beneath a shim'ring sky.
By dusty wayside, dusty weeds grow rank and high,
When all the world lies resting in a silent dream.

Through drowsy stillness of still August afternoons,
The misty h lls are lost in smoky purple haze.
Sweet sadness of the swiftly passing summer days,
When all the world lies resting in a silent dream.

The Bigamist

By William Hamilton Osborne

THE girl drew herself together with an effort. She had been crouching in the farthest corner of the big hair-covered sofa. Her soul still crouched there, so it seemed to her, but she arose, and with a forced assumption of frank surrender, held out her hand to the man before her.

"Yes, Mr. Le Moyne," she said, swiftly, coldly, *"I will."*

She was unprepared for what followed—the sudden onslaught of the big, burly, masculine man; the crushing embrace, from which, try as she might, she could not escape; the impact of his big, red face against her fair, flushed cheek; the tightening of her breast against his, so that she could scarcely breathe.

"No, no," she cried aloud, "dont—dont—*dont.*" For his answer Le Moyne merely laughed. To her ears it was a brutal laugh; the mirth of the victor; the shout of him who possesses. It incensed her more than it had shocked her; and with some sudden, clever trick that belonged to youth rather than to strength, she slipped from him and fled to the safety of the corner behind the big, old-fashioned sofa.

"You—stop—that," she gasped, "dont you do that any more."

Le Moyne laughed again—a laugh of annoyance. "Why, girlie," he said, "you 're not going to turn me down. You gave your word."

"I gave you my word," she answered coldly, "that I would marry you. I shall keep my word."

"Then we 're engaged," he persisted.

"Yes, Mr. Le Moyne," she answered, fast regaining her composure, "we are engaged."

"Mr. Le Moyne?" he said, reproachfully, but playfully.

The girl shivered. "J—Joseph," she stammered.

"Helen," said Le Moyne, advancing step by step toward her, *"my* girl."

The girl cowered in the corner like some beast at bay. "Dont you come near me," she whispered hoarsely, "dont you touch me. Dont you dare to touch me. Understand?"

Joseph Le Moyne smiled a baffled, disagreeable smile. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Well," he protested, "you 've got me, Helen McIlvaine. I've heard of girls acting this way. I've read of 'em acting this way. But I never *saw* any act this way *myself.*"

The girl's faculties were alert, keen. She felt the necessity of holding herself well within bounds. It relieved her to smile a mocking smile at the man before her.

"In all your *wide* experience, Mr. Le Moyne—Joseph Le Moyne," she returned.

He held up a hand in protest. "Now, Nellie—that 's what *I'm* going to call you—Nellie. Now, Nellie, dont you rub it in. Just because I'm a widower, you dont have to throw it up to me all the time. I'm not going to quote Number 1 to you. So dont you throw up Number 1 to me. Beside, if I'm a widower, I'm *rich.*"

Rich. The girl shivered again as he said it. He noted this and mistook it for a tremor of happiness. ("Gee," he thought to himself, "but money 's great, when it can get for me a girl like that.")

Rich. Yes, he was rich. Richer than any man there in the girl's town. And Helen McIlvaine was selling herself to

this man Le Moyne for his money. Who was she? What had she to sell? She had many, many things to give away—love, winsomeness, magnetism, a wonderful mind. But this man wanted none of these; saw none of these; understood none of them. She had beauty; beauty that he wanted for his own. He was buying it; she was selling.

"What 's that?" It was the girl who spoke. Her nerves were on edge. Every sound startled her.

"The front door bell," answered Le Moyne. The girl left her corner and edged her way along the back of the sofa toward the doorway of the little parlor. Le Moyne stopped her.

"I've got to go to the door," she faltered. He shook his head.

"Let somebody else go," he commanded, "I want you to stay here with me. I want to look at you. I want to think about you." She nodded. Then she stepped out to the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Angelman," she cried, "will you go to the door." Miss Angelman, a young woman with glasses, clad in a striped seersucker dress, was already on her way downstairs. She went to the door, while Helen shrank back into the little parlor. She listened. Le Moyne listened.

"Hello, nursey." This, in a buoyant, genial, youthful tone, burst in from the front door.

"It 's Jim Trelawney," whispered Helen to Le Moyne. Hastily she drew the tattered portiere across the parlor doorway and stepped into the hall.

"Hello, *girl,*" exclaimed Trelawney in the hall.

"Jim," said Helen, "wont you go upstairs with Miss Angelman and talk to Alice? She wants to see you. I'm busy. When I'm through you can come down."

"Sure," said Jim. "Hello, Allie," he shouted up the stairs as he bounded up. Helen listened. She could hear the faint, pleasureable welcome extended by the invalid above. Then she went back to Le Moyne.

"Mr. Le Moyne—Joseph—Joe," she said, this time with an air of determination, "I want you to go. That was Jim Trelawney. I want to see him—alone. He does n't know about this. I want to break with him—I've *got* to break with him."

Le Moyne nodded. It pleased him; this triumph over a younger rival. The sooner Trelawney knew about it, the better.

"But, Nellie girl," he persisted, "it 's settled. There 's no hold out. No backing out of this?"

The girl brushed her hand across her face. There was still time. She could still retreat. But if she did not retreat now she must forever hold her peace. Again she held out her hand.

"Dont kiss me," she pleaded, "yes—there 'll be no backing out."

Seven minutes later she had told Trelawney all about it; sitting there on the old hair sofa, shoulder to shoulder, head to head. Ah, she never could get close enough to Jim Trelawney. She never *would* get close enough to him, now. But she would n't let him touch her, either. And, sitting there, she faltered out the miserable truth; a truth already half-suspected by Trelawney. Trelawney, shocked, agonized, rose to his feet.

"Why did you *do* it, Helen?" he asked.

"I had to, for my sister, boy," she said.

"For Alice," he exclaimed, "why, Alice would n't want you to. She wants me for a brother-in-law. She does n't like Le Moyne."

"Jim," said Helen, "I want you never to talk to Alice about this. I had to do it for her. You dont understand. We owe more than six hundred and seventy-five dollars right in town here. We have n't a dollar of credit. We 're going to be dispossessed next week—"

"Dispossessed," he wailed.

"You did n't know about it. You did n't—you dont know about any of these things," went on Helen, "nor does Alice. It is n't the present that worries me, Jim. It 's the future. Alice needs hundreds, maybe thousands a year. She needs an operation. I've got to sacrifice everything for her. I've got to."

"If you would marry me—" protested Trelawney.

"What would become of Alice?" she

answered. "You 're the best man in town, Jim. At least I think so. But you 're making ten dollars a week. Alice must have thousands. I've got to get them for her."

"With you at my side," said Trelawney, his voice strengthening as he went on, "I could go to New York and make the thousands somehow. In time, I could. With you at my side, I could do everything. Without you—" He groaned aloud. "Without you—what am I going to do without you—That is n't all," he went on, "but this man, Le Moyne. Who is he? Nobody knows who he is, except that he comes from New York, where all the crooks come from. And he owns the five-cent store in town here, along with a lot of others around the country. Maybe he 's rich. But who is he, anyway?"

She talked for the sake of talking. "I dare say," she defended, "he 's respectable enough. Most everybody knows him here in town. He lived here for some time when his store was started *here*. And they all speak well of him."

"They dont any of them know his past," said Trelawney, "they dont any of them know really who or what he is. But I know what he is—I can tell by his looks. He 's a brute—a brute."

"Well, then," conceded Helen, "I'm going to marry a brute, with money, for the sake of Alice. And Alice is going to believe that I love him with all my heart and soul. And she 's going to be happy. And, God willing, she 'll be well. And you wont tell her, Jim."

Trelawney shook his head. He bowed his head. Then for an instant his eyes sought hers and he flashed a wordless challenge.

"Jim," she answered him.

"Helen." For an instant, face to face, lip to lip, breast to breast, they clung together; heart to heart and soul to soul. Then the girl tore herself away, and flung herself into the corner of the sofa and Trelawney strode from the house. That was all. That was enough.

Helen McIlvaine married Joseph J. Le Moyne, the well-to-do proprietor of a string of five-cent stores throughout the country. Le Moyne lived in New York. They left Ougheltree, the home town of the McIlvaine's, and went to New York. Alice McIlvaine, a hopeless invalid, went with them. Le Moyne, the husband, understood. He had well informed himself, and had been well informed by Helen, of the reasons for her marriage with him. He was ready to do his part; ready to carry out his contract. He wiped out Helen's debts in Ougheltree. He spent thousands on Alice McIlvaine. And Alice died. She died three months after her sister had married Le Moyne. *Three months.* Helen McIlvaine had sold her soul, her happiness; she had sold out heaven, for three months of her sister's life.

"And there 's something—somebody that I miss," Alice had complained ten days before her death.

"Trelawney," smiled Helen, "you dont like Joe Le Moyne as you liked Trelawney—thank heaven that she dont," she added to herself.

"You love Joe," smiled Alice, "I'm glad; I'm glad you do."

And Alice died. And Le Moyne had carried out his part of the contract. He had performed his compact in three short months. It would take her lifetime for Helen to complete her own. It was for her to pay in full.

A brute. Yes, Le Moyne *was* a brute; a big brute. He was respectable enough. He was busy enough. He had considerable interests. The outside world respected him. And so long as the almost perfect beauty of his young wife did not pall upon him, Le Moyne was a fairly respectable brute in his own house. But she owned nothing but her beauty, and the fullness of youth, to attract *him.* Le Moyne could understand nothing in life save the material, and the *now.* Beside, prosperity had lent him reckless habits; frequently he drank to excess; frequently indulged in wild excursions with other male brutes of his kind. He apologized to Helen for these absences and debaucheries by flinging money at her feet. That is, he apologized to her so long as her beauty held him in its sway. When he tired of it, Helen Le Moyne ceased to be her husband's wife; she became his bondwoman. Home

ceased to be home; life was torment.

The boy — her baby — was the sole oasis in a wilderness of dead things. The boy—she had prayed that she might never have a child by him; had prayed that it might die; had even feared at the moment of its birth, that she would see stamped upon it the image of Le Moyne, the dull eye, the thick lip, the brutal forehead. She had died a thousand deaths before the child was born. In her hysteria, she reasoned that a child would be a curse; that the child would bind her the more tightly, the more irrevocably to the man from whom, already, there was no escape. She *hated* the child before he came. But afterwards—

"Why—why," she exclaimed softly to herself, and to the boy, and to the trained nurse, Miss Angelman, "why, he 's *my* boy. He 's me all over. He has my eyes, my features—the shape of my head. He 's my boy."

She spoke truth. Nature had left Le Moyne out of the account—almost as though the child was not his child. But it was his child, and he had waited, with silent, broad-chested satisfaction for its approach. The nurse broke the news to him.

"A boy," said Le Moyne, "well, well, that 's something like."

He strode heavily, jauntily into the room, filling it with the odor of tobacco smoke and the aroma of alcohol.

"Good girl," he said to Helen.

"This," answered Helen, "is little—Jim."

"Jim!" exclaimed Le Moyne.

"My *father's* name was Jim—James McIlvaine," she answered. Le Moyne glanced critically at the boy.

"Are they always so small and thin as that, Miss Angelman?" he queried. Then he stalked out of the room. He had no instincts of paternity; no pride of family. He was proud because his wife had been delivered of a boy, because it was a good thing to tell; it meant handshakes; other big men clapping him on the back, and telling him how—hang it, all their boys were girls. In the future he might be proud of the boy, if he were big and strong and healthy; the boy would go into athletics; would line up against the sons of the other men he knew; would fight and win.

But after some six months he had a heart to heart talk with his family physician.

"What the devil is the matter with the boy, Doc?" he queried.

"The boy is all right, Le Moyne," the doctor replied.

"All right?" exclaimed the father, "why, he 's the unhealthiest-looking kid *I* ever saw."

The physician shook his head. "You dont understand. The child is like his mother. She tells me that her development was slow. He 's pale—"

"I should think so."

"But his pallor is healthy. He is healthy. His skin is clear; his tongue is clear. He 's all right. Organically he is perfect. When he 's sixteen—"

"He 'll never be sixteen," said Le Moyne, with emphasis, "he 'll be in his grave—Why in thunder," he queried of himself, "could n't she at least give me something to be proud of? Why?"

And Joseph Le Moyne had nothing to be proud of now—nothing save himself. Hitherto he had been proud of his wife. He had married her for her good looks. And now, since the boy had come, *her good looks had left her.* In the place of one, perfect specimen of budding youthful femininity, Le Moyne found that his household possessions had dwindled into two shadows, a thin, wan woman and a thin, wan child.

"Why, hang it," he growled to himself (to himself at first, and later to her), "my first wife at her worst was a confounded sight better than this one at her best."

Le Moyne was base metal; he could n't feel the strange magnetism, the wonderful charm of these two people that he owned—the woman and the boy. For the present they both lacked avoirdupois and color, and that is what he was looking for. He was a brute.

Helen Le Moyne clung to Le Moyne through it all. She clung to him because of the compact she had made. She was not a quitter. She would carry out her contract to the end. Another woman long before would have left him. But

not she. Beside, she welcomed his absences; sighed with relief when he was away. For those absences, too, were oases, in a wilderness of dead things, just as the boy had been. And only during those absences did she really live, she and the boy. They plunged into the parks together, into the zoo; frolicked on the lawn stretches, dashed hand-in-hand hither and thither as the months and years dragged on. They were lovers, happy, care-free, until—until *he* came back again. Then they shrank, perforce, into their corner, she and the boy, a slave and the child of a slave. Only the boy shivered the most—shivered pitifully.

"If you 'd only treat him right, Joe," the young mother would wail, "if you 'd only understand him as I do."

It was after he had struck the boy for the fifth time that she left Le Moyne. He had hit the boy four times before, brutally enough; without cause. This time, with the thrust of a pugilist, he had sent the boy across the floor and knocked him unconscious. He had done it purposely, soberly, and with deliberate calculation. He had done it to break her heart. And while the big lump on the boy's head was still red and angry; almost before the boy had regained consciousness, Helen Le Moyne had packed up a dress-suit case and left—left for good.

"This is the last straw," she told herself. She had known long before this that Le Moyne had broken all his marriage vows. She had known it from his own utterances more than from any extrinsic circumstances. He had boasted—

On her way back to her home in Ougheltree, she began to think, curiously enough, and for the first time, of Le Moyne's first wife.

"He killed her," she assured herself, "poor thing. She must have died because of him." She felt a vague, strange pity for her predecessor, a childless woman, possibly an ignorant woman, with no solace during the long hours, the interminable months and years.

"*I* would have died but for the boy," Helen told herself.

In Ougheltree, her home town, she found work; enough to keep herself and the boy. They lived in one room in a local boarding-house. They had no luxuries. It was hard, but it strengthened her; strengthened the boy. They lived the simple life. She was glad after all that she had left so soon, before the boy had become used to the ease of New York living; while the joy of sunlight and outdoors was still his chiefest pleasure.

After a year, she began her suit for divorce in the Tennessee courts. She wanted to be free. She had come back to her home and she did n't want the footfall of Le Moyne heard there. She wanted to be free of right. In getting her divorce, Helen had had no thought of Jim Trelawney. She saw him frequently. The few years that she had been away had added wrinkles to his face. A flush was still upon his cheek, and he was still the same old Jim. And he was still pegging along at his same old job—Jim would never get there as Le Moyne had done—with his shoulders. Helen liked Jim; loved him. But she had no thought at this time of ever marrying Trelawney. Now there was but one great passion—to escape forever from Le Moyne. One day Cowen, her lawyer, called her into his office and passed a document over to her.

"There 's your decree, Mrs. Le Moyne," he said, "under it you may resume your maiden name or not, as you choose. Under it the custody of the child is awarded you. Owing to your instructions it contains no provision for the payment of alimony. That was a mistake."

"I wanted no provision for alimony," she returned. "He—he made no defense—no objection to the suit?"

"None," answered Cowen, "he 's in default."

"Absolutely in default?" she queried.

"He has an opportunity within a given time," said Cowen, naming the time, "to come in and open his default. But to do that he must disprove his offenses."

She smiled wearily. "He never can disprove them," she returned.

He never did disprove them. The al-

lotted time passed. Le Moyne was silent; he gave no sign. Copies of the original process had been published against him; copies of process, and decree had been mailed to him. He was as silent as the grave.

Helen Le Moyne married James Trelawney. She married him because she had always loved him. He had always loved her. She married him because it was logical, essential to them both. Ougheltree was home. Jim was home. And the boy loved Jim.

From the day that Trelawney married Helen, a change took place within him. It seemed as though suddenly there had been injected into him the vigor, the energy that somehow before with all his industry he had lacked. He became unusually clever, inventive, original. He took the initiative where hitherto he had merely been wont to obey.

"It 's you, Helen," he told her, "if I had had you from the start I would have been big by now. A big man. Maybe rich."

She sighed and shook her head and shivered as she clung to him. "I dont want you ever to be big and rich, Jim," she said, "I just want that we should be happy. Possibly we cant be happy if you 're big and—rich."

A New York house offered Trelawney two thousand dollars a year.

"We 've got to go, dear," Jim told Helen, "it is n't a question of simply earning two thousand a year, three times as much as I've ever had. It 's an opportunity; the thin edge of the wedge. It means that this is the chance, the first and only stepping-stone in my life. We 've got to go."

"I'm afraid," wailed Helen.

"Of what?" he answered, "you have your divorce. This is not an age of barbarism. Le Moyne can do nothing if he would. The boy is yours. What can he do? Even if he ever sees us. The fact is," said Trelawney, "if he wanted to bother you, he 'd come down here to Ougheltree. But my heaven, in New York he 'll never find us. We wont tell anybody here where we 've gone. Safe? New York 's the place to *be* safe. And there 's nothing that can happen."

"And if there is, I 've got you and little Jim to help me."

They went to New York. They had been there seven months before Helen met Joseph Le Moyne face to face. She was alone, without the boy. She was glancing into a shop window. She knew vaguely that some big man was standing near her, silent, alert. She turned. And there he was.

"Helen," he exclaimed.

And then in that brief instant she saw in his face, his eyes, the thing that had shone from them when he had crushed her to him on the occasion of her engagement to him—at the beginning of things. She knew that glance; knew what it meant. She turned her head suddenly and looked at herself in the mirror in the store window and gasped. She knew. In the interval at her home town her beauty and the fullness of young womanhood had come back to her. She was once more a wonderfully-made thing of flesh and blood. And he wanted her—wanted her—she knew it.

She ran—dashed around the corner, and out of sight. He stood, stupidly looking after her.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "what the devil she is doing up here in New York."

That night he wrote to the manager of his store in Ougheltree for information, private information. As usual, Le Moyne got what he was looking for.

It was two weeks after Helen met Le Moyne that the officer in plain clothes called at her flat. Wondering, she let him in.

"Mrs. Helen Le Moyne?" queried the plain clothes man.

"Mrs. James Trelawney," she corrected.

"Ah," he said, with the satisfaction of the trained bloodhound, "then you did marry Mr. James Trelawney?"

"Yes," she faltered.

He nodded. "Sorry to say I 've got to take you into custody, Mrs. Le Moyne," he said.

She did n't understand. But she corrected him again. "Mrs. Trelawney," she persisted.

"You 're under arrest, that 's all," he concluded.

"Arrest," Helen quailed. "What for?"

"Bigamy," responded he of the plain clothes. Having an important admission, he proceeded to lock the stable door. "I ought to warn you that anything you say will be used against you, madam."

"Bigamy," echoed Helen. Then, grateful for his warning, and aware of the value of absolute silence, she said no more, save to request leave to telephone to Jim. The request was granted. She and the boy and the plain clothes man sauntered around to the magistrate's office together. Jim was there before them. And there, too, was Le Moyne.

"What is the charge?" asked Jim boldly, of the magistrate.

"Bigamy," repeated the magistrate.

"It 's lucky, your Honor," said the plain clothes man to his Honor—and to Le Moyne, for he had Le Moyne's fee in his clothes—"lucky that she admits the crime. It would have taken some time to get a certificate of the marriage down South."

Le Moyne shrugged his shoulders. "Of *their* marriage?" he queried, "I could have gotten an exemplified copy of it in a week, if I 'd known I needed it."

The magistrate turned to Trelawney. "I want to say to you," he said, "that you dont have to answer questions, neither you nor the accused. But answer if you please. It 's up to you. Is it true that you are married to this woman?"

"Why, yes," said Jim.

"Regular ceremony?" queried the magistrate.

"Well, indeed yes!" returned Trelawney, his back growing strong, his arms twitching, and his face reddening with anger.

The magistrate shook his head. "Do you admit these facts, madam?" he queried. Helen nodded, wondering.

"Looks like a clear case of bigamy. You 'd better get a lawyer," said the court.

"W-why," spluttered Trelawney, "this, my wife—"

"She 's not your wife," interposed Le Moyne. The court held up its hand.

"My wife has been married twice," went on Jim, "once to Le Moyne. She was divorced from him—"

"Never," exclaimed Le Moyne, his lustful eyes upon Helen, "never."

The magistrate nodded. "Mr. Trelawney," he said, "Mr. Le Moyne, the complaining witness, has furnished me" —he waved a bulky document in his hand—"with a duly exemplified copy of the judgment roll in the divorce case in Tennessee. This is it. And I find, unfortunately for you and for your wife, that Joseph Le Moyne, the defendant, was never served with process *within the State of Tennessee.*"

"But," spluttered Trelawney, "he had full notice of it. Copies were mailed to him. He made no defense. He allowed the time of appeal to go by."

The magistrate smiled. "It would have been all right, Mr. Trelawney," he said, "if Mrs. Le Moyne had always stayed in Tennessee after her divorce there. Her home state recognizes its own divorces. But New York does n't because the defendant in the suit was not personally served with process within the State of Tennessee. In New York the divorce is not worth the paper it is written on."

"It 's got to be," angrily exclaimed Trelawney.

The magistrate shrugged his shoulders. "I have only to refer you to the daily discussion of this subject in the daily press here. Even laymen are beginning to appreciate this situation."

Helen shivered again. "We never read about divorce," she said.

"Your wife, Mr. Trelawney," went on the magistrate, "assuming your marriage in Tennessee to be regular, and you so admit, your wife is your wife in Tennessee. Here in New York she is—"

"Dont say that," exclaimed Trelawney.

"Here she is—not your wife. Here she is the wife of Le Moyne. Technically—yes, actually, she is a bigamist. I must hold her under bail for the grand jury. I have no other course."

Trelawney and Helen were stunned. They went back, first to their flat and tried to pull themselves together. The plain clothes man sat in the hall, to give

them time to arrange things. Trelawney rushed down town to his firm, explained matters, and got bail. That was the first important thing. Helen was released on bail. Then Trelawney started out again, and consulted the lawyer for his firm. The lawyer nodded energetically.

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, "the magistrate is right. Dead right. So far as we 're concerned, your wife never was divorced. She is still the wife of Le Moyne. She never was your wife."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure," returned the counsellor-at-law, "why, man, that 's the thing the whole country is up in arms about. That 's why we had a National Divorce Commission. That 's what everybody 's raising so much hell about. Sure? There 's nothing surer than that. That 's all."

Helen and Trelawney, in their little flat, let the fact sink home.

"What are we going to do?" wailed Trelawney.

Helen gasped. "The first thing," she said, "is to separate while we 're in New York."

"Separate!" gasped Trelawney.

She nodded. "The last thing Le Moyne said in the courtroom," she said hoarsely, "was to remind me that here in New York I was not your wife. I was only your—Oh, I cant say it! I cant!" She shut it out with her hands over her eyes for an instant. Then her eyes flashed. "We can go back to Tennessee, boy," she exclaimed.

Trelawney slowly shook his head. "Ah, but my people have given bail for you. You and I have got to fight it out together. We 've got to be square with them. And if we go back, if we should forfeit the bail, Le Moyne might bring you back. You 'll be indicted. He 'll see to that. No, we cant go back. We cant, because I've started my life here, for you and the boy. I've got to make good, for you and the boy. If we could get out of the hole by going back, I 'd say go. But it can do no good. No good. And whatever happens, we 're going to be square. We 've got a long time to live, and we 're going to live it right, for each other. We 've got to stick it out."

Trelawney packed up and went to a hotel. He ate his morning and his evening meals with Helen and the boy. He was at her side as much as possible. But their lips never met. They must live within the law. The law—Helen felt that everywhere she met the law. It had been the law of self-sacrifice that made her give her life for her sister Alice. It had been the law that held her tied to a brute. And now, again the law.

Two weeks later, at dinner, Helen, her beauty once more slipping from her, her face pale and haggard, but with that wonderful light still shining in her eyes, passed over to Trelawney another document—a summons and complaint.

"*His* suit for divorce," she said, "he had *me* personally served all right." Their trouble had educated them in the use of technical terms; they had begun to learn some law.

"What are his grounds?" queried Trelawney.

"*Read,*" she faltered.

Trelawney rose and smote the unoffending air with his clenched right hand. "Because you 've lived with me," he exclaimed. "Le Moyne is more than a brute. He is a devil."

"The trouble is, he has his way," wailed Helen, "but we 'll fight this suit."

They could n't fight the suit. Trelawney's counsel advised him thoroughly upon it, and Trelawney saw clearly, and made Helen see, that it was no use, because in the eyes of the law the facts alleged were absolutely true.

"But, but, but," exclaimed Helen, "if *he* gets a divorce, *I* shall be *free.*"

"And you can re-marry me. By George," said Trelawney, "I was so incensed at the allegations that I did n't realize that. That 's true. The sooner he gets his decree the better, then."

But they did n't understand. It was not the purpose of Le Moyne to get his decree now. There was plenty of time for that. What he wanted *now* was not so much a decree of divorce as—Helen. He wanted her back again.

He called upon her one day in her flat. "You 've got to see me," he as-

sured her, "you 're my wife," But she ran, nevertheless, and locked herself in her room, and he left, baffled for the present.

"You 'll come to me before you get through," he called to her through the door before he left.

The next day he applied to the court for an order awarding to him the custody of the boy, his son. It was, more or less, one of the sensations of the day. The daily press devoted columns to it. There was a vague sentiment in Le Moyne's favor. He was well liked among his own kind. He was, in the parlance of *le bourgeois,* "a street angel, a house devil."

When the motion was argued, it was argued by eminent counsel upon Le Moyne's side. His counsel was very fair. He called the attention of the court to the fact that Le Moyne was a man of established character, established wealth; that he had the means to educate his son, to support him; that he was his only son; that his wife had consoled herself with another mate, legitimately or illegitimately, as it might be. That no one knew aught of this wife. Here she was in court, an attractive young woman, but who was she? Had she sufficient means to support and educate the boy? Le Moyne was an affectionate father. He loved the boy. He wanted the boy.

The Court beckoned. "Bring the boy up here," he said. The boy went, trembling. His knees knocked together. He was paralyzed with fear.

"My boy," said the Court not unkindly, "would you like to go with your father or your mother?"

The boy did not answer. He could not answer. Le Moyne pressed to the rail. "Poor little chap," said Le Moyne, "he needs a doctor—an expert physician even now."

"Which would you like?" persisted the Court, for the Court could not tell —actually could not tell; the boy's senses seemed to have deserted him, "would you like, well, pony carts, and rides in Central Park, and private school, and—"

The boy gasped. Something had touched a memory. "Pony carts; Central Park," he said. They carried him back to the old days with his mother.

The Court pondered for a long while. "The boy," he said, "states no preference—"

Helen sprang forward. "Judge," she exclaimed, "hear me—"

"I'm deciding this matter, madam," said the Court. "It is not what you say. It 's what he says. I think, gentlemen," he went on to the counsel, "that it 's best for me to follow a rule I have where a boy has attained this age. I shall decide in favor of the parent having the greater means—for the present. Later the matter might be brought before me again. The boy needs attention. He may need money spent upon him; doctors; nurses; possibly private tutors—"

"He 's scared to death," cried Helen, "he needs—*love.*"

"I 'll award the custody to you, Mr. Le Moyne," went on the Court, "and for the present give the boy lots of pleasure; relaxation. If he does n't like it now, he 'll like it after a while."

After a while. Helen shuddered. The law had robbed her of her husband; the law had charged her with two heinous sins; the law had taken her child from her.

"You can come and see him whenever you want to, Helen," Le Moyne whispered to her as they left the courtroom, his glance sinking into her terrified soul, "only dont try to get him back. I told you that you 'd come to me, did n't I?"

What would become of the boy? How long would this last? Would the boy die without her? Or would he grow up —horror upon horror—in the likeness of his father; a profligate?

During the months that followed, Helen lived as though in a dream, a hideous nightmare. Even her grief was not poignant. Nature tempered it with some bewildering anaesthetic. Only through it all there was one strengthening idea, one determination.

"I shall never go back, Jim. I shall never go near him. The boy will live until he can see me again. But I wont face Le Moyne. Never."

She was as good as her word. The

boy did live. He was made of strong stuff; he was thin but wiry. And Le Moyne, at the start, was good to him; it was a matter of policy. He wanted to win the boy from his mother, so that the boy would never want to go back; so that the mother must come back. But bit by bit Le Moyne relapsed into the savage. Bit by bit the boy felt the force of his wrath and shook at times in terror, and lay awake at night, all night for fear.

"If you dont come back," Le Moyne finally wrote to Helen, "I'll enter my decree." Her answer was silence. He entered his decree. She saw it in the papers.

"Now, Jim, now," she exclaimed, "now I shall have you all the time, and then, somehow, we 'll get the boy."

For answer Trelawney handed her a copy of the decree that had been served upon her counsel. It was in the usual form.

"Read the last clause," said Trelawney. She read it and staggered back against the wall.

"It forbids you, the defendant, to remarry," said Trelawney.

His voice was husky; his hands were hot. He had felt all along that Helen and himself were wandering through purgatory, but he knew, now, that this was *hell.*

"We 're down and out, Helen," he announced.

It was at that instant that the door-bell rang. It was an instant later that a woman entered—*the* woman; a woman pale, haggard, tired. She bore in her hand several columns clipped from the daily papers. She peered at Trelawney and his wife.

"I want to talk to Mrs. Helen Le Moyne," she said.

Trelawney looked at the clippings. They were accounts of the divorce and of the fight over the boy. The latest clipping was one relating to the entry of the judgment final.

"You are right," Trelawney said to the woman, "this is the lady you want to see. What about?"

"I want to see her alone," said the tired woman, "alone."

She sat down at the table. "Alone," she repeated, gently.

Trelawney withdrew at Helen's nod. He went into Helen's bedroom, where he had not set foot for months. His soul staggered as he saw every feminine trinket so near and dear to him. How long he was shut in he hardly knew. But at last Helen opened the door and called him out. She had donned her hat and coat. A strange light glittered in her eyes.

"Jim," she said, "I want you to come with me to Le Moyne's." He went; he knew not why; he and the woman and Helen. They reached Le Moyne's. Le Moyne's servant, admitting them, said that Le Moyne was at his club, but that he would send for him. They waited. They heard him come. Helen met him in the hall.

"Helen," exclaimed Le Moyne.

"I want to see you alone," whispered she to Le Moyne, "in the—den." They reached the den, alone, and Le Moyne held out his arms. "You 've come back to me," he said.

"You forget that you 've divorced me," returned Helen. "Remember it and do not touch me. I'm here to see my boy."

Le Moyne sent for the boy, and the boy came. Upon the boy there sat a mighty fear. Helen hardly noticed him. She stepped to the portieres and in a loud voice exclaimed: *"Now come."*

They came, Trelawney, and the tired woman. The stranger shook off her weariness. She advanced with open arms.

"Hello, Joe," she said, "I've come back again to you."

Le Moyne looked at her, then fell back. "Winifred," he said. Then he unlocked a little drawer and took from it three tiny faded clippings: "You 're dead," he gasped, "you 're dead."

"Ah," she said, "I wanted you to think so. I put those in the paper out West, and Tony sent them on to you. I feared you. I ran away from you because I was afraid. I never wanted to see you again. And I died. Your first wife died. Now, I've come back for good. I'm not afraid of you any more. The law takes care of me."

Helen pushed back Trelawney, who had started forward. "Joseph Le Moyne," she said, "I am not a bigamist. That indictment against me will never be tried. But you are a bigamist—*you.*"

"I was innocent enough," he protested, "I believed her dead."

"Good," said Helen, "that 's all. And now we 'll go—we 'll go and take the boy. Come, Jimmy boy." Jimmy came on the run. His soul leaped as he came.

"Wait a bit," said Le Moyne, with a sneer upon his lips, "I thought I 'd just remind you, Trelawney, of what your wife was when she lived with me. As my first wife was living, Helen could n't have been my wife. *What was she, then.*"

Trelawney would have struck him, but Helen stopped him. "I'm glad," she cried, "that I never was your wife, Le Moyne, glad—glad. For now the boy belongs to me. You 're not legally his father now. You have no claim upon him—no legal claim. He 's mine—mine—forever mine. Come on, Jim—and Jim. Come on, my husband and my boy."

From there they walked forth into eternal happiness, leaving behind them the tired woman who looked steadily and complacently into the face of Joe Le Moyne.

Cupid and the Lasso

By Effie McDowell Davies

To git away they aint no hope
  When Cupid lays aside his bow
To monkey with a lasso rope,
  And teaches Western gals to throw.

They aint no use to rear an' pitch,
  They aint no use to back nor buck,
For 'round my heart 's a diamond hitch—
Gee, boys, I never met such luck!

Now, let me tell you somethin', Pal,
  You would n't want to turn me loose
Could you but know the little gal
  At t' other end o' this here noose!

She shore has got me good an' tight,
  Snubbed to a post that will not break;
I 'll stand corralled, you bet, all right,
  You caint tell me thet Dan 's a fake!

HIS HAIL RODE SLOWLY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE INTO THE RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN, AND THERE WAS NO JOY IN HIS HEART.

The Spelling of Civilization

By E. H. Cooney

Drawings by C. S. Price

HIS HAIL rode slowly across the prairie into the red rays of the setting sun, and there was no joy in his heart. Upon his head rested the rim of what had once been a high silk hat, and upon his saddlebow rested the Winchester which had been companion of his joys and sorrows for many moons. The hatless rim and the shining Winchester were the two visible concessions granted by His Hail to advancing civilization; for he was a blanket Indian of the old guard and looked with loathing upon the new order of things that had come with the coming of the white man.

Some time previous it had pleased the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a certain Mr. Jones, of Washington, D. C., to promulgate a hair-cutting order, directed to the red wards of Uncle Sam. "It spells civilization," read the letter which accompanied, and to the blanket Indians of the Poplar Reservation the order was explained amid a painful lack of enthusiasm. Besides furnishing homes for the homeless, an Indian's hair hangs as a distinct hallmark of nativity, and all suggestions looking to haircut were received at the agency with silent disdain.

Pondering upon these things, His Hail rode into the sunset with no tenderness in his heart, and, when Jimmy Two Feathers and Mr. Bull Elk rode across his path, a threatening wave of the Winchester brought them to a sudden halt. Another motion and both came to the ground with a promptness which was pleasing. With the recent hair-cutting order of the department in mind, the unfortunate Jimmy Two Feathers looked to His Hail the part of a horrible example.

"Spell civil'zation," commanded His Hail briefly, with a wave of the Winchester to include the knife of Mr. Bull Elk, and the wiry warlocks of Jimmy Two Feathers. This was pressing the limit, and the hand of Jimmy Two Feathers dropped toward the gun at his side, only to spring into the air again minus a finger and bleeding like a miniature geyser. The Winchester of His Hail had spoken, and without further parley the knife of Mr. Bull Elk grated ominously as it cut through the black warlocks of Jimmy Two Feathers. It was not an artistic hair-cut when finished, but His Hail remembered that the order was not so much either, and was satisfied. Life still held compensation adequate to department orders.

Red Antelope, the son of His Hail, lay in the tepee of his father, sick nigh unto death. Next to his Winchester, His Hail loved Red Antelope, and his heart was heavy. At his command, Big Thief, medicine man of the Yankton tribe, had come to make medicine by beating the tom-tom all night through. That morning Red Antelope died, and Big Thief rode away to his own tepee, a discredited medicine man; and the next morning, when he came out in the early hours, his medicine failed him again, for the tall form of His Hail loomed up before him, gaunt and unforgiving, and at the crack of the terrible Winchester, Big Thief went down with a bullet fair between the eyes. Those watching saw that His Hail wore the war bonnet, and war paint; that upon his horse's hip was the bloody triangle, and, knowing that by these signs he was at war with all men, no hand was raised to stay him. Straight away His Hail rode to Wolf Point, where, with the swift Missouri running behind him, he made camp upon a timber-covered hill, and bade defiance to all comers.

The mind of a blanket Indian runs

not in the usual channels, but it may surely be always depended upon to run contrary to that teaching of the lowly Nazarene, which admonished that if your neighbor smite you upon one cheek, straightway you should turn to him the other cheek for smiting purposes; and so it was that the mind of Jimmy Two Feathers, he of the bullet-shorn fingers, and bowie-knife hair-cut, worked overtime upon the problem of putting it over His Hail good and plenty.

When the trigger finger upon his gun hand was in working order again, came Jimmy Two Feathers to the agency, his shorn head hidden in shame beneath the red blanket, and meekness in his voice and mein, petitioning audience with the agent. The latter was an importation direct from Schenectady, a graduate of the Pocahontas Indian Rights Society for the Uplifting of the Red Race, he having secured his appointment through the intervention of sundry gentle citizens of both sexes who believed in taking the Red Man to your bosom as a long-lost brother, and whose practical experience in Indian life had been confined largely to the brands handled by the late Fenimore Cooper, and the cigar stands of Schenectady, and old New York. Besides which, the agent carried the name of J. Percival Smythe, brevet-major, and was *en rapport* with the bright vermillion civilization ideas of the hair-cutting Mr. Jones, of Washington.

Another instrument of civilization, imported with the new order of things, was a young lady stenographer with spit curls and pink hair-bow. The young lady had come highly recommended by a number of elderly ladies whose knowledge of Indian affairs had been derived from once having passed through Havre, Montana, on a specially conducted tour of the entire West in thirty-seven days. best of table board and sleeping accommodations guaranteed.

"Want 'um be policemans, me," announced Jimmy Two Feathers, through the medium of Man-Who-Sleeps, Carlisle graduate, and general outcast.

"Why?" queried the agent aghast, for Jimmy was of the old guard and leader against all things departmental.

"Want 'um make spell civil'zation," explained Jimmy, and the agent smiled audibly in the direction of Sandbar Brown. The latter was issue clerk through many agency maladministrations, and the coming or going of Indian agents were matters of indifference to him. He also had been an Indian trader for many years, spoke the language like the exhaust from a one-horsepower gasoline engine, and his ideas upon Indian management differed materially from those of the man from Schenectady.

Jimmy Two Feathers gazed in admiration at the young lady with the pink bow, and began to make a few high signs at Man-Who-Sleeps, to the evident confusion of the latter.

"What does the red man say?" inquired J. Percival anxiously.

"Him say for nice squaw, she," ventured the uneasy Mr. Sleeps, jerking his thumb toward the young lady in the pink bow, whose blushes became almost audible.

"Yes, he wants to know how much you paid for her, and if she is for sale yet," supplemented Sandbar Brown, dryly, and the pink-bow young lady disappeared behind the desk with a horrified gasp. Jimmy Two Feathers gazed regretfully at the top of the pink bow, and returned to the work in hand.

"Him say him's want be Injun policeman, sure, quick," interpolated Man-Who-Sleeps, butting in upon a painful situation.

"This is a most unusual request, preferred in an unofficial way, sir," J. Percival was beginning to hedge. "Ask him again why he wants to be an officer."

"Him say him's want 'um spell civil'zation, like him's hair-cut civil'zation now," volunteered Man-Who-Sleeps, and Jimmy promptly uncovered the bowie-knife hair-cut for inspection.

The sight was one out of the ordinary, and J. Percival and the young lady went straight up, the latter that such a hair-cut should exist, and the former that the order of Mr. Jones, of Washington, D. C., had borne fruit so soon. Heretofore the hair-cutting problem had been one of most delicate diplomacy, even the voice of J. Percival Smythe, brevet-major,

dropping from fog-horn command to pleading whisper thereon, until now he only approached the subject with blinkers. Great then was his joy at the unsolicited-testimonial hair-cut presented; haggled, as might be expected of work done by inexperienced hands, and at the business-end of a Winchester, but the intent was there, vindicating the wisdom of Mr. Jones to the last hair.

"The advances of civilization have been delayed half a century by the uncut hair of the red man," concluded J. Percival at the end of a long explanation of Indian character, punctuated by frequent pitying glances at the skeptical Sandbar Brown; "and it only required firmness and discrimination to bring about the happy result which we see coming to full fruition in the innocent red man here before us. I shall hasten to give news of this, the first drop in the coming torrent of red civilization, to that society which has fought so long and so nobly that the red man be given his proper place in the gentle records of civilizing humanity."

"Ask him," prompted J. Percival when he had come out of it, "if he means that he had his own hair cut, and now desires to become an officer in order to spread the beneficent effects of dawning civilization among his red brethren."

"Sure," comprehensively responded Man-Who-Sleeps, and Jimmy began to see things coming his way.

"Ask him who cut his hair."

Followed a long session of grunts and sighs and Man-Who-Sleeps cast a suspicious glance toward Sandbar Brown before responding.

"Him say him's friend cut 'um. Him say if him's policeman's, him's cut some hair, too." Mr. Brown contented himself with smiling grimly, and Man-Who-Sleeps breathed a sigh of relief, having passed through deep water in his explanation.

"Mr. Brown, you will forthwith give this honest Indian a complete police uniform, together with several days' rations, and place his name on the rolls," commanded Major Smythe sternly, and half an hour later Jimmy emerged bearing all the insignia necessary to constitute him an Indian police of the reservation.

"Him say you want 'um, His Hail?" inquired Man-Who-Sleeps, casually, and Major Smythe hastened to respond that he certainly did, but that he deplored violence, and would suggest that Jimmy bring His Hail in securely bound and uninjured, that J. Percival might argue with him in person upon the evil of his ways. The cruder method of the untutored West, wherein the captured one more often appeared in the shape of mutilated remains, was frowned upon by Major Smythe, and Jimmy departed, visibly improved by the lesson of forgiveness expounded by the man from Schenectady.

Sandbar Brown contented himself with remarking that it certainly looked as though there would be something doing in the hair-cutting business after all; whereat J. Percival beamed, the young lady adjusted the pink bow, and Man-Who-Sleeps softly appropriated a plug of navy tobacco which had been left unguarded, and quietly faded.

Many days after, came Jimmy Two Feathers to the agency and into the presence of Major J. Percival Smythe, the pink-bow lady, and Sandbar Brown. Came also Man-Who-Sleeps, and it was evident that the occasion was no ordinary one. Peering through the windows and foregathered at points of vantage about the agency grounds, were many of the red brethren; and it was noticeable that all were blanket Indians, and that rifles peeped out unostentatiously from beneath every blanket.

Jimmy Two Feathers was not in police uniform, and his blanket bulged suspiciously, but his head was uncovered, and in his haggled hair was braided the eagle plume of a warrior. Jimmy had evidently been going some.

"Him say him's got His Hail," abruptly announced Man-Who-Sleeps, and J. Percival chortled with innocent joy.

"Bring him in at once, at once!" he ordered, and Mr. Sleeps interviewed Jimmy, the latter concluding his part of the interview by a significant thumb jerk over his shoulder in the direction of the

river. Man-Who-Sleeps was visibly embarrassed and cast numerous looks of discomfort in the direction of Mr. Brown, evidently without solace.

"Him say His Hail him's cant walk," he finally explained.

"Bring him anyhow. Bring him before me instantly, sir," thundered Major J. Percival, and, noticing the peculiar attitude of Sandbar Brown, he inquired, suspiciously,

"Why cant he come?"

"Him's dead," replied Mr. Sleeps, briefly, and J. Percival gasped with understanding of the disability of His Hail, while the pink-bow lady cast one horrified look at the wooden countenance of Jimmy Two Feathers and emitted squeal after squeal of terror, until stopped suddenly by the acclimated Mr. Brown.

"Oh, shut up," he snapped. "You make me tired enough to beat a carpet. If you dont like the sample, why dont you chase yourself back to the folks in Boston?"

The young lady cast one reproachful glance at Mr. Brown, another of loathing at Jimmy Two Feathers, and fled. Even to Jimmy it was plain he had lost out with the pink bow, and, despite the disconnected jabbering of J. Percival, he promptly proceeded to put himself in the clear.

First, from beneath his blanket, came the blue coat with brass buttons, which had marked him an Indian policeman. Followed the breeches, out of which Jimmy had thoughtfully cut the seat; the slouch hat, and big star, all being thrown upon the desk of J. Percival without comment.

"Spell civil'zation," said Jimmy, pointing an accusing forefinger at the clothes, and next to his own haggled hair.

J. Percival nodded weakly, and Jimmy went down beneath the blanket once again, bringing to view a lock of wiry black hair. This he held up to the view of J. Percival, and the latter turned white as he noticed that the trophy was bloody and most peculiar—it was the scalp of His Hail!

Holding the scalp on high, Jimmy Two Feathers pointed once again to his own haggled hair-cut. "Spell civil'zation," he said, and, as he flung the bloody scalp fair in the face of J. Percival, he relapsed into English again.

"Damn civil'zation!" he snorted, and stalked out of the door, mounted his pony, and rode straight away across the prairie without once looking back, followed by the entire blanket audience in single file.

J. Percival backed hurriedly away from the scalp lock, wiped his face wildly, looked pleadingly at the imperturbable Sandbar Brown, and stammered in anquish:

"Wh-what is the prop-p-per thing for me to do now?"

"Go back to dear old Schenectady, where you belong," promptly replied Sandbar Brown, advising from the depths of a wisdom born of long experience.

VIEW OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA.

A Defense of Japanese Rule in Korea

By K. K. Kawakami

WHEN in the middle of the past century the United States sent the Hon. J. E. Ward to the Court at Peking, the "Celestial" ruler demanded of the American minister the obeisance of *kowtow,* when presenting himself before the Throne. "Tell them," retorted Mr. Ward, "that I go on my knees only to God and woman." Brave and chivalrous as it is, the speech is least convincing, and most undignified for a minister.

This story was recalled to my mind when I read the opening paragraph of the article on Korea contributed some time ago by a prominent Japanese writer to an important American periodical. At the outset the writer declares that the Japanese are doing in Korea "just as the Americans have done to the Indians," and adds: "Nippon has joined the household of great powers; she has become *civilized.*" The assertion is straightforward and fearless, yet its tone savors of cynicism and is scarcely calculated to impress the reader with the inevitable situation which impelled the Japanese to establish a protectorate over Korea. Furthermore, when he serenely says that "we have gone over into the back-yard of our neighbor and are telling him to kindly move on, simply because we need his home," he becomes plainly misleading, for such a statement is hardly warranted by the facts which led up to the obliteration of Korean autonomy. To the Japanese, the control of the peninsular empire was no matter that could be made light of, as is done by this writer; it was the inevitable outcome of the hopeless corruption and irredeemable impotence of Korea, which defied the repeated attempts of the Japanese to put her on her feet. These attempts, though not wholly disinterested, were undoubtedly sincere and earnest, for it was Japan's conviction that her interests,

aye, her very existence, could be maintained only by maintaining Korea's independence, or by preventing her from passing into the hands of a third power. The conviction might have been mistaken, but Japan could view the matter in no other light; and in following this conviction she did not hesitate to sacrifice countless lives and incur endless drain upon her treasury. It is not "simply because we need the home of our neighbor" that we are in Korea; on the contrary, we told him again and again that he must keep his home in respectable condition, that he must clear up his premises, so that no powerful neighbor would have an excuse for doing this for him. If we seemed to recant, it was simply because the home seemed certain to pass into the hands of some other party, extremely dangerous to us, unless we took care of it ourselves. To bring home this fact to the reader it is necessary to survey briefly the history of diplomatic relations between Japan and Korea.

VISCOUNT SONE.
Present Resident-General.

It is commonly known that the United States was the first Western power to receive a Korean minister; but not many people are aware that of all the nations Japan was the first to recognize the independence of Korea. It was early in the seventies of the past century that Japan first sent her envoy to the Court at Seoul only to meet a rude rebuff at its portal. Not only did Korea foolishly refuse to enter into friendly relations with Japan, but she fired, for no plausible reason, upon a Japanese war-vessel which was peacefully at anchor off Chemulpo. This incident furnished Japan with the opportunity to force open the door of the hermit nation, and wrest the treaty of peace and commerce of 1876. The acquiescence of Korea in this treaty forms the pivotal point in the history of the peninsular kingdom, for the instrument was the first treaty ever entered into by Korea with any foreign power. But its greatest significance lay in the fact that it dealt with Korea as an independent State, and thus ignored the suzerain power which China claimed to possess over the peninsula. Article I. of this treaty declares that "Chosen (Korea), being an independent State, enjoys the same sovereign rights as does Japan."

The conclusion of this treaty naturally placed a heavy responsibility upon Japan's shoulders, for her adherence to the letter and spirit of the treaty must necessarily stir the ire of China, which was then universally regarded as immensely more powerful than Japan. Having emerged from tremendous political upheaval only several years before, and having just suppressed a formidable insurrection, Japan was far from being prepared to run single-handed the gauntlet of such a powerful enemy. Following Japan's lead, several Western powers likewise concluded similar treaties with Korea; but their advocacy of Korean independence was only half-hearted, for did not these Western powers accept without protest the note from the Seoul Court, stating that these treaties would make no change to the status of Korea as a vassal state of China? Not only this, but England and Russia practically departed from the letter and spirit of their treaties with Korea, when on the occasion of the Russian occupation of the Korean island of Chee-wen (Port Hamilton) in 1885, these powers negotiated not with Korea, the rightful

owner of the island, but with China. Even the United States, which had the privilege of receiving the first envoy Korea ever sent to the West, made no efforts to prevent China from recalling and punishing the minister.

Alone and unaided, Japan boldly undertook to uphold the independence of Korea in the face of an enemy, which had brought pressure to bear upon the Seoul Court like an incubus. It soon became evident, however, that the peninsular people were decrepit beyond the point of renovation. Following upon the heels of the treaty of 1876, a spirit of reform in the internal affairs of Korea flushed the sky with a light of hope, which seemed to forestall the approach of sunshine after an arctic winter. A Japanese officer was invited to reform the degenerate army of Korea, and a few progressive Koreans were admitted into the government.

PRINCE ITO, FIRST RESIDENT-GENERAL.

Apparently, Korea was committed to the cause of progress. But it it soon transpired that these progressive statesmen were merely dupes of a designing clique, which had made a feint of espousing a reform policy simply as the means of ousting from power the opposing clique, led by the arch chauvinist and conservative, Prince Tai-wun. Only

THE CROWN PRINCE OF KOREA (IN THE MIDDLE) AND THE KOREAN MINISTERS.

a spark was needed to kindle a fierce factional feud, and that spark was found in the military riot of 1882, caused by the shameless peculation of a few officers, who lined their pockets at the expense of the soldiers. At the covert instigation of Prince Tai-wun, the rebels forced their way to the palace, intent upon murdering all those who were in power, not excluding even the queen, the avowed antagonist of the conservative prince. With the utmost inconsistency, the insurgents also murdered the Japanese officer entrusted with the reformation of the Korean army, burned the Japanese legation, and forced the Mikado's minister, with his staff and his countrymen in Seoul, to beat a retreat to Chemulpo. This unfortunate riot resulted in an agreement, by which Korea was to pay Japan an indemnity of 550,000 *yen;* but when she paid its first installment of 150,000 *yen,* Japan magnanimously relinquished her claim to the remainder of the indemnity. In this matter Japan was actuated by her sympathy with the depleted condition of the Korean treasury as much as by the less altruistic desire of instilling in the Korean mind a friendly sentiment towards her. Some twenty-five years later, the same motives actuated the United States to relinquish her claim to the greater portion of the Boxer indemnity.

Again the hope of Korea's regeneration was held out only to fade away like the flash of a meteor. A coterie of progressive Koreans, who returned from Japan imbued with progressive ideas, organized themselves into what was known as the Independence Party, whose object was the consolidation of Korean independence by adopting progressive measures. The King himself seemed well disposed to heed the advice of these reformers, and indorsed the invitation of two Japanese publicists as advisers to the Court. Acting upon her avowed

policy, Japan backed the Independence Party and all the movements calculated to further the cause of progress. At the same time, however, Japan was careful to impress these progressives with the danger of "forcing the pace," for she was well aware that a State like Korea could not be roused all of a sudden from a torpor of centuries. But the inexperienced radicals, to whom the regeneration of their country seemed a case of "now or never," were too impatient to refrain from rash measures, while the conservative clique was employing all its resources in its attempt to expel the radical element from the administration. At this juncture, China threw her influence on the conservative side of the scale, and the unsuccessful *coup de main*, resorted to by the indiscreet radicals, left the government in the hands of the reactionaries. Again the Japanese legation was reduced to ashes, and a number of Japanese officers and residents were murdered.

The decade following this ruinous upheaval witnessed a continuous encroachment by China upon Korean administration, and the gradual elimination of Japanese influence from the peninsula. All this while, however, Japan did not acquiesce in the situation, and protested time and again against China dealing with Korea as her tributary State. As China was thoroughly intrenched in the Hermit Kingdom, so firmly was Japan determined to uphold the independence of the helpless nation. The crash between the two powers was only a matter of time. By 1894 the little islanders of Nippon were thoroughly prepared to settle the matter by the arbitrament of the sword. Having perceived that the internal administration of Korea had been going from bad to worse, Japan, in that year, proposed to China that the two powers co-operate in executing necessary reforms to maintain the integrity of the peninsular kingdom. This proposition China met with a flat refusal. The result was the war of 1894-5, in the wake of which Korea was left in Japan's hands. But even the shock of the great war that swept through their own country proved powerless to awaken the dull people of the peninsula. Unheeding

THE SOUTH GATE, SEOUL.

Japan's advice to rehabilitate their internal affairs along new lines, they did nothing but quarrel among themselves, or, at best, play at all manner of silly pastimes.

Soon after the war, Japan sent to Korea one of her ablest statesmen in the person of Count, now Marquis, Inouye, with the instruction to urge upon Korea a reform programme, of which the following items were the main features: (1) the affairs of the Royal Household should not be confounded with those of the Government; (2) the Sovereign must rule only in accord with the principles laid down in the laws; (3) there should be one, and only one source of authority, which means that the consort or private relatives of the Sovereign should not be allowed to interfere with the affairs of state; (4) the respective powers of the different departments of the Government must be clearly defined, and all officers must be subject to disciplinary measures; (5) the army must be reorganized along modern lines; (6) taxes must be collected only at rates fixed by the law. To facilitate the execution of these reforms, Japan loaned Korea 3,000,000 *yen*. But all this sane advice fell upon a deaf ear, and the reform programme was cast into the winds, while the Koreans went repeating the old story of plots and counter-plots among themselves. This unfortunate state of things was largely responsible for the assassination of the Queen on October 8th, 1895, although the Japanese Government itself could not shirk the responsibility for the tragedy in so far as its appointment, to the post of minister to Korea, of an indiscreet, unscrupulous man, who would covertly encourage such a murderous act, reflected upon its wisdom.

KOREAN CRIMINALS.

The political situation in Korea, already disturbed by the continuous factional feuds and the consequent assassination of the Queen, became worse confounded by the appearance on the scene of Russia with all her sinister designs, aimed at the disintegration of Korea. The indolent, unpatriotic people, weary of

Japan's insistence upon reform, readily handed themselves over to Russia, which would have none of reform and progress in the peninsula, but would let things go along the old way, knowing that this would admirably serve her purpose. Thus the curtain rose on a new scene in February, 1896, when the weak-minded King practically removed his court to the Russian Legation, and immediately ordered the murder of all the ministers known to be friendly toward Japan. Thenceforward Russian activities in Korea became more and more ominous, and seemed to lead the peninsular nation into the quagmires of degeneration. The Muscovite diplomats made the most corrupt Korean officials tools in their hands, and through them obstructed the Japanese policy of reform at every point.

Anxious to check Russia's further encroachment upon Korea, Japan sent Marquis Yamagata to St. Petersburg in May, 1896, with the mission of defining the respective attitudes of the two powers toward Korea. This mission, however, was unable to accomplish anything important, except the agreement that in case Korea had to have recourse to foreign aid in carrying on her internal reform, both Russia and Japan would lend, by mutual accord, their assistance to that country. From a diplomatic point of view this understanding meant a defeat of Japan, inasmuch as Japan thereby plainly accredited Russia, which had no real political and economic interest in the peninsula, with the same advantageous position as she herself held.

FUEL CARRIERS OF KOREA.

The worst of it was that Russia had no intention of adhering to this arrangement. From the outset it was plain that the Muscovite diplomats in the Far East embraced no moral code save that of the dying patriarch, who offered this advice to his first-born: "My son, get money—honestly, if you can, but get money." By dint of chicanery and subterfuge, they succeeded in reversing the above agreement. As it became more and more evident that the Russian absorption of Korea was merely a matter of time, Japan became restive and made another

effort to stay Russian encroachment. The result was the agreement of April 25, 1898, which contained the following article:

> The Imperial Governments of Russia and Japan recognize definitely the Sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and pledge themselves mutually to abstain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of that country.

But all these pledges and agreements were of no use, when Russia's ultimate plan was to add Korea to her own map. The matter was, therefore, a matter that should be discussed only in the language of shot and shell, if Japan was to convince the Great White Czar of the unjustifiability of his pretentions. The war that ensued was the final act in the great drama of the Russo-Japanese rivalry in Korea; and the public must be sadly deficient in political insight if it does not perceive that the war and the consequent establishment of a Japanese protectorate over Korea were forced upon the Mikado's Empire by the necessity of safeguarding her vital interests, nay, her very existence.

The war left Japan in a position to act in Korea *ad libitum.* But before assuming the direct control of Korean administration, Japan exhausted all her good offices in her attempt to maintain Korea's independence. Thus, in February, 1904, when the Russians in Manchuria were retreating before the onslaught of the Japanese, Japan concluded a protocol with Korea, in which the Seoul Court promised to adopt the advice of the Tokio Government "in regard to improvements in administration," while the Mikado's Government pledged itself "to ensure the safety and repose of the Imperial House of Korea," and to "guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of Korea." In pursuance of this protocol, Korea invited Mr. T. Megata as financial adviser, and Mr. W. D. Stevens, who fell victim of the Korean assassins in San Francisco early in the spring of 1908, as diplomatic adviser. Thus the Tokio Administration

A NATIVE PASTIME.

spared no pains in urging upon the Korean ruler and his ministers the necessity of administering the government in accord with modern principles. But the venality and supineness of the Korean officials had become such that any amount of good advice proved of no avail. Far from being sincere in cooperating with the Japanese in the execution of administrative reforms, they hindered it at every point by resorting to plots and intrigues, in which they were past masters. Instead of endeavoring to improve the conditions of their own country, they foolishly conspired to subvert the new order of things by invoking the assistance of a third power. It was, therefore, inevitable that in November, 1905, Japan should assume the control of the foreign affairs of Korea, sending, at the same time, Marquis, now Prince, Ito, to Seoul as Resident-General, invested with the power to direct the matters relating to external relations of the country.

This episode, however, made no change in the internal affairs of the country. The Korean Emperor and officials still enjoyed initiative power, and were at liberty to adopt or reject Japan's advice as they pleased. And thus the Japanese were repeating the same experience, the uselessness of which had been indisputably proved during the thirty years that preceded. But at last Japan's patience was exhausted, when in the spring of 1907, the Korean Emperor again sent his emissaries abroad, this time to the Hague Conference, hoping to embroil Japan in international complications over the disposition of the Korean question. As an evidence that the Korean is a born intriguer, it may not be amiss here to quote no less an authority than Dr. Horace N. Allen, who spent twenty-two years in Korea, first as missionary and then as the United States minister, and who enjoyed the unique privilege of being a personal friend, physician and adviser to the Korean Emperor. Discussing in his book, *Things Korean,* the characteristics of the Koreans, this sympathetic writer on Korea says:

"Traveling through the country one often notices at a hamlet, two or more men off by themselves, engaged in whispered conversation. These men are surely plotting to gain some advantage over another. Entertain an official alone, even in a large room, and he will edge up to you and begin to whisper. It is the same manifestation of the native aptitude for intrigue, which makes them excellent as starters and destroyers, but unsatisfactory as sustainers of an undertaking. * * * The villagers scheme against a successful neighbor; the court official pleads for the influence of the foreigner to enhance his own power at court; in both cases it was the same game of politics in all its petty meanness."

This aptitude for intrigue as well as "the habit of not doing today that which may be put off till tomorrow—a day that never comes, since when it arrives it is still today"—these are the factors which set at naught all the efforts of the Japanese for the betterment of the Korean administration by means of friendly advice. And so the curtain went up on the last act of the Korean drama, when in July, 1907, Japan despaired because of the treacherousness, impotency and indolence of the Korean ruler and officials, wrested from them an agreement, conceding to her the control of internal affairs of the peninsula. In this agreement it is stipulated (1) that the Korean Government shall act under the guidance of the Resident-General in all matters relating to administrative reform; (2) that in all matters relating to the enactment of laws and ordinances, and in all important matters of administration, the Korean Government must obtain the preliminary approval of the Resident-General; (3) that there shall be clear differentiation of the Executive and the Judiciary; (4) that in all appointments and removals of high officials the Korean Government must obtain the consent of the Residency-General; (5) that the Korean Government shall appoint as Korean officials such Japanese as may be recommended by the Resident-General. In the meantime the Emperor, knowing that his game was lost, issued this edict:

Alas! I have been in possession of my ancestor's throne for forty-four years. Having experienced many disturbances, the administration has not been up to my desire and frequently the ministers were not the proper men. Rumors are daily increasing and actions are unfit at present.

The worry is great and the danger to the lives of the people and the downfall of the country's progress are greater than ever—fearful and dangerous, like stepping over ice.

With this pathetic but somewhat ambiguous declaration, he abdicated on July 18, 1907, leaving the throne to his son.

This episode ended the Korean tragedy, for the present at least—a tragedy which might not have been enacted at all, had Korea heeded Japan's advice thirty years before. In speaking of the American occupation of the Philippines, Mr. Roosevelt once said: "The inevitable march of events gave us the control of the Philippine Islands at a time so opportune that it may without irreverence be called Providential." The same may be said with regard to the Japanese control of Korea. It was "the inevitable march of events" which drifted us into the haven where we now find ourselves. And again with Mr. Roosevelt we must say that "unless we show ourselves weak, unless we show ourselves degenerate sons of the sires from whose loins we sprung, we must go on with the work we have undertaken." Furthermore, the Japanese control of Korea seems far more justifiable than the American occupation of the Philippines, inasmuch as Japan's interests in Korea, political and economic, are immensely more vital than those of the United States in the Philippine Islands. To the Mikado's Empire, the sacrifice of these interests and the abandonment of Korea to a third power, bent upon territorial aggrandizement, seemed to spell a menace to her own existence. Until, therefore, the Koreans show themselves capable of managing their own affairs, Japan cannot withdraw her hands from the peninsula, for she can ill afford to wage another costly war in order to shield the effete nation against ruthless intruders.

Is Japan Making Good in Korea?

We have explained how Japan was compelled to assume the control of Korean administration. But have Japan's policies and measures since the establishment of her suzerainty over the peninsula been as unimpeachable as her actions during the period of her struggle first with China, and then with Russia? Unless this question is answered in the affirmative, the justifiability of her continued occupation must also fall. It, therefore, behooves us to consider some of the salient features of the reform programme which Japan is carrying out in Korea. In attempting this, we must not assume a censorious attitude and strive to behold the mote in the eyes of the Japanese; for to no human being has it been given never to err, and the Japanese administration in Korea is far from being immune from errors and blunders. Neither ought we to conceal their faults and blemishes, for the world has the right to demand the undisguised truth as to the Japanese rule in Korea. What we should find out, then, is whether or not Japan is willing to admit and rectify her mistakes where she has committed any.

A most flagrant case of Japanese maladministration in Korea is alleged to have been the so-called Nagamori land scheme. The project was broached by a bold Japanese speculator by the name of Nagamori, who, taking advantage of the chaotic state in the peninsula incident to the war with Russia, persuaded the Korean ruler to grant him a gigantic concession, authorizing him to redeem all the waste lands in that country. This plan was formed so secretly that even the Japanese authorities had had little knowledge of it until its originator made it known to them with a view to securing their assistance in its execution. In its inception the plan was not necessarily objectionable, inasmuch as there was an immense area of fallow land, which ought to have been brought under the plough. But however harmless and even good the intentions of its originator might have been, it was evident that the proposal was ill-timed, for Japan ought to have devoted all her energies to the reform of internal affairs in Korea before embarking upon any undertaking of this nature. To the Korean people, whose institutions were based upon agriculture, the granting to an alien of the privilege of redeeming all the fallow lands, must have seemed to spell the de-

struction of their national existence. It was, therefore, most unfortunate that the Japanese authorities should at first seem to countenance this, Nagamori's unpropitious scheme; but as soon as the Japanese press raised a hue and cry against it the Tokio Administration forced Nagamori to entirely abandon the undertaking.

Another matter which aroused severe criticism in the West, but especially in America and England, is that of the mining concession. The Korean Government, at the advice of the Resident-General, promulgated, in July, 1906, a mining law, which contained a few articles not satisfactory to foreign *concessionaires.* Article 7 of the law, for instance, provides that "the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry shall have the power to refuse permission for mining, in case he considers such a step necessary in the public interest or for any other reason." Again, Article 8 states: "In case there is more than one applicant for one and the same mining claim, permission shall be given according to the priority of the dates of receipt of the applications. As regards applications received on the same date, permission shall be given to the applicant whom the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry may consider most worthy." As a matter of fact, there is nothing objectionable in these provisions —we find similar provisions in the mining regulations of several Western countries. But by those disposed to view Japanese policy with suspicion and distrust, they were construed as an indication of the Japanese design to obstruct Western enterprise in order to promote Japanese interest. It was suspected that the Korean authorities, being simply servants of the Japanese Government, might refuse an application for mining concession for no reason whatever, or might so arrange matters that an application identical to one filed by a Western applicant was put in the same day by a Japanese or Korean, when the latter was, of course, held by him to be more worthy of consideration. Such insinuations the Japanese Residency-General might have viewed with serene indifference; but extremely sensitive to criticism and reluctant to cause ill-feeling among foreigners, it did not hesitate to revise the mining law in a manner that would satisfy even the most exacting critics. When last year I saw in Seoul Mr. Collbran, of the Collbran-Bostwick Development Co., the largest foreign firm in Korea, and Mr. Sheldon, legal counsellor to that American concern, these gentlemen told me that "Prince Ito made good his assurance of extending full support and generous treatment once he was convinced of the merit of every claim presented for his consideration." Not only have those provisions in the mining law objectionable to foreigners been struck out, but a generous measure has been adopted extending to all mine owners the privilege of importing free of duty all machinery and materials to be used for mining purposes. It has also been decided to add copper to the list of minerals exempt from export duty. Is this not an indication of how heedful of the public sentiment the Japanese authorities are, even when the clamor of the public is not entirely just?

One of the most difficult problems for the Japanese to solve was that of judicial administration. It goes without saying that before the advent of the new regime Korea had possessed neither law nor tribunal efficient to protect the property and safety of the people. Then extortion, blackmail, embezzlement and what not had been practiced almost with impunity, the officials themselves having often been hand-in-glove with the culprits. One of the common methods of extortion in those days was that of accusing a man of an offence and demanding pecuniary payment. As no less an authority than Mr. H. B. Hulburt says, this practice was so common that it was frequently anticipated, and regular sums were paid over for the privilege of not being lied about, just as bands of robbers are subsidized in some countries to secure immunity from sudden attack. If a man of the upper class had any ill-feeling against a man of the inferior class, he would simply ask the authorities to detain the latter in jail for several days, administering severe beating once a day. In most cases this would be done without any investigation as to whether

or not the accused man was really to blame. This abominable practice, coupled with official peculation and extortion, has made the Koreans the most suspicious, intriguing people.

It was, therefore, of the utmost necessity that Japan should compile laws along modern lines and organize tribunals competent enough to enforce such laws. To codify Korean laws so as not to unnecessarily destroy time-honored native customs and yet to observe the recognized principles of modern jurisprudence is no easy task, but even more difficult is the undertaking of organizing efficient courts, for it is impossible to find among the natives honest and competent judges. To supply this deficiency Japan found it inevitable to appoint her own nationals to the following offices:

1. A chief justice, a chief procurator, two judges and five clerks in the Court of Cassation.
2. A chief justice, two judges, a chief procurator, an assistant procurator and five clerks in each of the three Courts of Appeal.
3. In the eight Local Courts, the chief justices, the senior procurators, thirty-two judges and eighty clerks.
4. A judge and a clerk in each District Court.

Regulations for the organization of the courts, enacted on December 27, 1907, are based upon the so-called "three-trial system," which is in practice in Japan and continental Europe. Thus the entire country is to have a Court of Cassation or Supreme Court, three Courts of Appeal, eight Local Courts, and 115 District Courts. The district and local courts are to hear civil and criminal cases in first instance. A case originating in a local court goes up to a court of appeal, while a case brought up from a district court to a local court must be referred direct to the Court of Cassation. In the district courts the hearing is to be before a single judge, but in the other courts the bench is collegiate.

The appointment of Japanese subjects to the above-mentioned offices in the Korean courts is not without drawbacks, for in most cases Japanese judges and procurators do not understand the Korean language and have to rely upon interpreters. Now, the court interpreters are not always competent or honest, and this fact has forcibly militated against the efficiency of the new tribunals. The remedy to this regrettable condition can be found only in the following two methods—on the one hand, the Japanese judges must learn the Korean language, and on the other, native lawyers must be trained in modern jurisprudence, so that they can be appointed as judges and procurators in place of Japanese. To the credit of Japan, it seems fair to add that the Residency-General is making unselfish efforts to encourage the natives in the study of modern laws. That the Residency-General intends to ultimately replace the Japanese officials by natives is indicated by the promulgation of regulations for judicial examinations, by virtue of which native aspirants for judgeships and procuratorships, as well as those desiring to practice at the bar are given an opportunity to prove their abilities. According to these regulations, the examination consists of two parts, written and verbal, and only those successful in the former are allowed to enter the verbal contest. The subjects for written examination include the civil, criminal and commercial laws, law for civil and criminal procedure, administrative law and international law, while the subjects for the verbal examination are to be taken from three of these laws. Whether or not the Koreans will be benefited by these examinations depends entirely upon their capacity and assiduity.

The Japanese in Korea have repeatedly been accused by foreign critics of treating the natives as the very scum of the earth, and displaying the capacity of bullying and bluster. I frankly admit that in the early stage of the Japanese occupation of Korea a horde of adventurers and speculators and other questionable characters came to the peninsula from Japan, all expecting to line their pockets at the expense of the helpless natives. Then the Japanese authorities had their hands full in carrying on a gigantic war, and when the war ended they were busy with the readjustment

of the political relationship between Japan and Korea. Is it any wonder that many low-class Japanese flowed into the country, trying to fish in troubled water? To say, as has often been said, that the Japanese authorities encouraged the immigration of these undesirable characters would be to charge them with the lack of conscience and the utter disregard of honor, which can be done only upon the strength of very substantial evidence. To lay at Japan's door such a grave blame without any substantial fact to support it would be a serious violation of the code of honor. To me it seems more reasonable to ascribe the incoming of unscrupulous Japanese to the chaotic state of things into which the country was thrown due to the great political upheaval. That this is a more rational interpretation of the situation is indicated by the fact that as the country restores its normal condition, and as the Japanese authorities settle down to the arduous task of internal reforms in Korea, the undesirable element of the Japanese population is gradually withdrawing from the country, while the newcomers from Japan are of a law-abiding, industrious class, and follow their trades peaceably and legitimately without trespassing upon the rights of their native neighbors.

It is not given to humanity to work a miracle in a day, and the merit or demerit of the Japanese rule in Korea must not be judged from what it has effected in the four odd years, during the first three years of which Korea did not intrust Japan with a direct and close supervision of her internal affairs. It has been pointed out by some foreign writers that the Koreans do not like the Japanese, but is there any people which does not dislike a nation wielding a suzerain power over it? The Filipinos dislike the Americans, and so do the Indians foster bitter feeling against the Britons; and yet this does not necessarily mean American maladministration in the Philippines nor the outrages of the Englishmen in India. Some Koreans, especially officials, may curse the new regime because it tolls the knell of those happy days of fortune-making by extortion and peculation; others may be averse to it because it means an age of more assiduous toil and less pastime on account of the settlement among them of enterprising and industrious people, while many may lament its advent because it brings in its train a new civilization which they regard through the distorted light of prejudice and superstition.

The task of internal reform which Japan has embarked upon in Korea is not restricted to such negative reforms as that of judicial administration, the immediate aim of which is the removal of wrongs suffered by the people, but it includes positive undertakings of extensive scope promising to be a potent leaven in the moral uplifting of the Koreans and the promotion of their material well-being. As the depleted treasury of Korea is not able to cope with such undertakings, Japan has made a loan of 10,000,000 *yen*, the most of which is to be expended for the following public works:

	Yen.
Extension of Printing Bureau...	438,438
Establishment of Industrial Training School	149,654
Construction of four highways..	1,496,654
Chemulpo water works.....	2,170,000
Pyen-yang water works.....	1,300,000
Subsidy to Fusan water works..	100,000
Extension of educational system.	500,000
Subsidy to agricultural and industrial banks	1,395,000
Subsidy to money circulation associations	40,000
Construction of hospital.....	357,577
Construction of the building for Court of Cassation.....	80,000
Construction of brick manufacturing station	234,000
Cement works	300,000
Forestry undertakings	600,000
Total	9,161,323

This table gives some idea of the public works which Korea, under the guidance of Japan, proposes to carry out. In addition to these, reforms in monetary and banking system, the extension of railways and other similar improvements must be noted. These undertakings, to be appreciated, should be considered minutely and carefully, but in this brief article it is possible only to mention them.

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

R. MORSE met Martin in the office of the Hotel Metropole. Whether he had happened there just casually, intent on other affairs, or whether he had come there for the direct purpose of inviting him to dinner, Martin never could quite make up his mind, though he inclined toward the second hypothesis. At any rate, invited to dinner he was by Mr. Morse—Ruth's father—who had forbidden him the house and broken off the engagement.

Martin was not angry. He was not even on his dignity. He tolerated Mr. Morse, wondering the while how it felt to eat such humble pie. He did not decline the invitation. Instead, he put it off with vagueness and indefiniteness and inquired after the family, particularly after Mrs. Morse and Ruth. He spoke her name without hesitancy, naturally, though secretly surprised that he had had no inward quiver, no old, familiar increase of pulse and warm surge of blood.

He had many invitations to dinner, some of which he accepted. Persons got themselves introduced to him in order to invite him to dinner. And he went on puzzling over the little thing that was becoming a great thing. Bernard Higginbotham invited him to dinner. He puzzled the harder. He remembered the days of his desperate starvation, when no one invited him to dinner. That was the time he needed dinners, and went weak and faint for lack of them and lost weight from sheer famine. That was the paradox of it. When he wanted dinners no one gave them to him, and now that he could buy a hundred thousand dinners and was losing his appetite dinners were thrust upon him right and left. But why? There was no justice in it, no merit on his part. He was no different. All the work he had done was even at that time work performed. Mr. and Mrs. Morse had condemned him for an idler and a shirk, and through Ruth had urged that he take a clerk's position in an office. Furthermore, they had been aware of his work performed. Manuscript after manuscript of his had been turned over to them by Ruth. They had read them. It was the very same work that had put his name in all the papers, and his name being in all the papers led them to invite him.

One thing was certain: the Morses had not cared to have him for himself or for his work. Therefore they could not want him now for himself or for his work, but for the fame that was his, because he was somebody amongst men, and—why not?—because he had a hundred thousand dollars or so. That was the way bourgeois society valued a man, and who was he to expect it otherwise? But he was proud. He disdained such valuation. He desired to be valued for himself, or for his work, which, after all, was an expression of himself. That was the way Lizzie valued him. The work, with her, did not even count. She valued him, himself. That was the way Jimmy, the plumber, and all the old gang valued him. That had been proved often enough in the days when he ran with them; it had been proved that Sunday at Shell Mound Park. His work could go hang. What they liked, and were willing to scrap for, was just Mart Eden —one of the bunch, a pretty good guy.

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Then there was Ruth. She had liked him for himself; that was indisputable. And yet, much as she had liked him, she had liked the bourgeois standard of valuation more. She had opposed his writing, and, principally, it seemed to him, because it did not earn money. That had been her criticism of his Love Cycle. She, too, had urged him to get a job. It was true she refined it to "position," but it meant the same thing, and in his own mind the old nomenclature stuck. He had read her all that he wrote—poems, stories, essays—"Wiki-Wiki," "The Shame of the Sun," everything. And she had always and consistently urged him to get a job, to go to work—Good God! as if he had n't been working, robbing sleep, exhausting life, in order to be worthy of her.

So the little thing grew bigger. He was healthy and normal, ate regularly, slept long hours, and yet the growing little thing was becoming an obsession. *Work performed.* The phrase haunted his brain. He sat opposite Bernard Higginbotham at a heavy Sunday dinner over Higginbotham's Cash Store, and it was all he could do to restrain himself from shouting out:

"It was work performed! And now you feed me, when then you let me starve, forbade me your house, and damned me because I would'nt get a job. And the work was already done, all done. And now, when I speak, you check the thought unuttered on your lips and hang on my lips and pay respectful attention to whatever I choose to say. I tell you your party is rotten and filled with grafters, and instead of flying into a rage you hum and haw and admit there is a great deal in what I say. And why? Because I'm famous; because I've a lot of money. Not because I'm Martin Eden, a pretty good fellow and not particularly a fool. I could tell you the moon is made of green cheese and you would subscribe to the notion; at least you would not repudiate it, because I've got dollars, mountains of them. And it was all done long ago; it was work performed, I tell you, when you spat upon me as the dirt under your feet."

But Martin did not shout out. The thought gnawed in his brain, an unceasing torment, while he smiled and succeeded in being tolerant. As he grew silent Bernard Higginbotham got the reins and did the talking. He was a success himself, and proud of it. He was self-made. No one had helped him. He owed no man. He was fulfilling his duty as a citizen and bringing up a large family. And there was Higginbotham's Cash Store, that monument of his own industry and ability. He loved Higginbotham's Cash Store as some men loved their wives. He opened up his heart to Martin, showed with what keenness and with what enormous planning he had made the store. And he had plans for it, ambitious plans. The neighborhood was growing up fast. The store was really too small. If he had more room he would be able to put in a score of labor-saving and money-saving improvements. And he would do it yet. He was straining every effort for the day when he could buy the adjoining lot and put up another two-story frame building. The upstairs he could rent, and the whole ground floor of both buildings would be Higginbotham's Cash Store. His eyes glistened when he spoke of the new sign that would stretch clear across both buildings.

Martin forgot to listen. The refrain of "Work performed" in his own brain was drowning the other's clatter. The refrain maddened him, and he tried to escape from it.

"How much did you say it would cost?" he asked suddenly.

His brother-in-law paused in the middle of an expatiation on the business opportunities of the neighborhood. He had n't said how much it would cost. But he knew. He had figured it out a score of times.

"At the way lumber is now," he said, "four thousand could do it."

"Including the sign?"

"I did n't count on that. It'd just have to come, onc't the buildin' was there."

"And the ground?"

"Three thousand more."

He leaned forward, licking his lips, nervously spreading and closing his fingers, while he watched Martin write a

check. When it was passed over to him he glanced at the amount—seven thousand dollars.

"I—I cant afford to pay more than six per cent," he said huskily.

Martin wanted to laugh, but, instead, demanded:

"How much would that be?"

"Lemme see. Six per cent—six times seven—four hundred an' twenty."

"That would be thirty-five dollars a month, would n't it?"

Higginbotham nodded.

"Then, if you've no objection, we'll arrange it this way." Martin glanced at Gertrude. "You can have the principal to keep for yourself, if you'll use the thirty-five dollars a month for cooking and washing and scrubbing. The seven thousand is yours if you'll guarantee that Gertrude does no more drudgery. Is it a go?"

Mr. Higginbotham swallowed hard.

That his wife should do no more housework was an affront to his thrifty soul. The magnificent present was the coating of a pill, a bitter pill. That his wife should not work! It gagged him.

"All right, then," Martin said. "I'll pay the thirty-five a month, and——"

He reached across the table for the check. But Bernard Higginbotham got his hand on it first, crying:

"I accept! I accept!"

When Martin got on the electric car he was very sick and tired. He looked up at the assertive sign.

"The swine," he groaned. "The swine, the swine."

When *Mackintosh's Magazine* published "The Palmist," featuring it with decorations by Berthier and with two pictures by Wenn, Herrmann von Schmidt forgot that he had called the verses obscene. He announced that his wife had inspired the poem, saw to it that the news reached the ears of a reporter, and submitted to an interview by a staff writer who was accompanied by a staff photographer and a staff artist. The result was a full page in a Sunday supplement, filled with photographs and idealized drawings of Marian, with many intimate details of Martin Eden and his family, and with the full text of "The Palmist" in large type and republished by special permission of *Mackintosh's Magazine*. It caused quite a stir in the neighborhood, and good housewives were proud to have the acquaintance of the great writer's sister, while those who had not made haste to cultivate it. Herrman von Schmidt chuckled in his little repair shop and decided to order a new lathe. "Better than advertising," he told Marian, "and it costs nothing."

"We'd better have him to dinner," she suggested.

And to dinner Martin came, making himself agreeable with the fat wholesale butcher and his fatter wife—important folk, they, likely to be of use to a rising young man like Herrmann von Schmidt. No less a bait, however, had been required to draw them to his house than his great brother-in-law. Another man at table, who had swallowed the same bait, was the superintendent of the Pacific Coast agencies for the Asa Bicycle Company. Him von Schmidt desired to please and propitiate because from him could be obtained the Oakland agency for the bicycle. So Herrmann von Schmidt found it a goodly asset to have Martin for a brother-in-law, but in his heart of hearts he could n't understand where it all came in. In the silent watches of the night, while his wife slept, he had floundered through Martin's books and poems and decided that the world was a fool to buy them.

And in his heart of hearts Martin understood the situation only too well, as he leaned back and gloated at von Schmidt's head, in fancy punching it well nigh off of him, sending blow after blow home just right—the chuckle-headed Dutchman! One thing he did like about him, however. Poor as he was, and determined to rise as he was, he nevertheless hired one servant to take the heavy work off of Marian's hands. Martin talked with the superintendent of the Asa agencies, and after dinner he drew him aside with Herrmann, whom he backed financially for the best bicycle store with fittings in Oakland. He went further, and in a private talk with Herrmann told him to keep his eyes open for an automobile agency and garage, for

there was no reason that he should not be able to run both establishments successfully.

With tears in her eyes and her arms around his neck Marian, at parting, told Martin how much she loved him and always had loved him. It was true there was a perceptible halt midway in her assertion, which she glossed over with more tears and kisses and incoherent stammerings, and which Martin inferred to be her appeal for forgiveness for the time when she had lacked faith in him and insisted on his getting a job.

"He cant never keep his money, that 's sure," Herrmann von Schmidt confided to his wife. "He got mad when I spoke of interest, an' he said 'damn the principal,' and if I mentioned it again he'd punch my Dutch head off. That's what he said—my Dutch head. But he 's all right, even if he aint no business man. He 's given me my chance, an' he 's all right."

Invitations to dinner poured in on Martin; and the more they poured the more he puzzled. He sat, the guest of honor, at an Alsatian Club banquet, with men of note whom he had heard about and read about all his life; and they told him how, when they had read "The Ring of Bells" in the *Occidental,* and "The Peri and the Pearl" in the *Hornet,* they had immediately picked him for a winner. My God! And I was hungry and in rags, he thought to himself. Why did n't you give me a dinner then? Then was the time. It was work performed. If you are feeding me now for work performed, why did you not feed me then when I needed it? Not one word in "The Ring of Bells," nor in "The Peri and the Pearl," has been changed. No; you're not feeding me now for work performed. You are feeding me because everybody else is feeding me and because it is an honor to feed me. You are feeding me now because you are herd animals, because you are a part of the mob; because the one blind, automatic thought in the mob-mind just now is to feed me. And where does Martin Eden and the work Martin Eden performed come in in all this? he asked himself plaintively; then arose to respond cleverly and wittily to a clever and witty toast.

So it went. Wherever he happened to be—at the Press Club, at the Redwood Club, at pink teas and literary gatherings; always was remembered "The Ring of Bells" and "The Peri and the Pearl" when they were first published. And always was Martin's maddening and unuttered demand: Why did n't you feed me then? It was work performed. "The Ring of Bells" and "The Peri and the Pearl" are not changed one iota. They were just as artistic, just as worth while then as now. But you are not feeding me for their sake, or for the sake of anything else I have written. You're feeding me because it is the style of feeding just now, because the whole mob is crazy with the idea of feeding Martin Eden.

And often, at such times, he would abruptly see slouch in among the company a young hoodlum in square-cut coat and under a stiff-rim Stetson hat. It happened to him at the Gallina Society in Oakland one afternoon. As he rose from his chair and stepped forward across the platform he saw stalk through the wide door at the rear of the great room the young hoodlum with the square-cut coat and stiff-rim hat. Five hundred fashionably-gowned women turned their heads, so intent and steadfast was Martin's gaze, to see what he was seeing. But they saw only the empty center aisle. He saw the young tough lurching down that aisle, and wondered if he would remove the stiff-rim which never yet had he seen him without. Straight down the aisle he came, and up the platform. Martin could have wept over that youthful shade of himself when he thought of all that lay before him. Across the platform he swaggered, right up to Martin, and into the foreground of Martin's consciousness disappeared. The five hundred women applauded softly with gloved hands, seeking to encourage the bashful great man who was their guest. And Martin shook the vision from his brain, smiled, and began to speak.

The superintendent of schools, good

old man, stopped Martin on the street and remembered him, recalling seances in his office when Martin was expelled from school for fighting.

"I read your 'Ring of Bells' in one of the magazines quite a time ago," he said. "It was as good as Poe. Splendid, I said at the time, splendid."

Yes, and twice in the months that followed, you passed me on the street and did not know me, Martin almost said aloud. Each time I was hungry and heading for the pawnbroker. Yet it was work performed. You did not know me then. Why do you know me now?

"I was remarking to my wife only the other day," the other was saying, "would n't it be a good idea to have you out to dinner some time. And she quite agreed with me. Yes, she quite agreed with me."

"Dinner?" Martin said so sharply that it was almost a snarl.

"Why, yes, yes, dinner, you know—just pot luck with us, with your old superintendent, you rascal," he uttered nervously, nervously poking Martin in an attempt at jocular fellowship.

Martin went down the street in a daze. He stopped at the corner and looked about him vacantly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he murmured at last. "The old fellow was afraid of me."

CHAPTER XLV.

KREISS came to Martin one day—Kreiss of the "real dirt," and Martin turned to him with relief, to receive the glowing details of a scheme sufficiently wild-catty to interest Martin as a fictionist rather than an investor. Kreiss paused long enough in the midst of his exposition to tell him that in most of his "Shame of the Sun" he had been a chump.

"But I did n't come here to spout philosophy," Kreiss went on. "What I want to know is whether or not you will put a thousand dollars in on this deal?"

"No, I'm not chump enough for that, at any rate," Martin answered. "But I'll tell you what I will do. You gave me the greatest night of my life. You gave me what money cannot buy. Now I've got money, and it means nothing to me. I'd like to turn over to you a thousand dollars of what I dont value for what you gave me that night and which was beyond price. You need the money. I've got more than I need. You want it. You came for it. There 's no use scheming it out of me. Take it."

Kreiss betrayed no surprise. He folded the check away in his pocket.

"At that rate, I'd like the contract of providing you with many such nights," he said.

"Too late." Martin shook his head. "That night was the one night for me. I was in paradise. It 's commonplace with you, I know. But it was n't to me. I shall never live at such a pitch again. I'm done with philosophy. I want never to hear another word of it."

"The first dollar I ever made in my life out of my philosophy," Kreiss remarked, as he paused in the doorway. "And then the market broke."

Mrs. Morse drove by Martin on the street one day, and smiled and nodded. He smiled back and lifted his hat. The episode did not affect him. A month before it might have disgusted him, or made him curious and set him to speculating about her state of consciousness at that moment. But now it was not provocative of a second thought. He forgot about it the next moment. He forgot about it as he would have forgotten the Central Bank Building or the City Hall after having walked past them. Yet his mind was preternaturally active. His thoughts went ever around and around a circle. The center of that circle was "Work performed." It ate at his brain like a deathless maggot. He awoke to it in the morning. It tormented his dreams at night. Every affair of life around him that penetrated through his senses immediately related itself to "work performed." He drove along the path of relentless logic to the conclusion that he was nobody, nothing. Mart Eden, the hoodlum, and Mart Eden, the sailor, had been real, had been he; but Martin Eden, the famous writer, did not exist. Martin Eden, the famous writer, was a vapor that had arisen in the mob-mind and by the mob-mind had been thrust into the

corporeal being of Mart Eden, the hoodlum and sailor. But it could n't fool him. He was not that sun-myth that the mob was worshiping and sacrificing dinners to. He knew better.

He read the magazines about himself and pored over portraits of himself published therein until he was unable to associate his identity with those portraits. He was the fellow who had lived and thrilled and loved; who had been easy-going and tolerant of the frailties of life; who had served in the forecastle, wandered in strange lands, and led his gang in the old fighting days. He was the fellow who had been stunned at first by the thousands of books in the free library, and who had afterwards learned his way among them and mastered them; he was the fellow who had burned the midnight oil and bedded with a spur and written books himself. But the one thing he was not was that colossal appetite that all the mob was bent upon feeding.

There were things, however, in the magazines that amused him. All the magazines were claiming him. *Warren's Monthly* advertised to its subscribers that it was always on the quest after new writers, and that, among others, it had introduced Martin Eden to the reading public. The *White Mouse* claimed him; so did the *Northern Review* and *Mackintosh's Magazine,* until silenced by *The Globe,* which pointed triumphantly to its files, where the mangled "Sea Lyrics" lay buried. *Youth and Age,* which had come to life again after having escaped paying its bills, put in a prior claim, which nobody but farmers' children ever read. The *Occidental* made a dignified and convincing statement of how it first discovered Martin Eden, which was warmly disputed by the *Hornet* with the exhibit of "The Peri and the Pearl." The modest claim of Singletree, Darnley & Co. was lost in the din. Besides, that publishing firm did not own a magazine wherewith to make its claim less modest.

The newspapers calculated Martin's royalties. In some way the magnificent offers certain magazines had made him leaked out, and Oakland ministers called upon him in a friendly way, while professional begging letters began to clutter his mail. But worse than all this were the women. His photographs were published broadcast and special writers exploited his strong, bronzed face, his scars, his heavy shoulders, his clear, quiet eyes, and the slight hollows in his cheeks like an ascetic's. At this last he remembered his wild youth, and smiled. Often, among the women he met, he would see now one, now another, looking at him, appraising him, selecting him. He laughed to himself. He remembered Brissenden's warning and laughed again. The women would never destroy him, that much was certain. He had gone past that stage.

Once, walking with Lizzie toward night school, she caught a glance directed toward him by a well-gowned, handsome woman of the bourgeoise. The glance was a trifle too long, a shade too considerative. Lizzie knew it for what it was, and her body tensed angrily. Martin noticed, noticed the cause of it; told her how used he was becoming to it, and that he did not care anyway.

"You ought to care," she answered with blazing eyes. "You're sick. That's what's the matter."

"Never healthier in my life. I weigh five pounds more than I ever did."

"It aint your body. It 's your head. Something 's wrong with your think-machine. Even I can see that, an' I aint nobody."

He walked on beside her, reflecting.

"I'd give anything to see you get over it," she broke out impulsively. "You ought to care when women look at you that way, a man like you. It 's not natural. It's all right enough for sissy-boys. But you aint made that way. So help me, I'd be willing an' glad if the right woman came along an' made you care."

When he left Lizzie at night school he returned to the Metropole.

Once in his rooms he dropped into a chair and sat staring straight before him. He did not doze. Nor did he think. His mind was a blank, save for the intervals when unsummoned memory pictures took form and color and radiance just under his eyelids. He saw these pictures, but

he was scarcely conscious of them—no more so than if they had been dreams. Yet he was not asleep. Once he roused himself and glanced at his watch. It was just eight o'clock. He had nothing to do, and it was too early for bed. Then his mind went blank again, and the pictures began to form and vanish under his eyelids. There was nothing distinctive about the pictures. They were always masses of leaves and shrub-like branches shot through and through with hot sunshine.

A knock at the door aroused him. He was not asleep, and his mind immediately connected the knock with a telegram, or letter, or perhaps one of the servants bringing back clean clothes from the laundry. He was thinking about Joe and wondering where he was, as he said: "Come in."

He was still thinking about Joe, and did not turn toward the door. He heard it close softly. There was a long silence. He forgot that there had been a knock at the door, and was still staring blankly before him when he heard a woman's sob. It was involuntary, spasmodic, checked and stifled—he noted that as he turned about. The next instant he was on his feet.

"Ruth!" he said, amazed and bewildered.

Her face was white and strained. She stood just inside the door, one hand against it for support, the other pressed to her side. She extended both hands toward him piteously, and started forward to meet him. As he caught her hands and led her to a chair he noticed how cold they were. He drew up another chair and sat down on the broad arm of it. He was too confused to speak. In his own mind his affair with Ruth was closed and sealed. He felt much in the same way that he would have felt had the Shelley Hot Springs Laundry suddenly invaded the Hotel Metropole with a whole week's washing ready for him to pitch into. Several times he was about to speak, and each time he hesitated.

"No one knows I am here." Ruth said in a faint voice, with an appealing smile.

"What did you say?" he asked.

He was surprised at the sound of his own voice.

She repeated her words.

"Oh," he said; then wondered what more he could possibly say.

"I saw you come in, and I waited a few minutes."

"Oh," he said again.

He had never been so tongue-tied in his life. Positively he did not have an idea in his head. He felt stupid and awkward, but for the life of him he could think of nothing to say. It would have been easier had the intrusion been the Shelley Hot Springs Laundry. He could have rolled up his sleeves and gone to work.

"And then you came in?" he said finally.

She nodded, with a slightly arch expression, and loosened the scarf at her throat.

"I saw you first from across the street when you were with that girl."

"Oh, yes," he said simply. "I took her down to night school."

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" she said, at the end of another silence.

"Yes, yes." He spoke hastily. "But wasn't it rash of you to come here?"

"I slipped in. Nobody knows I am here. I wanted to see you. I came to tell you I have been very foolish. I came because I could no longer stay away, because my heart compelled me to come, because—because I wanted to come."

She came forward, out of her chair and over to him. She rested her hand on his shoulder a moment, breathing quickly, and then slipped into his arms. And in his large, easy way, desirous of not inflicting hurt, knowing that to repulse this proffer of herself was to inflict the most grievous hurt a woman could receive, he folded his arms around her and held her close. But there was no warmth in the embrace, no caress in the contact. She had come into his arms, and he held her; that was all. She nestled against him, and then, with a change of position, her hands crept up and rested upon his neck. But his flesh was not fire beneath those hands, and he felt awkward and uncomfortable.

"What makes you tremble so?" he asked. "Is it a chill? Shall I light the grate?"

He made a movement to disengage himself, but she clung more closely to him, shivering violently.

"It is merely nervousness," she said, with chattering teeth. "I'll control myself in a minute. There, I am better already."

Slowly her shivering died away. He continued to hold her, but he was no longer puzzled. He knew now for what she had come.

"My mother wanted me to marry Charley Hapgood," she announced.

"Charley Hapgood, that fellow who speaks always in platitudes," Martin groaned. Then he added, "And now, I suppose, your mother wants you to marry me."

He did not put it in the form of a question. He stated it as a certitude, and before his eyes began to dance the rows of figures of his royalties.

"She will not object, I know that much," Ruth said.

"She considers me quite eligible?"

Ruth nodded.

"And yet I am not a bit more eligible now than I was when she broke our engagement," he meditated. "I have n't changed any. I'm the same Martin Eden, though for that matter I'm a bit worse—I smoke now. Dont you smell my breath."

In reply she pressed her open fingers against his lips, placed them graciously and playfully, and in expectancy of the kiss that of old had always been a consequence. But there was no caressing answer of Martin's lips. He waited until the fingers were removed, and then went on.

"I am not changed. I have n't got a job. I'm not looking for a job. Furthermore, I am not going to look for a job. And I still believe that Herbert Spencer is a great and noble man, and that Judge Blount is an unmitigated ass. I had dinner with him the other night, so I ought to know."

"But you did n't accept father's invitation," she chided.

"So you know about that? Who sent him? Your mother?"

She remained silent.

"Then she did send him. I thought so. And now I suppose she has sent you?"

"No one knows that I am here," she protested. "Do you think my mother would permit this?"

"She'd permit you to marry me, that 's certain."

She gave a sharp cry. "Oh, Martin, dont be cruel. You have not kissed me once. You are as unresponsive as a stone. And think what I have dared to do." She looked about her with a shiver, though half the look was curiosity. "Just think of where I am."

"I could die for you! I could die for you!"—Lizzie's words were ringing in his ears.

"Why did n't you dare it before?" he asked harshly. "When I had n't a job? When I was starving? When I was just as I am now, as a man, as an artist, the same Martin Eden? That's the question I've been propounding to myself for many a day—not concerning you merely, but concerning everybody. You see I have not changed, though my sudden apparent appreciation in value compels me constantly to reassure myself on that point. I've got the same flesh on my bones, the same ten fingers and toes. I am the same. I have not developed any new strength or virtue. My brain is the same old brain. I have n't made even one new generalization on literature or philosophy. I am personally of the same value that I was when nobody wanted me. And what is puzzling me is why they want me now. Surely they dont want me for myself, for myself is the same old self they did not want. Then they must want me for something else, for something that is outside of me, for something that is not I. Shall I tell you what that something is? It is for the recognition I have received. That recognition is not I. It resides in the minds of others. Then, again, for the money I have earned and am earning. But that money is not I. It resides in banks and in the pockets of Tom, Dick and Harry. And is it for that, for the recognition and the money, that you now want me?"

"You are breaking my heart," she

sobbed. "You know I love you, that I am here because I love you."

"I am afraid you dont see my point," he said gently. "What I mean is, if you love me, how does it happen that you love me now so much more than you did when your love was weak enough to deny me?"

"Forget and forgive," she cried passionately. "I loved you all the time, remember that, and I am here now in your arms."

"I'm afraid I am a shrewd merchant, peering into the scales, trying to weigh your love and find out what manner of thing it is."

She withdrew herself from his arms, sat upright, and looked at him long and searchingly. She was about to speak, then faltered and changed her mind.

"You see, it appears this way to me," he went on. "When I was all that I am now nobody out of my own class seemed to care for me. When my books were all written no one who had read the manuscripts seemed to care for them. In point of fact, because of the stuff I had written, they seemed to care even less for me. In writing the stuff it seemed that I had committed acts that were, to say the least, derogatory. 'Get a job,' everybody said."

She made a movement of dissent.

"Yes, yes," he said, "except in your case you told me to get a position. The homely word *job,* like much that I have written, offends you. It is brutal. But I assure you it was no less brutal to me when everybody I knew recommended it to me as they would recommend right conduct to an immoral creature. But to return. The publication of what I had written, and the public notice I received, wrought a change in the fiber of your love. Martin Eden, with his work all performed, you would not marry. Your love for him was not strong enough to enable you to marry him. But your love is now strong enough, and I cannot avoid the conclusion that its strength arises from the publication and the public notice. In your case I do not mention royalties, though I am certain that they apply to the change wrought in your mother and father. Of course, all this is not flattering to me. But, worst of all, it makes me question Love, sacred Love. Is Love so gross a thing that it must feed upon publication and public notice? It would seem so. I have sat and thought upon it till my head went around."

"Poor, dear head." She reached up a hand and passed the fingers soothingly through his hair. "Let it go around no more. Let us begin anew, now. I loved you all the time. I know that I was weak in yielding to my mother's will. I should not have done so. Yet I have heard you speak so often with broad charity of the fallibility and frailty of humankind. Extend that charity to me. I acted mistakenly. Forgive me."

"Oh, I do forgive," he said impatiently. "It is easy to forgive where there is really nothing to forgive. Nothing that you have done requires forgiveness. One acts according to one's lights, and more than that one cannot do. As well might I ask you to forgive me for my not getting a job."

"I meant well," she protested. "You know that. I could not have loved you and not meant well."

"True; but you would have destroyed me out of your well-meaning.

"Yes, yes," he shut off her attempted objection. "You would have destroyed my writing and my career. Realism is imperative to my nature, and the bourgeoise spirit hates realism. The bourgeoise is cowardly. It is afraid of life. And all your effort was to make me afraid of life. You would have formalized me. You would have compressed me into a two-by-four pigeonhole of life, where all life's values are unreal, and false, and vulgar." He felt her stir protestingly. "Vulgarity—a hearty vulgarity, I'll admit—is the basis of bourgeois refinement and culture. As I say, you wanted to formalize me, to make me over into one of your own class, with your class-ideals, class-values and class-prejudices." He shook his head sadly. "And you do not understand, even now, what I am saying. My words do not mean to you what I endeavor to make them mean. What I say is so much fantasy to you. Yet to me it is vital reality.

At the best you are a trifle puzzled and amused that this raw boy, crawling up out of the mire of the abyss, should pass judgment upon your class and call it vulgar."

She leaned her head wearily against his shoulder, and her body shivered with recurrent nervousness. He waited for a time for her to speak, and then went on.

"And now you want to renew our love. You want us to be married. You want me. And yet, listen—if my books had not been noticed I'd nevertheless have been just what I am now. And you would have stayed away. It is all those damned books——"

"Dont swear," she interrupted.

Her reproof startled him. He broke into a harsh laugh.

"That's it," he said, "at a high moment, when what seems your life's happiness is at stake, you are afraid of life in the same old way—afraid of life and a healthy oath."

She was stung by his words into realization of the puerility of her act, and yet she felt that he had magnified it unduly and was consequently resentful. They sat in silence for a long time, she thinking desperately and he pondering upon his love which had departed. He knew now that he had not really loved her. It was an idealized Ruth he had loved, an ethereal creature of his own creating, the bright and luminous spirit of his love poems. The real bourgeois Ruth, with all the bourgeois failings and with the hopeless cramp of the bourgeois psychology in her mind, he had never loved.

She suddenly began to speak.

"I know that much you have said is so. I have been afraid of life. I did not love you well enough. I have learned to love better. I love you for what you are, for what you were, for the ways even by which you have become. I love you for the ways wherein you differ from what you call my class, for your beliefs which I do not understand, but which I know I can come to understand. I shall devote myself to understanding them. And even your smoking and your swearing—they are part of you, and I will love you for them, too. I can still learn. In the last ten minutes I have learned much. That I have dared to come here is a token of what I have already learned. Oh, Martin!——"

She was sobbing and nestling close against him.

For the first time his arms folded her gently and with sympathy, and she acknowledged it with a happy movement and a brightening face.

"It is too late," he said. He remembered Lizzie's words. "I am a sick man——oh, not my body. It is my soul, my brain. I seem to have lost all values. I care for nothing. If you had been this way a few months ago it would have been different. It is too late now."

"It is not too late!" she cried. "I will show you. I will prove to you that my love has grown, that it is greater to me than my class and all that is dearest to me. All that is dearest to the bourgeoise I will flout. I am no longer afraid of life. I will leave my father and mother, and let my name become a by-word with my friends. I will come to you here and now, in free love if you will, and I will be proud and glad to be with you. If I have been a traitor to love I will now, for love's sake, be a traitor to all that made that earlier treason."

She stood before him with shining eyes.

"I am waiting, Martin," she whispered, "waiting for you to accept me. Look at me."

It was splendid, he thought, looking at her. She had redeemed herself for all that she had lacked, rising up at last, true woman, superior to the iron rule of bourgeois convention. It was splendid, magnificent, desperate. And yet, what was the matter with him? He was not thrilled nor stirred by what she had done. It was splendid and magnificent only intellectually. In what should have been a moment of fire he coldly appraised her. His heart was untouched. He was unaware of any desire for her. Again he remembered Lizzie's words.

"I am sick, very sick," he said, with a despairing gesture. "How sick I did not know till now. Something has gone

out of me. I have always been unafraid of life, but I never dreamed of being sated with life. Life has so filled me that I am empty of any desire for anything. If there were room I should want you, now. You see how sick I am."

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, and like a child, crying, that forgets its grief in watching the sunlight percolate through the tear-dimmed films over the pupils, so Martin forgot his sickness, the presence of Ruth—everything—in watching the masses of vegetation, shot through hotly with sunshine, that took form and blazed against the background of his eyelids. It was not restful, that green foliage. The sunlight was too raw and glaring. It hurt him to look at it, and yet he looked, he knew not why.

He was brought back to himself by the rattle of the door-knob. Ruth was at the door.

"How shall I get out?" she questioned tearfully. "I am afraid."

"Oh, forgive me," he cried, springing to his feet. "I'm not myself, you know. I forgot you were here." He put his hand to his head. "You see, I'm not just right. I'll take you home. We can go out by the servants' entrance. No one will see us. Pull down that veil and everything will be all right."

She clung to his arm through the dim-lighted passages and down the narrow stairs.

"I am safe now," she said, when they emerged on the sidewalk, at the same time starting to take her hand from his arm.

"No, no, I'll see you home," he answered.

"No, please dont," she objected. "It is unnecessary."

Again she started to remove her hand. He felt a momentary curiosity. Now that she was out of danger she was afraid. She was in almost a panic to be quit of him. He could see no reason for it, and attributed it to her nervousness. So he restrained her withdrawing hand and started to walk on with her. Half-way down the block he saw a man in a long overcoat shrink back into a doorway. He shot a glance in as he passed by, and, despite the high turned-up collar, he was certain that he recognized Ruth's brother, Norman.

During the walk Ruth and Martin held little conversation. She was stunned. He was apathetic. Once he mentioned that he was going away, back to the South Seas, and, once, she asked him to forgive her having come to him. And that was all. The parting at her door was conventional. They shook hands, said good-night, and he lifted his hat. The door swung shut, and he lighted a cigarette and turned back for his hotel. When he came to the doorway into which he had seen Norman shrink he stopped and looked in in a speculative humor.

"She lied," he said aloud. "She made believe to me that she had dared greatly, and all the while she knew the brother that brought her was waiting to take her back." He burst into laughter. "Oh, these bourgeois! When I was broke I was not fit to be seen with his sister. When I have a bank account he brings her to me."

As he swung on his heel to go on, a tramp, going in the same direction, begged him over his shoulder.

"Say, mister, can you give me a quarter to get a bed?" were the words.

But it was the voice that made Martin turn around. The next instant he had Joe by the hand.

"D'ye remember that time we parted at the Hot Springs?" the other was saying. "I said then we'd meet again. I felt it in my bones. An' here we are."

"You're looking good," Martin said admiringly, "and you've put on weight."

"I sure have." Joe's face was beaming. "I never knew what it was to live till I hit hobo'in'. I'm thirty pounds heavier an' feel tiptop all the time. Why, I was worked to skin an' bones in them old days. Hoboin' sure agrees with me."

"But you're looking for a bed just the same," Martin chided, "and it's a cold night."

"Huh? Lookin' for a bed?" Joe shot a hand into his hip pocket and brought it out filled with small change. "That

beats hard graft," he exulted. "You just looked good, that 's why I battered you."

Martin laughed and gave in.

"You've several full-sized drunks right there," he insinuated.

Joe slid the money back into his pocket.

"Not in mine," he announced. "No gettin' oryide for me, though there aint nothin' to stop me except I dont want to. I've been drunk once since I seen you last, an' then it was unexpected, bein' on an empty stomach. When I work like a beast I drink like a beast. When I live like a man I drink like a man—a jolt now an' again when I feel like it, an' that 's all."

Martin arranged to meet him next day, and went on to the hotel. He paused in the office to look up steamer sailings. The *Mariposa* sailed for Tahiti in five days.

"Telephone over tomorrow and reserve a stateroom for me," he told the clerk. "No deck stateroom, but down below, on the weather side—the port side, remember that, the port side. You'd better write it down."

Once in his room he got into bed and slipped off to sleep as gently as a child. The occurrences of the evening had made no impression on him. His mind was dead to impressions. The glow of warmth with which he met Joe had been most fleeting. The succeeding minute he had been bothered by the ex-laundryman's presence and by the compulsion of conversation. That in five more days he sailed for his loved South Seas meant nothing to him. So he closed his eyes and slept normally and comfortably for eight uninterrupted hours. He was not restless. He did not change his position, nor did he dream. Sleep had become to him oblivion, and each day that he awoke he awoke with regret. Life worried and bored him, and time was a vexation.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"SAY, Joe," was his greeting to his old-time working mate next morning; "there 's a Frenchman out on Twenty-eighth street. He 's made a pot of money and he 's going back to France. It 's a dandy, well-appointed, small steam laundry. There 's a start for you if you want to settle down. Here, take this; buy some clothes with it and be at this man's office by ten o'clock. He looked up the laundry for me, and he'll take you out and show you around. If you like it, and think it is worth the price—twelve thousand—let me know, and it is yours. Now, run along. I'm busy. I'll see you later."

"Now, look here, Mart," the other said slowly, with kindling anger, "I come here this mornin' to see you. Savve? I did n't come here to get no laundry. I come here for a talk for old friends' sake, an' you shove a laundry at me. I tell you what you can do. You can take that laundry an' go to hell."

He was starting to fling out of the room when Martin caught him by the shoulder and whirled him around.

"Now, look here, Joe," he said, "if you act that way I'll punch your head. And for old friends' sake I'll punch it hard. Savve?—you will, will you?"

Joe had clinched and attempted to throw him, and he was twisting and writhing out of the advantage of the other's hold. They reeled about the room, locked in each other's arms, and came down with a crash across the splintered wreckage of a wicker chair. Joe was underneath, with arms spread out, and held, and with Martin's knee in his chest. He was panting and gasping for breath when Martin released him.

"Now we'll talk a moment," Martin said. "You cant get fresh with me. I want that laundry business finished first of all. Then you can come back and we'll talk for old sake's sake. I told you I was busy. Look at that."

A servant had just come in with the morning mail, a great mass of letters and magazines.

"How can I wade through that and talk with you? You go and fix up that laundry, and then we'll get together."

"All right," Joe admitted reluctantly. "I thought you was turnin' me down, but I guess I was mistaken. But you cant lick me, Mart, in a stand-up fight. I've got the reach on you."

"We'll put on the gloves some time and see," Martin said with a smile.

"Sure; as soon as I get that laundry going." Joe extended his arm. "You

see that reach? It'll make you go a few."

Martin heaved a sigh of relief when the door closed behind the laundryman. He was becoming anti-social. Daily he found it a severer strain to be decent with people. Their presence perturbed him, and the effort of conversation irritated him. They made him restless, and no sooner was he in contact with them than he was casting about for excuses to get rid of them.

He did not proceed to attack his mail, and for a half-hour he lolled in his chair, doing nothing, while no more than vague, half-formed thoughts occasionally filtered through his intelligence, or rather, at wide intervals, themselves constituted the flickering of his intelligence.

He roused himself and began glancing through his mail. There were a dozen requests for autographs—he knew them at sight; there were professional begging letters; and there were letters from cranks, ranging from the man with a working model of perpetual motion, and the man who demonstrated that the surface of the earth was the inside of a hollow sphere, to the man seeking financial aid to purchase the Peninsula of Lower California for the purpose of communist colonization. There were letters from women seeking to know him, and over one such he smiled, for enclosed was her receipt for pew rent, sent as evidence of her good faith and as proof of her respectability.

Editors and publishers contributed to the daily heap of letters; the former on their knees for his manuscripts, the latter on their knees for his books—his poor, disdained manuscripts that had kept all he possessed in pawn for so many dreary months in order to find them in postage. There were unexpected checks for English serial rights, and for advance payments on foreign translations. His English agent announced the sale of German translation rights in three of his books, and informed him that Swedish editions, from which he could expect nothing because Sweden was not a party to the Berne Convention, were already on the market. Then there was a nominal request for his permission for a Russian translation, that country being likewise outside the Berne Convention.

He turned to the huge bundle of clippings which had come in from the press bureau, and read about himself and his vogue, which had become a furore. All his creative output had been flung to the public in one magnificent sweep. That seemed to account for it. He had taken the public off its feet, the way Kipling had, that time when he lay near to death and all the mob, animated by a mob-mind thought, began suddenly to read him. Martin remembered how that same world-mob, having read him and acclaimed him and not understood him in the least, had, abruptly, a few months later, flung itself upon him and torn him to pieces. Martin grinned at the thought. Who was he that he should not be similarly treated in a few more months? Well, he would fool the mob. He would be away, in the South Seas, building his grass house, trading for pearls and copra, jumping reefs in frail outriggers, catching sharks and bonitas, hunting wild goats among the cliffs of the valley that lay next to the Valley of Taichae.

In the moment of that thought the desperateness of his situation dawned upon him. He saw, clear-eyed, that he was in the Valley of the Shadow. All the life that was in him was fading, fainting, making toward death. He realized how much he slept, and how much he desired to sleep. Of old he had hated sleep. It had robbed him of precious moments of living. Four hours of sleep in the twenty-four had meant being robbed of four hours of life. How he had grudged sleep! Now it was life he grudged. Life was not good. Its taste in his mouth was without tang and bitter. This was his peril. Life that did not yearn toward life was in fair way toward ceasing. Some remote instinct for preservation stirred in him, and he knew he must get away. He glanced about the room, and the thought of packing was burdensome. Perhaps it would be better to leave that to the last. In the meantime he might be getting an outfit.

He put on his hat and went out, stopping in at a gunstore, where he spent the remainder of the morning buying automatic rifles, ammunition and fishing tackle. Fashions changed in trading, and

he knew he would have to wait till he reached Tahiti before ordering his trade goods. They could come up from Australia, anyway. This solution was a source of pleasure. He had avoided doing something, and the doing of anything just now was unpleasant. He went back to the hotel gladly, with a feeling of satisfaction in that the comfortable Morris chair was waiting for him; and he groaned inwardly, on entering his room, at sight of Joe in the Morris chair.

Joe was delighted with the laundry. Everything was settled, and he would enter into possession next day. Martin lay on the bed, with closed eyes, while the other talked on. Martin's thoughts were far away—so far away that he was rarely aware that he was thinking. It was only by an effort that he occasionally responded. And yet this was Joe, whom he had always liked. But Joe was too keen with life. The boisterous impact of it on Martin's jaded mind was a hurt. It was an aching probe to his tired sensitiveness. When Joe reminded him that some time in the future they were going to put on the gloves together he could almost have screamed.

"Remember, Joe, you're to run the laundry according to those old rules you used to lay down at Shelly Hot Springs," he said. "No overworking. No working at night. And no children at the mangles. No children anywhere. And a fair wage."

Joe nodded and pulled out a notebook.

"Look at here. I was workin' out them rules before breakfast this A. M. What d'ye think of them?"

He read them aloud, and Martin approved, worrying at the same time as to when Joe would take himself off.

It was late afternoon when he awoke. Slowly the fact of life came back to him. He glanced about the room. Joe had evidently stolen away after he had dozed off. That was considerate of Joe, he thought. Then he closed his eyes and slept again.

In the days that followed Joe was too busy organizing and taking hold of the laundry to bother him much, and it was not until the day before sailing that the newspapers made the announcement that he had taken passage on the *Mariposa*. Once, when the instinct of preservation fluttered, he went to a doctor and underwent a searching physical examination. Nothing could be found the matter with him. His heart and lungs were pronounced magnificent. Every organ, so far as the doctor could know, was normal and was working normally.

"There is nothing the matter with you, Mr. Eden," he said, "positively nothing the matter with you. You are in the pink of condition. Candidly, I envy you your health. It is superb. Look at that chest. There, and in your stomach, lies the secret of your remarkable constitution. Physically, you are a man in a thousand—in ten thousand. Barring accidents, you should live to be a hundred."

And Martin knew that Lizzie's diagnosis had been correct. Physically he was all right. It was his "think-machine" that had gone wrong, and there was no cure for that except to get away to the South Seas. The trouble was that now, on the verge of departure, he had no desire to go. The South Seas charmed him no more than did bourgeois civilization. There was no zest in the thought of departure, while the act of departure appalled him as a weariness of the flesh. He would have felt better if he were already on board and gone.

The last day was a sore trial. Having read of his sailing in the morning papers, Bernard Higginbotham, Gertrude and all the family came to say goodbye, as did Herrmann von Schmidt and Marian. Then there was business to be transacted, bills to be paid, and everlasting reporters to be endured. He said goodbye to Lizzie Connolly abruptly at the entrance to night school, and hurried away. At the hotel he found Joe, too busy all day with the laundry to have come to him earlier. It was the last straw, but Martin gripped the arms of his chair and talked and listened for half an hour.

"You know, Joe," he said, "that you are not tied down to that laundry. There are no strings on it. You can sell it any time and blow the money. Any time you

get sick of it and want to hit the road, just pull out. Do what will make you the happiest."

Joe shook his head.

"No more road in mine, thank you kindly. Hoboin' 's all right, exceptin' for one thing—the girls. I cant help it, but I'm a ladies' man. I cant get along without 'em, and you've got to get along without 'em when you're hoboin'. The times I've passed by houses where dances an' parties was goin' on, an' heard the women laugh, an' saw their white dresses and smiling faces through the windows—Gee! I tell you them moments was plain hell. I like dancin' an' picnics, an' walking in the moonlight, an' all the rest too well. Me for the laundry, and a good front, with big iron dollars clinkin' in my jeans. I seen a girl already, just yesterday, an' d'ye know, I'm feelin' already I'd just as soon marry her as not. I've been whistlin' all day at the thought of it. She 's a beaut, with the kindest eyes and softest voice you ever heard. Me for her, you can stack on that. Say, why dont you get married with all this money to burn? You could get the finest girl in the land."

Martin shook his head with a smile, but in his secret heart he was wondering why any man wanted to marry. It seemed an amazing and incomprehensible thing.

From the deck of the *Mariposa* at the sailing hour he saw Lizzie Connolly hiding on the skirts of the crowd on the wharf. Take her with you, came the thought. It is easy to be kind. She will be supremely happy. It was almost a temptation one moment, and the succeeding moment it became a terror. He was in a panic at the thought of it. His tired soul cried out in protest. He turned away from the rail with a groan, muttering, "Man, you are too sick, you are too sick."

He fled to his stateroom, where he lurked until the steamer was clear of the dock. In the dining saloon, at luncheon, he found himself in the place of honor, at the Captain's right, and he was not long in discovering that he was the great man on board. But no more unsatisfactory great man ever sailed on a ship. He spent the afternoon in a deck chair, with closed eyes, dozing brokenly most of the time, and in the evening went early to bed.

After the second day, recovered from seasickness, the full passenger list was in evidence, and the more he saw of the passengers the more he disliked them. Yet he knew that he did them injustice. They were good and kindly people, he forced himself to acknowledge, and in the moment of acknowledgment he qualified—good and kindly, like all the bourgeoisie, with all the psychological cramp and intellectual futility of their kind. They bored him when they talked with him, their little superficial minds were so filled with emptiness; while the boisterous high spirits and the excessive energy of the younger people shocked him. They were never quiet, ceaselessly playing deck-quoits, tossing rings, promenading or rushing to the rail with loud cries to watch the leaping porpoises and the first schools of flying fish.

He slept much. After breakfast he sought his deck chair with a magazine he never finished. The printed pages tired him. He puzzled that men found so much to write about, and, puzzling, dozed in his chair. When the gong awoke him for luncheon he was irritated that he must awaken. There was no satisfaction in being awake.

Once, he tried to arouse himself from his lethargy, and went forward into the forecastle with the sailors. But the breed of sailors seemed to have changed since the days he had lived in the forecastle. He could find no kinship with these stolid-faced, ox-minded, bestial creatures. He was in despair. Up above nobody had wanted Martin Eden for his own sake, and he could not go back to those of his own class who had wanted him in the past. He did not want them. He could not stand them any more than he could stand the stupid first-cabin passengers and the riotous young people.

Life was to him like strong. white light that hurts the tired eyes of a sick person. During every conscious moment life blazed in a raw glare around him and upon him. It hurt. It hurt intolerably. It was the first time in his life that Martin had traveled first-class. On ships at sea he had always been in the fore-

castle, the steerage or in the black depths of the coal-hold passing coal. In those days, climbing up the iron ladders from out the pit of stifling heat, he had often caught glimpses of the passengers, in cool white, doing nothing but enjoy themselves, under awnings spread to keep the sun and wind away from them, with subservient stewards taking care of their every want and whim, and it had seemed to him that the realm in which they moved and had their being was nothing else than paradise. Well, here he was, the great man on board, in the midmost center of it, sitting at the Captain's right hand, and yet vainly harking back to forecastle and stoke-hole in quest of the paradise he had lost. He had found no new one, and now he could not find the old one.

He strove to stir himself and find something to interest him. He ventured the petty officers' mess, and was glad to get away. He talked with a quartermaster off duty, an intelligent man, who promptly prodded him with the socialist propaganda and forced into his hands a bunch of leaflets and pamphlets. He listened to the man expounding the slave-morality, and as he listened he thought languidly of his own Nietzsche philosophy. But what was it worth after all? He remembered one of Nietzsche's mad utterances wherein that madman had doubted truth. And who was to say? Perhaps Nietzsche had been right. Perhaps there was no truth in anything, no truth in truth—no such thing as truth. But his mind wearied quickly, and he was content to go back to his chair and doze.

Miserable as he was on the steamer, a new misery came upon him. What when the steamer reached Tahiti? He would have to go ashore. He would have to order his trade-goods, to find a passage on a schooner to the Marquesas, to do a thousand and one things that were awful to contemplate. Whenever he steeled himself deliberately to think he could see the desperate peril in which he stood. In all truth he was in the Valley of the Shadow, and his danger lay in that he was not afraid. If he were only afraid he would make toward life. Being unafraid, he was drifting deeper into the shadow. He found no delight in the old familiar things of life. The *Mariposa* was now in the northeast trades, and this wine of wind, surging against him, irritated him. He had his chair moved to escape the embrace of this lusty comrade of old days and nights.

The day the *Mariposa* entered the doldrums Martin was more miserable than ever. He could no longer sleep. He was soaked with sleep, and perforce he must now stay awake and endure the white glare of life. He moved about restlessly. The air was sticky and humid, and the rain squalls were unrefreshing. He ached with life. He walked around the deck until that hurt too much, then sat in his chair until he was compelled to walk again. He forced himself at last to finish the magazine, and from the steamer library he culled several volumes of poetry. But they could not hold him, and once more he took to walking.

He stayed late on deck after dinner, but that did not help him, for when he went below he could not sleep. This surcease from life had failed him. It was too much. He turned on the electric light and tried to read. One of the volumes was a *Swinburne*. He lay in bed, glancing through its pages, until suddenly he became aware that he was reading with interest. He finished the stanza, attempted to read on, then came back to it. He rested the book face downward on his breast and fell to thinking. That was it. The very thing. Strange that it had never come to him before. That was the meaning of it all; he had been drifting that way all the time, and now Swinburne showed him that it was the happy way out. He wanted rest, and here was rest awaiting him. He glanced at the open porthole. Yes, it was large enough. For the first time in weeks he felt happy. At last he had discovered the cure of his ill. He picked up the book and read the stanza slowly aloud:

"'From too much hope of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.'"

He looked again at the open port. Swinburne had furnished the key. Life was ill, or, rather, it had become ill—an unbearable thing. "That dead men rise up never!" That line stirred him with a profound feeling of gratitude. It was the one beneficent thing in the universe. When life became an aching weariness death was ready to soothe away to everlasting sleep. But what was he waiting for? It was already time to go.

He arose and thrust his head out the porthole, looking down into the milky wash. The *Mariposa* was deeply loaded, and, hanging by his hands, his feet would be in the water. He could slip in noiselessly. No one would hear. A smother of spray dashed up, wetting his face. It tasted salt on his lips, and the taste was good. He wondered if he ought to write a swan song, but laughed the thought away. There was no time. He was too impatient to be gone.

Turning off the light in his room so that it might not betray him, he went out the porthole feet first. His shoulders stuck, and he forced himself back so as to try it with one arm down by his side. A roll of the steamer aided him, and he was through, hanging by his hands. When his feet touched the sea he let go. He was in a milky froth of water. The side of the *Mariposa* rushed past him like a dark wall, broken here and there by lighted ports. She was certainly making time. Almost before he knew it he was astern, swimming gently on the foam-crackling surface.

A bonita struck at his white body, and he laughed aloud. It had taken a piece out, and the sting of it reminded him of why he was there. In the work to do he had forgotten the purpose of it. The lights of the *Mariposa* were growing dim in the distance, and there he was, swimming confidently, as though it were his intention to make for the nearest land a thousand miles or so away.

It was the automatic instinct to live. He ceased swimming, but the moment he felt the water rising above his mouth the hands struck out sharply with a lifting movement. The will to live was his thought, and the thought was accompanied by a sneer. Well, he had will—ay, will strong enough that with one last exertion it could destroy itself and cease to be.

He changed his position to a vertical one. He glanced up at the quiet stars, at the same time emptying his lungs of air. With swift, vigorous propulsion of hands and feet he lifted his shoulders and half his chest out of water. This was to gain impetus for the descent. Then he let himself go and sank without movement, a white statue, into the sea. He breathed in the water deeply, deliberately, after the manner of a man taking an anaesthetic. When he strangled, quite involuntarily his arms and legs clawed the water and drove him up to the surface and into the clear sight of the stars.

The will to live, he thought disdainfully, vainly endeavoring not to breathe the air into his bursting lungs. Well, he would have to try a new way. He filled his lungs with air, filled them full. This supply would take him far down. He turned over and went down head first, swimming with all his strength and all his will. Deeper and deeper he went. His eyes were open, and he watched the ghostly, prosphorescent trails of the darting bonita. As he swam he hoped that they would not strike at him, for it might snap the tension of his will. But they did not strike, and he found time to be grateful for this last kindness of life.

Down, down, he swam till his arms and legs grew tired and hardly moved. He knew that he was deep. The pressure on his ear-drums was a pain, and there was a buzzing in his head. His endurance was faltering, but he compelled his arms and legs to drive him deeper until his will snapped and the air drove from his lungs in a great explosive rush. The bubbles rubbed and bounded like tiny balloons against his cheeks and eyes as they took their upward flight. Then came pain and strangulation. This hurt was not death, was the thought that oscillated through his reeling consciousness. Death did not hurt. It was life, the pangs of life, this awful, suffocating feeling; it was the last blow life could deal him.

His wilful hands and feet began to beat and churn about spasmodically and feebly. But he had fooled them and the will to live that made them beat and churn. He was too deep down. They could never bring him to the surface. He seemed floating languidly in a sea of dreamy vision. Colors and radiances surrounded him and bathed him and pervaded him. What was that? It seemed a lighthouse, but it was inside his brain—a flashing, bright white light. It flashed swifter and swifter. There was a long rumble of sound, and it seemed to him that he was falling down a vast and interminable stairway. And somewhere at the bottom he fell into darkness. That much he knew. He had fallen into darkness. And at the instant he knew, he ceased to know.

(THE END.)

To a Derelict

By John Comfort Rounds

The tense trades veer thee from their solemn sweep;
From thy void helm the men-of-war divide
Their ponderous fleet; adrift a mid-sea tide
Against thy Asian stars, no shipmen keep
Incumbent watch; the plague-rats loathly creep
Across thy skeletons, whose wraiths deride
The wrecker's flight: ah, Derelict, abide
The shipyard dreams in sea-stress over-deep?

O, Lost on this abysmal thoroughfare!
When from malignant Calms their typhoons pour,
Lo! thine that dolor-berth inherited
Of Unreturning Ships. Fast sleep thee there—
My sea-line star's terrestrial foil no more—
For Light and Shade are alien to that Bed.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD.

(Note: Individuals, organizations and the various State and Federal Departments are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective Eastern homeseekers or investors. Address Editor, Progress Department.)

(Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.)

GENERAL.

Departmental Gossip.

Of late there has been a good deal of gossip from Washington newspaper correspondents over the alleged hostility of Secretary of Interior Ballinger towards Chief Forester Pinchot; also regarding Mr. Ballinger's desire to remove Director Newell, of the Reclamation Service, and to appoint in the latter's stead a man from Mr. Ballinger's home in Seattle, Washington. It appears that much of the "newspaper talk" is exaggerated. Public opinion throughout the United States will not encourage, nor will history commend, any man in public life who should interfere in the patriotic and laudable aims of the Forest Service; nor who should change the present non-political status of the Reclamation Directorship to that of a political job. It is not likely that Secretary Ballinger has any thought of such action. Being keenly alive to the responsibilities of his important office, his attitude would naturally favor only what is for the best interests of the West, with which he has been so long identified with honor.

Mr. Pinchot has long been the target of more or less violent criticism and occasional abuse, usually from selfish interests. No unprejudiced observer of the progress of the Forest Service, however, can have failed to note that its chief has ever been ready to profit by a fair criticism, and that he has always been prompt to correct mistakes shown either by such criticism or by the actual experience of the service which is a monument to his unselfish and single-minded labors in behalf of his country.

Mr. Newell's record and services in connection with the inception, development and success of the reclamation idea are too well known not to make it a matter of great public regret were he now to be removed. According to Portland, Or., newspapers, however, Secretary Ballinger recently has denied emphatically that he is opposed to Mr. Newell, or to the so-called Roosevelt policy of conservation.

A National Bureau of Colonization.

The man who is credited with originating the idea of a National Irrigation Congress, William E. Smythe, is the originator of another big idea, namely, the establishment of a National Bureau of Colonization. The passage of the Reclamation and other irrigation acts, and putting water on the arid land of the West has won the first great battle of arid-land development. The final battle has only just begun, says Mr. Smythe—getting the settler to the land and giving him economic security. No argument is necessary to prove the lasting benefit of the Reclamation Act. The completed Government projects speak for themselves. And perhaps the greatest good of the Reclamation Act is not what it has directly accomplished itself, but what it has encouraged others to accomplish. The Reclamation Service has led the way; has demonstrated that large projects can be successfully carried through; has proved that great irrigation enterprises can be made profitable both to the community and the promoters. As a result, we see private capital spending ten dollars where the Government has spent one. In the future we will see private capital completing larger projects than have yet been undertaken by Uncle Sam.

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movement in the West is one of colonization. This is especially true of the National reclamation projects, since they are not provided with the advertising and exploitation funds that the private projects consider a business necessity. It is argued that the National Colonization Bureau will come, as has the Forestry Bureau and the National Reclamation Service—departments of the National Government that we saw no need of a few years ago. Directing the would-be colonists to the land is only the beginning of the service of the prospective National Bureau of Colonization. The average man knows nothing about the science of irrigation. Hardest of all to teach is that the West wants settlers and producers, and not land-grabbers. The Western man is still more at fault here than is his Eastern brother. The unit of the Western farm has been the quarter section. The unit of the reclamation farm must be the ten-acre tract, and at the most, the forty-acre tract. Intensive farming under scientific irrigation will multiply the productiveness of the old methods many times. Irrigation implies highly organized social life and an interdependence not previously known to the Western or the Eastern farmer. The supply and the control of water—the one element that makes the reclamation community possible—is a community rather than an individual problem. On the other hand, the family that lives on the small irrigated tract enjoys practically all of the good features of both city and country life. Thus it is that there are many privileges as well as promises before the homeseeker on the reclamation project. Certain it is, then, that the launching of the Reclamation Age carries with it obligations to teach these things, hence the justification of a National Bureau of Colonization.

Fourth Annual Dry-Farming Congress.

It has been announced through the experts associated with the National and International dry-farming movement that there are 200,000,000 acres of arable land in the West and Middle West awaiting development by dry-farming methods. It is asserted that this land, which is at present utilized only as stock range, can be brought to high productivity with the application of these new principles. Naturally, the value of the land will be multiplied many times and opportunities and calls will be made to the homeseeker who wants to acquire a Western farm and home. It is well known that it requires much less capital for the new homeseeker in the West to secure a start on dry-farming land than on irrigated land. It may be, of course,

that the dry-farming homeseeker will be called upon to endure slightly more hardships—to live further from the railroads and centers of population, for example. But there is much available open dry-farming land in the near vicinity of the railways and the population centers. These opportunities have been overlooked in the past because the dry-farming movement is new and little understood by the average prospective homeseeker. The recent passage of the 320-acre homestead law, whereby the size of the homestead is increased from 160 to 320 acres, is proving a great stimulant to the dry-farming movement. While the alleged danger of this congressional act is to encourage land-grabbing at the expense of soil-cultivation, its proper administration can easily avert such danger.

Since this is the day of organization, it is natural that the dry-farming movement should take on a business aspect. This organization has taken the name of the Dry-Farming Congress. Though the fourth session of the Congress is yet to be held, at Billings, Montana, beginning October 26, the movement has already become not only National in every sense of the term, but International as well. At the next session of the Congress representatives from many of the nations of the world are expected to be present. One of the very helpful features of the Congress will be exhibits of actual results of dry-farming in many sections of the West. Another announced feature will be the record of all of the open dry-farming lands of the West and Middle West. This should bring many homeseekers to Billings, Montana, during the sessions of the Dry-Farming Congress, late in October.

Asks Five Billion Dollars for National Development.

Irrigation and the conservation of the National resources are large topics, and they grow larger as we come to know more about their meaning. Their magnitude is illustrated by a resolution that was presented before the National Irrigation Congress, in session in Spokane, Washington, August 9 to 14, by Arthur Hooker, secretary of the board of control of the congress. The resolution boldly asked that Congress be memorialized to issue three per cent gold bonds, running 100 years, to the amount of $5,000,000,000, the bonds to be used for the following specific purposes, to quote the words of the resolution:

"One billion dollars for drainage of overflowed and swamp lands, thus reclaiming an area equal to 100,000 square miles.

"One billion dollars for the reclamation by irrigation of 40,000,000 acres of arid and

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semi-arid lands now partly or wholly waste.

"One billion dollars to construct and improve waterways, to develop thousands of miles of territory now without adequate transportation facilities.

"One billion dollars for good roads and National highways, for the lack of which the loss to the farm area of the United States is approximately $500,000,000 annually.

"One billion dollars for forest protection, reforestation and conservation of the forest resources, thus assuring timber and lumber supplies for centuries to come."

The magnitude of the various National enterprises suggested in the resolutions are almost beyond comprehension. Likewise the sum of five billion dollars is a staggering amount to the average person. There are many, of course, who would doubt the wisdom of adding this vast amount to our present National indebtedness, and some of the details of the proposed bond issue are, of course, open to argument. The advocates of the great bond issue agree that five billion dollars is an enormous sum, but they contend that it is no more than is actually needed at the present time for the schemes proposed. They argue that our enormous areas of overflowed and swamp lands are at present useless, and a menace; that the reclamation of arid lands would create wealth to many times the value of the billion dollars proposed for this department of the National development scheme. Likewise, they say, the improvements of our waterways, the construction of good roads, and forest protection and reforestation, would pay big interest on even such a large investment. Whatever be the practical outcome of the resolution introduced before the National Irrigation Congress, it is certain that no harm can be done in agitating the proposed National development scheme. To realize that such vast resources of the West and the Nation are undeveloped and capable of development is the first step towards this very development.

Land Open Under the 320-Acre Homestead Act.

It will be remembered that no land was open to entry and settlement under the Mondell dry-farming law until after it had been designated as such by the Secretary of Interior. Under the terms of this law, passed at the last session of Congress, the "homesteader" is allowed to take 320 acres of land under certain restrictions. First, the land must be within the States or Territories of Oregon, Washington, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, Colorado or Montana. Further, the land must have been designated as non-irrigable. In order to make the law operative at once, answering the demands of the many in the West who wished to take advantage of its provisions in the West, Secretary Ballinger has recently designated over 175,000,000 acres of Western land open to settlement under the provisions of this new law. He has designated about three and a half million acres as being open in Washington, seven millions each in Oregon and Utah, nine millions in Wyoming, fourteen in New Mexico, nineteen in Montana, twenty in Colorado, twenty-six in Arizona and forty-nine million acres in Nevada. Doubtless these areas will be added to from time to time as the line of settlement pushes up to the limits fixed.

It will be remembered that according to the provisions of the Mondell law, the landseeker must be a resident of the State in which the land is located. Also he must live continuously on the land as designated in the well-known Homestead law. It is further provided that one-eighth of the land selected must be cultivated by the second year, and that one-fourth of the whole tract must be continuously cultivated the third year. The land must be in a compact body, and it is allowed that those who have previously filed on the regulation 160 acres may increase their holdings by the addition of land, bringing the total up to not more than 320 acres.

Bureau of Soils Assists Settlement.

One of the quiet, yet valuable factors in the settlement of the West is the Bureau of Soils, of the Department of Agriculture. An illustration may be taken from the Klamath Basin of Southern Oregon and Northern California. Here some 200,000 acres of land are being drained and prepared for irrigation. Without some such body of scientific research years would likely elapse before the homeseeker could determine the crops most adapted to the new and untried soil. In conjunction with soil study experiment farms are being established on the new Government reclamation schemes. Private companies have also taken up the idea, and many of the Carey Act reclamation schemes have their experiment farms. The latest and among the most enthusiastic converts to the scheme of soil demonstration are the great railways that wish to encourage homeseeking.

Commutation Clause Strictly Interpreted.

A new interpretation regarding the commutation of homesteads has recently been given out by the Secretary of Interior. Under the terms of the well-known homestead law the entryman must live on and improve his land for five years before he receives title. A clause provides, however, that in the exceptional case title may be secured after fourteen months' residence, provided a certain amount of improvement has been accomplished and a small payment per acre is made. This latter form of proof is known as the "commutation" of homesteads. The recent interpretation is to make plain that this latter form of proof will be acceptable only in the excep-

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tional case. It states that if the entryman has taken the land in the first place with the intention of commuting it, proof may not be allowed at all. This interpretation is in the interest of securing bona fide settlers for open land. An important application of the new ruling will be with regard to the many homeseekers who are hoping to secure land in the Spokane, Flathead and Coeur d'Alene Indian reservations, since it is safe to say that many of these persons are more properly speculators than real homeseekers.

Reseeding Over-grazed Range of the West.

One of the interesting experiments being conducted jointly by the Bureau of Plant Industry and the Grazing Department of the Forest Service relates to reseeding the over-grazed ranges of the West. Many important forage plans of the West are being tried in the experiments. The most important of these plants is perhaps the alfilaria plant common to the Southwest. In order to secure seed with germinating power it is necessary for the experimenters to go into the field and collect the seed themselves. These experiments, if proved successful, have great promise for the stock-growing industry of the West.

Funds Available for Reclamation.

It is estimated that the sum of $13,200,000 was available for National reclamation projects at the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1909. More than half of this amount, it is estimated, was added to the reclamation fund during the past year, this being the total amount received from the sale of public lands in the Western States to which the National Reclamation Act applies. In addition to the estimated $7,770,000 received this year from the sale of lands, one million dollars was returned to the fund by settlers living on the completed projects. Also, a balance of four and a half millions remained of the previous fund. Reclamation service officials are at present engaged in investigating the most feasible projects for the absorption of this fund. That this is no small matter is indicated by the fact that they are considering at least fifteen different projects in the State of Oregon alone.

Irrigation Successful on Government Projects.

A report has been issued by the Reclamation Service showing the results of irrigation on some of the Government projects of the West. While the relations between the Government and the settlers have not always been as smooth as could be wished, due to several different causes, these figures show the possibilities of the land that is being reclaimed. This fact being assured, other matters will gradually be adjusted. On an 108-acre farm in the Klamath (Oregon-California) project, planted to alfalfa, barley, oats and hay, there is an estimated yield of seventeen dollars and eighty cents per acre above operating expenses. The average yield of sugar beets on the Huntley project in Montana has been fifteen tons per acre, worth five dollars per ton. Thirty bushels of wheat and sixty of oats have resulted from irrigation. It is reported that the farmers agree that a considerable capital is necessary in beginning, but that the average yields will materially increase in a short time.

Prevent Forest Fires by Wireless.

Forest fires are always small in the beginning, and if the alarm can be given promptly enough millions of dollars worth of timber can be saved annually. In the great forest areas of the West some protection has been secured by the construction of telephone lines, but these are apt to get out of order, and then a fire would soon destroy the wires. The advocates of the new system say that a string of wireless alarm boxes could be established which would promptly, and in all directions, give the exact location of the endangered area.

OREGON.

Reclaim 12,000 Acres of Land in Columbia County.

If the announced plan of a company of Western capitalists fully materializes large tracts of overflowed swamp land in the vicinity of Clatskanie, Columbia County, in the extreme northwest corner of the State, will soon be recovered to settlement and profitable agriculture. The company has already begun work on the drainage of small tracts near the town, which is announced to be only the beginning of what they plan to accomplish. They are said to have acquired title to 12,000 acres of land that will be reclaimed in the near future, and to be negotiating for other large tracts. The first of a fleet of dredges of the latest pattern have been set to work and some of the land is expected to be ready for cultivation at an early date. For reclamation purposes the land will be divided into lots of 3,000 acres, or larger. When fully drained it is the plan of the promoters of the development scheme to subdivide the land into smaller tracts and then construct houses, and other improvements, ready for immediate occupancy. The complete project is one of great promise to the development of the section and the State, since the soil of these lands is very rich, and the climate being mild, the district is especially adapted to intensive agriculture.

Large Tract of Harney County Land Open to Entry.

The United States Land Office located at Burns, Harney County, Oregon, has been

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notified that the segregation of a certain improvement company has been canceled and the lands are again open to entry. This tract has been known as the "Carey Lands," and has become famed as land of great promise to the community as soon as opened to general entry. About 59,000 acres of this tract is located near the town of Burns, the county seat of Harney County, and the trade center of a large section of the Central Oregon territory. This land is considered to be of such value that it is thought that every acre of the restored segregation will be taken by homeseekers within a short time. While at present this section of Central Oregon is far from the railroad, it is known to be of such great promise as a wheat-growing and livestock-producing district that it cannot long remain removed from modern means of transportation. Besides having much land open to entry, Harney County is presumed to be rich in artesian water possibilities, and there are strong indications of large oil fields. Until the time of the coming of the railroad to this and other parts of Central Oregon, the chief occupation of the homeseeker will be stock-raising and the supply of agricultural products for a growing home market. The stock industry affords a profitable market for hay and grain.

JERSEYS ON AN EASTERN OREGON ALFALFA RANCH.

Water-Power Possibilities of Oregon.

One of the leading hydraulic engineers of the United States is said to have been making for several months past thorough investigations of the water-power possibilities of Oregon. If his report proves favorable water-power projects at an estimated cost of at least $3,000,000 will be begun in the State at once, the capital being furnished by Eastern promoters. The investigating expert has made definite announcement that the syndicate he represents will at least undertake a power plant to be located on Eagle River, in the vicinity of Baker City, in Eastern Oregon, the power to be utilized in electric lighting and in the operation of an electric railway. This one power plant is expected to cost about $600,000. No information is given out as to the other projects that have been under investigation, some of them supposedly being near the coast in Western Oregon. That the proposed plans of the developing company have been of long incubation is proved by the fact that the water expert states that he has made records of the water flow of all of the streams of both Oregon and Washington. He also knows just how each bit of possible power may be best applied and utilized. He is quoted as follows by a leading paper of the State:

"My investigations leave me with the conviction that Oregon is rich in power but poor in power application. Fuel is yet too plentiful and too cheap. But fifty years will see a change. Fuel will get much dearer. In the meantime methods of applying electric current will be in use such

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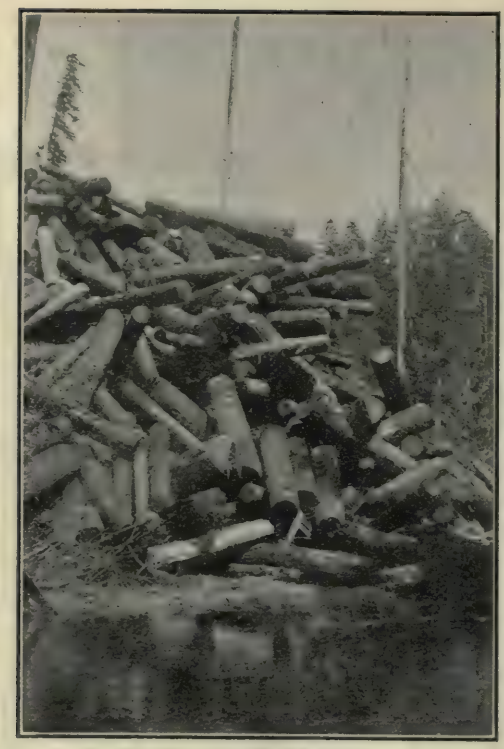

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as we do not dream of now. When that time comes Oregon will be the power market of the world."

Famous "Marble Halls" Are Made a National Park.

The famous Oregon caves, or "Marble Halls of Josephine County," as they are more often called, have been created into a National monument through the signing of a recent proclamation by President Taft. The document sets aside as public property an area of one square mile, including the entrance to this Oregon natural wonder. These cave wonders are located in the vicinity of Cave Mountain, one of the peaks of the Siskiyou National Forest, and about thirty miles south of Grants Pass, Oregon. Though these caves were discovered in 1864, so intricate and extensive are they that they have never yet been fully explored. The main entrance to the cave is at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and in the side of a mountain at least 6,000 feet high. The cave channels extend through a limestone formation, and water may be seen and heard at various levels. Many miles of galleries and caverns have already been explored, these being filled with beautiful formations. It was in order to protect the natural beauty of the Oregon cave-wonder, and to prevent its future exploitation in private hands, that it was created a National park. The cave park is under the supervision of the Forest Supervisor of the district.

Large Reclamation Project in Lake County.

After a long series of delays the Department of Interior has granted the application of a group of Oregon capitalists for the irrigation of a large tract of land near Paisley and Summer Lake, Lake County, in South Central Oregon. The project will irrigate some 12,000 acres under the terms of the Carey Act, the water to be stored in a 2300-acre reservoir located at one of the best natural sites in the West, according to reclamation engineers. The reclamation scheme is expected to cost at least $250,000 and is estimated to be completed in two years. The Paisley project has many interesting and wonderful features. The site was withdrawn at one time by the Reclamation Service. The same group of men that are now granted the right to reclaim the 12,000 acres of land under the Carey Act had made application for the same right about six years ago. Their application was held up by the Reclamation Service, however, and a 33,000-acre Government project located at the same site. For some reason the Reclamation Service decided not to complete the project, and the application of the private company was allowed, they choosing the same reservoir site, and planning to follow out many of the details formulated by the Service. The land to be reclaimed is in the vicinity of Summer Lake, which lake received its name in an interesting manner. It was in 1843 that the "Pathfinder," John C. Fremont, chanced upon the district, in the midst of a severe snowstorm. Though the surrounding country was white and barren, he looked down upon a submerged valley, green and peaceful. Descending the high rim of rocks that surrounds the valley, he found the mildness due to the hot springs that feed the large lake in the center of the valley. Fremont at once, and appropriately, named the body of water Summer Lake, and this name it has retained. Though the little valley has an altitude of 4,000 feet, the climate is said to be mild, and the section especially adapted to the growing of fruits, vegetables and grasses.

Reclaiming the Tule Lands of Southern Oregon.

If the experiments being conducted by the United States Reclamation Service among the Tule basins of South Central Oregon prove to be successful, thousands of acres of rich lands will soon be recovered from waste to profitable cultivation. In the counties of Harney, Lake and Klamath, in South Central Oregon, are many shallow lakes, some of them being many square miles in area. A large part of this region is of lava formation, the lakes representing the basins in the midst of the desert and the lava beds. These wet-weather lakes have long been considered

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very valuable land, and during the dry seasons many of them have supplied large crops of native grasses for the watchful stockmen. Recognizing the great value of the land, the Reclamation Service has been conducting experiments during the past few years looking to their reclamation by drainage. Tule Lake has been chosen as the basis of these experiments, the plan being to conduct the water from the shallow lake and allow it to seep away in the surrounding porous lava beds. These lava beds are known to be full of subterranean channels, and the lava rock is also very porous. In the experiment in question a large pit was excavated in one of the lava beds surrounding Tule Lake, and the water was conducted to this pit by a channel through the lava rock. These experiments have been continued for six months past, it is reported, and seemingly are entirely successful. The water has disappeared as fast as conducted to the lava pit, the amount that the porous rock will "drink up" seemingly only being measured by the size of the conducting channel. A number of wide, deep channels and large pits will be necessary in order to entirely reclaim the land of Tule Lake, but the acreage cost will be small provided this is found to be a practicable scheme for the reclamation of the lands that are at present almost entirely without value.

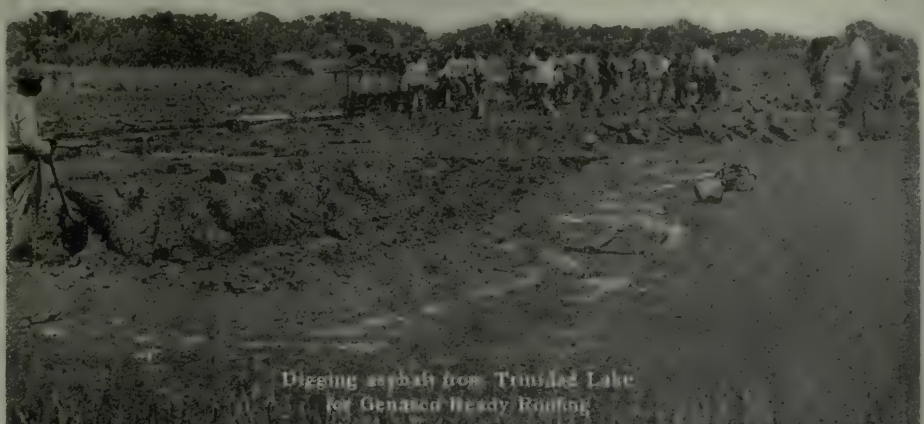
A BIG CEDAR LOG.

Harney County Land to Be Colonized.

Chicago capitalists are reported to have purchased 11,440 acres of the holdings of one of the large livestock companies of Harney County, in Southeastern Oregon, the land to be used for colonization purposes. This large tract, that will be placed on the market in small tracts for homeseekers, is located in the southern part of the county near the Nevada line. The land is said to be 1,000 feet lower in elevation than the famous Harney Valley, centering about Burns, and to be especially adapted to the production of grain, fruit and alfalfa. There is said to be plenty of water available for irrigation, and artesian water prospective. It is expected that others of the large livestock companies of Harney will soon sell their lands for colonization.

Investigate Umatilla Government Project.

Officials of the Reclamation Service have confirmed the rumor that a second large reclamation project for the irrigation of 60,000 acres of the land in Western Umatilla County is being investigated. The project contemplates the construction of a large reservoir on the Umatilla River, near the mouth of Butter Creek, and the irrigation of a tract of very promising land near the Columbia River, reaching as far west as Castle Rock, Oregon. The project would practically be an extension of the Umatilla project, centering about the town of Hermiston, which, because of rich soil, favorable climate, low altitude and nearness to railroad and river transportation, has been called one of the most promising of the reclamation projects of the Northwest. The reclamation officials announce that the prospective Umatilla irrigation project is one of about a dozen projects



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in Oregon being investigated by them, the most promising of which will be constructed as soon as funds are available for the work.

Planting Orchards in Benton County.

That Benton County is to become one of the leading fruitgrowing counties of Oregon is seemingly indicated by the reports of orchard plantings that are taking place in that section. Apples, prunes and peaches are the favorite fruits that will be produced. These orchards will be centered about the town of Corvallis, a name which, literally interpreted, means "The Heart of the (Willamette) Valley." It is reported that 800 acres of commercial apples will be growing in Benton County at the close of the year. This acreage will be largely added to during the next few years, a single company announcing that it will have 1,000 acres planted to apple trees within two years. In addition to the apples, it is said that there is being planted this year in Benton County 100 acres of Bartlett pears, 1,000 acres of prunes and 160 acres of peaches.

WASHINGTON.

Propose Co-Operative Irrigation for 300,000 Acres.

If means are found to realize the hopes of ten of the leading cities of the Yakima Valley, one of the largest projects on record will irrigate an immense tract of land in South Central Washington. The plan of these ten cities, whose delegates recently met at Sunnyside to form a preliminary organization, is to find means to bring to completion the giant irrigation scheme that was investigated by the State of Washington almost twenty years ago. At that time State surveyors went over the field and expended $7,000 in determining the project feasible. The scheme is known as the High Line Canal, reaching the lands above those covered by the present irrigation schemes in effect in the Yakima Valley. The former proposed State plan was to start a large canal from the Yakima River, at Clealum, and carry it south and east through the Yakima Valley, and the counties of Benton, Yakima, Kittitas and Klickitat, terminating near Kiona. Such a canal would be about ninety miles long and would naturally be very expensive of construction. The water supply for the giant irrigation scheme would be insured by using some of the lakes on the upper part of the stream as storage reservoirs. That great values would be created by the project is indicated in the fact that much of the land to be covered would be transformed from wheat land into high-priced fruit land. Other sections would be transformed from grazing lands of slight value to highly productive land susceptible to intensive farming. This 300,000-acre project will be such a large undertaking that it is hoped that the Government can be interested. To this end delegates are being selected from the ten cities of the district, this committee to meet and confer with the irrigation committee of the United States Senate when it makes its tour of inspection of the irrigation projects this fall. This proposed 300,000-acre irrigation scheme is in the heart of one of the most famous fruit sections of the West.

Spokane, the Hub of the Inland Empire.

The term "Inland Empire" is one that is much heard in the West these days. In a general way this has come to signify that section of the Northwest between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades. It includes the greater part of Washington and Oregon (known as Eastern Washington and Eastern Oregon), almost the whole of Western Montana, the State of Idaho, Southeastern British Columbia, and parts of several other bordering States. Due largely to railroad development, the chief city, and the hub of the Inland Empire, has come to be Spokane, located in the southeast corner of Washington, and almost within touching distance of Oregon and Idaho, the other two chief States of the Inland Empire. Spokane has had a wonderful development since the coming of the railroad a quarter of a century ago. The city has come to be the railroad center of this vast district, touched by six transcontinental railroads, several of them traversing the section from east to west. The reason for the coming of so many transcontinental railroads lies in the fact that perhaps no other single section of the Nation has greater potential and developing wealth. The natural wealth of the Inland Empire tributary to Spokane includes great wheatgrowing possibilities, a large per cent of the standing timber of the Nation, undeveloped water power, an immense stock industry, great mineral wealth and a climate that rarely permits a crop failure. Spokane is the center of one of the great irrigated districts of the Northwest. A number of Government projects are included in this area, and others are prospective; private companies have also recovered additional thousands of acres. Besides the reclamation schemes, and industrial opportunities that offer rewards to the homeseeker, there remains about four and a half million acres of open Government land in the State of Washington. Oregon has 16,000,000, Idaho 25,000,000 and Montana 45,000,000.

Thirteen Million Fruit Trees in Washington.

The State Commissioner of Horticulture for Washington estimates that there were 13,350,000 fruit trees growing in the State of Washington during 1908. The growing possibilities of the State as a fruit-produc-

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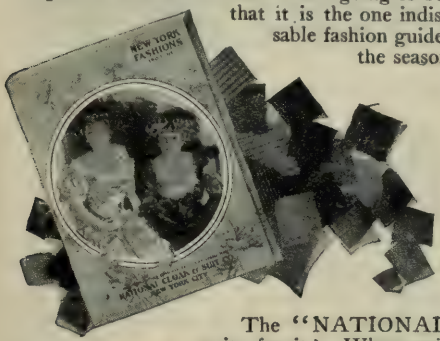

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in section is indicated in the fact that two millions of these thirteen million fruit trees were planted during the year covered by the report. Advance estimates for 1909 and 1910 indicate that the fruit acreage of Washington will be immensely increased during the next few years. Apple trees are the most popular fruit trees of the State, including almost one-half of the total. There are a million peach trees and a million and three-quarters of pear trees. In addition the State also has 2,500 acres each of grapes and raspberries, 2,000 acres of blackberries and 1,000 acres of strawberries.

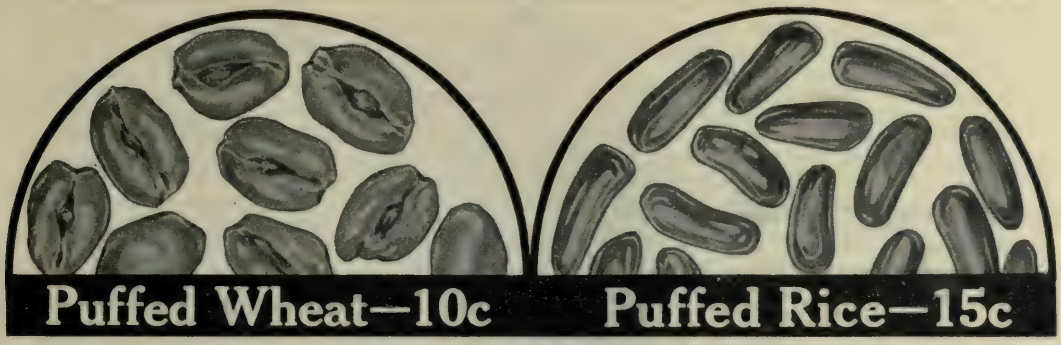
HAYDEN LAKE, A FAVORITE RESORT NEAR SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Irrigate Large Tract of Land Near Pasco.

It is announced that an agreement has been signed whereby 20,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Pasco, in the southeastern part of the State, are assured of irrigation. The agreement is between the owners of a number of large tracts of land in the vicinity of Pasco and prominent local capitalists. The promoters of the irrigation scheme agree to supply gravity water for one-half of the land within the 100-foot level of the Columbia River, on condition that the other half of the land is deeded to them. After holding a number of public meetings enough of the landholders of the district have agreed to the terms to insure the success of the scheme, and the irrigation of at least 20,000 acres in the Pasco section. The reclamation company will pump the water from the Columbia River by electrical power, and agrees to have water on the land by April 1, 1910. The landowners will be required to pay an annual maintenance fee of five dollars an acre, and the company agrees to supply one-half of a foot of water for each acre, the water to be supplied from April 1 to October 31. The company is said to have already ordered a large amount of new machinery and to be preparing to place new generators at the power site that it owns. The irrigation of this section has been agitated for many years. The land has great promise for fruitgrowing and intensive agriculture and is well located as to markets and transportation.

Fortunes Made from Five-Acre Orchards.

The farm unit in the irrigated fruit districts of Washington has gradually been lessened, following the development of irrigation, until it is said that the five-



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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will be your favorite foods, after you taste the first dish. You will be as charmed as the rest are.

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But imagine whole kernels of wheat or rice made four times as porous as bread. They fairly melt in the mouth.

Every starch granule has been exploded by steam, so the digestive juices act instantly.

You don't know a cereal that's half so good, or half so good for you, as these.

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This is the process—invented by Prof. Anderson—by which these queer foods are made:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed—the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have the whole grains, made porous and crisp and digestible.

For Summer Meals

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not merely for breakfast. You can hardly serve them too often.

Your people will want them for luncheons and suppers many a time this summer.

Serve them with cream or fruit, as you do other cereals. Or serve them in a bowl of milk.

These foods are hearty because they contain the whole grain. And they are digestible. No other cereal foods ever created tax the stomach so little. They are ideal hot weather foods.

But let the foods themselves tell you how much they mean to you. A ten-cent package will tell you more than columns of print could do. Please order it now.

Sold by grocers everywhere.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

acre tract has been found to give the best results. It was not so many years ago that wheat-raising was the prevailing industry, even in such famed fruit sections as Yakima and Wenatchee Valleys. Though irrigation has been practiced almost from the time of the coming of the railroad to Washington, its real success dates back a period of perhaps only fifteen years, when it began to be demonstrated that the "big red apple" of Washington perhaps had no peer in any part of the United States, and that this apple was the product of irrigation; then irrigation and orchard planting received its first great impetus. The railroad tonnage from the irrigated districts grew marvelously, and in these districts wheat-raising had to give way. Wenatchee and Yakima came to be names associated with marvelous fruit production. The farms gradually grew smaller as orchard planting continued. Today the family with five acres of land in the favorable fruit districts of Washington has the assurance of an independent income. The well-cultivated tract is said to often yield from one to two thousand dollars per acre annually. As an average case of the profits that may be expected might be taken the affidavit of one Yakima man. His thirty-five-acre orchard returned $12,700 the first year that it came into bearing. The second year this amount was increased to $24,000 and the third year gave an equally good return.

Restore 36,000 Acres of Land to Entry.

Registrars of the land offices at Walla Walla and North Yakima are said to have been notified of the restoration to entry, by the Secretary of Interior, of a large area of land formerly under the proposed Hanford Government reclamation scheme. The land was withdrawn from entry at the beginning of the irrigation activity in that part of the State. The proposed Government project has been abandoned, however, and the land is just being returned to entry. According to the conditions as announced, the 36,000 acres of valuable land are not subject to entry until September 7. The notice of the restoration contains a warning to the effect that no person can gain any rights whatever on the lands before that date. Following the custom usually accompanying such land openings in the West, it is expected that there will be a grand rush for the most choice portions as soon as occupancy is legally permitted. The land becomes subject to entry under the conditions of the public land laws of the United States on and after September 7, the land being under the jurisdiction of the land offices at Walla Walla and North Yakima.

Reclaim Land With Pumping Plant.

Experiments covering a period of two years seem to prove that the land in the vicinity of Wenatchee can be successfully reclaimed by the pumping-plant method. These plants have taken various forms—hydraulic rams, electric and gasoline pumps seemingly being the favorite motive power for the water lifts. It is said that about thirty pumps of various sizes have been engaged this year in lifting water from the Columbia River. As an index to the possibilities of the new method of reclamation, it is estimated that within the next three years 25,000 acres of undeveloped land within a radius of ten miles of Wenatchee shall have been reclaimed in this manner.

Large Cement Plant at Metaline.

One of the promising new industries of the State of Washington is the new Portland cement plant that is being constructed at the new town of Metaline. The mills, when completed, will have a capacity of 2,000 barrels of cement daily, and will employ several hundred men. It is announced that the company will operate the mills at their capacity during the entire year. Workmen are at present engaged in preparing the water-power site at Sullivan Lake, where 12,000 horsepower will be developed for the use of the manufactory.

Irrigate Krupp Dry Lands.

A company with a capital stock of $25,000 has been organized for the purpose of reclaiming 500 acres of land near the town of Krupp, in the Big Bend country. The land will be divided into five and ten-acre tracts, and it is expected that these tracts will add a number of families of homeseekers to the district. The land is said to be especially adapted to raising apples and peaches, and, with water, to be among the most promising of the lands of the Big Bend district.

CALIFORNIA.

Irrigate and Subdivide 100,000 Acres Near Colusa.

It is the announced plan of a company of Eastern capitalists to promote a large irrigation and colonization scheme in the Sacramento Valley, centering near Colusa, Colusa County. The promoters of the scheme say that they control, through option and ownership, 100,000 acres of land in the rich Upper Sacramento Valley, and that it is their purpose to bring water to this land and to subdivide it for the small landholder. The company intends to complete the irrigation system known as the Central Canal, which diverts water from the Sacramento River a few miles north of the Glenn County line. The main canal will reach from this point to the town of Arbuckle, covering some very rich land. The constructing engineers announce no engineering difficulties in the promotion of the project, though the cost will be large. The same company of capitalists seemingly have proved their ability

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to handle such a large irrigation scheme as the one planned, through similar work done in Idaho. In that State the syndicate took over 260,000 acres of barren land, constructing an irrigation system at the cost of $3,000,000 and spending another $2,000,000 in preparing the land for water application and in advertising its sale. Sacramento Valley presents unusual phases of climate, varying from the heavy rainfall of the wet season, with accompanying floods, to the extreme drouth of the dry season. This condition makes the lands, when without irrigation, very uncertain for intensive crop production, although experts pronounce the soil among the richest to be found in California.

A FIELD OF SUGAR BEETS IN THE WONDERFUL IMPERIAL VALLEY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Waste Land Sells for $1,000 an Acre.

A good example of the increase in values that reclamation insures may be seen in the vicinity of Marysville, California. An Eastern syndicate of capitalists, represented by a Sacramento attorney, has been buying up the waste bottom lands along the Yuba River, east of Marysville, for the announced construction of a reclamation scheme. A year ago the land could have been purchased for an average of fifty dollars an acre, but as a result of its prospective reclamation the land is now being held at $1,000 an acre. The company has erected its first dredging reclamation plant and plan to begin work soon on the reclamation of the 1,140-acre Stephens estate. It is not announced whether the reclamation will be accomplished by filling the lowlands, or throwing up protecting levees. The syndicate announces the ultimate reclamation of large tracts along the Feather River.

Eagle Lake to Be Used for Irrigation.

That Eagle Lake, in Lassen County, is one of the most valuable bodies of water in the State seems to be proved by recent investigations. Careful measurements show that the great lake, fifty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, is always at the same level, though the lake has no visible water-shed. Many attempts have been made to find bottom to the lake, without success. As an explanation of the uniformity of the water level, scientists are of the opinion that the lake contains subterranean springs, their flow being equal to the annual evaporation of the body of water. It is reported that some of this vast body of water is to soon be used for irrigating surrounding lands.

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IDAHO.

Citizens to Reclaim 150,000 Acres of Submerged Lands.

Leading citizens of the three Northern Idaho counties of Bonner, Kootenai and Shoshone have formed a league, the purpose of which is to devise means for the reclamation of between 150,000 and 200,000 acres of valuable submerged lands of Northern Idaho. A meeting of representatives from each of these counties recently held at Coeur d'Alene resulted in an active, responsible development organization. Bonner County sent one of its representatives to the last Legislature of Idaho for the especial purpose of promoting such reclamation work. It was found unconstitutional for either the State or a county to appropriate funds for reclamation. An amendment for the correction of this constitutional defect was proposed, the measure passing the House, but being allowed to die in the Senate. Following this unsuccessful attempt to interest the State or County as a unit in the reclamation of these lands, representative citizens decided to carry the matter through. The 150,000 to 200,000 acres of Northern Idaho lands capable of reclamation through drainage are said to be rich and able to support a large population. Some of the experimental drainage work in the St. Joe River Valley has proved the land wonderfully fertile. The large areas capable of drainage are in the St. Joe, Kootenai and Hoodoo River valleys, and a large tract near Pend Oreille Lake. The cost of draining these lands is estimated at an average of eight to ten dollars an acre, and still less in the Hoodoo River Valley. The most favored scheme for the reclamation of these lands is to divide them into districts, and to issue bonds against the areas to cover the cost of the reclamation work. It is thought that such bonds would find a ready sale.

Sale of State Lands Near Burley and Weiser.

What has been called one of the most successful land sales in the history of the State Land Department of Idaho was that held recently at Weiser, on the west central border of the State. The sale included nearly 4,000 acres of State lands, the price received ranging from ten dollars to seventy-five dollars an acre, the average being about thirty dollars an acre. These sales represent the estimated market value of arid sagebrush lands with no present prospects of irrigation.

Still another recent land sale was conducted by the Land Department at Burley. This latter is one of the largest land sales ever held in the State of Idaho. The land disposed of lies south and southeast of the town of Burley, the metropolis of Cassia County, in the south central part of the State. Though only 5,000 acres were advertised for the sale, applications were filed for more than 11,000 acres of the State lands. These lands all lie under irrigation projects, and in addition to the price fixed by the State the applicant must pay for the water rights attached. The buyer is allowed one year from the date of his purchase to apply for water from the private company. The appraised values of these lands, as fixed by the State Land Department, vary from ten to thirty dollars an acre. Many of the tracts will bring more than the appraised value, however, some of the land being bid up to sixty and seventy dollars an acre. The terms of sale are made very liberal. One-tenth of the purchase price must be paid down, for lands which sell for twenty-five dollars or less per acre, the balance being payable in eighteen annual installments, interest at six per cent. One-fifth of the purchase price must be paid in cash on the day of the sale, for lands that sell for more than twenty-five dollars an acre, the balance being divided into sixteen annual installments, with interest at six per cent. The water right must be paid for in ten annual installments, the first payment being due on December 1 following the spring in which water is furnished. The State is said to own 14,500 acres of land in this vicinity, all of which is expected to be offered for sale within a few months.

Plans to Revive the 300,000-Acre Dubois Project.

It is reported that the large Dubois project in the southeastern part of the State, recently abandoned by the Reclamation Service, is to be carried to completion by Pittsburg and Chicago capitalists. The project is located in Fremont and Bingham counties, and is estimated to be capable of reclaiming 300,000 acres of arid land. The total cost of the canal system is estimated at $5,000,000. Some years ago, through the efforts of Senator Dubois, of Idaho, a large segregation of some of the richest land in the State was made, the land extending west from Idaho Falls to the Lost River Mountains. The plan of reclamation was to make a large reservoir of Henry's Lake, and conserve the waters of the Upper Snake River. The plan was finally abandoned, however, due to the immense cost. It was found that the only means of getting water to the land was through a wide lava bed, and this was considered a prohibitive undertaking. Accordingly, the land was restored to entry a year ago by the Department of Interior, and the project abandoned. Word comes now, however, that the same men who were largely responsible for the construction of the Twin Falls project will now undertake the completion of the 300,000-acre Dubois project. The cost of the large and difficult project has not as yet been estimated, but it is thought that the cost of driving the canal through the lava beds will alone

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be at least $2,000,000. The total cost of the scheme probably cannot be less than $5,000,000. The land to be reclaimed is considered to be of the very richest virgin soils. Abundant water is seemingly assured, since the proposed plans include the erection of a large storage dam on the north fork of the Snake River, as well as transforming Henry's Lake into an immense storage reservoir.

Work Begins on 20,000-Acre Crane Creek Project.

A large reclamation project which will cost at least a million dollars and irrigate 20,000 acres of land tributary to Weiser has been begun by the business men of the city mentioned. The immense project has been quietly under way for several years past, but it is announced that everything is so well organized now that work will be rushed to completion. A surveying party is completing the mapping of that part of the tract that lies south of the Weiser River. There are about 13,000 acres on this part of the project, and it is expected that water may be had for this part of the reclamation scheme in time for the irrigation of next year's crops. In addition there will be about 7,000 acres north of the Weiser that will be irrigated. With the completion of the surveying of the ditches work will begin on the large reservoir that will supply the water. The reservoir will have a capacity of 71,000 acre-feet of water, and will be located some distance above the mouth of Crane Creek and about twenty miles from Weiser. By the construction of a dam 313 feet long on top and 380 feet thick a reservoir lake about four and a half miles long by two miles wide, and with an average depth of twenty-three feet, will be created. Besides the water for irrigation, the site will permit the generation of 12,000 electric horsepower, it is said. The land will be sold in small tracts when the reclamation scheme is completed. The enthusiasts of the project class the land to be reclaimed with such well-known fruit sections as the Wenatchee and Yakima Valleys of Washington, though at the present time sagebrush is the predominating growth. The promoters and stockholders of the company are all local people and include some of the most prominent of Washington County residents.

Opening of the 50,000-Acre Dietrich Tract Near Shoshone.

The latest of the Carey Act tracts of Idaho to be opened to settlement by the homeseekers of the Nation is the Dietrich tract near Shoshone, in Lincoln County, in South Central Idaho. The land drawing was advertised for June 8, the drawings being under the direction of the Secretary of State. When the sales began certified checks to the amount of $600,000 had been deposited, this amount representing the initial payment of three dollars an

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acre required in advance. These checks came from people in all parts of the United States, and in the total represented over four times as much as the whole Dietrich tract contains. The selection of the tracts were by lottery, the 2,400 applicants being represented by small wooden blocks placed in a large churn, which was vigorously turned by the Secretary of State before the drawing began. Number 333 proved to be the first one drawn, the holder being entitled to first choice from the land of the tract. During the first day between 15,000 and 20,000 acres of land were selected for settlement. Many of the selections were for forty-acre tracts, due partially to the broken nature of the ground, and the numerous little lava beds in the midst of the fertile land. The new town of the project, Dietrich, is located eight miles east of Shoshone, and in the center of what is expected to be the most fertile part of the 50,000-acre segregation. Though there were only a few tents to mark the location of the prospective city, thousands visited the site, arriving by special trains, autos and other less modern means, and whole additions and many city lots were sold.

Notes from North Side Twin Falls Project.

With this, the first year that water has been available for the North Side Twin Falls tract in Idaho, it is reported that 35,000 acres are already in cultivation. Applying water to the land is one of the expensive features in reclaiming the desert. For example, it is said that the company behind the project spent $3,500,000 in constructing the forty-five miles of laterals necessary to scatter the water over the 220,000 acres of the project. The development of settlement on the project is indicated by the manner in which the project towns have grown. Wendell, one of the new towns, and only about six months old, has a population of six hundred. Many large modern business blocks are under construction in this and other towns. Among the other promising towns of the project are Millner and Hillsdale, which are growing rapidly.

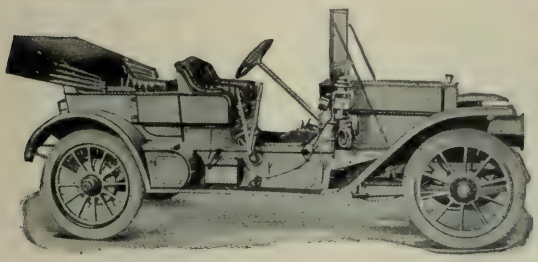
Parma, a Promising Business Center.

What is reported to be one of the most rapidly growing cities of Idaho is Parma, located about fifty miles west of Boise on the main line of the railroad. With the completion of the Payette-Boise project, now under construction, this town will be the center of one of the best watered sections of the State. Parma is located at the junction of the Boise and Snake rivers, and the soil is pronounced to be among the very best of Southern Idaho for fruit-growing and farming. The water rental for the land in this vicinity is the cheapest of the State, "as to acreage applied." One of the surprises to the newcomer in this section is the fine modern homes costing from $1,000 to $3,000 that are being constructed by those who have applied for the land under the Government project.

The Envied Car

Every motor car lover likes to think that some day he'll own a Stearns.

Yet thousands of men pay for lesser cars more than the Stearns would cost.



A Most Popular Model—Toy Tonneau Style
With either 15-30 H. P. or 30-60 H. P. Chassis

They buy cars that are old in one season. Then buy another the next. They are paying the price of the Stearns—and more—without having the car they want.

The Stearns grows better, with proper care, up to 15,000 miles. Its second year is better than its first. Our races are won by cars which have seen at least two seasons' active use.

Nobody knows how long a Stearns will last, for no Stearns has ever worn out.

The Stearns, of course, is a stunning car; but that isn't the reason why some cars cost less.

Nine-tenths of the cost is in parts you don't see. Every part of the mechanism is as costly as we can make it.

That's why the car endures. That's why it is safe. That's the source of its wonderful power.

Stearns

The car as now made is perfection. We have spent 13 years in making it better, and there's little room to go further.

You can wisely buy a Stearns to keep. For there will never be, in all probability, any radically better car.

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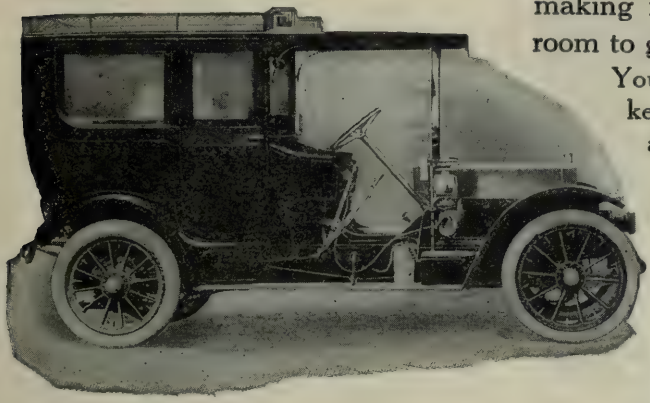

The 30-60 H. P. Chassis with Limousine Body

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"The White Line Radiator belongs to the Stearns"

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Handsome NIGHT GOWN $1.49

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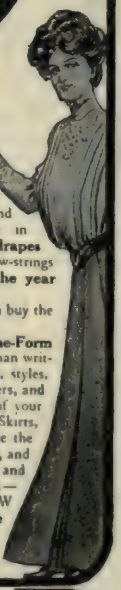

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WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back — all substitutes offered will rise in front during development — a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined taste. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

ALASKA.

Alaska Being Explored by the Geological Survey.

One of the large factors assisting in the development of Alaska is the systematic survey of the Territory by the Geological Survey, which has been conducted for a number of years past.

For the season of 1909 there are fourteen different parties in the field. Besides a number of assistants with each party, there are also twelve professional geologists, seven topographers and three engineers. These parties are scattered well over the territory, two of them being at work in Southeastern Alaska, where the mining regions and ore deposits are being more thoroughly investigated. A third party is making a more detailed study of the two copper belts in the Copper River region. The investigations in the Kenai district are expected to be of value to prospectors, and the former policy of mapping out the coal fields of the Territory will be continued in the Metanuska district. Another party will traverse the large unsurveyed section of the Iliamna Lake region, west of Cook Inlet, where discoveries of copper and placer gold have been reported. The large area between the Yukon and Tanana has been investigated for the past ten years, these investigations including ore deposits, and the amount of surface water available for placer mining. In the Norton Bay region there is said to be a 150-mile strip that has never been explored, and another of the parties will spend the summer in this region. Though the Geological Survey has done more work in the Seward Peninsula than in any other part of Alaska, yet another party will spend the summer in that district investigating water resources and continuing the mapping of the tin and placer gold deposits.

Record Gold Shipment from Alaska.

Large shipments of gold from Alaska to the mainland of the south is taken as such a matter of course these days that even the recent record shipment of six and a half tons of the precious metal to Seattle on a single steamer, has failed to arouse more than passing notice. This six and a half tons of the yellow metal, valued at $3,200,000, is said to have been the largest single shipment ever brought from Alaska. This, however, represents only a part of the shipment from a single Alaskan district, that about Tanana, where the annual clean-up is estimated at from eleven to fifteen millions. The gold was shipped in the form of dust and gold bricks, and contained in one hundred sacks, which were intrusted to the mail and express authorities. The shipment was started down the Tanana River almost before the channel was freed from ice, thence up the Yukon to White Horse and trans-shipped by rail to Skagway, and finally by steamer to Seattle.

Building a New Town on Cordova Bay.

Prominent Seattle men are backing an enterprise that will result in the founding of the new town of Nelson, at the head of Cordova Bay, the natural sea outlet for the large inland coal regions that are fast being developed. The town was named by Governor Hoggatt, of Alaska, in honor of Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, who has taken a great interest in the development of Alaska since its earliest exploitation. The townsite has already been incorporated, it being located on the 2,000-acre grant made by Congress for that purpose early this year. In addition to the 2,000-acre grant an additional 3,000 acres were reserved by the Government for public uses, such as parks, schools, driveways and building sites.

It is expected that the new town of Nelson will become one of the most flourishing population centers of Alaska, since it is the terminus of the new Copper River & Northwestern Railway, the development project of the Guggenheim interests. The town also has natural seaport advantages and immense coal bunkers will be erected on the shores of the bay. The Government has reserved an island almost opposite the town for a coaling station. Authorities state that coal is so abundant in the new regions to be opened up that it can easily compete with that nearer the market centers, even allowing for the long shipment necessary.

Some Advice About Alaska.

Practically everybody who goes to Alaska has the idea of making a "quick stake." There are no more opportunities for making a quick stake in Alaska than many regions nearer home, either in mining or other industries. But the same qualities that make for success anywhere (regardless of the element of luck) will enable you to win in Alaska. Some men find the frontier most congenial to their tastes; others are contented only in the atmosphere of the big town and the comfortable civilization of the long-settled community. Remember that Alaska is frontier, but not by any means like the Western States once were. At the present time its commercial opportunities are very largely monopolized by huge corporations.

In regard to mining, actual prospecting, a poor business at best anywhere, is far more difficult and expensive in Alaska than elsewhere. Do not be deceived by the glowing talk of the great agricultural opportunities in Alaska. The area for this industry is liimted to a few valleys, and the conditions will not be sufficiently attractive to many until the opportunities for acquiring good farms in the States and Canada are fewer than at present. But there are opportunities—and big ones.

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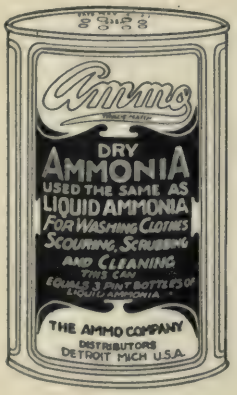
Your servant has Thursday afternoons off. Have you?

CAN'T BE BEAT FOR CLEANING GLASSWARE, PAINTED SURFACES, RUGS, LINOLEUM, AND FOR WASHING CLOTHES

¶ Ammo is concentrated ammonia in powdered form. There are no breath-stopping fumes and it goes three times as far as liquid ammonia at a third the cost



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Quality and Simplicity

ARE THE STRONGEST CHARACTERISTICS OF

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Other methods of writing have outlived their usefulness. In keeping abreast of the times the users of this pen find the greatest satisfaction in its efficiency. Made in the largest and best equipped fountain pen plant in the world, from the best raw materials that money can buy. The uncommon existence of simplicity obtains not only accuracy but durability. This pen and ink provide the tried and successful materials for all writing purposes. Try it for comparison. The styles are standard (*Cone-Cap*), Safety and Self-Filling. There are 366 patterns and sizes—34 varieties of pen points in each size—Prices $2.50 and upwards.

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CUTICURA SOAP

And gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment.

What is Sewing Machine Oil?

Any oil that gums will surely clog the action parts. Heavy oils remain where dropped or smear over outside of machine. Oil should aid—not hinder free action of the machine. Grease can't lubricate. "3 in One" is an oil compound that will not dry out, cake, gum, turn rancid or collect dust. Where other oils work *out* "3 in One" works *in*. Reaches remotest action point of all bearings and lubricates where most essential. It makes machine run easily and smoothly—reduces friction—prevents wear and tear that loosens bearings—in short—it lengthens life of machine and operator.

"3 in One" prevents rust and tarnish on all the nickel and metal parts—cleans and polishes the wooden case.

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Write for sample bottle and "3 in One" dictionary—both free.

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Trial Treatment of California's latest and greatest discovery, together with an elegantly illustrated book telling all about it, will be sent to anyone afflicted with consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any nose, throat or lung trouble in order to prove that the cure can positively be made in the patient's own room, without change of climate, without detention from business and without stomach dosing.

This new direct treatment, **Condor Inhalation**, cures in wonderfully quick time **pain in either lung or between shoulder blades, hemorrhage, spitting up matter, coughs that stay, difficult breathing, lingering colds, head noises, raw throat, stuffed nose, foulbreath, fever or chills, night sweats, general weakness, loss of weight or strength, etc.**, and is now curing 95 out of every 100 cases treated in Phoenix, Ariz., Indio, Cal., and other consumptive centers.

By means of vapor from burning a pastile the healing powers of the discovery are drawn into nose or lungs and instantly penetrate and **Disinfect** the **Ulcerated Tissues.** This inhalation method at once destroys and clears out the poison germs, opens wasted cells, loosens and throws off the distressing mucus, rebuilds tissues, heals lung cavities, and creates bodily strength and vigor. If you are taking medicine, S T O P.

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Four Minutes with "Tannhaüser March."

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A beautiful phonograph at $22 ($28.60 in Canada) makes the wealth of music now on Standard and Amberol Records available in every home. Ask to hear the "Fireside."

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†Standard Each month there are 20 new Edison Records of Standard size, embracing the best things of the stage and the musical world, which can be adapted to this size Record without omitting or hurrying any part.

§Amberol Records are the longest-playing and the most perfect Records made. Selections never before offered in Record form, because of their length, are reproduced on Amberols just as they are written. Therefore, most Amberol music is exclusive. 20 new Amberol Records are issued each month.

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Top, 54 inches diameter
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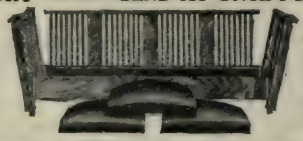

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Length 88 inches

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As you receive it. With cushions made ready to drop in place. Just six joints to put together in the grooves provided, a few minutes work in staining and the piece is finished.

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Our Price, K D , $18 75

No. 12
Height, 37 inches
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No 12

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You save (1) all the dealer's profit; (2) three-fourths the freight; (3) cost of finishing; (4) expense of crating and packing; (5) in factory cost; (6) in factory profit. FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF.

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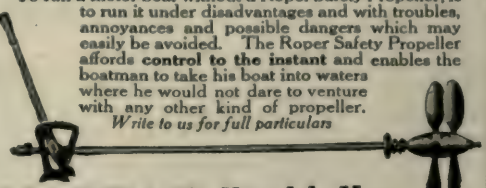
Write to us for full particulars



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are held in a solid bed of hard, vulcanized rubber—water-proof, soap-proof, alkali-proof, wear-proof. You can boil a Rubberset if you like—it does it good. Rubberset Brushes are patented and are the only brushes held in hard rubber. The name on every brush guarantees it.

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Composed of Glycerine and Cocoanut Oil—well known skin healers. Lathers freely. Softens the beard perfectly. Contains no free alkali to smart and dry the skin. The face feels smooth and soft after shaving. Sanitary and convenient. 25c a tube. Send dealer's name and 4c in stamps for 10c sample tube.

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Self-Loading Rifle, .351 Caliber, High Power

This six-shot repeater utilizes the recoil to reload itself, which places loading, as well as shooting, under the control of the trigger finger. The ease, rapidity and accuracy with which it can be shot make it a particularly effective rifle for big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run. The .351 Caliber, High-Power cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

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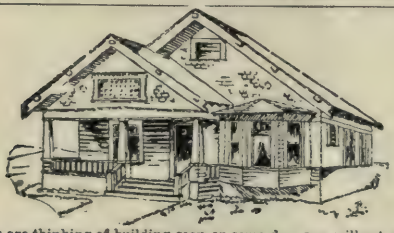

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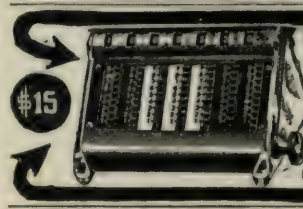

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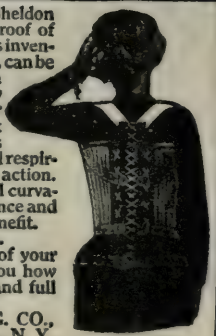

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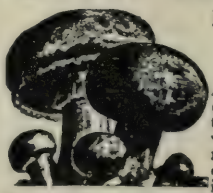

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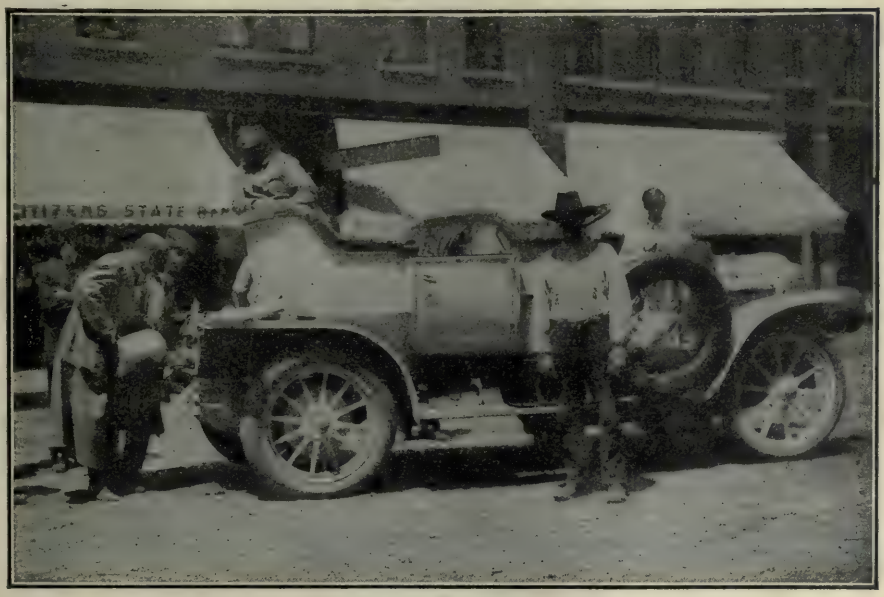

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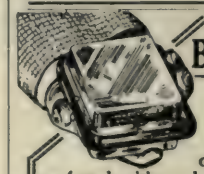

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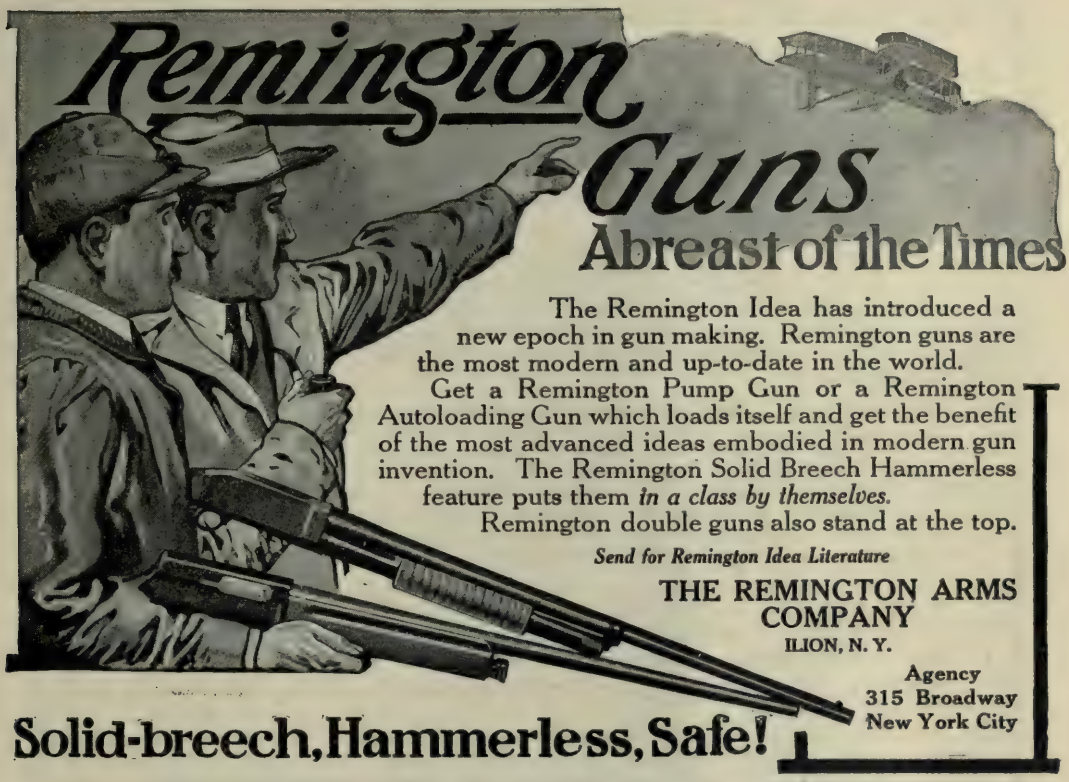
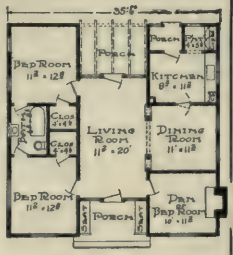


STILLWELL BUNGALOWS



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Pacific Monthly,

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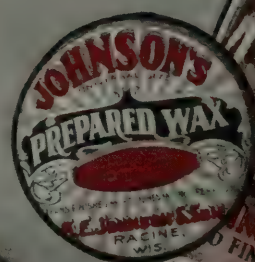

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The free offer consists of—a bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo, which quickly removes all old finish; a bottle of Johnson's Wood Dye, for artistically coloring the wood (your choice of 14 colors); a box of Johnson's Prepared Wax to give the finishing touch — the subdued polish; and our handsome guide book for beautifying the home, containing a complete color card and giving full instructions for finishing and refinishing furniture, woodwork and floors.

Johnson's Wood Dye

Made in 14 Standard Shades

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No. 123 Dark Oak
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No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 121 Moss Green
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Half-Pints, 30c; Pints, 50c; Johnson's Prepared Wax, 10c and 25c packages. Also sold in large sizes. For sale by all leading paint dealers.

Will give you more beautiful and more lasting results than any other wood-coloring material because it *is* a *dye*—not a mere surface stain, and because there is a richness and character to each of our colors impossible to get in a stain.

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3rd Edition

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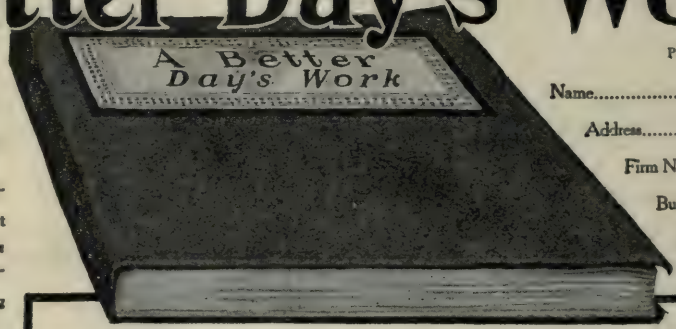

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Stock Records and Inventories
Comparative Statements of Operating Expenses
Methods of Analyzing Outstanding Accounts
How a Trial Balance Can be Handled with Accuracy and Quickness
Recapitulation of Sales in a Retail and Wholesale Store
How to Handle Monthly Statements
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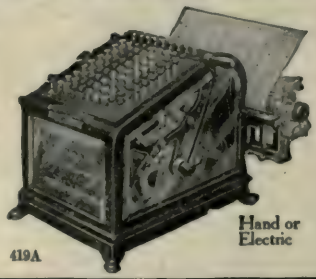

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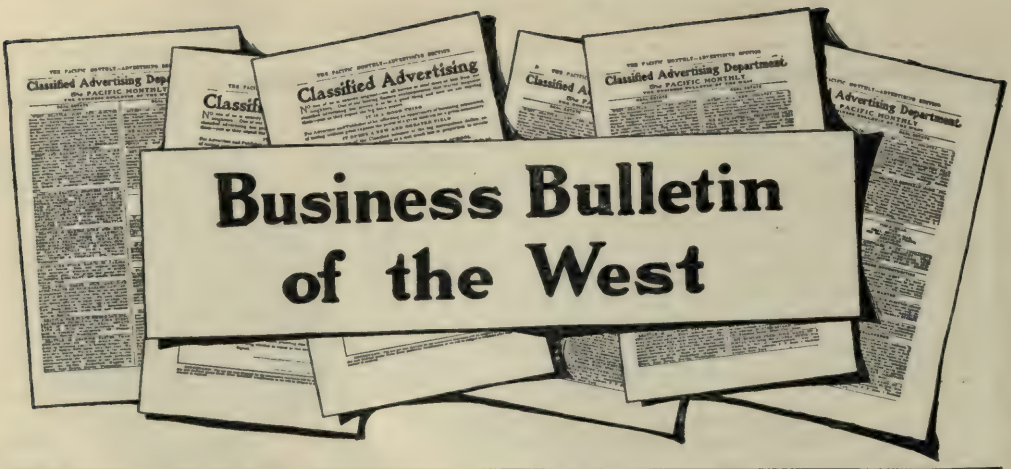

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The only oil that is really non-carbonizing, so pure, free and clear that it feeds regularly under all conditions of heat or cold. Made in the one grade only, which never varies—produced in only one place in the world—sold only under the name Zerolene.

Put up in cans with patent spout, that cannot be refilled—also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for booklet, "21,000 Miles with Zerolene." Free.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

U.S. GOVERNMENT LAND

IN FAMOUS SNAKE RIVER VALLEY, IDAHO

Eighty thousand acres choice agricultural land, segregated by the United States under the Carey Land Act, will be **open to entry and settlement,** in the BIG LOST RIVER TRACT. These lands will be disposed of under a Carey Act allotment at **Arco, Idaho,**

ON TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1909

Do Not Fail to Register for This Drawing. If you do not take land after your number is drawn it costs you nothing.

TITLE ACQUIRED WITH THIRTY DAYS' RESIDENCE

Water Ready for Delivery, May, 1910

For descriptive literature and all desired information, call on or address

C. B. HURTT MANAGER LAND SALES DEPARTMENT **BOISE, IDAHO**

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AND VIEWS
from all parts of
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Authentic Information

About Farming, Manufacturing, Professional and Business

Opportunities in Oregon

Ask Questions Freely—They will Be Answered with Painstaking Detail. Address

PORTLAND COMMERCIAL CLUB, PORTLAND, ORE.

FREE **Richly Illustrated Booklets** telling of life in Oregon — filled with human interest—how others have made money in fruit-growing, dairying, farming, lumbering, manufacturing and business and how YOU can make money. This is YOUR CHANCE. One letter will bring a deluge of information from many Oregon points. Write

Portland Commercial Club
Portland, Oregon

IS THE PLACE FOR YOU

"Portland 500,000 in 1912"

PORTLAND commands attention because there is no pleasanter place to live in the United States—pure water, fine scenery, equable climate, healthy. Investment in real estate pays. Its future as a great city is assured. It has many openings for paying business.

OREGON needs *millions* of people for all lines of industry. These will pay well: dairying, stock raising, poultry, grain, fruits, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, cherries, prunes, berries of all kinds, melons. Truck raising is very profitable near its large markets. Nuts—English Walnuts, Almonds, Filberts. No pleasanter or more profitable place in the world for the tiller of the soil. Both irrigated and dry farming.

Write the party below handling the proposition you may be interested in.

ANGELES TRUST CO., LOS, 326½ Washington St., Improved Farms, Oyster, Cranberry and Colony Lands.

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CHAPIN & HERLOW, 332 Cham. of Com., 5 and 10 Acre Tracts of Fruit Lands.

DONNELL & PARBERRY, 338 Cham. of Com., 1 to 10 Acre Tracts of Fruit Lands in Umpqua Valley, Planted and Cared For.

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GEORGE D. SCHALK, 264 Stark St., High-Class Real Estate.

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GEO. E. WAGGONER, 923 Board of Trade, Exclusive Dealer in Apple and Walnut Lands.

YAMHILL FRUIT LAND CO., 432 Chamber of Commerce. 10-acre tracts, best fruit land; all cleared; easy terms. Planted if desired.

Portland Commercial Club

The Place for You

The Famous Umpqua Valley

has been aptly termed the land of opportunity, since in no other section of the Pacific Coast can such fine fruit land be bought for such low figures and on such easy terms as here.

Umpqua Valley Fruit Lands

are recognized by horticulturists as among the best in the world as a producer in quantity and quality, surrounded as it is by snow-capped mountain ranges which shelter it from the cold winds of spring so fatal to fruit in the blooming season.

Immense Profits

Oregon Spitzenbergs and Yellow Newtowns sell from $2.50 to $3.00 per box in the orchard. A pear orchard in full bearing will net the owner from $350.00 to $1000.00 per acre. It is readily seen that a five-acre tract will soon make one independent for life.

The Highest Prices

ever paid for fruit of any kind in the United States was for a car load of Oregon Comice pears sold in New York markets for $6.80 per box, netting the grower $2700.73. Oregon Comice pears bring a profit to the owners of from $500.00 to $1200.00 per acre, while other pears bring almost as much.

That the Demand for Apples is Increasing

is shown by the United States Government statistics, showing the apple crop in the United States in 1896 to be 69,700,000 barrels, while in 1908 it had dropped to 23,000,000 barrels, showing a decrease in 13 years of 46,700,000 barrels, and remember this, that during the 13 years the population of the United States has increased more than 12,000,000. What is the explanation? For every tree planted in Oregon and Washington, ten are uprooted and destroyed in the East. Why? Simply because the apples of the East have been grown as a side issue, while apples of the West are grown by specialists, and also the special adaptability of our Oregon soil and climate. This, then, accounts for the fact that in the East the pests have conquered the orchards, while in the West the orchardists have conquered the pests.

The Umpqua Valley Fruit Land Company

which is incorporated for $50,000.00, has purchased and is clearing and planting to apples, pears, peaches and grapes, a large tract of land 1¼ miles from Oakland, Oregon, which it is selling in 1¼, 2½, 5 and 10 acre tracts at a very low figure to first buyers. The price of these lands is $275.00 to $300.00 per acre, planted and cared for three years. Terms as low as 10% down and 1½% of purchase price per month, 6% interest on deferred payments. *For further information, write or inquire of*

DONNELL & PARBERRY

Exclusive Sales Agents ***338 Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon***

1,300,000 Acres

OF THE FINEST IRRIGATED LAND IN THE UNITED STATES

THIS fine tract of land lies in Eastern Idaho in the famous Upper Snake River Valley. It is watered by the most complete canal system to be found on the continent. It has the first, oldest and cheapest water rights on the great Snake River.

IDAHO FALLS

is a rapidly growing city of 7,000, located in the center of this great irrigated empire. It is the largest shipping point in Idaho. It will soon be the largest city in the state.

This valley is the home of the famous Idaho potato and red clover, which yields seed from 5 to 12 bushels to the acre. In it are located **three large sugar factories** from which over 50,000,000 pounds of sugar is manufactured annually. Sugar beets yield from 15 to 25 tons. Its soil and climate especially adapt it to the raising of all grains, grasses, clover, alfalfa, potatoes and beets, and is an ideal stock country with abundance of free range.

OUR CLIMATE IS IDEAL

and the great west is being rapidly settled. If you have not secured a piece of irrigated land, you should. Come to the Upper Snake River Valley where crops never fail and where you can make investments that are safe and sure to bring you big returns.

¶ **Write today for our beautiful illustrated pamphlet**

IDAHO FALLS DEVELOPMENT CO.
IDAHO FALLS : IDAHO

IF YOU ARE A WAGE EARNER

And desire to secure a tract of land 125 x 298 feet on the installment plan, paying a few dollars each month, upon which you can raise your own garden truck, fruits and flowers.

Earlington Heights

One mile and a half by two electric lines from Seattle is just what you are looking for.

TRACTS OF LAND 125 x 298 FEET

can be secured for $25 down and $10 monthly.

LOW TAXES WITH EVERY CITY IMPROVEMENT

Including electricity, telephones, two electric and two steam roads and splendid schools.

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THE JONES-THOMPSON INVESTMENT COMPANY

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Mild Climate :: Ideal Fruit, Grain and Timber Lands

—CHEAP AT—

THE RIVER AND RAIL OUTLET OF

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LYLE

INVESTIGATE *the* LYLE COUNTRY

FOR FULL PARTICULARS WRITE SECRETARY OF

LYLE COMMERCIAL CLUB :: LYLE, WASHINGTON

STOP!

at Grants Pass, Rogue River Valley, Southern Oregon, where irrigation ditches are now being completed.

LOOK!

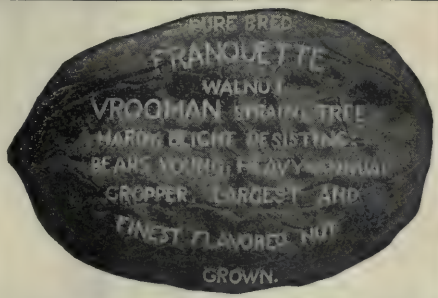
no further as opportunities are plentiful here. Land may now be bought at but a fraction of what it is sure to be worth within two years.

LISTEN!

to no one who offers you high priced land without water.

For further particulars and free booklet, address

The Best-Fuller Realty Co., Grants Pass, Oregon



The Best Commercial Nut on the Market. Our booklet, mailed free, gives full information. Before buying you should investigate this nut Address **OREGON NURSERY CO., Dept. P, Salem, Ore.**

$30 BUYS A LOT

At Beautiful La Grande Beach, California

AN INVESTMENT OF $1 DOWN and $1 per week for twenty-nine weeks gives you clear title to lot 30x118 at one of the finest beach resorts on the Pacific Coast where more than $50,000 has already been spent in improvements and as much more will be expended within the next few months. JUST THINK—$30 buys one of these choice lots in one of the greatest resort sections on the California Coast, with no interest or taxes. Read the many reasons WHY YOU should be a La Grande Beach property owner

1st. BECAUSE it is destined to be a world renowned summer and winter resort.
2d. BECAUSE it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.
3d. BECAUSE all the improvements are permanent and built of the best material that money could buy.
4th. BECAUSE it is the grandest beach that eyes ever gazed upon.
5th. BECAUSE the back country is one of the most fertile spots in California.
6th. BECAUSE it is located midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles and north of Santa Barbara. Visiting tourists have easy access to it.
7th. BECAUSE it is an ideal place for bathing, boating, fishing, hunting, and its winter climate is second to none.
8th. BECAUSE the lots are becoming more valuable each day on account of its popularity.
9th. BECAUSE a holder of a deed to a La Grande lot has a tangible asset.
10th. BECAUSE there is only a limited amount of beach property in California, and La Grande Beach is the cream of the Pacific Coast.
11th. BECAUSE these lots were put on the market in 1907 and sold on an average of $300. Some were sold as high as $1000.
12th. BECAUSE this Beach has the finest and purest soft water for domestic use.
13th. BECAUSE the prices of these lots at present are only about 10 per cent of their real value.
14th. BECAUSE all lots in La Grande Beach are sand lots.
15th. BECAUSE is is the healthiest place in the world. If you are run down and have that tired feeling, go to La Grande Beach for two weeks and you will feel like a new person.
16th. BECAUSE more than $50,000 has already been expended in improvements and as much more will be spent the coming season.

REMEMBER—These lots are bound to double within a reasonable length of time. Here is your opportunity to make your money THE MOST MONEY at once. Just think of the inducements we offer you. By paying $1 down, in twenty-nine weeks you will own one of these choice lots in BEAUTIFUL LA GRANDE BEACH, the cream of the coast resorts. ***Watch La Grande Lots Advance in Price. For Full Particulars, Maps, etc., WRITE TODAY***

LA GRANDE BEACH IMPROVEMENT COMPANY 702 Hellman Building LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FRANK L. BROWN, President **C. B. SIMMONS, Vice President** **GEO. L. WALKER, Secretary**

BROWN-WALKER-SIMMONS COMPANY

LANDS

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Specialty of High Grade California Oil Securities

¶ **Palmer Oil Co.** We are selling agents for this stock, which is now paying dividends of 2% per month. Stock has trebled in value in six months. Small blocks of this stock now offering. Price on application.

¶ **Paula Oil Co.,** Ventura and Kern Counties, California. We are offering stock in this company. Producing wells on property. New wells now being drilled. Oil produced is high gravity refining oil—always finds ready sale at high prices. We commend this stock to investors. Price and terms on application.

BROWN-WALKER-SIMMONS COMPANY

PORTLAND **SAN FRANCISCO** **SEATTLE**

DON'T FREEZE : DON'T ROAST : DON'T BLOW AWAY

COME TO ALBANY LINN COUNTY, OREGON, WHERE IT NEVER GETS TOO HOT, OR TOO COLD

A City of Over 6,000 People, Electric Lights, Fine Water, Cement Walks, Railroads in Six Directions, 24 Passenger Trains Daily, Farm Land Splendidly Adapted to Fruit — Apples, Pears, Cherries and all other fruit and berries grow to perfection — AN IDEAL DAIRY SECTION, AND CLOSE TO GOOD MARKETS. This locality has as rich soil, and at a CHEAPER PRICE, than in any section of the beautiful Willamette Valley.

FOR FULL INFORMATION WRITE TO THE

LINN & BENTON REAL ESTATE COMPANY : ALBANY, OREGON

HOOD RIVER LANDS

HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage. PRODUCE the finest apples and strawberries in the world

We also have lands for sale in White Salmon and Mosier Districts. Twenty Years Residence in Hood River

W. J. BAKER & CO., HOOD RIVER, ORE.

OREGON TIMBER

Safe and Sure Investment Millions have been invested in Oregon timber during the last five years, every dollar of which shows great profit. The lumber industry here is yet in its infancy and values will increase immensely without risk to the investor. ¶ This timber is being gathered into larger bodies held by stronger men, so that values naturally go up. In a very short time timber in this section can only be had at a large advance over present prices, as was the case in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where the timber is now nearly exhausted. ¶ We have for years made a study of the timber situation in the West and from our positive knowledge can advise clients to their best advantage. If you have either large or small amounts, we can place them for you to your best interest. ¶ Bank and other references furnished as to our reliability.

FRED A. KRIBS Third Floor Chamber of Commerce PORTLAND : OREGON

LOWNSDALE ORCHARDS

¶ The greatest, oldest and most successful apple property in the Northwest has been divided into a definite number of shares, each represented and assigned by an equal number of Orchard Bonds. These bonds **CONVEY TITLE TO DIVIDED OWNERSHIP.** Each investor receives pro rata share of net earnings from 300 acres of 18-year-old orchard.

INVESTMENT PERFECTLY SECURED

INCOME UNUSUALLY SATISFACTORY

PRINCIPAL CONSTANTLY GROWING

BONDS EASILY CONVERTIBLE

It is far more desirable to become part owner in a producing orchard than to hazard your money in raw fruit land. Ownership bonds in **LOWNSDALE ORCHARDS** are offered in multiples of $100, either for cash or on easy payments.

Postal card request will bring to you two booklets, one describing the orchards in magnificent detail and the other presenting the bond proposition, showing present earnings.

THE JACOBS-STINE COMPANY

FISCAL AGENTS

146 FIFTH STREET PORTLAND, OREGON

Health is Wealth

and as climate has much to do with health, the man who does not inquire closely into climatic conditions before locating in a new country is not wise.

Ashland, Oregon

with its elevation of 1900 feet; its abundance of sparkling mountain water, from a protected water-shed; its invigorating mountain breezes; its numerous springs of white sulphur, natural soda and lithia waters; its natural park that rivals Yosemite, and an environment that is of itself helpful in its inspirations to both soul and body

Beckons You

Ashland has a population of 6,000; excellent schools; strong churches; public library; Chautauqua Assembly —not to mention a wealth of commercial resources.

For full information concerning

The Ideal Home Town

write to the *ASHLAND COMMERCIAL CLUB,* Box 598, Ashland, Oregon.

SEE MY IRRIGATED FRUIT LAND

KITTITAS VALLEY LANDS MAKE IDEAL HOMES

Robinson's Irrigated Fruit Lands

IF you buy a **ten-acre** tract of this land, you secure with it **perpetual** water right. The land is in the Kittitas Valley, three miles from Ellensburg, Washington. Each orchard will produce from apples, peaches, pears and small fruits from $200 to $1,000 per acre. I will cultivate the land for you in a scientific manner or you can make a living in the meantime from smaller fruits and vegetables. In dealing with me you secure honest land values at honest prices. Besides my irrigated fruit land, I can sell you land in tracts to suit, splendidly located on the irrigation canal. My own land and all tracts I handle are sold on **easy terms.** Health is certain in the Kittitas Valley for it is never too hot or never too cold. The water is the purest, the schools the best and all the home invironments necessary for the making of the best American citizenship. Two railroads go through the valley. Call or write for illustrated book. Ask me any questions you like about the Kittitas Valley. I invite your correspondence. Address

W. W. ROBINSON
PRESIDENT

The W. W. Robinson Land Co.

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Provide *a* Permanent Income *for Your* Family

Get our interesting booklet "*A Story of Eucalyptus.*" It will tell you ***How!***

A small investment now (in 60 monthly payments) will mean a perpetual income a little later, or investigate now.

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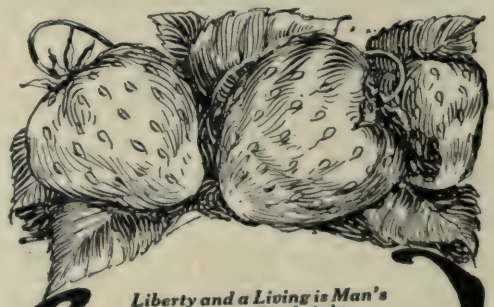

Liberty and a Living is Man's Greatest Birthright

A few acres of

BROADMEAD

is liberty. Properly farmed, a Broadmead tract will pay for itself the first year, and produce a good living besides. (Ten acres is enough to make you rich). The town of Broadmead is growing, and churches and schools are being built. Broadmead is never too hot or too cold. No blizzards, no cyclones and plenty of rain. No crop failure here. Only 40 miles from Portland's ready market. Prices low and terms to suit. Write for our 24-page folder "A." It gives a detailed description of the property — shows its location and includes a dozen authentic photographs. If you are interested in intensive farming this folder aught to be in your hands.

COLUMBIA TRUST COMPANY
Board of Trade Building Portland, Oregon

FIVE APPLES weighing 6½ lbs. exhibited Canyon County Fair, Caldwell, Idaho, Oct., 1908

CALDWELL : IDAHO

400,000 ACRES FRUIT LANDS UNDER

Government Irrigation Project

NOW READY

WATER IN PLENTY
SOIL OF THE RICHEST
CLIMATE THE BEST

Unlimited Natural Resources

WE WANT 100,000 TO SETTLE THIS ACREAGE **AT ONCE**

CANYON COUNTY, of which CALDWELL is the County Seat, took the First Premium at Council Bluffs, IOWA, for Counties in United States. Also First premium ARTISTIC DISPLAY. CALDWELL secured on Individual Display SEVEN FIRSTS out of possible Eight. All these Premiums were WON ON APPLES—17 States competing.

Now Is The Time. A Ground Floor Opportunity

Write Now, *Secretary* CALDWELL COMMERCIAL CLUB

CALDWELL : IDAHO

CALDWELL *the* TOWN
CANYON *the* COUNTY } **THAT MADE IDAHO FAMOUS AS AN APPLE GROWING CENTER**

at the National Horticultural Congress last December, there our orchard won out against seventeen apple producing states. It won seven out of a possible eight individual prizes, amounting to four hundred forty seven dollars. We won county and state prizes amounting to $375.00. Compare these winnings with those of other apple growing sections. We are the land dealers of this great FRUIT BELT. If you want a TRACT of land or an ORCHARD, write us. Lands here capable of GREAT RESULTS in FRUIT CULTURE, are as yet LOW PRICED. They will not remain so long. GET IN NOW

DORMAN LAND COMPANY :: CALDWELL, IDAHO

WESTWARD, EVER WESTWARD — the human race has continued to travel

The Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon

THE IDEAL HOME LAND — CLIMATE UNEXCELLED — NO WIND — NO STORMS — NO WINTERS. Produces choicest fruits. Home of the Tokay Grape, the Big Red Apple and the delicious Peach and Pear. Non-Irrigated and Irrigated Lands. Prices within your means. Write us for literature, prices, cte.

RIGGS LAND COMPANY : GRANTS PASS, OREGON

English Walnuts and Royal Ann Cherries

We are the **largest owners** and **planters** of English Walnut groves in Oregon. Our properties are in **Yamhill County.** We sell a planted grove of 5 acres on terms of only $100.00 cash and $15.00 per month, with 4% interest on deferred payments; this includes four years' care. **Our price for 1909 sales** is no more than you pay for unplanted walnut land in California. Any references required can be furnished.

CHURCHILL-MATTHEWS CO., Inc., ***General Selling Agents,*** **Lumber Exchange, Portland, Oregon**

HERMISTON, OREGON WHERE SUNSHINE AND WATER MAKES THE IDEAL HOME AND THE FAT BANK ACCOUNT. We have some elegant land adjoining this hustling CITY OF HERMISTON that we are selling in town lots, acre and five-acre tracts at most reasonable prices and terms. If you are not able to buy 5 acres, buy 3; if not 3, buy 2, or even 1—in any event at least buy a good, big town lot, for you certainly can't miss it on any of these. AN ELEVATION of 400 feet above sea level. Almost perpetual SUNSHINE. Irrigation from the GOVERNMENT PROJECT, which most certainly would not have spent $1,200,000.00 on this land if it did not KNOW that this was wonderful land when watered. Fine schools, several churches. Land that is natural apple, pear, peach, cherry, grape and alfalfa land. On the main line of the O. R. & N. Ry. An electric line surveyed and the bonds sold for a line to the WONDERFUL COLUMBIA RIVER, 9 miles away, with its boat lines to the sea, 300 miles west. JUST THINK OF ALL THESE ADVANTAGES AND CAN YOU PICTURE A MORE LOVELY HOME OR BETTER INVESTMENT. JUST REMEMBER THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF TOWNS UNDER THE GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION PROJECTS AND HOW THE LAND ADJOINING THESE TOWNS has raised from worthless land to $1,000.00 and more per acre and write to us for a plat of our property and prices for WE KNOW we can interest you. WHY farm large tracts and work yourself down when 5 acres of our HERMISTON TRACTS will make you more MONEY AND LESS WORK. WRITE TO US NOW, TODAY. **THE LOGAN-SHERWOOD REALTY COMPANY, HERMISTON, OREGON**

APPLES ALFALFA | APPLES ALFALFA | APPLES ALFALFA

ONTARIO, OREGON

IS THE PLACE WHERE BOTH ABOVE MENTIONED PRODUCTS GROW TO PERFECTION—THERE IS NO LAND IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST PRODUCING AN EQUAL INCOME VALUED SO LOW. APPLES GROWN HERE ARE PRIZE WINNERS AND ALFALFA RUNS EIGHT TONS TO THE ACRE, THREE CUTTINGS ANNUALLY—CLIMATE UNEXCELLED FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ADDRESS SECRETARY

ONTARIO COMMERCIAL CLUB

ONTARIO : OREGON

APPLE ORCHARDS ALFALFA TRACTS

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND ALL INFORMATION, INCLUDING ORIGINAL MAPS, WRITE

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Dealers in Fruit Tracts, Homestead Locations, Relinquishments, Timber Lands and Mining Properties

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Is the place for you to locate, because it is situated in the most favored section of the great proposed *Malheur Government Irrigation Proposition.* You can learn everything about great producing qualities of *Vale* lands by writing for illustrated booklet. Please address

Secretary VALE COMMERCIAL CLUB
VALE : OREGON

LAND { FRUIT FARMS OIL GAS } *In the* MALHEUR VALLEY *with* UNEXCELLED BARGAINS *in a* WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY { Improved and Unimproved FARMS } OREGON

We have it in quantities to suit, from a town lot to 5000 acres. Now, "while Uncle Sam is putting in the big Malheur Irrigation Project here," is the time to invest. Nowhere in the United States are values increasing more rapidly. We still have a few choice Homestead and Desert Land Relinquishments. If you want to double your money in the next twelve months, write us, we enjoy answering inquiries. Address C. O. THOMAS CO. Rooms 3 and 4, I.O.O.F. Bldg. VALE, OREGON

PEACHES THREE YEARS OLD

PAYETTE

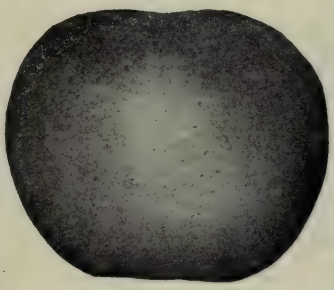
AND THE PEERLESS PAYETTE VALLEY

THE HOME *of the* JONATHAN APPLE *and the* WINNER *of* MORE PRIZES *on* FRUIT EXHIBITS THAN ANY OTHER VALLEY IN THE WEST

The Payette Valley furnished more than two-thirds of the Canyon County Exhibit at Council Bluffs, Iowa, which won First County Prize against all Counties in the United States. First Prize on Artistic Display and Second Prize on State Exhibit. If you contemplate a trip West, be sure to stop off at Payette. It will pay you. The following Real Estate Dealers will be pleased to furnish any further information you may wish.

AKERMAN & DONOVAN
C. E. BRAINARD
BETTER FRUIT LAND CO.
B. R. FITCH
HAMBLY & PETERSON
IDAHO REAL ESTATE AGENCY
E. A. JOHNSON
PAYETTE VALLEY REAL ESTATE AGENCY
WELLS & MAULE
or the Secretary of the

PAYETTE VALLEY COMMERCIAL CLUB, PAYETTE, IDAHO



WHITE SALMON

WASHINGTON

An ideal fruit belt, mild climate, wonderful scenery, pure water, an abundance of fuel, a productive and inexhaustible soil, assuring large and unfailing crops, a ready market and unsurpassed transportation facilities. Land values as yet very reasonable. Write for beautifully illustrated booklet, *free.*

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***Secretary,* Development League, White Salmon, Wash.**

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We have the finest bearing orchards (on the electric car line) in the United States, in tracts of 5 acres up to 160. We also have fruit land, as level as a floor, with a good water right, under the U. S. Government Ditch, at $75.00 per acre. We have 3,500 acres to sell on easy payments. Write us for catalogue.

ROBERTS & CLARK : First National Bank Building : BOISE, IDAHO

BEAVERTON-REEDVILLE ACREAGE *"The Pasadena of Oregon"*

It is now a well authenticated fact that the most satisfactory and remunerative farming is from small acreage with a diversity of products. Our acreage combines all the requisites and can be had at reasonable prices. No such offerings as these, either in location, richness of soil, improvements nor extensiveness of area, can be found elsewhere. We invite the closest investigation. For particulars, address

The Shaw-Fear Company, 245½ Stark St., Portland, Ore.

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Ice Cream

Served With

NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

The one dessert confection equally appropriate to serve with ice cream or ices, fruits, beverages, desserts. At any time—at any place—to any person.

In ten cent tins

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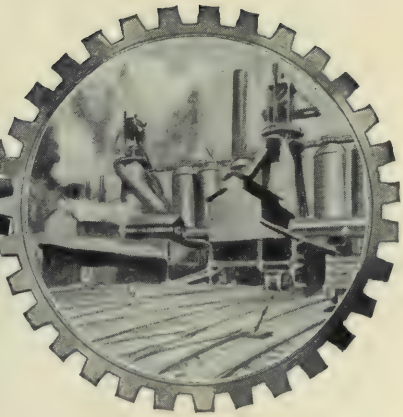

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The Pacific Monthly

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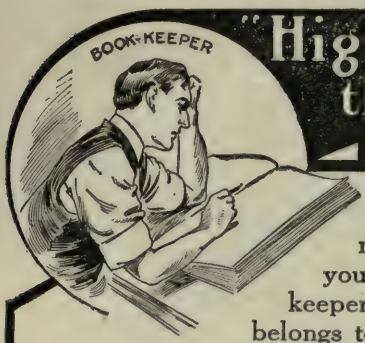

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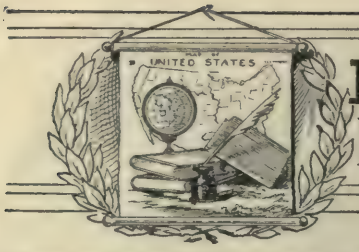

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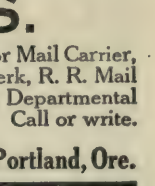

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SUBMITTED TO THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS SEPTEMBER 1, 1909

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United States Bonds at Par		754,000.00	Surplus		500,000.00
Municipal and Railway Bonds		988,351.50	Undivided Profits		148,645.89
Bank Building		125,000.00	Circulation		485,900.00
Due from Banks	$2,811,460.17		Dividends Unpaid		138.24
Cash	1,480,623.19	4,292,083.36	Due to Banks	$2,384,996.24	
			Individual Deposits	6,993,992.79	9,378,989.03
		$11,013,673.16			$11,013,673.16

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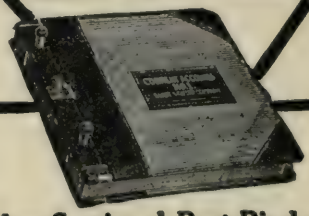

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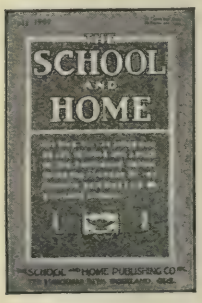

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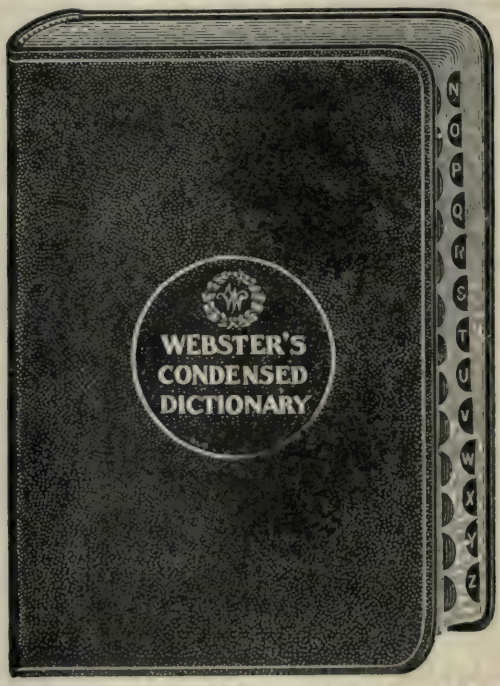

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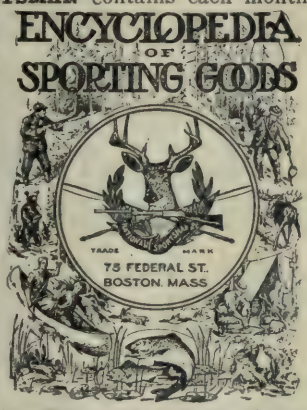

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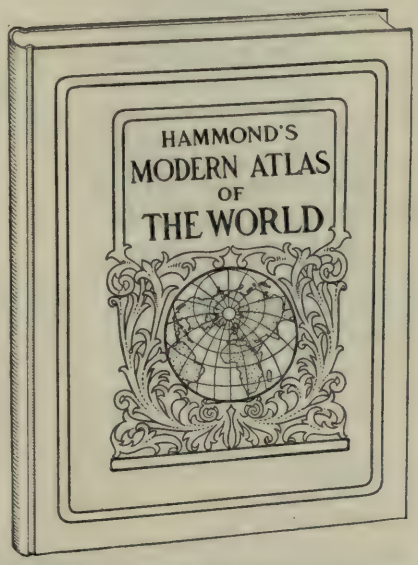

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658	White and Silver,	Heavy weight merino, 50% wool		.75	1.00	1.35	1.65
566	White,	Medium weight merino, 50% wool		.85	1.00	1.65	2.00
672	White and Silver,	Winter weight merino, 75% wool		1.00	1.25	2.00	2.50
562	White,	Light weight merino, 50% wool		.85	1.00	1.35	1.65
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But this poor hut whose window-holes command
Two hundred miles of desert, seems to me
Its owner's prison, exile, living tomb. And he?

And he? Two hundred miles of smiling plain,
Of orchard, meadow, wood, caress his eye;
The noble high-roads, passing fields of grain,
Converge in noble avenues; and high
Above him chimneys rise, and steeples, fain
To win him bread and godliness.
And why
Embrace today and let the blest tomorrow lie?

To Our Readers

Announcement for November

NEXT month **The Pacific Monthly** will, in various articles, cover a wide range of territory—something about Mexico, Hawaii and the Philippines, besides presenting some rarely good verse and stirring stories of the plains and forests of the West.

"**The Plainsman**" is a splendid new poem of the West, by Charles Badger Clark, Jr. For the first time, Mr. Clark drops the vernacular of the Western out-of-doors man which has lent such happy flavor to all his work heretofore, yet "The Plainsman" will doubtless be considered one of his very best bits of work. It will be illustrated by C. S. Price, himself a plainsman and former cowboy.

Just across our Southern border is a land that in spite of a quarter-century free from revolutions and a constantly increasing record of development, both by its own citizens and many thousands from America and Europe, is yet full of the picturesque, the romantic and the uncertain. A picture involving these qualities has been caught by Sidney H. Riesenberg, the young Chicago artist, in a delightful article illustrated by himself and entitled, "**Riding With the Rurales.**"

Comparatively few people have any conception of the life, character, and development today manifest in the Hawaiian Islands. Edward P. Irwin, a newspaper man of some years residence in the Islands, gives a graphic, clear and entertaining description of these things, in an article entitled "**The New Hawaii,**" and copiously illustrated from many interesting photographs. He tells how the native Hawaiians are taking to American ways with much of the mental attitude of children; describes the labor question in the Islands, calling attention to the remarkable situation which must develop there in less than a score of years, with the coming into manhood and citizenship of the children of the overwhelming Oriental population. His article states frankly the attitude of the huge plantation interests and their effect upon the newspapers and official life of the Islands. It is an article that should not be missed by anyone interested in our colonial experiments.

Equally suggestive and in some respects more satisfying to the patriotic American, is Mr. R. M. Wooley's study of "**Modern Manila,**" in which the author shows with photographs and description, the remarkable progress, material, social, and ethical, of the Philippine Islands, and especially of the City of Manila. Within the brief space of the decade of American rule, the record of Americans in the Philippines is quite as stimulating to National pride as is the record of our stewardship in Cuba.

"**Ferocity of Forest Fires**" is the suggestive title of an article by D. A. Willey. Few other problems are of more vital importance to the West than the protection of its forests from the appalling annual destruction by fire. Mr. Willey describes graphically the destruction of Western forest towns and how the Forest Service is working for the prevention of such disasters and the saving of a great National asset.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the spirited New York Rabbi, writer and publicist, will have something very interesting to say bearing upon New York politics and the effort to give Tammany a drubbing at the forthcoming elections in the American metropolis.

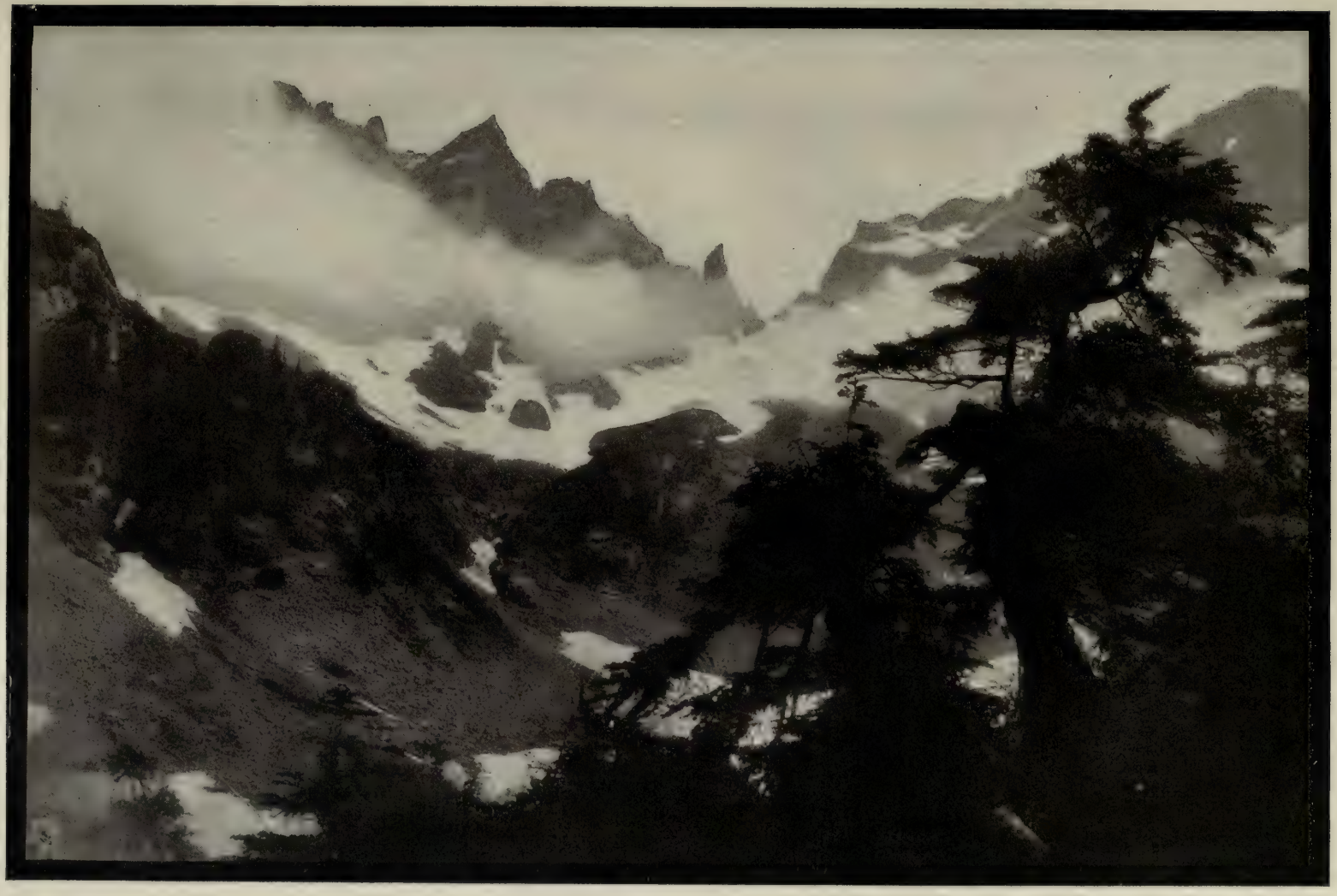
Fiction

Among the striking stories of the issue will be the new tale of the occult by John Fleming Wilson, "**Short Circuited.**" It is a thrilling story, in a new vein for this writer. Mrs. Elizabeth Lambert Wood has an exciting tale of the Oregon forest, "**The Hewers,**" in which a lone woman homesteader fights her way through a desperate situation. Felix Benguiat, who will be remembered by many of our readers for several brilliant tales in **The Pacific Monthly** last year, comes again to our pages with a two-installment "fairy tale for young and old," "**Ugly Hilda.**" It has all the charm of the old-time fairy tale, but is interspersed with innumerable clever touches of this writer's genius for irony and wit.

From photograph by Melville T. Wire.

AN OLD OREGON HOMESTEAD.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND CLOUDS. (A MORNING SCENE FROM MOUNT WILSON, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.)



SENTINELS OF THE CASCADES.

Cantwell, photographer.

GIANT'S STEPS, NEAR LAKE LOUISE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

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Getting a "Piece of Land" In the West

Compiled by the Editor from Notes of Personal Observations, and from Contributions by Several Persons of Wide Experience in Both Eastern and Western Conditions.

"THE most valuable man of this or any other country is the man who owns the land from which he makes his living. No other man has such a stake in the country. No other man lends such steadiness and stability to our National life. Therefore, no other question concerns us more intimately than the question of homes. Permanent homes for ourselves, our children and our Nation—this is the central problem.

"Our country began as a nation of farmers. During the period that gave it its character, when our independence was won and when our Union was preserved, we were pre-eminently a nation of farmers. We cannot or we ought not continue exclusively, or even chiefly, an agricultural country, because one man can raise food enough for many. But the farmer who owns his land is still the backbone of this Nation; and one of the things we want most is more of him.

"The man on the farm is valuable to the Nation, like any other citizen, just in proportion to his intelligence, character, ability and patriotism; but, unlike the other citizens, also in proportion to his attachment to the soil. That is the principal spring of his steadiness, his sanity, his simplicity and directness, and many of his other desirable qualities. He is the first of homemakers.

"The nation that will lead the world will be a nation of homes."

The foregoing is from a speech by that patriotic American, Gifford Pinchot, before the recent National Irrigation Congress at Spokane. It is in line with the spirit of the back-to-the-soil movement, of which there is so much in public utterances of late. Americans are going back to the soil because other avenues in the direction of independence are rapidly becoming closed. The day of small proprietorships in commercial life is passing, while the farm holds out better promise of reward under better conditions than ever before. A "piece of land in the

WHY SOME LAND IS WORTH $1,000 TO $2,000 PER ACRE.
How Apples Grow in the Irrigated Central Washington Country; Nearly all Perfect Specimens, Selling at $1.50 to $3.00 per Box.

West" offers you a better chance today for independence and contentment than the average salaried position where the hope of becoming an owner, or of "going into business on your own hook," is slight. A little farm can give you that higher type of life which comes from owning your own business, and directing your own daily work.

Now the faces of millions of men who want a home and independence are turned thoughtfully toward the West. The conditions and opportunities for success and happiness here are better than ever before, because the trails hither are all blazed. Farming is no longer an experiment; climate, soils and general conditions have been tested for you everywhere throughout the West. Sixty years' scouting and preliminary work have been done. You now *know* what you can do, what success you can expect, in any given section. And everywhere in the West a hearty welcome awaits you, for you are wanted.

Getting "the Facts."

Prospective homeseekers frequently write to Western editors, asking for "the facts"; information that they can "rely upon," intimating some suspicion of the various advertisements and write-ups that have come to their attention. They doubt the statements made by the advertisers, as to profits from crops, size of crops, etc. It is our experience from observation of the "publicity" work of the present day that the literature can usually be relied upon. Experience has taught communities and land companies that it pays to tell the truth, for the truth is in most cases quite good enough to interest people. Few exaggerations will be found in the vast amount of booklets, folders and other literature used by the state, county and city publicity bureaus

which have become so numerous and well organized throughout the Pacific States. Any of these bodies will be found ready to back up with abundant proof all instances quoted, from a big crop record to a weather extreme.

Of course you will find this: Where a region is excessively hot at certain seasons, will be advanced the statement that the nights are cool, or that it is a "dry heat" and not nearly so trying as the ordinary hot day in the Middle West or East, which is absolutely true. If it is in a region of occasional winds and dust storms, phenomena of some portions of the arid and semi-arid regions, the fact may be briefly alluded to in the publicity literature, accompanied by the perfectly correct statement that such winds are seldom troublesome during the harvest season, and that they are of great value in the prevention of early and late frosts, and that anyway, the country is so delightful otherwise, or valuable for farming, that nobody minds such slight drawbacks. In some few regions where the rainfall is from seventy to one hundred inches annually, the record is cheerfully given, accompanied by the statement that many persons like the wet season best; that it makes the best dairy country in the world; also that it does not rain during the harvest season as in the East. This is also quite true.

If it is difference of opinion that makes horse racing interesting, it is also what makes every habitable region settled by people well satisfied with their surroundings, and ready to excuse or deny any drawbacks. Success has so much to do with satisfaction in our surroundings—some men love the desert and cannot be induced to live in the happy, humid valleys elsewhere, and some prefer the lovely prairie; to others the beautiful, timbered hills and rolling uplands are immeasurably more satisfactory as a place of resi-

AN ORCHARD IN BLOOM NEAR MEDFORD, OREGON. WHERE MUCH OF THE BEST IMPROVED LAND IS EASILY WORTH $1,000 PER ACRE.

VICINITY OF SOME OF THE FINEST NON-IRRIGATED APPLE-ORCHARD LAND IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON, WORTH $40 TO $200 UNIMPROVED, $250 TO $1,000 PER ACRE IMPROVED.

Looking Down the Columbia from White Salmon, Washington. Town of Hood River at the Left Just Across the River.

dence. One man leaves the Willamette Valley, or Puget Sound country, for arid Eastern Oregon or Washington, "to get away from the wet"; the man with whom he swaps farms wants to go back where there is plenty of rain. The dissatisfied Southern Californian strikes for Idaho or Montana, to "get where there is some snap in the climate and bigger opportunities to secure land at reasonable prices." The discontented Northwesterner sometimes moves to the gentle Southwest for opposite reasons. Consequently you cannot expect any community to harp upon its own drawbacks. None exist, to it. Some drawbacks may become evident to you after you have lived for a time in some much-advertised "earthly paradise." If so, move to another place where conditions are different. You have no excuse for not being able to suit yourself at some place in the West, especially if you will recall the unpleasantnesses of the place you left originally. Of course where one was born and brought up is usually the most blessed place on earth, and one leaves it only to make a fortune elsewhere, frequently with the intention of returning. However, it is usually the experience of men that they learn to love the region best that gives them fortune. Some of us will be homesick, no doubt, in Heaven, though we may have come from a Vermont hill or a Florida swamp. Large numbers of Easterners for the first year or so in the West have been known to admit in a whisper: "Better one year in Coffhawkett, New York, than a cycle in Cathay," or something to that effect. This is merely homesickness, and the quickest cure is return to the said Coffhawkett, where you will presently find the traveler making a nuisance of himself as a Western booster, who is only awaiting the chance to return.

But after all this is the test. Do you ever see in the newspapers, items from west of the Rocky Mountains, about terrific drouth, or any account whatever of "heat waves" that strike persons down by the score in the fields or city streets? Do you hear of any cyclones, terrible electric storms, or winter blizzards in the Pacific States?

To all those who seek information that may be relied upon at all times, we recommend the reports of the various bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, handling Western work. The literature of the Information Department of the Reclamation Service; and the bulletins and reports of the Director of the Western Experiment Stations, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., are most excellent. All such literature is furnished free on application. Also if you will write to the Chamber of Commerce of the principal town of the region in which you are interested, or the leading immigration-promotion organization of that State, you will be supplied with an abundance of entirely reliable information, on any questions you desire to ask. Among the principal organizations are: The Oregon Development League, Portland, Oregon; The Chamber of Commerce, Spokane, Washington; The Chamber of Commerce, Seattle, Washington; The Chamber of Commerce, Tacoma, Washington; The Idaho Development League, Boise, Idaho; The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco, California, and The Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California.

Where Shall I Locate?

Perhaps you have been embarrassed by the respective claims to superiority by so many of the widely-separated re-

IN SOUTHERN OREGON.
An Orchard Like This is Worth from $400 to $1,000 per Acre. Similar Land Here, in the Raw, Ranges in Value from $50 to $250. In Large Tracts, or More Remote, it May Run from $25 to $100 per Acre.

gions of the West that you do not know whether to take the Southwest or the Northwest—to strike for the irrigated lands or the humid valleys.

As intimated in the foregoing, it is largely a matter of "many men, many minds."

The chances for success are practically as good in one much-talked-of section as another, and frequently you can do best in sections very little advertised, for the reason that land in such places is usually much cheaper, and often quite as profitably cultivated as elsewhere. For instance: Hood River Valley lands range from $150 for some unimproved acreage to $1,000 or more per acre for highly-improved tracts, while equally good lands on the opposite side of the Columbia, or a little further up the river, can be had for much less, the transportation facilities being just as good, the markets just as handy. Orange lands in Southern California are very high priced, for records of $1,000 per acre net profit are not unusual, but equally high net profits on smaller investments are recorded of many other regions of the West—not with oranges, but with apples, peaches, cherries, pears, prunes, table grapes and other crops. Forty acres of good alfalfa land, for instance, may net you as much money as ten acres in fruit, and the original capital necessary, cost of labor and care in production and marketing are much less. The highest-priced lands, of course, are where there has been the greatest development, and where social and other conditions are best; but you can find plenty of cheap locations where the progress of a few years will give you the added land values and superior advantages now characteristic, for instance, of Orange County, California, or Yakima County, Washington, or choice sections of the Willamette, Sacramento, San Joaquin and smaller coast valleys.

GOOD GRAZING LAND CAN BE BOUGHT IN MANY INSTANCES FROM $5 TO $20 PER ACRE, DEPENDING UPON LOCATION.

Generally speaking, you can make more money off less land on an irrigated tract of the arid region than anywhere else, but there are some highly developed places in the communities of the humid valleys of the Pacific Coast showing rec-

A 320-ACRE-HOMESTEAD SEEKER IN THE DRY-LAND-FARMING COUNTRY.

ords just as good, and where the advantages of climate and proximity to the larger cities are often superior. The thing to do is to select your place with care, then stick to it.

How Much Land Is Required to Enable Me to Make a Living for Myself and Family?

The answer to this question, of course, involves your own character and make-up as well as that of the land. Industry, thrift and perseverance combined will produce satisfactory results even though the land is lacking in some particular. Making a living is not merely managing to exist, but we mean: making an independent, respectable living, and thereby keeping up the American standard of living. The average family is said to be five in number, and if we allow $300 annually for each person to cover the cost

TYPICAL DIVERSIFIED FARM OF AN IRRIGATED SECTION OF THE INLAND EMPIRE.

of living, clothing, literature, music and recreation,—$1,500, to which we should add $500 for the proverbial "rainy day,"—about $2,000 would be the sum necessary to be earned.

Take the typical South Dakota wheat farmer, for instance. It is necessary for him to farm from 400 to 600 acres in order to make a living, as the average wheat crop of that section is very low,—some years as low as six bushels per acre,—while the greater part of the farmer's work must be done during the five months' growing season. With this crowding of work comes the demand for extra horses, implements, etc., which, like their owner, are idle nearly all the remainder of the year. All during the growing season not a single moment of relief comes to the farmer, because of the continual dread of drouth that may make his labor a complete loss. Furthermore, continual wheat-raising is a splendid system of soil depletion,—the longer you crop, the less you raise.

Throughout great areas of the Mississippi Valley corn is practically the only crop, and vast acreages are cultivated in the effort to provide a living.

Upon coming to the Pacific States the temptation to specialize, by putting one's whole acreage in one kind of crop, is great, yet the consensus of opinion everywhere is overwhelmingly in favor of diversified farming; not only because it keeps the soil perennially productive and enables you to make a profit from a portion of your acreage if a part of it ever fails, but because it enables you to spread your work more generally over the year, and so make a profit all the time and off less acreage under cultivation. The one-crop farmer is a poor business man. In farming, as in commercial life, the object should be to keep your capital earning money, and your energies occupied month in and month out.

How much land you will need depends altogether upon what crops you intend

MAKING A START ON A CAREY ACT IRRIGATED TRACT.
Garden Planted in May, Just After Sagebrush was Cleared at a Cost of about $3 per Acre. Photograph Made June 27. Raw Lands of This Character are Sold, With Water Right, to Settlers, at from $35 to $125 per Acre, Dependent Upon Location and Cost of Water. After a Few Years Such Usually Become Worth (Improved) from $150 to $500, and More, per Acre.

A NEW DESERT METROPOLIS. A DISTANT VIEW OF HERMISTON, OREGON.
In 1905 This Was a Desert; Today It Has a Population of 1,000. Umatilla Project, Oregon.

SUGAR BEETS GROWING AT BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.

A TYPICAL NEW INLAND EMPIRE TOWN.
Broadway, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

GOOD HAY LAND IS WORTH FROM $40 TO $150 PER ACRE.
Timothy and Clover Form a Very Profitable Crop in Some of the More Northern Parts of the Inland Region. Alfalfa is Best in Other Sections, Yielding Six to Nine Tons per Acre Annually, at an Average Value of $7 per Ton.

A TASTEFUL HOME IN ONE OF THE PINE-TIMBERED REGIONS OF THE INLAND EMPIRE.

to raise. Beyond all question you can make a good living off a smaller acreage in fruit (aside from truck gardening near large towns) than in any other kind

SHEEP GRAZING IN ALFALFA, PAYETTE-BOISE PROJECT, IDAHO.

of crop, but the best fruit lands are generally higher in price, and more labor is required to care for a ten-acre orchard than several times that area in wheat or hay. Fruit-growing seems to be the ideal of the average city man that wants to get back to the soil, and a far greater number of educated, refined persons are engaged in it than in any other farm occupation in the West. Your grain, alfalfa, stock farmer "hates to bother" with an orchard, but this is the day of small holdings, thickly-settled communities and intensified cultivation.

IF YOUR HOMESTEAD OR FARM IS IN OR NEAR A FOREST RESERVE, THE LATTER GIVES OPPORTUNITY FOR EXCLUSIVE SHEEP OR CATTLE RANGE AT NOMINAL COST.

The tendency in grain-growing is pernicious to society, in this respect: It restricts population. In some of our great grain-growing regions, for instance, the tendency is for one farmer to absorb as many of the surrounding farms as possible, because the greater the area the less cost of production per bushel. Whole townships may be owned by one or two men, the population being the floating "blanket-packers" of the plowing and harvest seasons. The development organizations of every Western State are seeking to discourage this condition, by inducing the cutting up of all the big tracts. In time, of course, this will mean that the big grain fields will only cover areas where intensified farming is not profitable, or where the climate and conditions do not make for close settlement.

But to be concrete: If you decide to go in for a highly diversified farm in a thickly-settled or shortly-to-be-thickly-settled region, with first-class transportation facilities, ten to forty acres is quite sufficient. In fact, on many of the irrigated tracts forty acres is the maximum limit you will be allowed to hold. It has been agreed, time and again, that the average ten-acre irrigated tract is more profitable than the average 160-acre Eastern farm. Such land costs from thirty-five dollars to $150 an acre, unimproved, and from $100 to $300 an acre, improved, and occasionally, and in a few places, from $500 to $2,000 for highly-improved tracts. If you are willing to go a little further back, and go in for livestock, grain, dairying and such lines of farming, you can find plenty of opportunities to get land in tracts of 100 to 600 acres at prices from five to forty dollars an acre. These prices, too, usually include some improvements, such as fencing, cheap buildings and a few acres under cultivation. If you have the money

"RELINQUISHMENTS" OF HOMESTEADS IN GOOD TIMBER CAN BE PURCHASED FOR FROM $500 TO $2,000, WHERE THE LAND IS SPLENDID FOR FARMING AFTER THE $2,000 TO $10,000 CROP OF TIMBER HAS BEEN REMOVED. THIS CABIN WAS BUILT ENTIRELY OF CEDAR "SHAKES," EASILY SPLIT FROM A SECTION OF LOG.

TYPICAL CHEAP REDWOOD-STUMP LAND OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. EXCELLENT SOIL, AND GOOD ALL-THE-YEAR-AROUND PASTURE, BUT EXPENSIVE TO CLEAR FOR TILLING.

it is better to buy the best improved land, and pay a good price for it. Everywhere in the world men can be found who are willing to sell, and it argues nothing against the West that there are plenty of good farms for sale at reasonable prices. Americans are restless.

Even where you have n't much money it is well to borrow more and buy a good, improved place. Land in the West, under proper management, will, in a very short time, pay for itself. Ninety-five per cent of American business is done on credit. On borrowed money E. H. Harriman became the world's greatest railroad magnate. With borrowed money, and with good judgment in selecting your place, you can become an independent land-owner in much less time and with less hard labor than to slowly carve your home out of the wilderness. You can buy plenty of well-improved farms for from $3,000 to $6,000, on such terms as $1,000 down, balance in five years at six to seven per cent. This plan, in our favored Far West, where crop failures are practically unknown, and where the rapid development of the country increases the value of your holdings with surprising swiftness, will put you in possession of a place, paid for in five years, that will be worth from double to three or four times as much as it cost you. Never "discount the future" in getting Western lands. They have everywhere gone up in value, and are going up every day. Do not be afraid to take risks when you have selected a good location.

Sometimes it is difficult to come into a strange land, with small means, and under new circumstances and decide at once what is best to do. An anchor of salvation at such times may frequently be found in renting land. It is true that few places for rent are to be found in the orchard sections. Orchard and vineyard renting is very rare in the West; but you can find plenty of forty to 640-acre improved, diversified-farming tracts for rent at from $300 to $1,000 a year, and in many instances farms are taken on shares for from one to several years. Glancing at the morning's paper at the moment of writing this, I find an item about a Southern Willamette Valley farmer who cleared $6,000 during the past year from a 400-acre rented

CHARMING EXAMPLE OF A HOMESTEAD IN TIMBER.
Not Much Cultivation Here Until the $5,000 Crop of Timber Has Been Sold, and the Stumps Cleared.

TYPICAL CHARACTER OF LOGGED-OFF BOTTOM-AND-HILLSIDE LAND IN WESTERN WASHINGTON, WESTERN OREGON AND NORTHWESTERN CALIFORNIA.

SITE OF A POSSIBLE SPLENDID FRUIT FARM OF THE FUTURE.
In all the Public-Land States are Many Areas of Burned-Over Forest Land Like This, Which May be Homesteaded and Cleared with Comparative Ease.

TYPICAL OPEN GOVERNMENT LAND OF THE INLAND EMPIRE, AVAILABLE TO SETTLERS UNDER THE RECENT 320-ACRE HOMESTEAD LAW," CAN BE CLEARED AND PLOWED FOR $5 PER ACRE.
With the Development of Transportation Facilities, Such Dry-Farming Land May Easily Become Worth from $40 to $50 an Acre for Wheat.

farm, for which he pays an annual rental of $600. His crop was 140 acres of vetch, yielding $4,800 besides fodder for his own stock, the balance of his cultivated area, amounting to 200 acres, being in spring oats. But a renter is not a homemaker;—he is a land-depleter,—and the quicker he gets on a place of his own the better for the country and for himself.

Kinds of Land in the West.

Roughly speaking, Western lands may be divided into irrigated and non-irrigated classes. Taking up the non-irrigated lands, we have the vast dry-farming lands of the Inland Empire; the "logged-off" hillside and timber lands west of the Cascades; the brush hillsides and logged-off uplands of California, and the cleared and improved or prairie lands of the great Coast valleys. Dry-farming is receiving a tremendous impetus under the new 320-acre homestead law, and under the educational influence of the agricultural experiment stations and the agricultural demonstration trains, which have been such a feature to the rural communities of the Pacific States during the past two or three years. Such lands are easily cleared of the usual sagebrush, at an expense of three to five dollars an acre, and large numbers of settlers are tilling them with profit, though, of course, larger areas are required than in the humid regions or where irrigation is practiced. They can be secured, either by homesteading in some of the more remote localities, or elsewhere, at prices ranging from five to thirty-five dollars an acre, according to locality and quality.

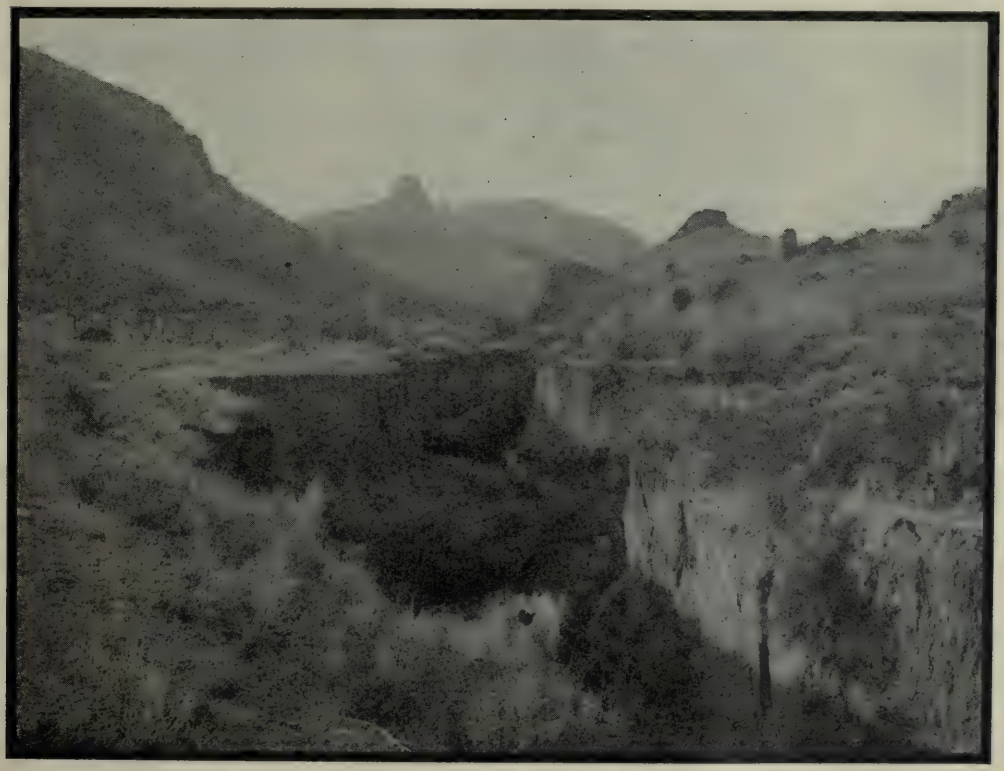
Logged-off lands are, as the name indicates, more or less covered with brush and stumps. Much of this class of land is of the very best for farming

when cleared, and in its present state is generally excellent grazing ground. Most of our very finest fruit sections are on the site of former forests. The "unimproved" lands in most non-irrigated or non-arid sections have to be cleared of brush and stumps at a cost of from twenty-five dollars to $100 an acre. There are vast areas, all up and down the Pacific Coast, of logged-off lands, and with the rapid march of the logging companies, more and more of it is being thrown upon the market, at prices varying from five to twelve dollars an acre in the more remote sections, to as high as $150 per acre close to the very highly-developed and high-priced orchard sections. If you want a large tract of land where the range is good the year through, it is a good plan to get such a tract in any of the Coast counties. A few acres can be cleared for a home garden and orchard, or a small grain patch, and the passage of the years will usually increase the value of the tract so that it can be sold off to later comers, in subdivisions, at a good profit.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, in Western Washington today there are 2,852,000 acres of logged-off lands, and only 429,000 acres in cultivation or improved pasture.

Now is the time to buy such lands for stock and dairy purposes. They will not long remain at five dollars to twenty dollars per acre. First class all-the-year-around pasture land is seldom found so cheap elsewhere in America.

Many of the finest orchards and vineyards of California were once chaparral-covered hillsides. Similar lands unimproved can still be secured at prices ranging from twenty dollars to $150 per acre, depending upon location. The clearing,



TYPE OF THE ROUGHER CLASS OF OPEN, 320-ACRE HOMESTEAD LAND OF THE INLAND EMPIRE.
All of Some Value for Grazing, and in Spots, Excellent for Dry Farming. Where Water is Available, a Veritable Garden of Eden is Possible, with the Wonderful Soil of Many of the Little Valleys.

of course, is far cheaper than in the case of the heavy stump lands.

Irrigated lands are of three classes: Government reclamation projects, Carey Act projects and privately-owned projects.

Private projects are where an individual or a corporation owning a large tract of ground, with an available water supply, digs a ditch or a system of wells, putting the reclaimed lands on the market at prices ranging from forty dollars to $200 per acre. Many such projects are highly meritorious, and are to be found in all of the Western States. Of course, it is advisable always to investigate with care as to the water supply, titles, etc. In other words, be sure that you will not be buying a lawsuit in buying an irrigated farm.

Government reclamation and Carey Act projects have heretofore been very exhaustively described in the pages of this magazine. It may be briefly repeated that they have been uniformly successful, and undoubtedly constitute the greatest single element in the development of the West. Full information about any or all of them may be secured by writing to the United States Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., and to the State Land Board at the respective State capitals.

Reclamation projects usually take in the larger and more expensive irrigation enterprises, and the land is sold to the settler at the absolute cost for the water right. The price varies from about twenty-five to sixty-five dollars an acre, an actual average, according to Director Newell of the Reclamation Service, of about forty-seven dollars per acre. This is payable in ten annual installments, without interest, and the settler on all public lands of such projects secures title only by residence and improvement, under the same restrictions as the homestead law, except that he cannot "commute" by fourteen months' residence.

APPLE TREE RAISED BY ARTESIAN WELL WATER, PECOS VALLEY, NEW MEXICO.

The Government reclamation projects

are built entirely by the Government from funds derived from the sale of public lands. The Carey Act projects are built under the supervision of the respective States, by privately-organized companies, who expect to derive a profit above the expense of construction, by the sale of the water right. The Government, under the Carey Act, gave to each of the arid-land States 1,000,000 acres, in consideration of the irrigation and settlement of not less than twenty acres in each 160 reclaimed, whether at the hands of the State or through contract with private corporations. Under this law the settler buys not less than forty nor more than 160 acres, and he can complete the requirements for residence and cultivation in three years instead of five, as under the reclamation act. In fact, in some States, you can complete all requirements and get title to a Carey Act project within thirty days after making settlement, if you have the means to make the one-eighth-of-area improvements and the payments. The cost of Carey Act lands is sometimes less than under Government reclamation, notwithstanding the profit allowed by the State to the corporations undertaking the work. This is because the Government undertakes the larger and more expensive enterprises. However, it must be remembered that you pay interest on all deferred payments under the Carey Act, which very materially adds to the cost. Also, that although many of the Carey Act projects are constructed most thoroughly, and compare very favorably with the best Government work, some of them are less expensively built, and therefore not so permanent. In other words, your cost of maintenance will sometimes, in the long run, bring the price higher than under an originally higher-priced Government project. You may hear a great deal about Government work being slow, etc., but it is proverbial that it is solid and thorough, and about the best that time and money can make it.

While in many instances in the past, Carey Act projects have been cheaper for the settler than many of the Goverment projects (in respect to the investment per acre for the water right), yet it cannot be successfully disputed that, generally speaking, and in the long run, the Government project is less expensive, especially in view of the recent very rapid increase in price of new Carey Act lands. In some States, a 100 per cent profit is considered not at all excessive for a Carey Act company. The company, we will say, invests $1,000,000 in a lump, for the reclamation of the tract. It must depend upon payments from settlers for its returns. In some cases settlement has not been fast enough to pay even a fair rate of interest on the capital invested, so that when a tract is not completely settled in many years, it will readily be seen that a 100 per cent profit is not excessive.

The Government, however, figures no interest whatever, and consequently the slowness of settlement has nothing to do with the cost to the settler. Mr. D. C. Henny, Consulting Engineer of the Reclamation Service, recently pointed to the rapid increase of water-right charges over the entire West during the last few years.

"Private companies in many localities charge $75, $100 and $125 per acre, and the higher-priced rights sell more rapidly, where conditions are favorable, than do rights at lower prices in less-favored localities. The reason for this is that labor and material cost more than formerly; that the element of time involved in settlement, and waiting for financial returns, is better appreciated and more properly allowed for, and that as the cheaper projects were taken up first, recent irrigation development has generally had to provide for expensive storage features. There has been a similar rise in the value of the products from irrigated farms, in comparison with which the water charges often seem trivial."

There is today occasional conflict between the Government and some Carey Act corporations. It is alleged by the latter that the Government is depriving them of opportunities. On this point Secretary of Interior Ballinger recently said:

"The purpose of the reclamation act is to undertake the irrigation of arid and semi-arid lands where a considerable portion thereof

belongs to the public domain, and by the installation of the storage and diversion of available waters, to irrigate the largest possible area within a given territory at the least cost to the entryman and landowners for construction, maintenance and operation, always keeping in view the matter of the settlement of these lands, and rendering them capable of supporting the largest number of families.

"The danger which the Government is undertaking to overcome is the establishment of small irrigation projects in localities where by such establishment the larger opportunities are destroyed, thus preventing enormous areas of land from ever acquiring the use of water. It is true that many small projects capable of being financed by men of limited means can be carved out of larger possibilities, but to encourage them means the loss of the larger possibilities. For lack of funds the Government is at present often required to surrender possibilities in water appropriations which mean an enormous loss in future development of irrigation works, and I fear that this is not fully appreciated. It is for this reason that at times private enterprises are disposed to contend that the Government is obstructing their interests, while from the larger view their interests are obstructing greater possibilities for larger areas of irrigable lands."

Some of the States have prosecuted irrigation enterprises under the Carey Act with such vigor that Congress has increased its gifts of public lands to them. Idaho, with its splendid water law, is the banner State for development under the Carey Act. This State, for instance, has entered into contracts for the reclamation of 1,480,299 acres of desert lands, and applications are now pending with the State for the reclamation of another million acres under the Carey Act. Said Governor Gooding of that State in an address before the recent National Irrigation Congress, at Spokane:

"The last United States Congress, recognizing the work Idaho had done in reclaiming her desert lands, gave the State two million acres more of Carey Act lands, making a million acres more than has been given to any other State. Water is now available for more than 500,000 acres of Idaho Carey Act land, some of which is fast reaching a high state of cultivation, and is selling at as high as from $100 to $300 an acre. The work of reclaiming the State's desert lands under the Carey Act commenced in earnest when Frank Buhl, of Sharon, Pennsylvania, and his associates entered into a contract with the State in January, 1903, for the reclamation of 270,000 acres of desert land known as the Twin Falls South-Side Project. Frank Buhl can truly be called the pioneer in Idaho's great work under the Carey Act. On this project he built the largest irrigation canal in America, with a width of 120 feet at the top, eighty feet at the bottom, ten feet deep, and with more than one thousand miles of main canals or laterals to distribute the water. More than 25.000 people have already found homes on this splendid body of land; a new county has been created to serve the tract, and it already has a property value of more than $20,000,000. This project will probably be greatly enlarged soon by the western extension of the South-Side project, to include a body of land more than 600,000 acres in extent, and of as fertile soil as can be found anywhere in the West. To build the canals and reservoirs for this area will call for the expenditure of nearly $25,000,000.

"In the last five years enough miles of main canals or laterals have been built in Idaho to reach half-way round the world, and more than one hundred million dollars have been added to the value of lands in the State, and the foundation has been laid for many times one hundred million. Idaho has added to her population sixty thousand people through its Carey Act projects. In two years more one million acres of this land will be completed, and water will be available for every acre. This will provide homes for more than one hundred thousand people. Twin Falls, a city just five years old, has a population of nearly six thousand, and many other new towns have been created. On these Carey Act projects something is done beside the mere placing of water upon the land; great power plants are built, power lines are constructed through some of the larger projects, giving the people electric lights, and in some instances heating their homes with electricity. Assistance is given by the companies to build schoolhouses, churches, and some of the best hotels in the State are now found upon these projects."

It has been recently estimated by Governor Hay, of Washington, that a total of 13,000,000 acres were irrigated last year west of the Mississippi River, and water can be gotten eventually on 39,000,000 acres more. Fully 10,000,000 acres are under privately-owned ditches. The Government has now under way thirty projects, embracing, when complete, 2,225,000 acres, at a cost of $89,000,000, or thirty-nine dollars per acre. Fifty-two million dollars will have been expended by the Government up to December next. Eight projects, totalling 200,000 acres, are complete; nine projects, covering 797,000 acres, are seventy-seven per cent complete; seven projects, covering 750,000 acres, are two-fifths complete, and six projects, covering 538,000 acres or less, are thirty-seven per cent complete.

George E. Barstow, president of the National Irrigation Congress, said, at the recent session, that in the year 1908 there were some 300,000,000 acres under cultivation in the humid valleys of the whole United States; the crop value from which was $8,000,000,000. "When the 60,000,000 acres of arid land are under cultivation the annual crop from it will be worth $6,500,000,000." Irrigationists estimate that the arid lands under irrigation have a productive capacity of four to one better than non-irrigated lands.

Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific Railway, said recently:

"The opportunities for a new settler on irrigated land in the Northwest are sufficiently varied to meet his desires and resources, whatever they may be. He can get a farm under the Huntley project of the United States, in the Yellowstone Valley, within twenty miles of Billings, at thirty-four dollars an acre, payable in ten annual installments, without interest, where he can raise alfalfa and other kinds of grasses, sugar beets and root crops, as well as cereals and small fruits, with a market for all he can raise at his door, and with first-class transportation facilities. He can duplicate this at a slightly increased cost per acre on the Lower Yellowstone project of the Government at Glendive; or he can obtain good land from one of the various private companies in the Yellowstone Valley and its tributaries, the Gallatin, Madison, Powder Tongue, Sweet Grass, Shields, and others.

"The development of electric power from water in and along the Yellowstone and Columbia Valleys and their tributary streams will, in time, bring more land under irrigation through pumping, and thus increase the available area.

"If he prefers orcharding he can satisfy his desires in the beautiful Bitter Root Valley, south from Missoula, the home of the Red McIntosh apple; or he can come further West to the district surrounding Spokane, the irrigation development of which has been marvelous, and which speaks volumes for the enterprise and faith of those who have promoted that development. Or he can go down into the Lewiston-Clarkston district, where the historic Snake and Clearwater Rivers meet, or he can go to the Walla Walla district, the home of the martyred Whitman, or along the Columbia River; or into the very shadow of the fir-clad, snow-capped Cascade Mountains he can find a home in the famous Kittitas, Yakima, Wenatchee, White Salmon and Hood River Valleys, where every kind of fruit that can be raised in the temperate zone grows to the highest perfection and demands a premium in the world's markets. Along the sunny slopes of the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia Rivers the cultivation and production of grapes will, one of these days, equal and surpass the famous vineyards of the Rhine and Rhone. In addition to utilizing his irrigated farm for fruits, grains and grasses, the careful husbandman can obtain profit through poultry-raising and dairying."

The progress of new railroads and the march of development in all directions is constantly opening new districts of hitherto undreamed-of possibilities, not only in irrigated lands, but non-irrigated lands as well. For instance, along the Columbia River, between Oregon and Washington, thirty or forty miles east of the Cascades, is a lot of "bench land," where the finely-pulverized alluvial and residual soil of extraordinary fertility has been dry-farmed for wheat, without noticeable deterioration in twenty-five years. It has just been discovered that here is some of the best almond and apricot land in the whole West. The coming of the North Bank Road has brought a lot of orchardists into this Goodnoe Hills,—Nutland Hills,—district who are cheerfully paying $100 an acre for land that could have been had formerly at from ten to fifteen dollars. It is in this neighborhood that Samuel Hill, a relative of James J. Hill, and associates have purchased large areas of land for colonization purposes. The building of railroads into Eastern Oregon, now under way, will undoubtedly open many farming and orchard sections, destined to be as famous in time as the Yakima Valley of Washington is now. The building of an along-the-coast railway from San Francisco to Astoria will mean the future fame of innumerable valleys. Southern Oregon has awakened recently, and is demonstrating the extraordinary value of its lands and climate for apples, peaches, pears and grapes.

Is There No Government Land Left?

For the most complete and authoritative answer to this question, write to the United States Land Office at Washington, D. C., for a copy of the Bulletin on the Unappropriated Public Lands of the United States. You will discover that the figures in round numbers for each of the Western States are as follows:

	Surveyed.	Unsurveyed.	Total.
California	23,000,000	6,600,000	29,600,000
Colorado	21,500,000	2,000,000	22,500,000
Idaho	7,000,000	19,400,000	26,400,000
Montana	20,000,000	26,000,000	46,000,000
Nevada	33,300,000	27,800,000	61,100,000
New Mexico	31,500,000	13,000,000	44,000,000
Oregon	12,000,000	4,700,000	16,700,000
Utah	11,900,000	24,600,000	36,500,000
Washington	2,300,000	2,200,000	4,500,000
Wyoming	34,400,000	2,600,000	37,000,000

While much of this, of course, is desert land, there are millions upon millions of acres described as "grazing," much of which will become agricultural when cleared.

Remember that nearly all of the roughest land, including all mountain ranges of importance, is in the Forest Reserves, which are, of course, not included in the totals given. But in the reserves themselves are thousands of good agricultural claims that can be secured after five years' residence and cultivation. Though "isolated" there, you have the advantage of all surrounding range for your stock.

Millions of acres of good "dry-farming" land are waiting for you to "take up" now, under the 320-acre Homestead Act, in the various arid-land States. At this moment thousands of settlers are moving into Eastern Oregon in advance of expected railroad construction, and some of them are getting as good homesteads as were ever taken in the West. Many of the claims will be worth forty dollars to $100 per acre in from five to ten years.

Twenty-two years ago, when the writer first came to the Pacific Coast, he was told, and believed, that it was useless to try to get Government land.

"You have to go too far back," they said. "It's a hard proposition; there is nothing good left near at hand, and what's the use of going 'way back and roughing it for a life-time?"

Scores of valleys and hillsides that were then all, or largely, vacant public land, the writer has since traversed on railroads or good highways to find there prosperous towns and land being held at from $100 to $1,000 per acre.

A year ago one found unimproved land at seventy dollars an acre just across the Columbia River from Hood River Valley. This same land had been homesteaded only ten years before. That it has since increased in value to $200 per acre only makes the example the more striking. And at the time we bought this land we did not know of several tracts of fine Government land and State school land in the same vicinity which have since been entered. This illustrates the fact that you can never be sure in the West, where there *isn't* a good "forty" or "eighty" or 160-acre tract left close to land that is selling for a good figure, until you investigate. A forty-acre "open" tract surrounded by entered claims can generally be secured outright from the Government, under the "isolated-tract" law, by paying a minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. In this manner, only the other day, a man picked up an isolated forty, worth $150 per acre, right in the midst of Upper Hood River Valley, Oregon.

If you will go to any land office in the Pacific or Rocky Mountain States and ask to see the maps there open to you, you will find, even in many of the fairly settled counties, that the township diagrams are dotted with tracts open for filing under some one of the various generous laws of our Government. You can also see a reliable description of the general character of the land in that township (a township consists of thirty-six sections of 640 acres each). You can then provide yourself with a compass and a "blue print" map of the township (price fifty cents to one dollar) and go and inspect the vacant tract for yourself. Usually there are men in the neighborhood of any vacant public lands who will guide you to the tracts, for a fee varying from twenty-five dollars to $150. There are professional locators in nearly all the towns of regions wherein public lands are much sought. The capital of these persons is simply the knowledge of just where desirable "claims" are to be found. Be sure that your locator is absolutely reliable. Some of them have made a practice of leading "tenderfeet" to a fine tract, perhaps adjoining the actual vacant tract shown on the blue print, but which vacant tract is absolutely

worthless. The "blazes," or markings, of old surveys are often hard to find, or to read when found; or they may be obliterated entirely by fires or the ravages of time. Unless you have learned roughly how to "run a line," and are somewhat familiar with the wilderness, pay no money as a location fee until you have had your own surveyor confirm the location. This can be done by him in one to three days' work.

Beware especially in the matter of timber-land locations at the present day. Ten years ago, you could have had your choice of thousands of timber claims in California and the Northwest, running from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 of feet to the 160 acres, now worth fifty cents to one dollar per thousand for fir, two dollars to three dollars for redwood and cedar. These claims, located under the "Timber and Stone Act," then cost merely the trouble of one visit and the payment to the Government of $400. Thousands of our Westerners refused to "bite at the timber bait"—there was "too much timber for the Government to give away, even in a life-time." Everybody knows, now, how Michigan and Wisconsin men flocked out here and got the prizes along with the railroads and big corporation-timber grabbers. Fortunately for the people of the United States, Gifford Pinchot, backed by President Roosevelt, finally got ahead of the grabbers by placing 150,000,000 acres in forest reserves.

Ten years ago there was a "stake" in timber for every poor man and woman in the Pacific Northwest had they but known it, and there is a stake in it for many of them yet, though the opportunities are fewer and the investment for a "good" claim greater. There are a few vacant timber claims here and there, running from 500,000 feet to 2,000,000 or 3,000,000, but if they are worth over $400, the belatedly-awake Government either makes you pay considerably more (see new regulations of the United States Land Office regarding the Timber and Stone Act) or allows you to settle and improve the claim under the Homestead Law. If you cant or wont homestead, and if the Government sets too high a price, you can still "beat the game" by "scripping" the land at prices ranging from eight dollars per acre up. The United States General Land Office or any public land dealer can tell you all all about "script." It is of various kinds: "Soldiers'," "Additional Homestead," "Santa Fe," "Northern Pacific," "State School Land," etc.

Some of it is especially valuable to secure quick title to unsurveyed lands, and any of it enables you to get title to vacant public land without any restrictions as to settlement or cultivation whatever. Oh, yes! our Government has been very kind and generous in the past, not only to all citizens, but especially obliging to great railroad companies.

The list of vacant public lands given heretofore does not include, of course, the State school lands. Every Western State owns or once owned 1,280 acres in every township of Government land. This is sold outright by the respective States to help provide for its public schools. Originally most of the States let it go at the minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. Now many of the States, more mindful of their resources and their responsibilities to the children of their citizens, have a minimum price of ten dollars, but carefully investigate the actual value of every tract applied for, then set a minimum price accordingly; then, after due advertisement, put it up at auction to the highest bidder above that price. Thus, just a week before this writing, a considerable tract of school land within half a mile of the land near the Columbia mentioned as having been purchased a year ago at seventy dollars per acre, was sold by the State of Washington for from eighty dollars to $110 per acre, and it was a great bargain at that. Oregon has some good school land left in the arid region at five dollars per acre, but its best timber lands were gobbled up long ago at from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents per acre.

Write to the State Land Board at the State capital of any Western State for full information about its school lands.

If you want public land of any kind,

the quicker you act, the better for yourself, for desirable claims are fast going. For instance, early last March I spent a few days tramping in the foothills of the Cascades on the eastern side of the Willamette Valley, and within a short distance of the western border of the great Cascade Forest Reserve. The townships throughout this whole region are like a vast checkerboard; every alternate section being owned by a railway company or an ancient wagon road company that once built a trail into Eastern Oregon. These foothills have been chiefly "timber-claimed." I was looking for an alleged good timber claim, but found only several quarter sections of splendid land that could be taken better as homesteads. They were on "old burns" and not having enough timber standing to tempt the timber-seeker, had been left for men who some day, in the near future, will prove them to be among the very best fruit lands in the whole West. I mentioned the claims to several persons and understand that they have already been entered. The merest travel in almost any Western State a short distance off the line of any present railway will convince you that but a very minute fraction of the best lands have been even scratched by the hand of the farmer.

Perhaps the best way now to secure either a good homestead or a fairly good timber claim is to buy a "relinquishment." That is, you pay a sum of money to the homesteader to get off the land, and file his withdrawal at the land office, whereupon you promptly make entry instead. Such relinquishments can often be secured for practically the value of the improvements, the seller not wishing to spend the time, labor and money to complete the residence period and get "patent." Of course, if the claim has several million feet of valuable timber, the price is set accordingly. Prices are considerably higher even than a couple of years ago. Generally speaking, a timber-homestead relinquishment costs at the rate of $100 to $200 per million feet. Thus a relinquishment to an 8,000,000 claim may sell for from $800 to $1,600, depending upon whether the prevailing price of stumpage in that region is fifty cents or one dollar per thousand feet. You have to reside continuously on the land for at least fourteen months and "make improvements showing good faith." You may then "commute" and get title by paying from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars and a half per acre, otherwise you must live there and cultivate a portion of the land for full five years—or, as already stated, you can "scrip" the land and get title at any time. When you have sold your crop of timber and the lumber company finally removes it, you have 160 acres of "logged-off" land, good for grazing, and if not too rough, worth from twelve to fifty dollars or more per acre, depending upon the march of development in your direction during the intervening period.

Probably the best opportunities today for the out-and-out, legitimate homesteader are to be found in some of the sagebrush and bunch-grass valleys of Eastern Oregon, Montana and Wyoming. The clearing and preparing of the land is simply, quickly and cheaply accomplished; a crop can be had within a year of the entry date, and then if you happen to be within range of a new railway, or especially if a future irrigation project should take you in, your fortune is made. It is hard to "go 'way back on a claim" and all that sort of thing, but remember: it was a deal harder forty years ago when the first homesteader made his way, with an ox-team, out to one of the present-day prosperous valleys. There are still chances for you to duplicate his success, if you have as much "sand" as he displayed.

The Place to Look for Government Land.

The foothills of the Cascades and Coast Range Mountains on either side of the Willamette Valley, Oregon, also in the region just south of the Willamette Valley, are worth examination. There are some three hundred and fifty thousand acres still left through this region, described by the Government as timber, farming, grazing, agricultural, fruit and mineral land. In the counties of Baker, Crook, Grant, Harney, Malheur and Wheeler (Burns, Oregon, Land Office)

are nearly ten million acres described entirely as grazing, farming and timber land. In Klamath and Lake Counties, Southern Oregon, are over two million acres still vacant, described as partly timbered, partly mountainous, about one-third agricultural and about one-third grazing. There are two or three million acres of other land in Eastern Oregon described as "broken and hilly" and principally adapted to grazing purposes. There are some small valleys and some undulating table-lands, but the greater portion of this is "broken and hilly and mountainous." In Eastern Washington are some four million acres of land described as farming, grazing, timber, some prairie, some arid land especially valuable for fruit and grain. In California some good counties to look up for Government land are Humboldt, Mendocino, Inyo, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Sonoma, Shasta, Siskiyou and Fresno. In Idaho there are tributary to the land office at Blackfoot over two million acres of mountainous and largely agricultural land. This State has a vast amount of both sagebrush plains and very rough mountain land, the former coming quite largely under irrigation development. In Wyoming; Big Horn, Johnson, Sheridan, Albany and Laramie Counties have several million acres described as partly agricultural and grazing lands. There are still literally thousands of spots in more or less remote valleys, open plains, and timbered uplands of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada, where you can get a choice homestead. Pick out your state, use good common sense and foresight, and "go to it," "stay with it," and the future will make you a winner.

THE "INLAND EMPIRE"

By W. A. Tenney.

The scope of the great inland basin of the Northwest is measured by the Columbia water-shed east of the Cascade range. It incloses the State of Idaho, about two-thirds of Oregon and Washington, fractions of Nevada, Wyoming and Montana, with a strip in British Columbia, covering in all an approximate area of 200,000 square miles. Late years this region has been fittingly christened *"The Inland Empire."*

Only four nations of Europe possess respectively a larger territory. All of New England could be laid down three times within its boundaries. The geological records show that this was one of the last, probably the very latest, part of the earth to be revolutionized by extensive volcanic action. Those comparatively recent upheavals gave the present shape to the country, established the climatic conditions, furnished the unique composition of soil, brought within human reach the almost unequaled wealth of mineral stores thrown up from the bowels of the earth, and a system of watercourses unsurpassed in any land.

The surprising natural resources of this inland country were very late in coming to notice. During the first half of the last century trappers found the region rich in furs, and after extensive exploration the Hudson's Bay Company proclaimed it unfit for much else. On the floor of Congress, in 1843, Senator McDuffie said of all the Oregon country: "Of what use would it be for agricultural purposes? I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory."*

By reason of Indian hostilities the Government closed the country east of the Cascades against settlement, until 1859. John S. Hittell, in Appleton's Cyclopedia, published in 1863, expresses the unanimous sentiment of all explorers, tourists and settlers for years beyond that date. Hittell says:

> "Fall River (the Deschutes) has a large basin, but the most of the soil is rocky and desert-like, the elevation is high above the sea, the climate is dry and cold."

And of the region further south he adds:

> "The soil is barren and verdureless. A man may travel for days without passing a tree."

In another article on Washington, Hittell writes:

*Congressional Globe, page 200, 1843.

"The soil east of the Cascades is sterile, stony and dry; its unfitness for cultivation is shown by the scantiness and the low character of the vegetation. There are districts where a traveler may go hundreds of miles without seeing a tree save stunted pines, or a bush save the desert-loving wild sage. This is the general character of the eastern part of the territory."

Nothing appeared in print before 1870 which materially differed from Mr. Hittell's description. Fur traders, military men, scientific explorers under the United States Government, whose pursuits took them over the general average of the great basin, were unanimous in the opinion that rolling table lands in a climate of rainless summers were incapable of producing crops that are grown by tillage, or cultivated fruits where irrigation was inaccessible. As all immigrants to the Pacific Slope were from countries where summer rains were indispensable to cultivated crops of any kind, the settlers would naturally conclude that cultivation could not possibly produce a harvest where little or no visible water was conveyed to the ground after the seed was planted. Such a result would be contrary to all previous farming. The author of this article was a resident of The Dalles from 1859 to 1861, and knows that the Quartermaster at the military post shipped hay and barley from San Francisco at an enormous freight for the army horses, because nobody believed that hay could be cultivated on the hills about The Dalles. So late as 1868 Government land remained vacant a mile from The Dalles because no one considered it worth entering as a homestead. Marvelous to say, the same soil today, under cultivation and without irrigation, is among the most fruitful in any land.

It is now a matter of surprise to those at the front in agricultural pursuits that the pioneers and general public should so long misunderstand and misjudge this new inland country. Experiments have revealed what no one could have anticipated, because occult forces are here in operation which are not so manifest elsewhere.

The Inland Soil.

The composition and qualities of the soil in the great basin of the Columbia differ essentially from what prevails in other lands. It is manifestly Nature's latest attempt to produce the most fertile soil in existence.

Scientists have classified soils under two general heads, alluvial and residual. The alluvial is formed chiefly by the grinding up of the older rocks by the action of running water. When this pulverized material is deposited in the beds of lakes and the ocean it takes the name of diluvial without any material change of substance. With the rarest exceptions this is the prevailing soil on all the face of the globe outside of the Inland Empire.

The residual is decomposed basalt where it was landed by volcanic action, and showers of volcanic ashes from active craters, scattered broadcast by the winds. There has been no disintegration and deposit by the action of running water. The residual material still remains where it was first thrown by volcanic action or scattered by the wind. From its nature and situation it cannot be classified with what is alluvial or diluvial.

Generally this soil and subsoil is from ten to thirty feet deep. The first two feet from the surface is dark-colored and contains a liberal supply of organic or vegetable matter, and all is fine as flour.

The chemical analysis as taken by Mr. Russell, an expert United States geological surveyor, gives as the leading ingredients: silica, alumina, iron oxide, lime, magnesia, soda and potash; the relative proportions according to the order given. This combination forms the richest and most lasting plant food now known. Again, the lime, soda and potash form an alkali in the best proportions to absorb moisture from the atmosphere during the long, dry summers. Professor Hilgard, of the California State University, found by careful experiments that certain "alkali soils absorb from the atmosphere and retain twelve per cent of

water, while the same soil with the alkali removed absorbed only three per cent of water." From this invisible source the grain fields and orchards derive much moisture during the long arid summers.

Inland Climate.

Climate relates chiefly to the atmosphere, its temperature, its motions, its vapors, the relative amount of precipitation and sunshine. Environment and altitude wield a large share of influence. An inland basin cannot be much affected by the temperature and vapor from the ocean. Signal stations show that the largest proportion of the moisture in the air moving inland is condensed into rain before reaching the summit of the Coast range, and the next largest rainfall is before crossing the Cascades, leaving only a small percentage for the great basin. The precipitation on the ocean side of the Coast range is from seventy to 100 inches; on the west side of the Cascade range from forty to fifty inches, and east of the Cascades from ten to twenty-five inches.

Hence the great basin as a whole is in a semi-arid zone. Both temperature and precipitation are graded according to altitude. During the summer months the wind, as a rule, blows fresh and strong from the ocean through the Columbia Gorge and through the other mountain passes, and on the way mingles with the breath from the snow peaks, so the inland atmosphere is pure as the breath of Heaven. The summer days are much warmer than in the Coast region or in the Willamette Valley, but the nights are always cool. Atlantic "dog-day nights" are totally unknown. When the midday raises the thermometer to ninety or 100 degrees the weather bureau at The Dalles shows at sunrise an average of from fifty-six to fifty-eight degrees. The general course of the wind is from the west; but occasionally changes to the east, which brings the coldest days of winter and hottest days in summer. But this seldom exceeds three days at a time. The average winter brings some snow and cold days, but zero weather ordinarily is of short duration. Occasionally, however, there comes a severely cold winter, with deep snow. Records show that the year of 1847 was of this kind. American residents at Walker's Prairie, near Spokane, reported that the snow began to fall in November and continued at great depth until April, and the cold was so severe that nearly all the cattle and horses in that region perished. The winter of 1861-2 was another of the same sort. A published account shows that at Walla Walla snow began in December and the ground was not bare until March. The mercury fell to twenty-nine degrees below zero. It was not much different at The Dalles. Very little stock survived. Travelers between Walla Walla and The Dalles froze to death on the road. Such winters are rare—once in fifteen years.

The Productions of the Inland.

The natural fruits of the soil should not be ignored. The mountain sides and watercourses furnish a liberal supply of timber for all practical uses. Near the frost belt is pine of the first quality; then lower is the fir, cedar, oak, ash and other trees. On the sagebrush plains and ridges once reckoned as on a par with Sahara, the cattle and sheep find a vast amount of feed. The bunch-grass that generally prevails in all the region is unique in character. Nothing is more nutritious for stock in summer. It grows tall enough to stand above the average winter snow, and in July it dries standing equal to the best cured hay and passes through the winter snow and rain with less loss of nutrition than any other product in the known world. When Lewis and Clark were on their return trip, they paused at The Dalles to purchase horses of the Indians. On April 15, 1806, the journalist entered in the book the surprise of the expedition to find "the horses so very fat before the fresh grass had started, for they had received no feed in winter except the dry grass they cropped on the hills."

That the Inland Empire is pre-eminently adapted to grazing no one can deny. Soon as the country was opened for settlement in 1859 the first parties to enter pre-emption and homestead

claims were, with rarest exceptions, stockmen from the Willamette Valley seeking wide ranges for cattle and sheep, with no expectation of cultivating the soil. From the millions of vacant acres they located where there was the most bunch-grass accessible to water. The pioneers foresaw that stock would insure the largest income with the least labor. Their flocks and herds grew fast, and the calves, colts and lambs multiplied. It did not take long for the cowboys to wield the lash of sovereignty, and the cattle kings were crowned with financial and political power.

The stock industry has been immensely successful and lucrative. The one wool market at The Dalles, it is claimed, is the largest in the United States, near where the shearing is done; and how many millions of sheep, cattle and horses are annually shipped to Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, California, the Eastern States, Alaska and the Philippines it would be difficult to compute, for the stream is incessant.

Though the stock industry has grown to such mammoth proportions during an average generation, it would be a great mistake to conclude that bunch-grass was the only or richest resource of the Inland Empire. The first experiment with wheat on a dry hill was made in 1872. The result surprised all doubters, yet it was ten years before wheat was generally grown (1882).

It is now beyond dispute that the undulating table-lands and the sagebrush plateaus are unsurpassed in the production of wheat, both in quality and quantity per acre. The yield in some places is record-breaking, with no irrigation. The volcanic soil seems the best adapted to cereals of any land. The uniform and aggregate harvests tell the story.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce for 1907 states that "Eastern Washington alone produces about 35,000,000 bushels of wheat each year. Oregon and Idaho produce nearly as much more." The most conservative estimate would not fall below 65,000,000 bushels for the entire Inland Empire. "The average yield in Washington is from twenty-three to twenty-seven bushels per acre, which is the largest average yield of any wheat-growing State in the Union. Fields producing from sixty to eighty bushels per acre are not uncommon."

Professor W. J. Roberts, of the State College of Washington at Pullman, writes me: "I have seen 8,800 bushels of wheat taken from 160 acres in one crop; but, of course, you understand this is exceptional." That was at the average rate of fifty-five bushels per acre on a full quarter-section. Whitman County, forty-six miles wide and fifty-six miles long, is the banner wheat county in the United States. Minnesota is the only State in the Union that produces so much wheat as the Inland Empire, and yet only a small fraction of this great basin has been devoted to wheat.

Other cereals—barley, oats, rye—do equally well in this region, but are grown on a limited scale because there is only a local demand. Vegetables, too, and all garden truck are here produced at their best. And thirty years ago this country was universally considered unfit for anything but grazing!

Inland Empire Fruit Culture.

Before historic times Hood River Valley furnished the Indians with abundance of wild strawberries. The early immigrants soon produced a rare hybrid between the native and the best available improved variety, which is of desirable size, excellent flavor and the best-known keeping quality. Owing to their superior qualities they soon found a ready market in The Dalles and Portland. It was 1889 before the first crate was shipped out of the State. "At the Columbia Exposition the Hood River strawberries took the first prize, though they had made a journey of two thousand miles and had been shut up four days in an express car." For some years past this fruit has found ready sale, in the best condition, in Montana, Winnipeg and all the great cities in the Middle West. Last year 90,000 crates of twenty-four pounds each were sold for $150,000. The valley is small in acres.

White Salmon Valley, directly across the Columbia, is considered even better for strawberries because its southern

slope brings an earlier harvest. A score of other places are yielding just as good fruit, but as the Hood Rivers first made a world-wide reputation the popular mind gives that entire locality a copyright of excellence.

The upper Hood River Valley first brought the Inland Empire into high repute for its pomological productions. The cherry, its superior size, its beautiful color, its exquisite flavor and firm pulp was the first to stand preeminent in the market. It is unequaled outside of the Inland Empire. The Hood River apples, too, have a marvelous reputation. The size, splendid coloring, rich flavor, unequaled keeping qualities and freedom from insects place the Inland fruit in the highest rank in the known world. The apples in particular go to all lands, and some varieties keep in good condition for more than a year after picking. Hood River alone yields annually an average of 60,000 boxes, selling at from $1.50 to $4.00 a box. The nature of deciduous fruits, to do their best, demands frosty winters. The writer knows that when the best California apples are selling slowly at eighty cents a box about San Francisco Bay, the Hood Rivers by their side go quickly at $2.50 a box. The White Salmon, Yakima, Wenatchee and Southern Idaho valleys have proved themselves not inferior to Hood River for deciduous fruits. After years of experiment, comparison and discussion, the Hood River cultivators are not yet agreed that irrigation is essential to a full apple crop on volcanic soil. On the dry hills back from The Dalles first-class fruit is grown where irrigation is impracticable. Alluvial soil, however, near the river needs more water than Nature furnished, and soon the addition of fertilizers. The best fruit belts yield annually from $500 to $1,000 per acre. The "red-shot," semi-clay soils of the Hood River and White Salmon districts are considered excellent for apple-growing.

The market, particularly for apples, cannot be overstocked, for there is a steadily increasing demand in the Eastern cities, in London and Paris, and all along the Western coast of the Pacific Ocean. The uniform quality insures the preference over all other fruit. Hood River first established the reputation, but White Salmon, the Spokane region, Yakima, Wenatchee, Okanogan, Walla Walla, Southern Oregon, Southern Idaho, some Montana valleys, and other places not yet advertised yield equally good fruit. The next ten years will reveal marvels in this line. This whole territory is being rapidly checked off by completing railroads, so that orchards almost anywhere are now or soon will be accessible to the world's markets. This last part of our public domain to be opened for settlement, and whose hidden resources were discovered, as it were, only yesterday, is proving itself to be the richest garden on the globe. Fortunate will be the young men who speedily make this new world their home.

The fresh breezes from the placid Pacific through the mountain gorges, mingled with the pure air from neighboring snow peaks in different sections, form an atmosphere unexcelled anywhere for healthfulness. The common diseases which shorten human life in most of the older states are here nearly unknown unless imported. The population, on the average, enjoy great vigor of body and mind and uniform comfort.

The Inland Empire Water Supply.

Along the Columbia and its tributaries are occasional tracts of considerable extent covered with traveling sand, which the summer winds pile up in dunes like Eastern snowdrifts. Experiments have proved that this soil is among the most productive if it can have water and fertilizers in a moderate amount. It is barren desert during arid summers without irrigation. A tract of this kind near The Dalles has been leveled down and given sufficient water. For years past it has been among the most prolific in yielding fruit of the first quality. In the southern parts of Idaho and the southeastern part of Oregon are large sections of land at altitudes and environments where there is the least rainfall. These are classified as desert lands, and Congress has made provisions for reclaiming them. The only need is water.

The soil is of the richest. Isolated tracts of this kind are found all over the Inland Empire, and probably in no part of the world is water so easily attainable in large quantities where it is most needed. As explorers trace up the numerous tributaries they are surprised to find the myriads of bifurcations fed by perpetual snow peaks and the glaciers. Very few townships on moderately level plateaus and sand plains needing irrigation are inaccessible to water, where it has been or can be impounded by dams and canals. Experiments have proved beyond all dispute that an arid climate with inexpensive irrigation is more desirable and profitable than rainy summers. The water, when most needed, can be exactly graded, and there is no danger of drowning out plants by excessive downpours during the growing season, nor of destructive storms in the time of harvest. Nature's supply for irrigation can never be exhausted. The great reservoirs of snow and ice are as immutable as anything earthly can be—replenished every winter.

The Water Power.

The sources of the Columbia are at high altitudes on the surrounding mountains, so the currents are unusually rapid. The power of water is vested in its gravity. The main river between the National boundary and the ocean falls approximately 1,200 feet, and each of the main tributaries has a fall of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. The power is absolutely incalculable. These strong arms reaching out in all directions, with an aggregate length of thousands of miles, what unlimited force do they hold in reserve for mechanical purposes! Where needed for local uses it can easily be arrested by dams or diverted into canals, and if need be re-arrested and used over and over in the same stream or canal.

If more convenient the force, once impounded, may be generated into electricity and sent over wires to any square mile within the whole Columbia basin. Over the wires this most tractable of all forces can be sent undiminished to any altitude or depth. Once harnessed, it is ready to carry light to any dwelling, municipal or rural; to propel cars anywhere; to climb the most precipitous mountain and drag from the stump to the mill the largest and longest logs, and cut them into any desirable shape for lumber. It can be led into the roughest gulches and the most precipitous cliffs to drive the miner's drills, and do the hoisting and milling where other power is unattainable. The current in the streams directly, or when transmuted, can furnish any needed motor power, to any desired extent for practical uses.

The Inland Empire Mines.

The superior climate, soil, harvests, water supply and unlimited water-power would seem to be the full share of wealth for any one country. But in addition to all this the Columbia basin is second to only a few localities in mineral deposits. Idaho incloses the richest mineral belt. It has been computed that Salmon River, in the earlier days, yielded more than $75,000,000 in gold, and at a more recent period more than $50,000,000 of gold has been mined from the Coeur d'Alene region.

The published annual report of the "Mining Industry of Idaho" for 1906 gives as the total value of four metals taken out, gold, silver, copper and lead, $24,138,317. Of this aggregate $14,487,680 was the value of the 255,966,083 pounds of lead. This includes more than forty per cent of all the lead mined in the whole world during 1906.

New discoveries are being opened each year. President Jordan, of Stanford University, after examining what was already in sight, is reported as saying: "The Mother Lode has scarcely been scratched."

The marvelous resources of this youngest empire are only partially developed. But the smallest fraction of the unlimited power has been utilized.

Some of the largest counties have been virtually untilled by reason of their remoteness from any feasible market, but the railroads and electric wires are pushing out in all directions as fast as settlers need them.

The Death of Wilkins Micawber, Esq.

By John Fleming Wilson
Author of "The Curio," "Last Stand of the Argonauts," etc.

STURTEVANT, chief officer of the lighthouse-tender *Manzanita*, swung his long legs out of his high berth and gazed round the open ward room. "I've just finished *David Copperfield*," he announced. "I wish I knew what became of Mr. Micawber."

Long, the engineer, shook his head. "Micawber never was anything," he said. "He's a character, that's all. Of course nothing ever became of him."

Sturtevant kicked his feet scornfully. "That's like a dirty mechanic. Never believe anything nor know anything but oil, steam and steel. I'll bet there was a Micawber, and I'd like to know what became of him. Dickens never made him up. Micawber was down in the city directory, all right."

The superintendent, adoze on a lounge turned a shrewd eye on the chief officer. "I recollect I used to feel the same way," he growled. "I used to read Dickens, too, when I was on the old *May Apple*. My favorite was Pickwick, old Pickwick. There was a good soul for you. Lots of sense and plenty of good humor and an interest in things. But I never liked Micawber, 'specially after the way he died. Went off like a wet firecracker. He was a faker, that chump; a mere watery, slack-brained, addle-pated old bamboozler. He cost me money, and I was glad when he died." The superintendent resumed his doze.

We stared at him—the paragon of our service; and the engineer ostentatiously sniffed, with a glance round as much as to say, "Of all the crazy fools!"

Sturtevant crawled clear down on deck and sat down. Then he said curtly, "Did you say you knew Micawber, Mr. O'Brien?"

O'Brien opened his eyes and nodded. "Of course. Did n't I say he died? I saw him die." He slumbered again, but the chief officer violated all precedent by insisting on particulars from his superior. "Where did he die?" he demanded.

The superintendent rubbed his eyes, sat up, reached for his pipe and remarked, "Down on Siletz Bay. The twins are down there now, I guess."

"Mr. O'Brien's got your Micawber out of a book mixed up with some local society dub," the engineer suggested acridly.

The superintendent shook his head. "No, this was Dickens' man, all right. A large, red-faced chap with side whiskers, a fat nose and a good little wife and four children. Dickens did his best for him, but it was no use. The man was a born fool."

The engineer waved his pipe in violent protest. "The story writer's Micawber was a fiction," he remonstrated. "He was only imagination."

"Sure," was the calm response. "This man I knew was *all* imagination. He did n't know a solid fact when it hit him on the nose. He was the completest, most rattle-brained, loud-mouthed gazabo in the forty-six States. *I* knew him. I saw him die."

We refrained from further speech, and O'Brien went on, apparently anxious to convince us that he told the truth.

"I was mate of the *May Apple*, and our district ran from Crescent City light into the shadier parts of Alaska. Summers we toddled up to Juneau, and the rest of the time we put in fixing buoys

and setting beacons and sounding bars along the Oregon coast. Among other places, we had to survey the entrance of the Siletz River, which is a large, shallow bay, surrounded by hemlocks, marsh grass and sand dunes. The first trip we found nobody except a camp of Indians fishing for salmon, and we made a lot of fun of the Government for getting snared into spending money in developing a harbor where nothing bigger than a canoe would ever go in and out. The next time, about six months later, we found a raw, unpainted shack set up on the sands at the south of the bar with a large sign stretched across the front reading:

WARFIELD PINCKNEY, ESQ.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Real Estate Agent and Notary Public.
TOWN LOTS.

"Captain Haines—he was skipper—read the sign through his glasses, and called me. 'The boom's struck this bay,' he said. 'They've got all the political offices filled already, and now they're selling lots in the sand. I wonder—'

"That was as far as he got, for a skiff was poked off the shore, rocked in the tideway a bit and them ambled out to us. We looked down and saw a very big, red-faced chap sitting in the sternsheets, with a pot hat on his head and a red handkerchief in one hand. Two small boys were rowing. They bumped the skiff up against the old *May Apple's* sides, a hand caught their painter and the fat party got up on his two legs and tipped himself out into the arms of the sailor, who promptly hoisted him up to us on deck, pot hat, red handkerchief and all. Captain Haines came off the bridge, and said, 'Who 's this? Who 's this?' in a loud, startled voice.

"The fat party dug into a tuck in his shirt and pulled out a small, greasy card, which he handed over with a flourish. It said the same as the sign on the shack, and Captain Haines read it all out in a big voice. 'Quite right,' said Mr. Pinckney. 'That describes me exactly. That is my place of business over there on the shore. I occupy what will be the site of the new courthouse. Right in front, where you see that small tree, is the city park. We shall build a boulevard round this, and people driving through the city will have an unexampled view of our lovely bay. I presume you have come on business, sir?'

"Haines stared, and then croaked: 'D'ye think we 'd run our ship in here on anything less than pleasure? This is a picnic party. But we expected privacy. Who are you?'

"Pinckney explained at length. He told us of the formation of the Siletz Land, Town & Country Association, with a capital stock of one million dollars, in shares of five dollars each, nonassessable and backed by three hundred and sixty acres of the choicest property in the United States. He trotted out a little prospectus with a vile woodcut of the Pinckney real estate and town-lot office on the first page. Then, before we could get our breath, he invited us to dinner. 'You will find that we live in primitive style,' he rolled out, 'but Mrs. Pinckney will be delighted to see you. She has been for some months deprived of the social gaiety to which she has been accustomed. I believe that she regrets the lack of school advantages for the children. But she can cook. She requested me to say that if any gentleman here has a bottle of vinegar handy she will appreciate the loan of it. Also mustard. She proposes a salad. Dinner will be at six. It is now four-thirty.'

"Haines gasped and then recovered his presence of mind. 'I shall be happy to come,' he said formally. 'Mr. O'Brien will accompany me. Present my compliments to Mrs. Pinckney.'

"Pinckney beamed. 'She will be overwhelmed with joy—if you wont forget the vinegar and the mustard. We have lemons and nutmegs.' He surveyed us with great complacency and retired toward the rail with a prodigious, echoing smack of his lips, a sort of intimation of gastronomic anticipation. Then he disappeared over the side, reappeared in the skiff and was rowed away in great state, his pot hat set slightly on one

ear. Haines leaned over and then turned to me: 'I wish I had offered him something to drink.'

"We went off in the darkness in full paraphernalia and were met on the sand by Pinckney. 'Welcome to Commercial City,' he said, shaking each of us heartily by the hand. 'It gives me special pleasure to welcome as the first visitors to our metropolis the representatives of our own Government. I have just informed Mrs. Pinckney that I took it as a good omen that you should arrive to be the first ones to see our future center of commerce. Did you forget the vinegar?'

"We hadn't, and Haines, to boot, had tucked into his skirt pocket a large bottle of whiskey. As we walked up through the soft sand to the real estate office, which evidently was the dwelling of the Pinckneys as well, the captain transferred this precious burden to our host. Pinckney instantly let out a dignified hurrah and sent one of the small boys ahead to announce to his mother that she must leave one bowl clean for punch. 'We live primitively,' he explained. 'Tin is primitive. Our dishes are of that useful and comparatively inexpensive metal. But in time we shall eat off the finest chinaware. I have promised Mrs. Pinckney a full set of Haviland—one hundred and eight pieces not including six sweet-corn holders—and she shall have them. But at present we eat off tin. A mere detail.' We struck toes against a plank hidden in the sand and Pinckney waved us on to the door.

"Fancy to yourselves a bare barn of a place, built of hewn timbers walled with long shakes. No plaster, paper nor ceiling. Inside, at the very door, stood a long, rough table littered with blue prints, old maps, letters, miscellaneous papers and at least a dozen corncob pipes in various stages of decay. Beyond, a flimsy cotton curtain waved in the wind that poured in through the cracked walls and a lamp's light shone through it as through a fog. Within a pan clattered on a stove. I was sorry I had come.

"But Pinckney, taking off his preposterous hat and putting it carefully on the table, ushered us on past the curtain into a large, bare room in the middle of which was set a rough table. Beyond the table a woman stood, with a large iron spoon in her hand, peering at us with big, tired eyes. The whole place gave one an impression of innumerable children and frying pans. A worn baby's shoe lay in the slender beam from the lamp. Pinckney called out, 'Maria! The gentlemen from the man-of-war! Gentlemen, allow me to present you to Mrs. Pinckney. Come forward, my love!'

"The woman put the spoon down, wiped her hands on her apron and came forward quietly. As she passed the lamp I saw that she had been very pretty at one time. Her throat, showing over her flimsy gown, was rounded and white. She shook hands gently with each of us and then kissed her husband. Then she went back to her cookery, walking slowly and in an infirm manner.

"'We are pioneers,' said Pinckney, rubbing his hands as he saw us seated on benches. 'In my earliest days I longed to be a pioneer. Now I am one.' He picked up a tin plate and contemplated it with an expression of lively pleasure, as an article of promise and rosy hope. At this moment the outer door opened and the curtain was blown in on us, disclosing a large, raw-boned youth who tugged a dripping sack past us and into a corner by the stove. Pinckney beamed. 'My son James has been digging clams,' he said, stretching his legs out in front of him. 'Nature is bountiful. Providence keeps special watch on the pioneer, on the advance guard of civilization and commerce. The humble spade and the still humbler fish-hook are his coin of the realm and his security for a note of hand. We have found the clam a delicacy. Maria cooks them in a most remarkable manner—in butter, to be frank. When we have butter, which at present we have not. But as soon as I have sold some more property we shall have butter. I have promised Mrs. Pinckney that she shall have butter. At present we use lard.'

"Here Mrs. Pinckney informed us

that dinner was ready and we sat down, after much good-natured chaffing by our host on the poor accommodations. It came out that he had promised Mrs. Pinckney a full dozen of green-plush dining chairs with brass knobs on the feet containing glass balls inside them. We sat on rough benches.

"Four children joined us at the table, the two little boys who had rowed their father out to the ship, the lanky youth who had brought the clams, and a girl whose age I put at somewhere between fourteen and eighteen— a rather buxom, nice-looking girl.

"The meal was a good one, so far as the cooking went—potatoes, bacon, fried clams, hot biscuit and salmon. Pinckney seemed to enjoy his victuals hugely. The children ate ravenously, except James, and the girl watched Haines and me with shy, pretty glances. Mrs. Pinckney said little, now and then brushing her hair out of her eyes with a gesture of weariness and solicitude. I observed that she had dark red hair and was younger than she looked to be at first view.

"Of course Pinckney was a fool. I don't think he was crazy, or anything like that. But he expanded steadily under the dim light of the kerosene lamp and laid before us all his great prospects. It appeared that he had done a great many things. He had lived in the Eastern States for years, but somehow he had never got on. He attributed it to the effeteness of the East, which didn't recognize the value of energy. 'I have the spirit of a pioneer,' he said, 'and they want only the sedateness of the clerk and the bookkeeper. I tried bookkeeping. I will frankly confess that I was a failure. Though I am fond of accounts. All great business men like accounts. But details weary me.'

"It seemed that he had done a thousand things, all with great hopes at the first, and rapid increase of distaste towards the end. He had run a grocery, a shoe store, a coal dépot, a lumber yard, a restaurant supply concern. He apologized for them all. He said that in America they had not learned that a gentleman is fitted only for the larger affairs. Through this national misapprehension he had suffered. But at last he had learned that to succeed he must leave petty retail businesses to others. I fancy he was at the bottom when he decided to come West. I think some one helped him away, paid for his ticket, like enough, and he had come out, wife, children and all, to the Pacific Coast to make the fortune denied him in the East. He enlarged on this last.

"Then he told us all about Siletz Bay, about the company which he had organized, about the land—the three hundred and sixty acres of the finest property in the United States. He threw figures at us and almost wept when Captain Haines admitted that at extreme high water there might be twenty-two feet of water on Siletz Bar. 'Plenty for the very largest vessels,' Pinckney cried. 'And a man—I refuse to quote him by name—told me that the harbor here was worthless. You won't believe it, but he did. I know better. I have promised Maria that she shall see the freighters of the world riding at anchor opposite our mansion on Pinckney Heights, just a half mile back of our present temporary dwelling.'

"We sat and took it all in, Haines and I, till the dinner was gone, including the fish salad to which our vinegar and mustard contributed, and when the dishes were cleared away Pinckney brewed an excellent punch and we sat down around it, his wife and all, while he expanded upon the future.

"It came out, further, that he had not bought the land that he advertised as belonging to the company. He had an option on it for a year, or something like that. But he would sell a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock and purchase it before the option expired. He would buy other options. People were blind. They didn't know the value their property was going to have. He painted the destiny of Commercial City in splendid colors, a sort of circle of infinite values, growing steadily out to a larger circle of options, absorbing them and ever creating new options beyond. He thought that twenty years would see a metropolis of not less than five hundred thousand inhabitants.

"True (he admitted) he had as yet sold no stock and seen no buyers. But he was writing letters to the big newspapers about the untold wealth of the Siletz and thousands were waiting for exactly the chance that he was offering them. Stock was cheap. Only five dollars a share. With each share one got a city lot, a little far back, but worth a thousand times the money. For two shares one got a better lot. Twenty shares entitled one to a manufacturing site. The whole thing was limited. A wise man would not delay to invest his money in such a marvelous bonanza.

"We sat there and sipped our punch and listened. Across from us Mrs. Pinckney bent over some sewing, children's duds of some poor kind, her needle going slowly, as though she were short-sighted and could n't see well. The tall, lanky youth was frankly asleep on a rug in the corner, a small boy on either side of him. The girl watched us with open eyes, not a bit sleepy, losing interest half-hour by half-hour, but still ready to see us a while longer. Haines and I bought a share apiece.

"We were instantly thrust out into the office, Pinckney borrowing the lamp and fishing a dry pen out of a crack somewhere. It seemed the ink-bottle was gone. No matter. A pencil would do. Then he insisted on going over the whole thing again, leaning across the blue print and marking off the points with a dirty thumb. When we paid he drew out some long, mussed-up sheets of paper covered with fine script. It seemed he had copied the certificates off himself, with the help of his daughter. But they were as good as printed. He would seal them with the great seal of the company, which he did with tremendous formality, giving us the impression (I held the lamp for him to see by) of assisting at some solemn incantation or ceremony. Then he folded up each certificate, running his thumbnail down each fold, and handed them to us with a flourish and pocketed our coin hastily.

" 'You will count this the most fortunate day of your lives,' he assured us, shaking us heartily by the hand. 'You may count yourselves worth five thousand dollars each from this moment. I have presented Mrs. Pinckney with three lots immediately adjoining yours, and I have promised her that they will be worth fifteen thousand dollars. They shall be.'

"We said good night and trudged back to the shore and waved a lantern for the boat to come off and fetch us. Neither of us said anything to the other about our purchase. We were heartily ashamed. The next morning we left Siletz Bay.

"I didn't see Siletz Bay nor Pinckney for three months. At the end of that time the commander of the district—a new man fresh from the East—handed Haines a communication from one W. Pinckney, Esq., who notified the Government in severe terms of the serious delinquency of the district commander in not removing an obstruction which had fouled a channel buoy and hidden it. The letter intimated that vessels passing daily in and out of Siletz Bay were sadly incommoded, and that shippers were likely to suffer the loss of untold thousands of dollars from a wreck for which the Government would be held directly responsible. The commander (Haines told me) seemed much put out, and gave strict instructions to see to it that such a thing did not happen again.

"So we tooled down and slopped in across the bar and came to anchor off Pinckney's real estate office. We found the buoy and cleared it and then went ashore to see our lots. Pinckney welcomed us effusively. Things were in fine fettle. Our property was soaring in price. To be sure, no other building than his own had gone up, but there were prospects. Capital was getting interested. He had spent some of the income in getting out a new leaflet. He handed us each a copy. It had already wakened interest in the Atlantic States. He had sold over a dozen lots in the past two months. Mrs. Pinckney would insist on our staying to dinner. We would have clam fritters.

"We stuck the leaflets in our pockets and went up to call. Mrs. Pinckney welcomed us quietly and went about getting the meal. Her husband showed us the blue print, with big purple ink crosses

marking the lots that had been sold. He thought he would raise the price.

"I need say no more than that we ate a meal exactly like the one we had had the first time; that Haines sent off to the ship for some brandy and we had a mild punch, while Mrs. Pinckney sewed slowly, her eyes bent on her work, except for an occasional look of affection offered her husband when he leaned far over the table and endangered the lamp. But when we got off to the ship again and pulled the leaflets out of our pockets, Haines swore violently. It was a cheaply printed little affair, and I have a copy in my wallet. It was nothing but what you would expect of the exuberant Pinckney till we came to the last page. There we read that Captain Haines and Chief Officer O'Brien, of the United States Light House Establishment, had repeatedly visited Siletz Bay and become so much entranced with its possibilities as a great commercial port that they had instantly subscribed for stock and were now among the heaviest holders of the paper of the Siletz Land, Town and Country Association, Warfield Pinckney, Esq., President-Treasurer and Manager.

"'I'm going right ashore and get every one of these lying circulars and burn them and shoot Pinckney,' Haines roared through the ship, and I had some difficulty in keeping him from plunging off in the darkness on this errand. The next morning showed us a rough bar and perforce the *May Apple* had to lie over another day. So in the morning we went ashore, bent on bringing Pinckney to his senses.

"We found him in his office with the cotton curtain eddying at his back. He received us cordially and seemed hugely astonished when Haines let out his pent-up wrath and stormed about the leaflet. Haines used rough language, and I 'm not saying he was n't justified. But Pinckney was so utterly crushed that even I was sorry, and we both were miserable when the curtain was drawn aside and we saw Mrs. Pinckney's frozen face.

"She came on in, drying her little hands on her apron, giving us the impression of a protecting and defiant woman ready to leap at us if we said more to her stricken husband. Haines gaped and then caught himself up. 'Your explanation makes it all clear Mr. Pinckney,' he croaked. 'I'm sorry I didn't understand. I'm a rough-spoken man.'

"Pinckney drew himself up with sudden dignity, took his wife's hand in his and made us a florid speech of which I remember nothing except that he knew Mrs. Pinckney trusted him, and so long as her confidence was unshaken he would continue to do wonders. We stayed to dinner, Haines sending off to the ship for a whole boatload of stuff.

"We got away the next day, and it was n't till next trip, one winter day, that I found that he had bought two more lots. He did n't defend himself, did n't even intimate that it was a good investment. But we had the Pinckneys out on the tender and a good dinner with punch in the wardroom. Here James, the lanky son, made my acquaintance, and I liked him. He was an austere and solemn-minded chap, and he did n't take any stock in his father's real estate business. 'We 've been here nearly a year,' he told me, 'and I dont see any more houses going up, nor no schools. Pa has sold some stock, but he 's never bought up that land he 's promised to buy. You 've got no more lot than a clam. Old Svensen, Pa bought it of, told me so.'

"So I, too, carefully broached the subject to Pinckney, and he beamed on me. 'I'm glad you suggest it,' he said genially. 'It would naturally occur to any business man. Of course I shall not take up the option immediately. To be frank, I have already spent what money has come in on procuring a year's option on that magnificent tract just south of Commercial City. I shall renew the option on the townsite. In this way I shall double all our money, for having double the land we shall inevitably get double the returns.'

"Things went on this way for a year. The *May Apple* dropped into lonely Siletz Bay a few times, and we all ate dinner together in the shack and listened to Pinckney's flaming description of the future. But I observed towards the last of the second year that the

fellow looked worried. He did n't seem to have the same elasticity of temper and made his invariable punch like a man preparing delicacies that he did n't venture to hope to share for long. Then one day while we were in Tacoma Haines tossed me a long letter."

O'Brien delved into his wallet and extracted a large, yellowed piece of paper, which he unfolded and read aloud:

Commercial City, October 17.

My Dear Captain Haines:

When you get this letter Commercial City will be but a name. Its busy streets and teeming marts will have vanished. Its excellent park (giving a splendid prospect over a bay of unrivaled beauty) will have been allowed to return to its native desolation. And the Siletz Land, Town and Country Association will have closed the doors of its emporium denying to thousands of homeseekers the inestimable advantages of an immediate return on their investment of not less than one hundred per cent. To be frank, I am poverty-stricken. The hand of the wolf is knocking at the door. I have promised Mrs. Pinckney to destroy myself amid the ruins of our vast enterprise.

I have felt for some time that to bring the matter of our growing commercial metropolis before the public in a fitting way I should, as President, Treasurer and Manager, go to Portland and other cities of the Pacific Coast and use my personal powers in the interest of our association. I have striven to get more investors not only by letter, but by post-card. But Mr. Svenson (O. A., not J. C.) has refused to extend the option on the townsite without a further payment of $15. This paltry sum stands between me and brilliant success. Mrs. Pinckney has now done all in her power to economize and, there being nothing more to economize on, ceases perforce and has no recourse left but tears and the poorhouse (of which institution there is none in this county).

I feel that an explanation is due you and to my good friend, Mr. O'Brien, and I now offer it, and with this apology for circumstances not within my control, the further assurance that you will never again be called upon to excuse the failings of

Yours abjectly yet sincerely,
WARFIELD PINCKNEY.

P. S.—I believe I have stated above that the sum of $25 is all that is needed to put the enterprise on its feet again. No matter. That is a mere detail. I have promised Mrs. Pinckney that I will not go into details.—W. P.

"I read the letter and handed it back to Haines, who merely sniffed scornfully. I did n't know he had sent the $25 to Pinckney till a month later, when he steered into Siletz Bay and informed me that he was going to take Pinckney to Portland. 'He thinks a week or so there would put him in the way of selling lots of lots,' he said lamely.

"'But he does n't own the land, and we got cheated ourselves,' I protested.

"'He's promised to take every cent and put it into buying the land he's got an option on,' Haines told me.

"Well, we brought Pinckney up to Portland, quite splendid in an old frock coat and his top hat. Two weeks later we set him ashore on the beach again, jubilant and wearing a new hat and new coat. In his hand he carried an evidently precious bundle which, he confided, was a surprise for Mrs. Pinckney. 'If you will come up to dinner you shall see what it is,' he told us.

"So we went up to dinner, after fussing around at the buoys for effect, and were sorry we had come the moment we got to the door. For Mrs. Pinckney was sobbing inside and Pinckney was trying to soothe her. No matter what all we overhead. It seemed the children had no shoes and the girl no stockings nor other fixings, and the boy no books, and Pinckney had brought some queer present home that his wife could n't bear to look at. It was all very difficult to listen to, and Haines and I went away quietly for a hundred rods, smoked a cigar apiece and then came back whistling and knocked loudly.

"Pinckney received us with noble effusion and requested us to be seated in the office, explaining that it was not a good parlor, but in time he would be rejoiced to see us in his new mansion on Pinckney Heights. 'Mrs. Pinckney, overwhelmed by her husband's return, is now attiring herself,' he told us. 'She will receive you presently.' So we sat and discussed old tales for an hour, till it was quite dark and we smelt the dinner cooking. Then Pinckney ushered us out and Mrs. Pinckney came to meet us, and we stopped in amazement.

"She wore a dark green silk gown that seemed to flow around her. Some-

how it set off her pale face and big eyes and little hands. In a way it was a magnificent thing. And I calculated that it might have cost forty dollars. But I confess that Mrs. Pinckney looked like a shining girl in it, only for her big, heavy eyes, that refused to look at us sharply and were always running off into corners. Her husband saw our looks of admiration and glowed. 'Mrs. Pinckney was pained that I spent a little money for that gown in Portland,' he said, with some dignity. 'Mrs. Pinckney is of a sensitive nature. She was overcome. But I have insisted on her wearing it tonight. I venture to say, and I will say it, my love, that a more beautiful woman than Mrs. Pinckney does not grace any board in this great land. Green is becoming to her. She was married in a green dress. She—'

"Here Mrs. Pinckney gave strong indications of breaking into sobs again, and Captain Haines poured out his deep-sea voice, and soon we were seated, everything was smooth and the fish was served, Pinckney explaining that he had insisted on at least three courses. 'We may be out of the world, but we are still of it.'

"The third year did n't seem to help the Pinckneys towards prosperity. I suppose he sold a lot now and then by mail, but I noticed that the children had no shoes at all and that the girl did n't appear much when the *May Apple* was in port. Then we came in one rainy afternoon and dropped anchor in the bay and went ashore to find Pinckney propped up in a chair made out of a barrel, and evidently very sick. The small boys were busy bringing in driftwood to pile into the stove and Mrs. Pinckney was cleaning clams for a stew. But Pinckney received us as jovially as of old and waved a letter at us. 'You are just in time,' he said. 'We are going to celebrate. I have just sold the warehouse site to a man in Michigan, who writes that he hopes soon to join us here.' He babbled on, a little wildly at times, I thought, like a man in a dream.

"We sat around, and Haines refused to have any supper or dinner, or anything else. Instead he sat and stared at Mrs. Pinckney till she disappeared and returned in the green gown. I may state that her other dress was past wearing in company. The sight of it seemed to exhilarate Pinckney, and he called her over and kissed her very warmly. Then he relapsed into melancholy and recited a long story of his disappointments in the East. In the midst of it Haines got up and excused himself, and I was left to talk to Pinckney. When he had talked himself out it suddenly occurred to me to ask him whether he had read *David Copperfield*. He seemed puzzled at first, but when I reminded him of Wilkins Micawber in it he beamed. 'I have admired him—no, I 've not read it lately. But my mother gave me the book, and when I was a boy I read it. I have not read it since, though I remember it as an excellent work, full of the fire of genius. I have been told that I have some of the characteristics of that famous hero. He was a fine letter-writer. But I 've been a busy man. No time for books. To be frank, I 've not read the book since I was twelve. My wife has read it. So has my daughter. I understand that Mr. Micawber was an excellent man and a very successful example of the true Anglo-Saxon business man, the sort that have created a new world. He was a fine letter-writer.'

"He seemed to get tired, and I left him, passing Haines, who was just coming in. The captain told me to go back to the ship, and that he would n't leave till morning.

"At dawn he came off and told me Pinckney was very sick. 'There are several things I must get fixed up,' he said. 'I have some business to transact with Pinckney, and I wish you to come as witness.

"That is how I was among those present when Wilkins Micawber died.

"Anybody could see by the dull morning light that he was all in. He lay on the rough bed, wrapped in a blanket, with his pot hat hanging on the nail above him and the blueprint spread out under his shaking hands. A litter of papers trailed across the gray coverlet. Back by the stove the small boys were engaged in cleaning clams, the rasping

noise of their knives regularly breaking through the bare house. Haines sat down by the bedside and drew out a bundle of papers. 'I have decided to put all my holdings in one block,' he announced. 'Now they are scattered all through the townsite.'

"Pinckney considered this, and agreed. 'Then you will own a whole block,' he said weakly. 'An excellent notion! Allow me to express my approval of it. We will draw up the papers this afternoon, and I will make the transfers in proper form.'

"'I thought I should like Block 19,' Haines went on.

"Pinckney shook his head. 'I 'm sorry, but I have reserved that for Mrs. Pinckney. No, my love, I will not listen to you. That is your block. Captain Haines can have Block 18, immediately adjoining. In fact,' he went on, beaming on us all, 'I had just completed the taking up of the option on the whole tract when I got this cold, from which I shall soon recover. In short, I have paid Mr. Svenson his money and the Commercial City townsite is now the property in fee simple of the Siletz Land, Town & Country Club. I got it at a preposterously cheap price—one dollar an acre. The deed is now in the Recorder's office. My love—'

"Pinckney's strength suddenly failed him and he stared at us all with a perplexed, timid look. His wife suddenly bent over him. 'Warfield,' she said in a choked voice, 'we 're afraid you are dying.'

"It was out now. Pinckney pulled at his whiskers with trembling fingers, coughed, looked at us all sheepishly and then smiled brilliantly. 'It may be so. Mrs. Pinckney has never deceived me. I have never deceived Mrs. Pinckney. I promised Mrs. Pinckney that she should in time be the owner of a block worth fifteen thousand dollars. I have accomplished my promise.'

"We sat around him for an hour, and he refused to let us go. 'I may be on the verge of eternity,' he said gaily, 'but I trust I shall not be rude about it. In this wilderness we have had few friends—in short, to be frank, no friends at all, apart from our good friends on the *May Apple*. I trust I shall not be ungrateful, even in the article of death. I hereby promise Mrs. Pinckney—and I have never deceived her—that I will maintain her good opinion of me to the last. But I hope she is mistaken about my dying. We are on the very brink of prosperity.'

"Later he said: 'I paid for it by strict economy. In fact, through Mrs. Pinckney's economy. She promised me that she would be economical. She did n't deceive me. She was economical. And now we are rich!' He seemed to roll the thought deliciously in his mind a moment, and then looked up at his wife. 'Put on your green gown, my love,' he said in a whisper.

"When she had vanished behind some curtain or other Pinckney turned his head on the pillow slightly. 'I believe Mrs. Pinckney was right when she stated that I was dying. I *am* dying. I feel that I am deserting Mrs. Pinckney. She has always—no, not always cheerfully—but she has always said that she would never desert me. As a bride she used to smile and tell me that. Lately she has said it when I rallied her. She never has. She will not regret it, for I have, by great efforts, provided for her and our children. Gentlemen—'

"His voice stopped in his throat and his eyes steadied on his wife. She stood beside the bed, dressed in the green gown that flowed around her. Her big brown eyes were fixed on her husband and her little hands lay gently on his shoulder. A sudden, swift look of passion flamed up in the old fellow's face, and she stooped and kissed him. To our strange eyes he seemed to be bent on asking a question, but speech had gone from him. I saw a tender, half-humorous, motherly, utterly lovely little smile make her lips quiver, and she bent over him again. I barely caught the words: 'No, I will never desert Mr. Pinckney.'

"He died.

"We buried him in the very midst of the townsite of Commercial City. Then Haines packed the whole family on board the *May Apple*, contrary to all regulations made and provided. As I

took them off in the boat Mrs Pinckney concealed something in a fold of her worn green gown. I saw what it was—an old gilt copy of *David Copperfield*. She saw my glance and flushed delicately. 'Mr. Pinckney made a wedding present of it to me,' she said, with a quiver of the mouth. Then, later she remarked softly: 'Mr. Pinckney never read it. I am glad he did n't.' Still later, as we neared the ship, she looked at me with wet eyes. 'I read it often. I 'm glad I did. It—it helped me—to understand—my husband.' "

O'Brien stopped suddenly. Sturtevant looked at him questioningly. The superintendent nodded. "Yes, the land proved to be a good investment. Haines looked after it for her. After all the man was—" He fell silent.

In An Old Garden

By Alyse Hunt Whitaker

As down a long-dead garden path I strayed,
By listless blooms through mossed trellis crawling,
I felt the glow of yesteryears recalling
That wealth of fragrant beauty now decayed.
Beside the crumbling fountain where had played
A mist of liquid rainbows, ever falling,
I stood again and heard the song-birds calling
In melodies of love 'neath laurel shade.

The errant perfume of old rose-leaves, cast
Upon the grass-grown pebbles at my feet,
Called back through lulling incensed silent hours.
The tiny chalice of the jasmine, last
Of plenteous spring-time's gifts, poured out its sweet
And blest me as I stood among the flowers.

Teacher and Child

By Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D.
Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York

THE needs of the teacher are only two, but they mean so much—preparation and consecration. Preparation is the never-ceasing process of fitting oneself from day to day for the ever-increasingly difficult task of teaching. Consecration is a sense of devotedness to the teacher's calling, arising from a realization of the sacredness of the teacher's responsibility. Consecration may be reduced to simpler terms—love! Love for the child; love for the task! And love in its turn implies so much—respect, sympathy, forbearance. Love for the child! Edward Everett Hale and Helen Keller were talking of a school which she and a friend were to open, and Helen expatiated upon the way in which the school was to be conducted. He said: "But, Helen, what are you going to do?" "Oh," said she, "I am going to love the children." So feels the heaven-ordained teacher.

Love goes hand in hand with sympathy and reverence. About the year 1492, in a little village in Germany, there was a schoolmaster, John Trebonius by name, who had a curious habit of raising his cap to salute his pupils when he entered the schoolroom. When someone expressed astonishment, he said: "There are among these boys men of whom God will one day make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, magistrates. Although you do not see them with the badges of their dignity, it is right that we should treat them with respect. One of these little boys was a certain Martin Luther, who mightily influenced the destinies of men for all time by standing rock-like for what he believed to be true."

Love and reverence for the child will beget the sympathy and forbearance which are two-thirds of the victory. The child mind and its laws, the child psychology must be known, but this knowing or science is not enough. There must be patience and sympathy with the child life, the fewest dos and donts. The Decalogue contains, as its name implies, just ten commandments. How many teachers are as inexigent as Moses! Love for the work! Without love for the work it is impossible that the teacher should be possessed of and by the indispensable quality of enthusiasm and personality.

Chiefest of the elements of preparation and consecration for the teacher's task is the possession of character. The teacher must not merely know; he and she must *be*. The teacher must be in order to teach. The teacher in the pulpit and the teacher in the schoolroom should be chosen with regard to character above all things. The ancients appreciated that a teacher must be worthy in order worthily to teach. Montaigne tells of the rearing of a Persian prince. At the age of fourteen the child was delivered into the hands of four men, the wisest, the justest, the most temperate and the most valiant of the Nation. The first taught him religion; the second, to be ever upright and true; the third, to become master of his own desires; the fourth, to fear nothing. Almost anybody is good enough to teach—seems at times to be the rule which governs us in the choice of teachers; in truth, only our finest men and women are good enough to teach. Plutarch said: "The teacher must be of blameless life, pure character and of great experience."

If we are to have the type of teacher aforementioned certain preliminary con-

ditions must be fulfilled. The office of teacher must be magnified by the people and by the teacher. The State and the people alike must assume a different attitude toward the teacher. The entire question of teaching and teachers must be freed and kept free from political influences and sectarian entanglements. This implies that appointment to office and retention in office should be on the basis of fitness and merit with special regard ever to the moral worth of the teacher. In the next place the teacher's tenure in office should be for life, pending always continuance of fitness in the highest sense. The school system in every city should include provisions looking to reward and promotion on the basis of merit and quality of service. Finally, a liberal system of pensions should make possible the retirement of teachers after a certain length of service—that is, when the period of highest usefulness has been terminated.

The teacher's work is the most wearing and taxing in the world. The remuneration should cease to be niggardly and inadequate. If it cannot be made adequate to service rendered it should at least be fair and above the standard of the so-called living wage. Sir William Ramsay criticised our educational system a few years ago because of the small salaries paid to teachers in schools and professors in colleges. Everything possible should be done to make the office of teacher attractive to our best men and finest women. It can never be hoped to make the teacher's post one of the world's prizes in money and material reward, nor is it necessary. But teaching should not forever be the poorest paid of the so-called professional callings. Teaching must be made worth while, and then we shall get what Ruskin called our money's worth in "the greatest possible number of good and brave men and women."

What is perhaps most urgent of all—the place of the teacher in modern life must be enhanced in honor and in dignity. Teachers above and beyond all other men and women ought as a class to receive the unstinted reverence and gratitude of every community. The teacher is not a hired servant of the State nor of parents. The teacher's office is not menial. The true teacher is a public benefactor in the highest sense of the term. When that reverence and good-will, which are now denied or grudgingly yielded to the teacher, become the teacher's portion, the true and vital relation between the school and the home shall have been established. The parent must be the teacher's fellow-worker, co-operator, not hinderer. The best and faithfulest work in school is done by the pupils who come from a home in which parents think kindly and speak respectfully of teacher and school. The school problem is the parent-teacher problem. A vital and close relation ought ever to obtain between the school and the home. The parents of the pupil must come to feel a profound and unflagging interest in the work of the school. Was it not Plutarch who complains of such parents as entrust a child to a teacher and pay no more heed to it? I have heard of mothers who have a gown fitted five or six times, but who do not pay that number of visits to a school in as many years to learn how a child is being fitted for life.

If only we could secure a right standard of teaching-service and of teaching-reward a great present-day problem might be within reach of solution. Without in any wise desiring to inveigh against the private school, I cannot refrain from expressing the long-cherished conviction that the private school ought not to be necessary in our democracy. Not very long ago occasion offered to make a suggestion to the head of a private school in New York, which suggestion, looking to its larger use, was quickly vetoed because "the girls' desks might be tampered with, and our pupils take such pride in their belongings." The private school can be made unnecessary if but we will make the public school better. Some foppish and foolish parents will always continue to send *their* children to private schools, but we ought to be able to make our public schools so efficient and so excellent that parents will, in the main, feel that they cannot afford to send their children to

any other than the public schools. This were a consummation devoutly to be wished, even though some of our finest men and women now teach in the so-called private schools. The private school system, which is fast growing, is distinctly anti-American—a menace to our American democracy. The very life-blood of our democracy is the training which is given in the public school, and the private school is not conducive to the spread and permanence of the American spirit.

The masses are being incited against the classes is one of the chief counts in the indictment against yellow journalism. This incipient antagonism will become far graver in the near future, if the public school become the school of the poor and the private school the school of the rich or well-to-do. One of the prime purposes of the public school is to bring the child of the poor man and the child of the rich man together on the same level of school life, and in the wholesome and searching contact of school rivalry. Nothing could be better for the child of the millionaire than to be thrown into close association and constant competition with the child of the wage-earner. Let them come to know and respect each other as they needs must in the public school. Through the endless multiplication of the private schools and the conversion of the public school into the poor man's school an end may be put to the one opportunity of the rich man and the poor man of the morrow to meet together. Thus the understanding, which obtains between the rich and the poor, may become irreconciliable and irremediable. Mine is the seemingly radical position that, far from lending State support and countenance to private or sectarian schools, the time may come when these will not be permitted to exist. But the abolition of the private school and the parochial school must be deferred until the day when we shall have succeeded in making the public school so immeasurably superior to every other that legislation will no longer be needed to achieve this end. If it be true, as is urged, that some of the best and most gifted teachers in the land are in the private schools, this were a sad commentary upon the management of the public schools in American cities. No cheese-paring economy in public education, if you please! For our children, the children of the democracy, we demand the best.

The tasks and opportunities of the teacher may be briefly summed up: Education must individualize, having regard to the accentuating of personality. Education must emancipate or liberate children who are the sons and daughters of the Republic. Education must ethicise; that is, influence and exalt the moral nature of the child.

If mine were the privilege of laying down a single rule for the guidance of teachers it would be—a child's individuality is a sacred thing, and is to be regarded and dealt with as holy and inviolable. The individuality of a child is to be respected, and, as far as may be, nurtured and developed. This is the highest art and the noblest part of teaching. Professor Dewey has said: "The child must live—his own life." I know of no better definition of education than that of the author of *The Simple Life*: "Education should consist in thinking with one's own mind, feeling with one's own heart, expressing the little personalities of the inmost invisible I." Repression is never to be attempted by the teacher. The art of arts in teaching is to help the child to expression—to self-expression. Expression of self by pupil and not the repression of pupil by teacher—must come to be conceived as one of the canons of teaching.

One may urge upon the teacher the importance of furthering at every moment the individuality of the child and yet not be unmindful of the difficulties which stand in the way of individualization in a classroom in which there are forty, even fifty, and sometimes sixty pupils. But these difficulties, vexing and impeding though they be, need not be insurmountable to a teacher who is genuinely in earnest. The teacher must take to heart and commend to the child the high counsel of Emerson: "Insist upon yourself; never imitate." Help every child to be himself, his best and

finest self, but ever himself. John Jones, who is himself, is more to be desired than a tenth-rate unsuccessful imitation of Washington or Lincoln. The great and good are never to be held up for servile imitation, but ever for free emulation. I have sometimes wished that teachers might accept for their own guidance the principle and practice of Saladin: "I have never asked that all trees should have the same bark."

Rightfully do we demand that the teacher shall be the educator rather than the instructor, seeing that the ultimate aim of education is liberty of thought and action. Teaching is unworthy of the name unless it help the child to be able to think for himself, which, in the last analysis, is to seek the truth without fear or prejudice and to act for himself, which is to choose the right. A noted teacher of our own day has said: "The three arts of education are seeing, reading, thinking. The boy who learns to see is awakened; the boy who learns to read is enriched; the boy who learns to think is emancipated. Education begins with the memory, continues through the judgment; culminates in the will. To teach a boy to be good is a fine thing; to fit him to choose to be good is a finer." Was not this in the mind of Emerson when, speaking to the Free Religious Association in 1869, he said: "All education is to accustom him to trust himself; discriminate between his higher and nobler thoughts, exert the timid faculties until they are robust and thus train him to self-help until he ceases to be an underling, a tool, and becomes a benefactor."

If the fostering of liberty of thought and action be everywhere the aim of education, this is peculiarly true in a democracy. The teacher and the school must never forget that it is theirs to educate a race of free men, to train future citizens for the liberty and self-restraint which are the essentials of citizenship in a democracy. The teacher ought never to lose sight of the truth that the classroom is not to be a petty despotism, but a miniature republic, and that the teacher is not to be the repressive tyrant but the freedom-nurturing leader, whose task it is "to train responsible, self-directing agents, not to make soldiers." If it be true, as said Milton, that the true aim of education is to train the man and the citizen, this truth places a special obligation upon the teacher in a democracy. The teacher, who is the servant of the State, must fit children for the understanding of the duties and rights of a citizen of our Commonwealth. Education must at every point train the child with reference to his future citizenship in our American democracy.

Civics is beginning to take its proper place in school and college curricula. Few contributions within recent years to the art of training for citizenship have been more significant than the school-city or school-republic which gives the child a foretaste of citizenship obligations and responsibilities. The school-city, like its prototype, the real city, needs intelligent leadership. Indifference and sloth are as fatal in the conduct of the little school-republic as they may yet prove to our greater republic. Better no school-city than to have it established where the inevitable leader is not aflame with desire for a better civic order!

While a firm believer in the value of a well co-ordinated civic training in school and college, I must register a most earnest protest against the illusory notion that such training for citizenship in school and college is of the slightest value if it be counteracted and nullified by pernicious civic example outside of the classroom. How can a teacher hope to impart to children a sense of civic duty and civic loyalty as long as in the neighboring City Hall the Mayor and Aldermen are serving every interest but the common interest? A clean and efficient administration of the city's affairs is the best possible medium of civic training within the school. No number of civic courses can undo the effect wrought upon the child-mind by an inefficient Mayor or a corrupt City Council. Something, much, everything must be done that the race of boodlers and grafters be not perpetuated in our municipalities from generation to generation. The

shame of the cities will become ineradicably fixed unless we resolutely set out to fit our children for fine citizenship by affording them the example of fine citizenship.

What hope may we cherish of training our youth for nobler living and loftier citizenship as long as the head of an American University unblushingly constitutes himself glorifier-in-chief of a system of commercial piracy? What moral training, forsooth, are we giving to our youth as long as a college president is suffered to lead in the accursed apotheosis of success, however fatal the price which it demands? Of what avail are textbooks in civics to be while in a neighboring State it is planned to set up in its capital a monument to the memory of the arch-debaucher of the political life of that State? Let not that great commonwealth dream of the possibility of civic instruction for its youth as long as it plans to erect *statues* for dead criminals instead of enforcing the *statutes* against the living criminals? The Governor of New York—a Governor with a conscience and a will—is in himself the best civic training which that State can offer to its youth. High civic ideals and ceaseless effort at realization of them in city, State and National administration will be an infallible guide on the pathway of citizenship and no lesser light is truthworthy.

One word be said concerning the Greek letter fraternities which have foolishly been permitted to gain a foothold in our High Schools. President Alderman tells the story of the college student who, not having carefully listened to the assigned subject of an essay composition, "The Test of Learning," wrote on "The Pest of Learning." The Greek letter fraternity in the High School is the pest of learning. When we become alive to the menace of them and sensible to our own power, the High School Greek letter fraternities will speedily pass. They are unfraternal, but they are Greek in their magnifying of the arts of pleasure which, Greek letter piety to the contrary notwithstanding, is hardly needed amid the hyper-Hellenistic tendencies of our age.

It is of the highest importance that teaching in the American school be conceived to be opportunity for the greatening of moral power as well as means of spreading information. For one thing many educators are indicting the entire educational system of the land on the ground of its failure to moralize the Nation. That is to say, the moral shortcomings of the people are laid at the door of the school and more especially charged to the omission of the school in the matter of giving explicit ethical instruction. So grave, however unjustifiable, a charge lays upon those who believe in the present-day system of education, the burden of making our education moral in its purposes and results. Just because we deny the justness of the above-quoted impeachment of the American school, we must do what in us lies to the end that education shall, in the words of Montaigne, "make us not more wise, but better wise." The secular character of the teaching in the American school affords no reason for its failing to be broadly ethical and even deeply religious.

Many of us will doubtless be moved to echo the thought of Dr. Crooker: The personality of the teacher is the chief source of moral influence in the school room. The true teacher makes his school a school of applied morals, where character really grows. For yet another reason, such as rest their faith in the potencies of the American schools ought to put forth every effort so that, in the absence of formal and technical moral instruction, education become moral in value and in influence, remembering, too, that the pursuit of this aim may serve to desecularize the school in the best sense of that term. Nothing could be more hurtful to our democracy than to introduce religious teaching into the school, though ostensibly only for moral instruction or exhortation. Apart from the circumstances that the introduction of religious teaching, which cannot in the nature of things long remain non-sectarian, were in violation of the unwritten law of the American Commonwealth, such a step would do much to retard, if it did not wholly thwart the

benign process of unification in the public school—not amalgamation nor absorption—which is bringing our children together in one vast indivisible bond, the children of a score of races and tongues, peoples and faiths. When religious teaching is made an element of instruction of the public school, the American school, as we know it and as we love it, will cease to be.

For a last and most cogent reason I would have instruction given in the public school, of moral trend and import. Some years ago President Eliot severely arraigned the American school, holding that the barbarous vice of drunkenness was an accusation against the reasoning power which the school ought to train. He further alluded to the prevalence of gambling, an extraordinarily unintelligent form of pleasurable excitement, to the gravest crimes of violence committed in great number all over the United States, to the civic corruption and the crowded penal institutions. All of these things he viewed as proofs of the breakdown of the educational system of the land, of its failure to keep pace with life and social development. But is not something more to be said? Do the counts in the above indictment really hold against the public school? Is the public school really answerable for a state of affairs which might be still graver were it not for the beneficent influence of the school? In a word, we are not to charge to the school the faults and failures of our age, responsibility for which must of right be shared by all the co-existent agencies of human well-being, such as the family, the home, the church, the press. While in one sense the school is to be the leader of society, it must needs be representative in another sense of the moral ideals and aspirations of its time. We face again a problem parallel to that involved in civic training. The school, whatever be the power and consecration of its guidance, cannot annul the facts of the world without in the mind of the child. The school must aim higher than the ethical level of the age, but its moral standards, however high or low, are bound to have the largest part in shaping the instruction of the school, in moulding for good or ill the influence of the teacher.

A final reason may be cited in support of the counsel to the school to give moral bearing to every type and manner of teaching. Only if the office of education be interpreted in the terms of ambition and serviceableness can the final end of education be achieved—intellectual individualization and ethical socialization. It is the business of education to help men to stand alone intellectually and to help men to stand together ethically. Better a truce to education and the passing of the school than that these greaten the tendencies which menace us, intellectual gregariousness and moral Ishmaelism.

Education must lead to the intellectual emancipation which shall inspire *a man* to stand alone, and to the ethical self-constraints which shall impel *men* to stand and walk and work together, intellectually every man for himself, morally no man for himself alone, but each for all and all for each.

The demands upon the teacher and by the teacher may briefly be summarized. More should be asked *for* the teacher and *from* the teacher. For the teacher, in the name of the child, I ask all that it does become a State to bestow upon its faithful servants respect, dignity, honor and such maintenance as is needed adequately to support the men and women who give all in the service of the State. From the teacher, in the name of the child, I ask more, yea, everything that is needed to upbuild and ennoble the State through nobly upbuilding the lives of its sons and daughters.

WESTERN UNITED STATES SHOWING
FOREST RESERVES AND RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Uncle Sam, Real Estate Agent

By C. J. Blanchard
Statistician United States Reclamation Service

WITH 400,000,000 acres of agricultural, timber, grazing and mineral land to dispose of, the Federal Government, though its Department of the Interior, is conducting the largest real estate business in the country, though it never advertises. The magnitude of the realty operations is enormous. During the fiscal year of 1907, the Land Office disposed of nearly 21,000,000 acres, receiving in cash for the various transactions $11,500,000, with expenditures of $2,295,004. The credit side of the Government land ledger showed a net surplus of $9,258,173 for the fiscal year 1907. The net credit balance for 1908 was $9,430,573. For several years the lands disposed of annually have equaled or exceeded the total area of the State of Maine.

At one time our public lands embraced 1,800,000,000 acres, a territory so large it was regarded as inexhaustible. The

National policy was to render its acquirement by the people as easy as possible. Statutes loosely drawn and carelessly administered virtually became licenses to steal. It was the policy of the spendthrift and the profligate. Areas larger than many of the original States were donated with an utter lack of appreciation of the value of the property, both on the part of those who gave and those who received it. We never have taken an inventory, have never considered the public lands of sufficient worth to classify them. From 1850 to 1907 Congress granted to States and corporations for rail and wagon roads 113,265,702 acres and more than 63,000,000 acres of swamp lands were given to States on the pledge of reclamation. Since the passage of the Homestead Act, in 1868. the final homesteads number 795,582, comprising 107,182,118 acres. These statistics are presented merely to show the enormous volume of the business the Land Department has been conducting.

Fortunately within the last few years, there has come an awakening to the potential value of this huge estate and to the obligation of the Nation to conserve its undeveloped resources for the largest number of our citizens. Public conscience has been aroused to the necessity of safeguarding what is left for our future needs. We know now that our public domain is not inexhaustible, that the day of the free homestead, whereon man has but to plow and plant to reap a harvest, is gone forever.

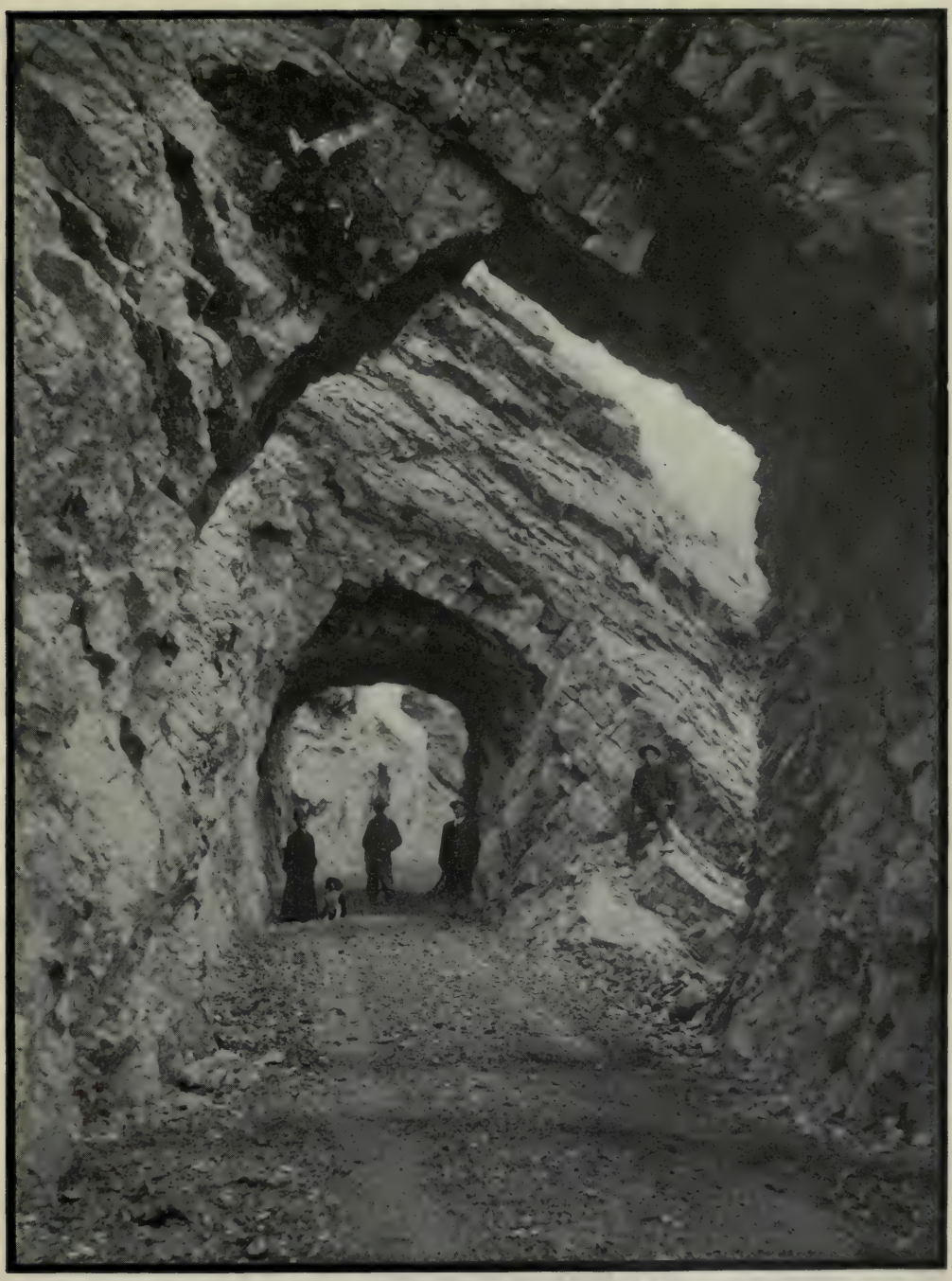
New and thoroughly practical business methods have been inaugurated in our National Land Office—methods in striking contrast with the system, or rather lack of system, which prevailed for years. Washington officials are no longer ignorant concerning the West, its needs and its possibilities. The Secretary of the Interior and his important bureau chiefs have been gaining first-hand knowledge through frequent visits to the public-land States. This cannot fail to increase the efficiency of the Department and greatly expedite business. The Reclamation Act, which was signed on June 17, 1902, inaugurated a step exactly in line with the present broad policy of conservation and development of our natural resources, and launched the Government in the real-estate business along lines more nearly comparable with those followed by large land corporations.

Conservative engineers estimate that 25,000,000 acres, now desert and uninhabited, will be converted into small farms before this work is concluded. This vast area, capable of supporting millions of people will be brought into cultivation without entailing the loss of a single dollar to the National treasury, as the land reclaimed is assessed the cost of the work and the homebuilder who acquires it must return to the treasury the money expended by the Government. This important provision of the law, which guarantees the return of the money expended in reclamation works, necessitated a change in the methods of conducting the business of the land office. Heretofore in the disposal of lands the chief concern was to furnish patent to settlers. upon proper application and proof. The Land Office was not directly interested in encouraging settlement on public lands. Its cash collections were turned into the treasury by the United States, to be expended for general purposes under the direction of Congress.

With the passage of the Reclamation law, the Department of the Interior became personally interested in, and in a certain measure responsible for the receipts from public land sales. These receipts no longer go into the general treasury, but are now placed in what is known as the Reclamation fund.

As the progress of the engineering work is in direct ratio with the amount of cash received from land sales, the relations of the Land Office and the Reclamation Service are necessarily close and intimate. The Reclamation Service naturally is interested in the volume of business done by the other bureau of the Department, which furnishes the capital for its operations. Its interest goes even further—it extends to the successful settlement of the lands reclaimed under each project, for if these projects are not settled and their cost is not repaid, National reclamation work must stop.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



DOUBLE TUNNEL ON THE NEW SHOSHONE ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, SHOSHONE PROJECT, WYOMING. BUILT BY THE RECLAMATION ENGINEERS.

To establish on the reclaimed lands an intelligent class of settlers thus became a question of paramount importance. A campaign of publicity was begun and information concerning the purposes and plans of the Government was given

A RECLAMATION PROJECT STORE.
At Remote Places Uncle Sam Sometimes Sells Goods at Retail to His Workmen.

to the press of the country. This information related not only to the interesting engineering works, many of which are stupendous and spectacular, but to the soil, crops and climate of the areas to be reclaimed.

The demand for the information has grown as the work proceeded and a Bureau of Information was established to supply it.

The work being of a national character has received the fullest consideration of the press of the country, and to the cordial co-operation of the newspapers and magazines must be ascribed the very general interest in the new work of the Government. The same generous co-operation has been extended by the railroads and by numerous commercial organizations. As a result of this wide publicity, the public is quite well informed as to the progress of the engineering work and the opportunities for homeseekers which have been created. That the public is interested, the mail bag of the Information Bureau gives indubitable evidence. Since last May the inquiries have never fallen below 1,000 a week and have often been double that number. The enormous amount of correspondence entailed by these inquiries to the Reclamation Service cannot be appreciated unless it is remembered that many are of such a nature as to demand personal replies. The Land Office is besieged by similar inquiries concerning other public lands and the several project offices of the service are constantly supplying information.

Inquiries to the Information Bureau cover a wide range. Some are pathetic, nearly all are from serious-minded, earnest people anxious to acquire homes.

Here a man from a New England town writes that the mills have shut down; he has worked hard for fifteen years and has saved $2,000; he came from a farm: he sees his hard-earned savings vanishing while he remains unemployed; his large family must be cared for; can the Government suggest anything for him? It can. He is advised

to go to some particular section of the West, get a small farm and put the family on it. As a mechanic he can find work in town in the winter or in helping his neighbors. His children, instead of being a burden, can be helpful. It is as certain as anything can be that a fellow who can save $2,000 on a salary of fifteen dollars per week will not fail in the West.

Here is another: A man from Michigan, brought up on a fruit farm, drifted to the city, prospered financially, but lost his health. What can he do in the West? Is there a man in the Pacific Northwest who would hesitate to advise him where to go? Think of the number of wonderful fruit-growing sections in the West where such a man would be welcomed and where he would find both health and success!

Here is a dairyman and stockman who wants a location. He is directed to investigate Klamath, Sun River, North Platte or some other project where with free range and cheap water rights he can establish himself with small capital. And so it goes—each day's mail bringing its story and its appeal.

Some days the burden of the information man is lightened by a letter from one of those who ventured into the West and found his appointed place. It is usually long and often misspelled, but through it all you read the note of courage and optimism which the West rarely fails to breathe into a man. In one short year he has become a part of the new life—already it is his country.

Some letters are not so cheerful—there are failures to record, a few of these sad and discouraging, but need we dwell on them! Failures there will be everywhere.

As the desert empire expands and quickens into life under the magic kiss of water, as communities rise and prosper, as smiling homes and fertile fields replace the sagebrush wastes, the information man who has been *en rapport*

HUNTLEY, MONTANA, ON THE HUNTLEY PROJECT, MONTANA, IS ONLY THREE YEARS OLD.

with the great movement of homeseekers toward the setting sun, feels a glow of pride in our country which is foremost among the empire-builders of the world, and confesses to a feeling of kinship toward the brave and homeloving people who have gone into the land of silence and sunshine to erect new commonwealths.

The Kinship of Forestry and Irrigation.

"Unless we practice forestry in the mountain forests of the West, the expenditures under the National Irrigation Law will be fruitless, and the wise policy of the Government in the agricultural development of the West will utterly fail. Without forestry national irrigation will be a national mistake."

This pregnant statement of the Honorable Secretary of Agriculture voices in a large measure the sentiment of every thoughtful student of irrigation in the West. Signs are not lacking that the public is awakening to the true relation the forests bear to the nation's growth and prosperity. Our mental attitude has changed, and discussion of forest problems is no longer regarded as local or academic. Forestry today is a live question and is of international import. We have suddenly come to appreciate that it is interwoven with almost every other factor in our industrial life, and that its influence grows with the threatened deficiency in the supply of our forest products. Ours is a prodigal nation. European nations are aghast at our wastefulness. Our national and State legislation for years has been formulated with little thought for posterity, the neglect being excused doubtless by the thought that posterity never did anything for us.

ERECTING FIRST UNIT OF A 30,000-HORSE POWER PLANT AT MINIDOKA DAM, MINIDOKA PROJECT, IDAHO.

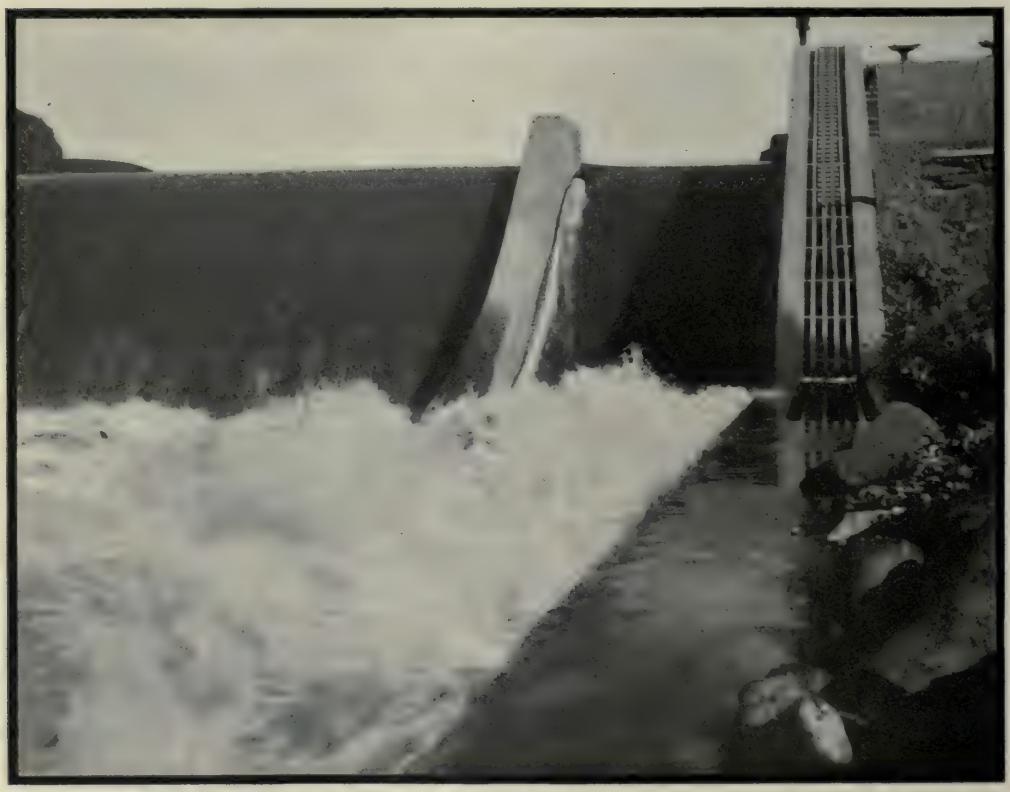
Until recently the United States prac-

METHOD OF DISTRIBUTING WATER WHERE CONFORMATION OF LAND, AND DUST-LIKE CHARACTER OF SOIL, MAKE DITCHING IMPRACTICABLE.

HUGE EARTH-AND-BROKEN-ROCK STORAGE DAM OF THE UMATILLA-PROJECT RESERVOIR, OREGON.

tically ranked with China in forest affairs, for neither of these countries had taken steps to care for the forests as every other civilized nation had been doing for centuries. Progressive modern nations had forged far to the front in this regard, while we, like China, had given no thought to the future. Germany, the leader in the science of forestry, France, with a perfected system of forest practice, and even Switzerland, are especially advanced. Turkey, Greece, Spain and Portugal have long given attention to their forests. Japan, with a National School of Forestry, has developed a forest service. In Austria, Italy, Norway and Sweden forestry has become a part of the national life, and Darkest Russia for years has continued to draw enormous revenues from the Government woodlands. The United States, so great in enterprise and initiative on many questions, alone remained, until a few years ago, indifferent and apathetic. The devastation of the noblest forests in the world went on unheeded until an economic peril quickened public conscience to the imperative need of a radical change in our old policy of wastefulness.

While to a greater degree the public interest in the forests is at present confined to their value for timber and fuel, a constantly increasing number of people is evincing concern in forest preservation for quite another reason. Just now they are most vociferous in demanding remedial measures. This class dwells for the most part in the region where water in streams is the most important element in life, for upon its conservatism and utilization everything that lives and grows depends. Only by living in this region can one obtain a full appreciation of the influence of a stream. Existence here hangs by a slender thread—the irri-



SECTION BOISE DAM, SHOWING LOGWAY AND FISH LADDER. PAYETTE-BOISE PROJECT, IDAHO.

GHOSTS.
Millions of Acres of Burnt-Over Forest Lands of the West Account for the Increased Severity of Floods, and Consequent Waste of Water Precious for Arid-Land Reclamation.

WATER IS A GOOD SERVANT, BUT A HARD MASTER IN RECLAMATION WORK.

gation ditch—snap that thread and civilization vanishes at once, and desert and desolation resume their sway. A radical change in the regimen and flow of a western river might easily depopulate its valley.

During the last twenty-five years our arid empire has undergone a marvelous transformation. Two million people reside in prosperity and content where only a short time ago life seemed impossible.

WHY RECLAMATION ENGINEERS ARE ARDENT EXPONENTS OF FOREST CONSERVATION.
Destruction by Flood of a Reclamation Project Dam in the Southwest.

Irrigation canals long enough to span the earth twice and costing $150,000,000 now carry precious water to 13,000,000 acres, which return annually harvests valued at more than $250,000,000. We need not wonder then that in this region sentiment is crystalized in favor of a definite policy of forestry. Such a policy wisely administered is necessary to safeguard the richest portion of our Nation. The western irrigator knows that denudation of any forest region tends to make the run-off irregular. Our forests are natural reservoirs, conserving the stream flow and making it uniform. Everyone who has been in the forest has seen the litter of leaves, twigs and other vegetable matter, the accumulation of ages, which covers the ground. When the rains fall on the mountains which have a forest cover, this litter of *humus,* as it is called, acts as a great sponge, soaking up the water and allowing it to be fed gradually to the streams. The leafy canopy overhead breaks the force of the downpour so that it does not strike the forest floor in torrent, but gently, permitting its full absorption by the humus.

The great forests which cover the mountain areas mark the regions of heaviest rainfall, and in their shadows our principal rivers have birth. These are the only dependable streams in that

vast region comprising three-fifths of the whole United States, and their dependableness is in exact ratio with the extent of and preservation of that forest cover.

Two principal functions are exercised by forests in relation to stream flow:

1st. The tendency to reduce the difference between maximum and minimum flows;

2nd. Its value as a surface protection against soil erosion, lessening the solid burden of storm waters and minimizing the deposits of sand and silt bars.

The first of these functions is of especial value where irrigation is concerned. Streams having regular flow can be utilized more cheaply and effectively by the irrigator than those the discharge of which is erratic and irregular.

It is not necessary to go to the far West to secure evidence of the injurious effect the cutting of forests has already had on the rivers. We have only to study the changed behavior of streams flowing out of the Appalachians to become wise to the influence of forest cover in maintaining regular stream flow. The disastrous effect of deforesting the eastern slopes is shown in the ruin which has overtaken the rich rice plantations of South Carolina. In the days when the slopes were heavily wooded these plantations were operated by the most perfect irrigation systems in the world. The levees were proof against the slow rising floods of the streams, and the rise and fall of the tides were utilized for irrigating and draining the fields. Today the character of many of these streams is utterly changed. Instead of gradual and steady rises the floods now come in a single night, and no levees can withstand their force. The fields are swept clean of soil and the bed rock exposed. Areas once valued at hundreds of dol-

THE NEW WAY OF LUMBERING. BRUSH PILED TO LESSEN FIRE RISK.

lars per acre have been rendered useless.

The same results of wasteful forest cutting are becoming apparent on some of the western streams. Denuded slopes have been swept clean of the humus, which in turn chokes the channels and scours the beds of the streams. Floods have become more sudden and severe, and the character of the streams is erratic in the extreme. In striking contrast with the clear streams of our northern forested areas are the rivers of the Southwest, whose basins are bare of forests. In the North the flow is regular and constant, and the water comparatively free from sediment. In the Southwest the stream flow is irregular, and minimum discharge greatly reduced, the channels are dry for long periods and the floods sudden, violent, and immensely disastrous.

Such studies as we have made in the arid West on many streams furnish indubitable evidence of the influence of forest cover in regulating stream flow. Some of these investigations have been made on rivers whose watersheds have been undergoing denudation by fire and lumbering, and are of especial value in determining the true relation of forests to stream flow.

The Reclamation Service has a deep and abiding interest in forest preservation. It is expending many millions of dollars in the construction of massive dams to create immense storage reservoirs. The permanence and efficiency of these reservoirs depend largely upon the protection of the watersheds which furnish the water to be stored. Watersheds, heavily timbered, supply comparatively clear water, and the capacity of the reservoirs is not impaired. Denuded of timber the run-off of these basins would be uncertain and irregular, the streams would be gorged with silt and debris,

DISASTERS LIKE THIS INVOLVE THE PROBLEM THAT FOREST CONSERVATION AND GREAT STORAGE RESERVOIRS WILL HELP TO SOLVE.

Flooded Farms and Wrecked Railroad Bridge on the North Side of the Salt River, Arizona.

SITE OF THE ENORMOUS RESERVOIR FOR THE SHOSHONE PROJECT, WYOMING.

which in turn would fill the reservoirs, and great irrigation systems would ultimately become valueless.

Evidences abound to show that the ancient agricultural peoples whose long lines of canal created oases in our warm southwestern valleys, were wasteful of the forests on the rivers there, and ruin and death overtook them when uncontrollable floods destroyed their irrigation systems.

Importance of Flood Control.

There is an important feature in connection with the larger reclamation works, which is of considerable interest, not only to those who live in the districts embraced in reclamation projects, but also to many who dwell in localities remote therefrom. This is the effect the storage and diversion of water in Reclamation States will have in mitigating the floods and injurious overflow of the streams in their lower basins. The streams of the arid region, as a rule, are erratic in regimen, are subject to sudden and very large flood discharge, and to quite long periods of low-water stage.

Their drainage basins have steep slopes, many of which are bare of timber, creating excessive velocities and causing heavy loss of property in time of flood. Under the conditions which prevail in so many parts of the country, the storage of flood waters is essential to the comprehensive development of nearly every large irrigation system. Reservoirs impounding immense quantities of water are absolutely necessary if any considerable area is to be irrigated, as the summer flow of most Western streams is inadequate, and the flood discharge without storage cannot be utilized.

The important relation which flood storage bears to the general plans for reclamation is apparent from a study of the tabulation of the projects herewith.

KEECHELUS LAKE RESERVOIR SITE, YAKIMA PROJECT, WASHINGTON.

It is to be noted that out of the twenty-seven principal projects mentioned by name twenty require storage.

Table showing the location of projects by States and drainage basins, the area to be irrigated in the near future, the capacity of the diversion canals and the proposed reservoirs:

MISSOURI RIVER DRAINAGE BASIN

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Huntley, Mont.	33 000	400	None
Sun River, Mont.	300,000	3,500	425,000
North Platte, Neb. and Wyo.	300,000	3,500	1,025,000
Lower Yellowstone, Montana and North Dakota	67,000	800	None
Milk River, Mont.....	100,000	1,300	400,000
Williston and Buford-Trenton, North Dakota	40,000	500	None
Belle Fourche, S. D.....	100,000	1,600	200,000
Shoshone, Wyoming	150,000	1,800	450,000
	1,090,000	13,400	2,500,000

COLORADO RIVER DRAINAGE BASIN—DIVERSION.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Salt River, Ariz.....	210,000	2,000	1,300,000
Yuma, Ariz.-Cal.	100,000	1,400	None
Uncompahgre, Colo.	140,000	1,600	100,000
Grand Valley, Colo.....	60,000	800	None
Strawberry Valley, Utah	(Part)		100,000
	510,000	5,800	1,500,000

COLUMBIA RIVER DRAINAGE BASIN.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Snake River Projects, Id.	150,000	1,800	1,000,000
Payette-Boise Project, Id.	300,000	3,400	400,000
Umatilla Project, Ore...	20,000	300	50,000
Okanogan Project, Wash.	10,000	120	20,000
Tieton Project, Wash...	30,000	330	30,000
Yakima Project, Wash..	400,000	4,500	300,000
	910,000	10,450	1,800,000

RIO GRANDE DRAINAGE BASIN.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Hondo, New Mexico...	10,000	120	30,000
Carlsbad, New Mexico...	20,000	230	30,000
Rio Grande, New Mexico	180,000	2,000	2,000,000
	210,000	2,350	2,060,000

SACRAMENTO BASIN.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Orland, Cal.	14,000	200	40,000

GREAT INTERIOR BASIN.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Truckee-Carson, Nev. ..	150,000	1,600	700,000
Strawberry Valley, Utah, (Part 2)	30,000	400	(Colorado Basin)
	180,000	2,000	700,000

KLAMATH BASIN.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Klamath Project, Cal.-Ore.	170,000	2,000	500,000

ARKANSAS RIVER BASIN.

	Acreage.	Sec. Ft.	Storage Acre Ft.
Garden City, Kansas....	10,000	150	None
Totals	3,094,000	37,350	9,100,000

An acre foot is the quantity of water required to cover an acre one foot deep.

The Klamath project contemplates the reclamation, by means of storage and drainage, of all the swamp and overflow lands that can be feasibly redeemed.

The Pathfinder dam in Wyoming, which rises 210 feet above the river bed, will restrain the maximum flood recorded in the North Platte River at that point. The reservoir created by it is likely to have an appreciable effect in lessening flood damages in the lower valley of the Platte in Nebraska, especially as the flood flow of its other large tributary, the South Platte, is nearly controlled by numerous storage works in Colorado.

In Arizona the Roosevelt dam, 284 feet high, creates an enormous reservoir, which will contain the spring flood of Salt River. Its storage capacity is 1,300,000 acre feet.

The Engle reservoir, the largest yet planned by the Government, will place under complete control the Rio Grande and entirely prevent further flood damages in the Mesilla Valley and at El Paso, which in the past have been very great.

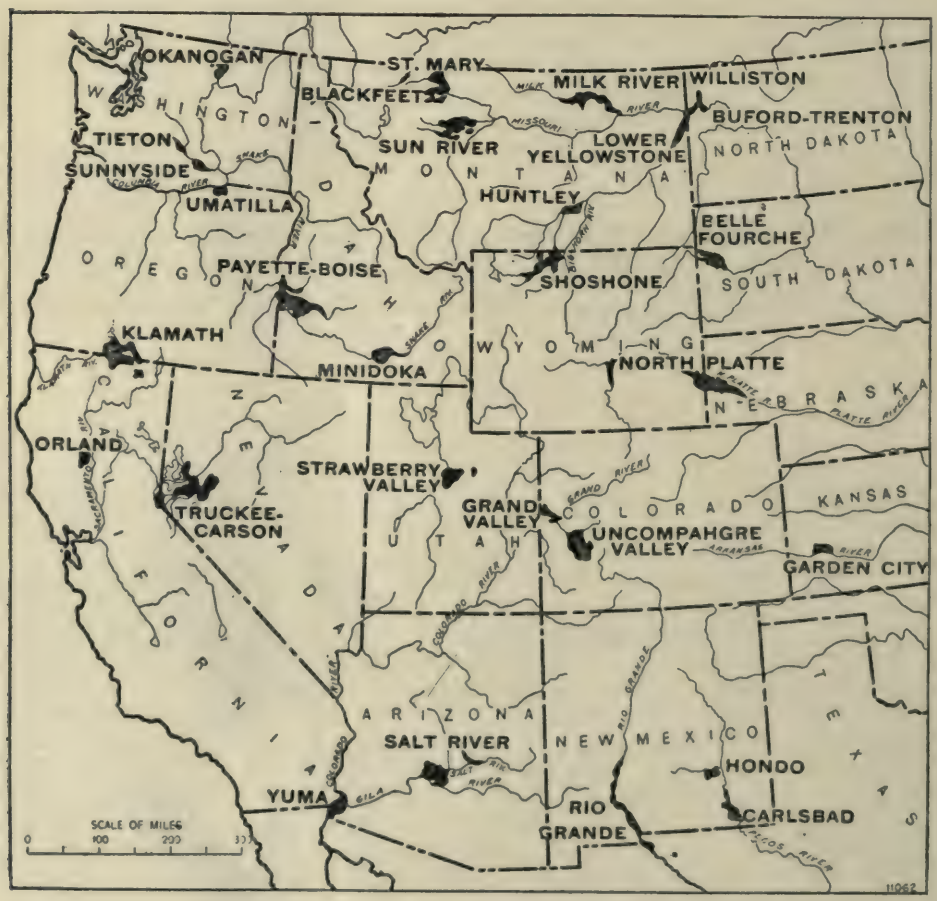
The Sacramento Valley, in California, is frequently visited by destructive over-

THIS CANYON FORMS THE GREAT PATHFINDER RESERVOIR FOR THE NORTH PLATTE PROJECT.

flows, which cause great damage and render worthless vast areas of land otherwise very valuable. Storage basins have been located and a small beginning has been made which will form an important factor in the final solution of this problem.

Problems of flood conservation in connection with the great Colorado River and its tributaries are being thoroughly investigated, with a view to developing extensive irrigation projects in the future in this drainage basin. Storage basins of large capacity exist on the Grand and Green Rivers in Colorado, on the Little Colorado and Salt Rivers in Arizona, the utilization of which will render possible the irrigation of more than a million acres of land of exceptional value, besides providing a safeguard against future flood damage, such as occurred a few years ago during the overflow into Salton Sea.

As a nation we are entering upon a new policy, looking to the elimination of the enormously destructive floods which annually occur throughout the country. It is interesting, therefore, to note that National reclamation in a measure is pointing the way toward a practical solution of this problem in several parts of the country.



PRINCIPAL IRRIGATION PROJECTS OF THE WEST.

Pay Dirt

By Edith R. Mirrielees

Drawing by C. S. Price

AT the sudden sound of receding hoof beats, Walvord sat up abruptly, the spring water dripping from his face and hands and all his muscles drawn tense for running. He was half-way to his feet before a measurement of the distance between him and his horse convinced him of the uselessness of pursuit.

"At the rate he 's going, I 'd have to catch him coming back," he commented aloud. "I put his reins down, too. It must have been a rattler."

A moment's inspection showed the snake, its mischief done, sliding away into the dry grass. The traveler stoned its life out methodically and without resentment and, assured of its death, flung himself again face downward at the spring edge to finish the quenching of his five hours' thirst. When he had drunk to repletion, had wet his hair and splashed the icy water from the spring over his face and neck, he leisurely took up the trail in pursuit.

He was not especially troubled by his predicament. If he went far enough and the trail remained clear, he would ultimately find his horse; if not, he would—also ultimately—earn another. Meanwhile the sun was hot, the air through which it struck was mountain cool, and whistling, hands in pockets, he strode through the dry grass and podded weeds, rejoicing in the exuberance of the bare world around him. Now and then a rabbit started in the grass. Now and then, too, a fleck of moving shadow drew his eyes upward to where a curlew quivered against the blue. Except for these, he might have been the only breathing evidence of God's creation.

"Great country!" he communed with himself. "It 's the place where a man has room enough—Hi! Mr. Coyote, dont you grin at me! Whoo—ee!"

The burst of sound sent the coyote scuttling suddenly from his point of observation on the hill-top down the rim-rock on the other side. With equal suddenness, from beyond the rim-rock, a man's hat and head rose into view. Walvord, his shout checked, stared up at it. Then he swept off his sombrero and waved it joyfully.

"Hello, pardner! Seen anything of a loose horse?" he demanded.

The man had evidently been kneeling among the rocks at the brow of the hill. He straightened slowly, bringing half of a tall body into view.

"A saddle horse? One went down toward camp, and I think my daughter has been trying to detain it. Come up this way, and I 'll take you down."

"Store-bought," Walvord characterized the voice and careful enunciation, and he swung up the sloping hill in silence.

Like all the hills among which his route had lain, this one rose gradually from west to east to its crest and on the eastern side plunged down in a precipitous half-acre of stones and brambles. There was a small clutter of tools and newly broken rock at the head of the descent, and his informant stood among them. He pointed eastward with an earth-stained hand.

"We 're camped at the foot of this draw. The undergrowth cuts off the view, but you 'll see the wagon part-way down. I think, if you 'll pardon me, I 'll let you go down by yourself. I seem to have something rather interesting here." He motioned vaguely toward the disturbed earth.

"Ore samples?" Walvord questioned.

The other laughed. "Oh, I 'm pros-

WATCHING THE FLAMES CURL UP TO A BLUE-BLACK SKY.

pecting. What else would a man be doing in these hills? And really, it looks as though this time—are you familiar with the varieties of quartz?"

"Not to hurt," Walvord acknowledged. "But I hope you 've got the real thing. I 'll go on down and take a look for that horse."

"Stay and have supper with us if you find him," the prospector called after him.

There was a path winding across the rocks. Walvord followed it, balancing from boulder to boulder. Two-thirds of the way to the hill's foot, the path deflected to accommodate a clump of willows and, rounding them, he saw the white top of a camp wagon and beyond it a saddled horse—his own—and a woman approaching it. Even at first glance he recognized something unusual in the horse's stiff and swaying movement, but his look passed instantly from the animal to its would-be capturer.

"Wait! Hold on!" he shouted, and leaped down the incline and across the thread of stream which separated them. He came up to her panting. "You dont want to get so near him. He 's the worst biter in six counties. If he 'd happened to get a hold of you—My Lord!"

His eyes had fallen suddenly on the horse's right foreleg. It hung limp, the splintered bone protruding through the flesh.

The girl whose efforts he had interrupted laid a shaking hand on his arm. "Can you catch him? I 've been trying, but he moves just enough to keep away from me. I thought if I could get him tied and do something for his leg—"

Walvord looked from the girl to the maimed beast. "I guess I can do what 's needed. You better go off somewhere for a while. Go see what your father's doing."

He drew her round to face the cliff, and she nodded, her lips pressed hard together, and started toward the path.

When she returned, her father accompanying, the newcomer was sitting on his saddle on the ground, reducing the belongings which had been strapped around it to the least possible compass. He greeted the camp's owner with embarrassed cheerfulness.

"Looks like I 'm going to foot it till I find a ranch. I thought I 'd wait and find out what you knew about roads and about leaving my saddle here. You 're camped to stay?"

"To stay until I uncover that line of rim-rock," the prospector asserted. He was flushed and elated, his "store-bought" manner even more pronounced than in the afternoon. "We 've been here a couple of weeks, and though I 've only begun operations, there 's undoubtedly a lead—but see here, you must n't

leave before supper. Why, you must n't start till morning on a tramp of that kind. We can put you up. Ruth—Oh, pardon me, Mr. —"

"Walvord," the owner of the name filled in.

"My name is Millis. And Miss Millis, Ruth, can 't you get us up something particularly good tonight, in honor of finding a visitor and pay-dirt all in the same day?"

He settled himself on the ground opposite his guest and drew some samples of rock from his pocket, while the girl went toward the tent which stood, partly sheltered by willows, near the head of the creek. By the time she summoned them to it, most of the bits of rock had found their way into Walvord's hands and his working knowledge of gold hunting was growing apace with the transfers.

"And you just go on that way hunting for it, moving on when you like, stopping when you get ready—and make a living out of it?" he demanded, as they seated themselves around the camp table.

His host shrugged. "It 's a free life—the freest. But, of course, what 's always beckoning is the future. To know the gold is there; to know your method of working is absolutely correct and must lead you to it—but I must n't bore you with my theories."

"You 're not boring me," Walvord said intently and was conscious that the girl laughed.

"And the first thing we do when we get money is to sell off a little freedom," she explained her laughter. "We 're to buy a place and settle down."

Her father nodded indulgently. "That 's Ruth's conception of unbounded wealth—to own something. And we have been moving a long time. Ten or twelve years, is n't it, Ruth?"

"I like it, though," the daughter asserted stoutly.

It occurred to Walvord, looking at her, that, subtracting ten or twelve years from her life, she must needs like this mode of existence or have no basis for liking at all. It occurred to him, too, that ten years of expecting fortune and missing it might seem to a woman a long time, and for a moment he was a little sorry for her. Next moment, the talk had gone back to leads and porphery and pan-dirt and he was leaning eagerly forward across the table, drinking in wisdom from the lips of his elder.

They went outside when the meal was finished. Walvord, a dim moon aiding, dragged in a dead log for the camp-fire, and later lay propped on his saddle between father and daughter watching its flames curl up to a blue-black sky. Even Millis, the gold-devoted, was silent after it reached its full burning. It was not until the flames had died to embers that he rose, stretching.

"We dont often sit up like this," he excused himself. "I had n't realized how late it was—past eleven. "I 'll hunt you out some blankets." He went into the tent.

Walvord leaned across his saddle nearer to his neighbor. She was lying curled small against a roll of canvas-covered bedding, her eyes on the fire, her clasped, brown hands propping her chin. A question which the afternoon had brought recurred to him. He put it without prelude.

"That horse of mine—what made you make such a try for him? He was strange and he was vicious. What made it bother you that way when you could n't do anything for him?"

The girl sat up, still staring into the fire. "Well, he was hurt; I hated to have him suffer." She turned partly toward him with a sudden access of frankness. "And I wanted to *do* something. I 'd been thinking about it all the morning. Just tear things up and kill game and cut down trees—that 's all we campers ever do."

A flare of light from behind showed that Millis had lifted the door of the tent. She scrambled to her feet to go in.

"It 's evil that good may come, I guess, but I would like to make something better instead of worse for a change. Good night." She stopped without affectation and kissed her father as she passed him, then went in and tied the tent flaps.

Millis came to the edge of the fire, a bundle of bedding and tarpaulin in his arms.

"These should keep you warm. And about going tomorrow—were you intending to reach any particular ranch—just hunting for work in general? Then why not stay here a week or two? There's a good deal to be done before I shall feel justified in bringing in machinery, and with the end in sight one gets impatient. Only in the matter of payment"—he spoke with embarrassment—"it 's absurd with merely a layer of rock intervening, but I should have to ask you to wait till the lead is producing—or to go in on shares."

The ending sentence came out hesitatingly, but there was no hesitation in Walvord's answer.

"Shares it is!" he cried jubilantly. Under the influence of moonlight and firelight and the fervor of two and twenty, he thrust out his hand dramatically. "Let 's shake on it. And I guess I can go back and say thanks to that rattler. I count this my lucky day."

"You 'll count tomorrow more so, Millis prophesied, "when you see what 's on top of that hill."

They began work early next day and picked and shoveled zealously, pausing only to enlighten Walvord's ignorance as to which of the substances he worked among was "rock" and which was merely rock. At noon came a halt, then an afternoon of labor progressively more and more perfunctory, and at last the call to supper, and, following it, the fire-lit, star-lit evening.

The day was typical of many days, for the ore-bearing rock they searched for, developed a trickiness of movement which would have destroyed forever in a scientist's mind the belief in inanimate matter. It sank beneath boulders, dodged into clefts. It was always just to be uncovered by the next blow of the pick; it was always gone when that blow fell. There was quartz, which even Walvord could identify as quartz; there was feldspar which he took on trust; there were faults and spurs and signs innumerable, but of gold not so much as might pay for the sharpening of their blunted tools from day to day. At the end of three weeks they were delving into layers of clear limestone through which not even Millis could trace a lead.

"It 's quite useless going any deeper," he announced cheerfully at supper one night. "There is gold on this creek, of course, but we seem to have come too high up for it. Its junction with the Yellowstone furnished good panning. Perhaps that is the place. How long to pack up, Ruth?"

"The usual allowance—two hours in the morning. Less if you both help." Her eyes turned to Walvord with so plain a question in them that he put its answer into words.

"I 'm no quitter. I 'm in to stay till we find something," he declared hotly.

He was in fact not even depressed by this initial failure. In their three weeks of work, Millis had expounded between pick blows the theory on which that work was based, a sure specific against discouragement—the theory of the mother lode. Walvord, pondering it, had found in it a lucidity which appealed to him mightily. If in nearly every creek and river bed you could pan out grains of gold; if, as Millis asserted, these grains were constantly renewed in running streams, so that panning today was no bar against finding tomorrow, then the dullest mind could reason that they must come from *somewhere* — wash down from some huge, undiscovered ledge of precious metal which, beneath its mask of earth and stone, lay waiting for the right man to tap its store. In such a case, digging once in the wrong spot was of no more importance than riding up one wrong coulee in pursuit of strayed cattle. In his mind's eye, he saw the camp wagon rumbling down the creek next day, saw himself walking beside it, stumbling perhaps against a protruding stone, pausing to overturn it, and lo! the mother lode! He had dreamed some such waking dream precisely twenty-one times in the twenty-one idle evenings since his coming.

It was not till morning that he was conscious of regret at leaving. Millis had gone out after the team; Ruth was packing dishes in one of the boxes which had served them for a seat at table, and Walvord, giving over his pulling of tent pins, sat back on his heels to watch her.

"I kind of hate to start out this morn-

ing," he confided, "I like it up here."

"It 's pretty," the girl agreed. "You 'll get used to moving, though, if you keep on prospecting. You know"—she hesitated a little—"you know I—did n't mean last night you were a quitter. I just thought if you did n't want to stay—"

"Why, that 's all right," Walvord reassured her. "Why, you could n't drive me off with red pepper."

He was disproportionately pleased over her explanation, just as the night before he had been disproportionately sensitive to her apparent willingness to be rid of him. Abruptly, as he sat looking at her, the dream gold-finding shifted its aspect. The mother lode was long since found. He had built a huge white palace where the tent stood and came chuffing up to it in a red motor, while Ruth, in trailing garments, opened the door—and suddenly, meeting her eyes, he grew scarlet and, pulling violently at an already loosened pin, toppled himself over backward in the grass.

They rattled out of the draw an hour later and down the creek, following it as closely as the broken country would permit and stopping now and then to test a panful of sand from its bottom. When the first gleam of color rewarded them, they halted to seek—and find—the inevitable lead, this time, however, in open country. Three days exhausted its possibilities and sent them on toward richer quarry.

"You are n't tired of it—yet?" Ruth teased as they began the second packing, and Walvord, his jaw set square, turned on her with decision.

"Tired of it! I 'm just getting my second wind." The ever-recurring vision of the white palace and the red car dazzled before him as he spoke. "Besides, I 've got to make a strike now. I 've reached the place where I 've got to have money—lots of it.'

Five times along the course of the creek they stopped for gold and twice for weather. It was late October when, at the end of a day's ride, Walvord, who was walking ahead of the team, suddenly swept off his battered sombrero and waved it, shouting. Below him, small as in a picture and brilliant in the light of a cloudy sunset, stretched the Yellowstone, and beside it the gleam of parallel steel rails, a red section-house, and on the horizon the blur of fading smoke.

"Civilization!" Walvord announced through hollowed hands. "Railroad, river, house! Hurry up!"

Ruth was driving. She clapped the reins on her horses' backs and came up with him, jolting breathlessly. Millis ran up from behind and all three stood gazing down into the valley. It was Millis who broke silence.

"The end of the road! There 's where we winter, and over there where the creek runs into the river—that bluff to the right if we find a lead in it—there 's where you and I, Walvord, uncover our vein." He spread out his hands in a gesture of humorous disgust. "And I washed there a week last April. If I 'd realized—but I thought the gold must come down the creek. I never thought of the erosion of meeting currents on the foot of the mountain itself. And below is the richest sand in the river. Why, we might have been riding in our private car by now."

"And I might have been punching at forty a month," Walvord commented wryly. "It 's hard on you people, but it 's me that 's the winner with Fortune. She would n't let you strike gold till I 'd found you."

He walked a little away from them to survey the mountain, which stood, a sheer granite barrier, interposed at the confluence of creek and river. In the storming evening light, its sullen crest and ribbed, pine-studded sides affected him powerfully. Secretive, defiant—so should look the guardian of a treasure. This was the place!

He came back slowly, solemnly almost, to rejoin the others. "It 'll be winter and summer with us if we start digging into that," he gave his verdict, "but it 's worth it. You can pretty near tell from the outside it 's got gold."

"And we 'll run up a house, Ruth, before we do anything else," Millis was promising. "There 's an empty cabin there already, or was in the spring. We 'll add a room to it and you can housekeep as you did when we had that place in Phoenix."

ALL THREE STOOD GAZING DOWN INTO THE VALLEY.

"We were two years at Phoenix," said the girl in a low voice. She turned suddenly away from her post at the crest of the hill. "You 'd better start. It 'll be dark before we get down," she suggested over her shoulder.

Wheels locked, a man on either side reining back the horses, they began the descent. As they zig-zagged from side to side of the hill, straining and stumbling in their efforts to check the downward plunges of the wagon, Walvord, looking below them, laughed aloud and pointed. Ruth was swinging down the slope almost at a run.

"Seems to have shook us," he suggested.

Millis frowned, perplexed. "She seemed—hurt at my reference to Phoenix. If she had n't always appeared so pleased at housekeeping—"

"It was n't the housekeeping. It was the prospect of making another place into home and then leaving it," Walvord interpreted. "She thinks it 'll be try a while and move on. But it wont." He raised his eyes to the towering bulk of mountain. "Not this time! We're here to stay till we move out with the cash. Dont you feel that way about it?"

"Feel! I know," Millis asserted sublimely. "Have n't we tried out every other place the gold could come from? But you 're wrong, Walvord. Ruth has always acquiesced in our moving."

"Oh, acquiesced!" the lover commented inwardly, with a sudden heat about his heart.

It was full night before they reached the level and blackly dark from the shadow of the hills. As they passed from the dry sagebrush underfoot to the lush, rank growth of the valley, Millis exclaimed aloud in relieved contentment.

"Look there! We were both wrong. She was only impatient to get down."

There was the shell of a cabin close at the river's edge. A fire had been kindled at its door, and Ruth was moving around it.

"I borrowed," she hailed them as they came up. "There 's the same family at the section-house that was here in the spring. It 's all ready—bread, eggs, beef."

"Beef!" both men chorused.

"A lot of it. I 'm to lend them our team a day next week to pay. And I 'm to buy milk from the little girl with the music lessons I took in Phoenix. Oh, they loved me like a sister when they found we were going to winter here."

"Beef and eggs and cream in the coffee," Millis listed with appreciation. "As an advance agent, Ruth, you are unequaled." He raised his cup toward the granite monster on their right. "When we 've taken the top off that, we 'll do something for these section-house Samaritans—import them companionship, if that 's what they want."

"And meanwhile they 'll be moving in the best society," the girl jibed. "Let 's eat and get to bed. We have to get this place in order tomorrow."

They explored the mountain next morning, Walvord, under Ruth's direction, panning sedulously in the shallower parts of the river, while Millis, guided by his results, prospected along its edge for the necessary "lead." When he had located it—in a face of solid granite, flanked and defended by greasewood and gnarled mountain pine—even Walvord's volatile spirits sank a degree.

"It 's in there," he agreed, "but to get it out—we 're not Methuselah!"

"We 'll be Sampson when we 've dynamite to back us," Millis argued serenely. "There 's a town down the river where we can buy supplies. I 'll drive in in the morning and lay in what we need —as far as I 've ready money, that is; I 'm a little short at present. And of course, when we tire of drilling and blasting, we can always pan out a living." He weighed the reward of Walvord's labor lovingly in his palm. "You must have eighty or ninety cents' worth here. Both panning, we can take out two or three dollars a day. Or even when we 're working, if Ruth cared to try—"

"Not Ruth!" said the girl with emphasis. She laid a hand on her father's shoulder and leaned against him. "The home—a woman's sphere." she quoted glibly. "Besides, I 'm going into business. Mrs. Jensen has a brother who 's something on a dining car and he buys

his milk of her. He said he 'd have bought his bread, too, if she 'd had the strength to make it." She flexed the muscles in her own round arms with obvious vanity.

"The section-house woman?" Millis asked indifferently, but Walvord frowned.

"I dont see what you want to do that for," he protested. "It 's hard work."

She looked up at him with a sudden mocking intentness. "Solely for amusement, no other reason. I 'm going to keep chickens, too. And in the spring I 'll put in garden—"

"If we 're here," her father qualified. "I imagine we 'll be having our gardening done for us before spring."

II.

As always when he reached the tunnel's entrance, Walvord raised his eyes from his unsteady barrow and, shading them with his hands, looked out searchingly across the valley. At first there was only the circle of red-brown hills to reward him. Then, as his sight accustomed itself to the sunshine, he saw Ruth kneeling, weeding among the rows of her pea-vines. He watched her for a minute or two, his pulses pounding, before he sent his barrow-load of broken rock crashing into the stream. As he turned back into the mine, he was conscious that his throat was dry and that a sudden heat burned back of his eyes.

"If we dont find pay rock pretty soon! If we dont find it soon!" he struggled with his desire.

Millis, at the farther end of the shaft, was picking fussily among loosened rock.

"You might do some work in the river next," he greeted his companion. "We wont remove any more of this till I 've examined it. There seems to be some change—"

"All right," Walvord acquiesced indifferently. He stopped from habit to finger the bits of stone before he retraced his steps along the shaft.

Ruth had moved nearer in her work and was facing the bluff. She stood up and waved a greeting.

"Want a hired man?" Walvord hailed her. He scrambled across the dump at the shaft door and splashed through the creek. "I got a day off. Anything you can do with me? Dont those plants look like spiders, though? What you growing on them?"

Their owner raised one of the sprawling tendrils. "Tomatoes. The Jensens said we were too high, but they 're going to ripen—some of them. Of course, I started them in the house."

"I ought to know you did. When one breaks one's leg over boxes every day for a month—did you hear that?" He raised his hand for attention.

"Hear what?"

"Those 'ones' I got rid of—'one breaks one's leg,' just as classy! And I never had to stop to think about it, either."

"Foolish!" the girl derided.

"No foolishness about it! It took all winter to learn. Every time you 'd get off a 'one' or an 'if I be,' or anything like that. I 'd take it out and practice on it, an' now I never know when my four-dollar words are coming. See here, do you know it 's hot for you out here?" He held up his hand to test the sun's rays with sudden seriousness.

The gardener nodded. "I was just going in, I've bread to mix before supper, but I did want to get through the weeding." She stooped to pick up trowel and weed basket.

Walvord took them out of her hands. "You 're tired," he accused. "I can tell it from the way you move. What makes you keep up that baking? Now you have the garden to amuse you—dont you think I 'd better go over this evening and leave word you cant do it any longer?"

"I think I must keep on," his companion said in a low voice. For an instant her red mouth quivered, then she brushed a hand across her forehead and laughed. "Besides, I like it. I dont mind, really. How 's the mine? Any easier digging since you blasted?"

"It 's hard enough," Walvord acknowledged.

The underground toil—its darkness and coldness and its unutterable slowness—chafed him almost beyond bear-

ing. There had been days during the winter when hope and shame combined had scarcely served to carry him back through the black mouth of the tunnel—when the mother lode itself, lying uncovered before him, would have seemed inadequate payment for the nightmare of labor which had preceded its finding. Under his surface carelessness there was growing up an acrid irritation toward Fate, which beat at his closed lips for expression. He shut them now upon a torrent of accusation against a world-maker who could stoop to hide his precious metals under mountains or to bar off man, for lack of them, from the woman of his choosing.

A troop of tow-headed Jensens were waiting beside the cabin with a present of fish for its inmates. While Ruth played hostess to them, Walvord busied himself around the house, split kindlings, carried in water, by degrees coaxing back his serenity. Millis came in for supper at six, bringing with him a pocketful of stones of his own digging. He spread them about the edges of the white oil-cloth as he ate, expounding between mouthfuls their beauties and certainties.

"The best we 've found in a month. We 're getting on now. We 're pretty close to the end of the trail."

"It 's time," Walvord criticised, but he could not resist handling and eyeing the specimens with a rising faith in their quality. If this time it should be the real thing—

The elder man returned to work when the meal was over, opposing a joking negative to his co-worker's offer of assistance.

"No, I 'll run this through by myself. I ought to know by bed-time if there's anything in it. Oh, you can watch me out of sight; you wont learn anything that way."

He gathered up his pick and lantern, looked to wick and filling, and started along the path to the mine.

"He surely thinks he 's got it," Walvord commented, noting the pace. "I kind of think so myself this time. If it should turn out that way—" He looked down laughing at the girl beside him—and seeing her face, checked his laughter. "You 're dead tired, Ruth. You 're doing the work of two men right along. You 'll be sick if you dont slow up on it."

"I weeded too long. But you expect to be tired in the evening."

"Not as tired as that! Oh, I know you 'll do as you please, but as quick as we strike a vein we 'll put somebody in here to look after things, and I tell you right now, once we 're married—"

He had said the thing so often in his thoughts that the words slid out unawares. He was astonished to see the color sweep up across Ruth's throat and cheeks and burn in her temples. He was astonished, but he had red blood in his veins. It was not for a long time that his breach of faith with himself and his appalling poverty came back to reproach him.

"I did n't mean to," he explained, much later, in the twilight of the cabin. "I 've had to hold back all winter, but I meant not to say a word till I 'd made my stake."

"Not till *then?*" Ruth questioned.

Whatever she had been before, she was not tired now. Eyes and lips and her whole body were instinct with a demanding vitality and warmth of living. She stood up and put her hot hands on his shoulders.

"Did you think it would make any difference—your being rich?"

"Not with you. It 's my side. And I cant ask when you 'll marry me now." He hesitated, searching for exact words for his feeling. "Money dont count with the girl. And it dont with the man, if he 's got it. But when a man 's not got a cent—well, I never let a woman support me yet, and unless I can take care of a wife—"

She had not meant to let her eyes betray her. Even in his first confused recoil, he had the justice to admit that. He had the self-possession, too, to kiss her again, to blunder out some unintelligible excuse, before he left the cabin and dashed down the slope to the river. By instinct he followed the trail to the mine, but he did not enter it. Instead, he crossed the dump, slid down its farther

side and, hidden by it, flung himself among the rank grass at the edge of the stream. Before him was the river, behind, the black height of the cliff; shielded by solitude and gathering dark, he strove to grapple with his sudden understanding.

When he said that about not being supported by a woman, she had looked—she had thought—for very shame the words eluded him. He tried a new direction. He had been a year under her observation. He had worked in the time, but for producing? Not so much as might clothe him in jumper and overalls. His few months of saved wages were buying them yet. As for the daily living—hotly he forced himself to name over the dishes they had had that night for supper. The fish—well, those were a present, but it was Ruth's friendliness which had brought them. The lettuce—she had raised that. She had brought back the coffee and beans and dried fruit from her last expedition to town; had paid for them, he realized with unsparing clearness, with the money gained from her baking. The very cream he had lavished on his stewed peaches was the price of her music lessons.

"Living off of her!" he told himself between clenched teeth. "Letting her work herself to death to feed me and then hectoring because she was tired. Calling the garden her 'amusement'! Lord God, she ought to hate me!"

A sudden memory brought him to his feet. "And she dont!" he wondered. "She—likes me. She was willing—"

He swept off his hat and stood bareheaded in the dank wind from the river, reverent before the mystery of her patience. She had known more than a decade of such living; she had no faith in u' imate success. And yet she—was wili..g. He pressed his hands unashamed to his wet eyes. Somehow he 'd make it up to her! When the gold was found, when once they struck it rich—but when would that be? Another ten years, perhaps? And how then about making up? Coarse hands, bent shoulders, all her laughter gone into weariness and silent endurance—

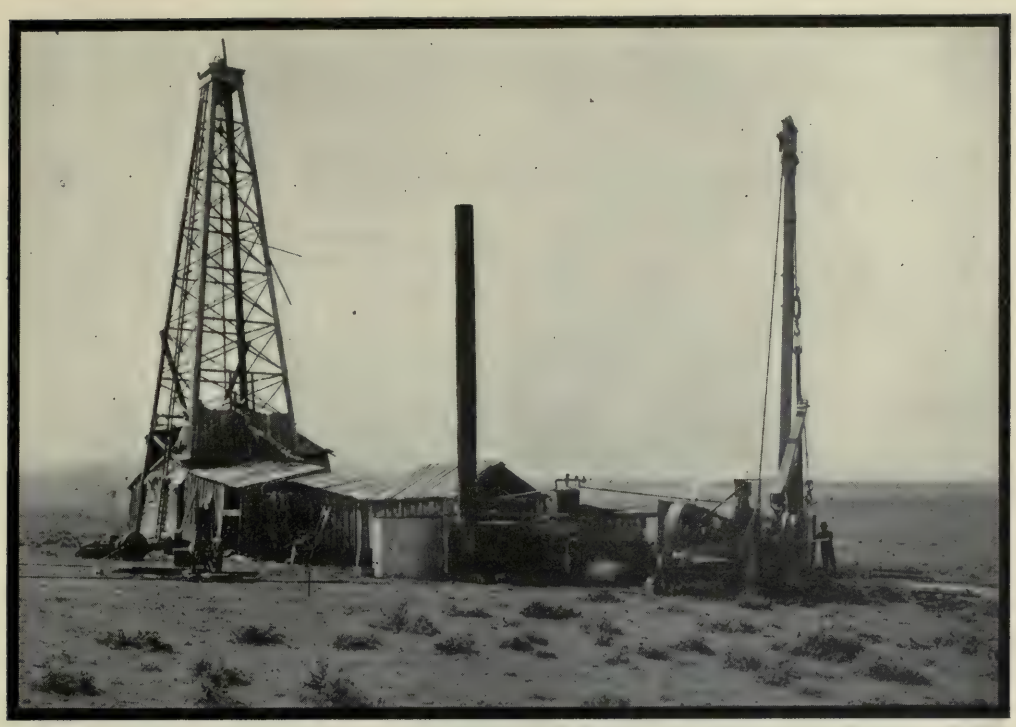
"And she 'd never complain," he reminded himself pitifully. "Never even own up she was tired. And doing a man's work all the time."

He fell to pacing up and down the river bank, struggling for clear thought. All his gambler's trust of the next chance, all his boy's faith in the future, fought against the choice before him and confused it. It was a long time before he brought his nervous hands down, clenched, to his sides and faced back to the dump. As he passed the tunnel, he could hear Millis tapping somewhere within and, with a sudden clarity of vision, could picture himself, grown gray, still seeking the mother lode, still moving hopefully on to find it in the next gulch.

"It 's the kind I 'd be, too," he told himself bleakly. "Would n't know enough to quit. But I *can* ranch. I can take take up a homestead somewhere—here if there 's room enough." He stumbled against a loosened clod of earth and stooped to pick it up. Holding it in his hand, he let the rich, moist particles crumble between his fingers. "Good soil," he noted mechanically. "The way she 's made things grow in it!"

There was no light in the house as he approached it. It had grown so dark that when he entered he could see at first only the dim squares of the windows and the stretch of oilcloth-covered table, with a single darker patch breaking its grayness. He struck a match, and then he saw that Ruth was seated at the table, her arms upon it, her head buried in them. At sight of her, suddenly the bitterness of his renunciation fell away from him. He crossed the room, holding his match high, and laid the lump of black loam by her elbow.

"I 've found my pay dirt, dear,' he said. "It 's the kind you plant seeds in. Will you marry me just the same, Ruth, when I 've turned rancher?"



WELL-BORING RIGS. THE ONE ON THE LEFT CAN SINK TO 3,000 FEET; THE WHEELED RIG ON THE RIGHT IS FOR SHALLOW WELLS.

Artesian Waters In the West

By N. H. Darton*
Geologist United States Geological Survey

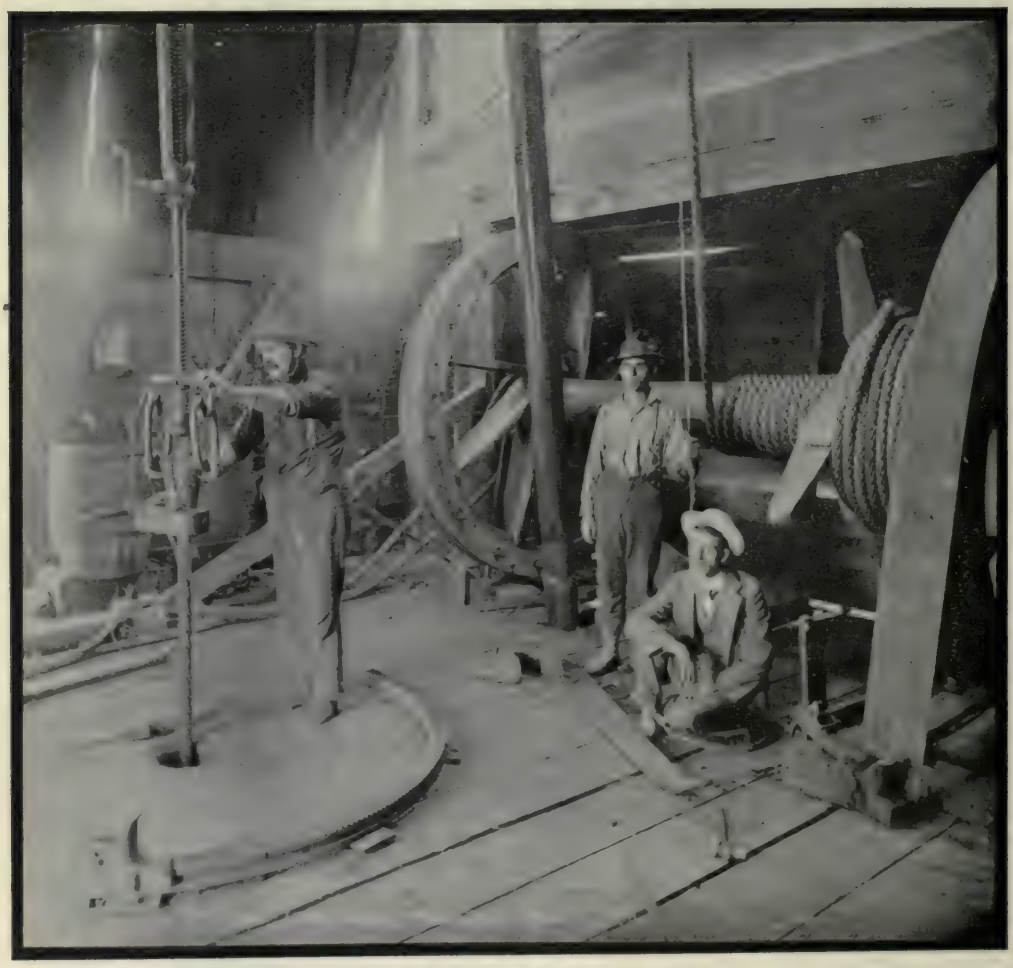
WHILE underground water supplies are extensively developed and appreciated in the eastern portion of the United States, they are of vital importance in the arid or semi-arid West. Vast areas of desert lands have been already reclaimed by tapping artesian waters, not only for use in irrigation, but for stock and domestic supply. There are many districts in the West in which surface waters are so scanty or of such bad quality that settlement is entirely dependent upon the presence of underground supply. In some regions of this character deep wells have been bored, which yield ample flows of artesian waters, but in other districts known to have favorable geologic conditions the settlers have not had confidence or means to sink deep wells.

The most valuable and wonderful artesian district in the world is in Eastern South Dakota, where many thousands of square miles are underlaid by a thick sheet of water-bearing sandstones. The water is under such "head" that flows are available in all but the very highest lands. At many localities the pressures are from 100 to 200 pounds to the square inch, and some of these high-pressure wells furnish power for running large

*Mr. Darton has been in charge of underground water investigation in the West for the past ten years.

mills. Over a thousand deep wells have been sunk in the portion of the State lying east of the Missouri River, most of which are from 500 to 1,000 feet deep and yield flows of large volume. The aggregate flow from these wells is estimated to be about ten million gallons a day, and it is largely employed in irrigation, although part of it runs to waste. It is believed by some persons that owing to this great draft on the waters the available supply is diminishing, but as yet there is no valid evidence that this is the case, excepting locally where there are numerous wells close together. Individual wells often diminish in efficiency owing to leakage, clogging and other causes, but ordinarily wells in the same vicinity show the same pressure and flow as were found in the older ones. It is probable, however, that if this large flow is allowed to continue the available volume of artesian supply will be greatly diminished eventually.

The source of the water is in the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains, where the water-bearing sandstone rises to the surface and absorbs much of the local rainfall and portions of some of the streams. The sandstone is in a continuous sheet or series of sheets, permeable throughout, and covered to the east by a thick



INTERIOR OF RIG FOR SINKING DEEP WELLS.
A 2,000-Pound Steel Bit is Attached to Rope, and Its Downward Progress Has to Be Constantly Watched by a Driller.

mass of clays. The water flows slowly through the porous rock, and in the lowlands of the Dakotas has much of the initial head or pressure, due to the high altitude of the zone of intake on the mountain slopes. Several years ago the prediction was made that these artesian waters would be obtained in the river valleys in Central South Dakota, and lately this has been verified in most gratifying manner by deep wells made along the lines of the new railroad extensions.

The Dakota artesian waters are also tapped by numerous wells in the plains about Belle Fourche, north of the Black Hills, and they underlie Eastern North Dakota. To the south they extend into the northeastern corner of Nebraska, where they are a boon to many persons. This same water-bearing stratum underlies Eastern Colorado, where it yields flows to wells all along the Arkansas Valley from Canyon City to the Kansas State line. Denver formerly obtained a large portion of its water supply from artesian wells, but as these were increased in number and drawn on too heavily the head gradually diminished and the flows ceased. One of the most valuable features in the great San Luis Valley in South Central Colorado is the fine artesian water which flows from many wells of moderate depth. These wells are supplied from a basin filled with sands lying between two prominent ranges of the Rocky Mountains.

Very few persons realize that underground waters are a most important factor in the great agricultural districts of Southern California. The large groves of oranges and other fruits are sustained mostly by irrigation, for the meager rainfall in the valleys is only sufficient to produce hardy grains, some hay and a few vines, olives and apricots. With rich soils, moderate temperature and

IRRIGATING APPLE ORCHARD BY ARTESIAN WELL WATER.

A REPRESENTATIVE ARTESIAN WELL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. THIS WELL FURNISHES WATER FOR IRRIGATING AN ORANGE GROVE.

large amounts of sunshine, however, the valley lands respond abundantly when sufficient moisture is applied. Unfortunately, the surface streams are of such small flow that only a limited area can be irrigated from them. but thousands of wells yield their subterranean stores to augment the supply. Many of these wells have a liberal surface flow. and in others the water rises within short pumping distance. One important artesian basin extends from San Bernardino eastward; another much larger one occupies the coastal region lying between Los Angeles and Santa Ana, and there is an extensive area in the San Joaquin Valley. Other smaller districts also occur, notably at Indio. Owing to multiplicity of wells, many of which have been vigorously pumped, the artesian areas are gradually diminishing in size, with corresponding decrease in the amount of water available.

ARTESIAN WELL IN SALT LAKE VALLEY. The Mormons Have Many Such Wells for Irrigation.

The coastal plain district south of Los

Angeles is about fifty miles long from northwest to southeast, and from fifteen to twenty miles wide, with an area of about 775 square miles. It has fine soil and a mild climate, and sustains a large population engaged in diversified farming. With an average rainfall of only fifteen inches, and limited amount of surface water, a large part of the water supply is derived from artesian and other wells. The artesian area is now only about 200 square miles, or only two-thirds the original area. There are about 3,000 flowing wells and 3,000

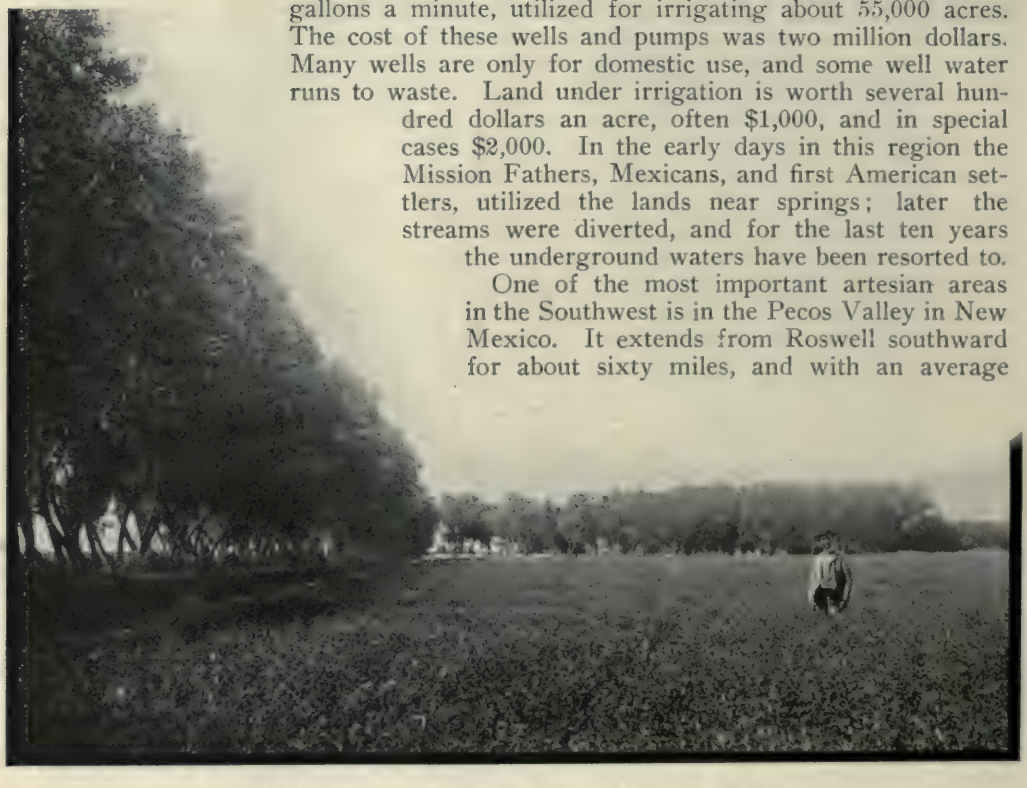
ARTESIAN WELL IN PECOS VALLEY, NEW MEXICO. 300-GALLON FLOW.

ONE OF THE FAMOUS ARTESIAN WELLS OF THE WALLA WALLA VALLEY, WASHINGTON. A Reproduction of this was Shown at Spokane During the Irrigation Congress.

ARTESIAN-WELL IRRIGATION. PEAR ORCHARD AND CELERY.

pump wells, yielding in all about 300 second feet, or 165,000 gallons a minute, utilized for irrigating about 55,000 acres. The cost of these wells and pumps was two million dollars. Many wells are only for domestic use, and some well water runs to waste. Land under irrigation is worth several hundred dollars an acre, often $1,000, and in special cases $2,000. In the early days in this region the Mission Fathers, Mexicans, and first American settlers, utilized the lands near springs; later the streams were diverted, and for the last ten years the underground waters have been resorted to.

One of the most important artesian areas in the Southwest is in the Pecos Valley in New Mexico. It extends from Roswell southward for about sixty miles, and with an average



ALFALFA FIELD. IRRIGATED BY ARTESIAN WELL WATER.

PUMPING BY GASOLINE ENGINE FOR IRRIGATION.

NEW ARTESIAN WELL IN VALLEY OF ARKANSAS RIVER, WEST OF PUEBLO, COLORADO. WHICH HAS A 400-GALLON FLOW.

ARTESIAN WELL SUPPLYING WATER FOR HEREFORD CATTLE ON A STOCK RANCH.

width of eleven miles its area is nearly 650 square miles. The flow was discovered twelve years ago, and about 300 wells are now yielding from ten to 1,800 gallons a minute each, mostly from depths of 150 to 500 feet. The water is largely utilized for irrigation and sustains numerous profitable ranches in the midst of a semi-arid region. There are extensive fields of alfalfa, kaffir corn and various vegetables, and several highly successful orchards. Much of the land is level or gently rolling. The water flows into reservoirs and is conducted by ditches over the fields, but unfortunately much of it runs to waste. A well yielding 500 gallons a minute will irrigate thirty acres of alfalfa or seventy acres of orchard where local conditions are favorable. Alfalfa yields several crops a year and cuts from four to twelve tons per acre annually. It requires thirty inches of water a year, while from fifteen to twenty inches suffice for orchards.

ARTESIAN WELL AT WOONSOCKET, SOUTH DAKOTA. Typical High-Pressure Well, Furnishes Power for a Large Flour Mill.

Extensive areas in Central and South-

ern Texas are underlaid by great sheets of water-bearing sandstone, which are tapped by several thousand artesian wells, mostly from 200 to 600 feet deep. In some areas there are five or six water-bearing beds. The water is used for irrigation, stock and village and city supply. Several large cities are supplied from this source, notably Houston, Galveston and San Antonio. Sixty wells are required by Houston. In many of the lowland regions artesian water is used with great success for irrigating rice fields. The flow of wells varies in different localities, ranging from twenty to 1,600 gallons a minute. Some of the large stock companies have from twenty to fifty wells in their great pastures, supplying the cattle with an abundance of fine water.

JORDAN WELL AT ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO. FLOWS 600 GALLONS A MINUTE.

Montana has a small but very important artesian district about Miles City, in which many ranches have flowing wells. Boise, Idaho, is a notable instance of a Western city utilizing underground waters. A curious feature here is that some of the wells yield hot water, while others not far distant are cool. The flows are in large volume and under sufficient pressure to rise about fifty feet above the surface of the ground. The hot water is derived from a deep-seated fissure leading from volcanic rocks. The artesian waters are available in an extensive area in Western Idaho in the Boise and Snake River Valleys, and they are utilized at a number of places.

Yakima County, Washington, has a notable artesian area with numerous wells, mostly from 500 to 1,000 feet deep, supplying water for irrigation of from fifty to 200 acres in most cases.

In the Walla Walla Valley great artesial development is promised from the number of fine wells already struck. Many of the desert valleys in Utah are natural artesian basins, and notwithstanding the salt on the surface large supplies of fresh waters are available at moderate depths underground. The Mormons have sunk thousands of wells, and many of these yield flows which are utilized for irrigation and ranch supply.

The investigation of underground waters to ascertain the prospects for flows and depths to water-bearing beds is a special branch of geology, requiring the services of highly-skilled geologists. The rocks have to be examined over wide areas in order to determine their thickness and variations in character and altitude. The experience and records of widely-scattered borings, whether they are successful or not, is of great assistance, especially in regions distant from the mountain uplifts.

A Dangerous Game

By Dr. Max Nordau

Translated for The Pacific Monthly by Mary J. Safford

Part II

DURING the following days the Sieffert family had the experience of one of the fairy tales, in which a lucky mortal obtains possession of a divining rod. Leaving the two small rooms on the ground floor, which for twenty years had grown more and more narrow for their humble lives, they moved into an empty apartment, two stories higher up. It seemed immense to both parents and children, for it contained four rooms, two of which looked out upon the street, a kitchen and a windowless chamber. According to ordinary ideas it was very simply, almost scantily furnished, but the Siefferts thought they had been transported to a fairy palace, and at first scarcely dared to move. For there were pieces of real furniture in every room, a walnut extension table, a sideboard, upholstered chairs, even a sofa and two arm-chairs—and a dozen beds, almost one for each child. Father Sieffert no longer rose before daybreak, and gave up going to the market with his push-cart. The table was set twice a day, and they had meat at every meal. Mother Sieffert no longer took in washing and attended merely to her own housekeeping. The whole flock of children had new clothes and shoes, and the shelves of two broad wardrobes bent under the weight of underclothing and house-linen. Father Sieffert banished the jacket and smock to his room, and wore nothing but his coat, for the Councillor had kept his promise and obtained the appointment of rent-collector.

Lena no longer went to the dressmaker. Instead of that a seamstress and dressmaker came to her and took her measure for gowns of beautiful material and underclothing made of fine linen, trimmed with embroidery and lace. It was spring, too, the sun smiled through the white curtains into the rooms, and young and old smiled in answer. Lena lived as if she was in an ecstasy, and her nature reflected the happiness shining from the eyes of her brothers and sisters. Everybody around her was so joyous that the kind-hearted, vivacious girl often thought during the day—though not when she woke or fell asleep—that she was happy, too.

Her grey-haired lover did not make this self-deception too difficult for her. He practiced the most considerate restraint, and did not even call every day. The two flights of stairs evidently curbed his desire to see her more frequently. When he conquered this obstacle and came panting in he nodded silently to all the family, sat down in a corner until he recovered his breath, kissed the blushing Lena, who shyly approached him, timidly on the forehead, chatted with the mother about her husband's new office, her children and the progress of the trousseau, and went away at the end of fifteen minutes, after shaking hands with the whole family.

On Jubilate Sunday, the third after Easter, the bomb burst. The first publishing of the bans took place in the parish church. The people could not believe their ears when the names were given from the pulpit. After the service groups collected to discover, by mutual inquiries, whether they had heard aright.

Yes, certainly. Privy Councillor Emil Behr, widower, and Miss Helene Sieffert, spinster, daughter of Rent Collector

Andreas Sieffert and his wife, Marie, born Kullak. Endless gossip and discussion followed. Everybody was curious to learn the particulars, and as no one knew anything, each invented something, favorable or unfavorable, according to mood and temperament, which served to pique rather than to satisfy curiosity. In the afternoon intimate friends, and even mere acquaintances, came in throngs to the Siefferts' house, ostensibly to congratulate, but principally to indulge their longing to gossip. They convinced themselves of the change in external circumstances, but were obliged to be content with that, for Councillor Behr had taken Frau Sieffert and Lena to drive, and Father Sieffert, who received the visitors, was very laconic, and said he wished to take his children out to walk this beautiful May Sunday.

Monday noon, just after he had come home and was beginning his dinner, steps were heard in the kitchen and a man, without stopping to knock, made his way into the first room, which was used as a dining-room.

Sieffert stood up in surprise. He recognized the Councillor's oldest son, Director Behr, a man of forty, whose hair was already turning grey.

"Sieffert, I have something to say to you!" cried the newcomer, his face crimson and his voice trembling with excitement.

"It is just dinner-time, but if you must—" replied Sieffert, motioning to his wife and children to go into the next room, and waving his hand to the visitor to take a chair, while he sat down again.

The other remained standing, following the somewhat reluctant group with his eyes, and scarcely waiting until the door had been closed behind the last one. "What does all this mean?" he cried. "What have you done to my old father, fellow?"

Sieffert looked him full in the face. "Herr Behr, you might perhaps take off your hat. Even though a man is poor, he has self-respect."

The visitor somewhat hastily removed his hat, muttering something incomprehensible between his teeth. As Sieffert remained silent, he went on plainly and angrily: "I would not believe it, in spite of the bans. But my father says it is true."

"It *is* true."

"Impossible. It cannot and must not be. My father does not know what he is doing. It is abominable! Behind our backs! And we knew nothing of it until the scandal was public."

"Scandal? Excuse me—"

"What! No scandal? If my father commit this folly his grandchildren will be older than their grandmother."

"That *is* comical, really," replied Sieffert quietly, his mouth widening into a broad smile.

"Comical? I call it revolting. You must have seen that the old man has grown childish. You ought to have told me, or one of my brothers or sisters, that we might have placed our father under oversight."

"Pardon me, Herr Director, your father's head is as clear as yours or mine. You should speak of him with more respect. The old fourth commandment is still—"

"Drop these hypocritical speeches!" Behr broke in furiously. "You are not blowing the bellows in church now. For shame, to sell your own flesh and blood for money."

Sieffert sprang to his feet shouting: "Herr Director, leave my house at once, or I will use my rights as its master."

Behr put on his hat. "You shall hear from me, you miserable pack," he said through his set teeth, and strode out of the room.

The Siefferts *did* hear from him, and in many ways. The Councillor, to whom Sieffert complained bitterly of his son, told him hesitatingly, and with tears in his eyes, that he had come to him and presumed to make a scene. He had been obliged to turn him out of the house. Now he was stirring up the other children. They had even threatened legal proceedings. True, he feared nothing; he knew that his mind had never been more sound than it was now; but such want of affection, such ingratitude was enough to break his heart—from children to whom he had always been a

faithful, loving father. They would have nothing more to do with him if he persisted in marrying Lena. So be it then. He *would* persist. He would cut off the children with the portion entailed on them. Then they would have nothing more to expect from him, because they already had their mother's property. But he had never needed Lena so much as now. She must supply the place of the whole family which he had lost.

A lawyer came to Sieffert, and in the name of the whole family offered him a considerable sum if he would break off the betrothal. Father Sieffert had the proposal put into writing, and at once gave the paper to the Councillor. The latter silently tore it into bits, and the next day brought each of the Sieffert children a savings bank-book containing a deposit which, in the aggregate, considerably exceeded the sum offered by the family. Nothing moved the resolve of the Councillor and the Siefferts. The second and third publishing of the bans followed on the second and third Sundays and the Saturday before Easter the wedding took place. The church was crowded. Not a member of the Behr family appeared, and the more aristocratic people remained rigidly aloof. Only the most humble folk pressed in, and the feelings of the throng varied widely. Most of the older women only refrained from loud expressions of indignation because, in the first place, the Councillor had been a highly respected, absolutely irreproachable person; and, secondly, the Siefferts' poverty was well known throughout the city, and they regarded it as a mitigating circumstance. The young women and girls pitied Lena Sieffert. They did not doubt that she had sacrificed herself for her relatives, and meant to devote her blooming youth to the old man as a Sister of Charity. This was certainly meritorious, and seemed, under any circumstances, praiseworthy and touching. And why should she be pitied? She was now rich, she need not suffer for amusement, unless she was a fool, and probably she would soon assemble her fellow citizens in the same church for a stately funeral.

A loud murmur ran through the crowd when Lena, in her bridal dress, with wreath and veil, entered on the arm of her father, who looked almost defiant as, wearing a new Sunday coat, the first since his own wedding, he walked down the middle aisle to the altar. The girl's face was pale and agitated, and she lowered her eyes to avoid the gaze of the hundreds of spectators. But, nevertheless, she had seen, near the entrance as she passed, Niklas Brunner leaning against a pillar, watching her with compressed lips and frowning brows. It had given her heart a pang, and she involuntarily moved faster to escape his glance. She felt as if she ought to tear off her wreath and veil and turn back. But she was not constituted to do anything violent. Her nature was gentle and submissive. Only she could not repress the tears that sprang into her eyes, so sorrowful that day.

The pastor had pleaded illness. An assistant performed the ceremony. The whole brief address consisted of a few embarrassed phrases about the merits of the bridegroom, his well-known benevolence and piety, which entitled him to happiness, closing with the wish that this happiness might long brighten the evening of his life.

The Councillor avoided playing the part of the active, vigorous gallant, as he led his eighteen-year-old wife into the vestry. His bearing was rather that of the fatherly friend, who would watch her steps and guard her young head.

* * * * * *

The Siefferts only were present at the wedding banquet; the Councillor's friends had all declined the invitation. In spite of the noisy merriment of Father Sieffert, who drank the health of his grey-haired son-in-law, and even struck up a song, the mood at table was not very gay. Lena sat silent, with tearful eyes, her mother was so absorbed in watching her daughter, so sorrowful in her bridal finery, that she forgot to eat, and the twelve brothers and sisters who were old enough to come to the table were so intimidated by their aristocratic old brother-in-law that they could not talk. The Councillor ended his meal as

soon as decorum would permit, and took his young wife to the railway station.

It had been his custom for many years to go to Teplitz for the benefit of his rheumatism. This time he went a little before the season, combining a wedding trip with a visit to the health resort. Instead of the usual four weeks they remained absent three months. Lena had written a postal card to her mother immediately after reaching Teplitz, but nothing more. The Councillor sent a few short letters, with the information that, after leaving Teplitz, he wished to show his young wife a little of the world. From Switzerland came a large package of Basle dainties, and later from Northern Italy a box of figs. Summer was drawing to a close when, one evening, the dark windows of the Behr residence suddenly glowed with light. So the Siefferts knew that their daughter had returned home. She had not sent a line to announce her coming. Father Sieffert rushed to the house at once, and was received somewhat coldly by the Councillor, who asked him to defer seeing his daughter, as she needed rest. Since his son-in-law was evidently disinclined to prolong the conversation, Sieffert retired disconcerted, shaking his head, and sent his wife without delay.

Lena received her mother. Frau Sieffert found her looking ill. She was pale, and her face seemed to have grown narrower.

"Surely you are not ill, Lena?" cried the mother, holding out her arms. Her daughter threw herself into them, burst into sobs and murmured in broken, almost unintelligible words: "It is not true, mother, that I was to be a Sister of Charity. Oh, Mother, why did we do it!"

At the end of March there was a christening at the Councillor's. The grey-haired father had a little daughter. He rejoiced extravagantly, and gave the mother a magnificent diamond bracelet. Of Lena's feelings the world knew nothing. She had neither gone out nor received visitors during the whole autumn and winter. She would not even see her parents or brothers and sisters, as if she had some disgrace to hide from everyone. Directly after the child's birth she went to the country with it, and did not return to the city until the autumn. She associated with no one and was never seen anywhere. She left her house secretly, always closely veiled, and did not leave her carriage until far outside in some lonely place, where she took a little exercise, for the sake of her health, in the open air. The rest of her time was spent at home with her child, which did not long remain the only one.

The less people saw of the Councillor's young wife the more they busied themselves about her. All sorts of stories were told. The most widely circulated one was that old Behr was as jealous as a tiger, kept her in strict custody, never left her side, and would not let her parents see her because he did not trust them either, and was afraid they might favor some feminine stratagem. The effect of such gossip was that an atmosphere of contempt and hostility surrounded the Councillor. He remained wholly at variance with his family, but his oldest friends and acquaintances also grew cold to him, and at the close of his terms of office he was not re-elected, either as an elder in the church or as a city official.

This, however, did not seem to trouble him. He looked well and happy, and had the ruddy complexion of healthy old people who are surrounded by the most watchful care. He evidently found a fountain of youth in his domestic happiness, which constantly increased. A year rarely passed without the addition of a child to his home circle. The name of Behr became proverbial. He was pointed out in the streets as one of the curiosities of the city. But he was proud of his late paternity, and as he could not persuade his wife to appear in public with him, he took his children to walk alone, accompanied by nurse and nursery maids, the older ones led by the hand, the smaller ones in little carriages, the youngest of all in the nurse's arms, and enjoyed the attention which the procession always attracted.

Frau Sieffert was bitterly offended because her daughter did not wish to be with her, least of all at the times when

a woman usually feels the natural desire for the caressing touch of a mother's hand.

Father Sieffert revenged himself for Lena's coldness by saying: "She has grown proud. She is a great lady now. Her parents are no longer good enough for her. Never mind. Who made her what she is? She forgets that. Well, ingratitude is the world's recompense. I am satisfied. I've never wanted anybody's help."

But he gladly allowed his son-in-law to provide for his children as they grew up, give the girls marriage portions, educate the boys, and obtain positions for them, and constantly bestow presents of money and provisions upon himself. He had worn his wedding coat twenty years without alteration. Now every two years, sometimes even more frequently, his clothing had to be made larger.

The Councillor's green old age continued. Death seemed to have forgotten him. Eleven years had passed since he married Lena, and she had been seven times a mother. Six living children surrounded her, one was dead. What her life was during those years no one knew except her nursery maids and her physician, who was an almost daily visitor at her house. For illness was a constant guest in the two nurseries, the children were all fragile, puny creatures, pale, bloodless, scrofulous, rickety, as if they were endowed with insufficient vitality for the journey of life, and she was obliged to be to her children a hundred times the sick nurse her vigorous old husband did not need. She did not complain; she was not even sullen, but since her wedding day no one had ever seen her smile. Her black eyes, once so merry, were lusterless; her round cheeks were sunken; she looked pale and thin, sorrowful and withered, suggesting the thought that she had poured her glorious youth into the shrivelled veins of her old husband, and was bleeding to death from this heroic sacrifice of vitality.

Did not old Behr see how she was fading? Or, in his cruel selfishness, was he determined not to see it? He showed her a tenderness that, under other circumstances, would have been touching. At any rate it gained him the advantage that his wife, who still had the kind heart of her girlhood, felt no resentment. She was angry only with her parents and herself, not with the old man who cherished her and, in his caressing humility, could not do enough for her pleasure.

He had given her a costly ornament at the birth of each child, but she never wore them, locking them in the farthest corner of her bureau, that she might not see them. For the rich jewels harshly reminded her that she had sold herself, with the wicked thought of outwitting Fate and making an uncommonly good bargain. On the other hand, she felt no self-reproach when her husband gave large sums as each of her sisters married.

Within the eleven years four, aided by his generous help, had wedded. Now an acceptable suitor had been found for the fifth one, and Father Sieffert, who wanted nobody's assistance, applied to the Councillor as usual for the outfit and dowry. He came to his son-in-law as a matter of course, by the claim of an old habit, and his astonishment therefore equaled his indignation when Behr flatly refused. "Is that the way you treat me, you old miser?" he muttered as he climbed the stairs to his home, and at once sent his daughter to Frau Behr to complain of her husband.

The weeping girl told her sister that her lover would desert her, if he were disappointed in his natural expectations, and that she did not understand why she should be treated so much worse than her sisters. Lena soothed her with the promise that she would speak to her husband herself. When the girl had gone, she remembered that, at the birth of her seventh child, four months before, the Councillor had not made his usual gift. She had noticed it, but was perfectly satisfied; for it seemed to show that, though late, he had at last perceived how little striking evidences of joy suited the situation.

Lena had never asked her husband for anything. All had been given of his

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own free will. She now went to him for the first time with a request, and she did so with a sense of irritation. Unconsciously and involuntarily, she let a shade of the bitterness which, during all these years she had pent up in her heart, creep into her words.

When she entered his study she found him sitting at his desk, with his head buried in his hands as if he were asleep. At the unexpected sound of her voice he started, gazing at her with bewildered eyes.

"You have told my father that you would do nothing for my sister?"

He remained silent, evading her gaze.

"I suppose there is something the matter with you?"

Still he did not speak.

"Is it worth while to be a rich man's wife, if one cannot help one's own family a little?"

"Pardon me," faltered the Councillor, "I have really done enough for your—"

"Indeed? What if I had been like other wives, should n't I have spent more for dress, amusements, and traveling than my family have ever received from you? I cost you very little. I am a cheap waitress and nurse. At least I want to have my payment for my relatives. I cannot give you that."

Old Behr had never seen Lena in such a mood. He caught her hands, pleading:

"Sweetheart, do not talk so—you dont know—"

She wrenched them away. "I know that you are a hard-hearted miser. Yes, I am no longer worth the least consideration. I am no longer the fresh young girl who was asked to sacrifice herself. Now I am faded and ugly. Why take any further trouble about me?"

The old man struggled to his feet, saying in a low, humble tone: "Lena, Lena, do not reproach me. It is not right. You know that you are the apple of my eye. I will do everything you wish, everything I can. It is only so, so—"

He could say no more, but sank back in his chair and burst into tears. Lena thought the old man had grown utterly childish, and was sorry that she had treated him so unkindly. She had gained her wish, so with a few soothing words, she left him alone.

At supper he seemed absent-minded; did not eat a mouthful, and often sighed heavily. Lena was still out of humor and said nothing; he, too, did not speak, so the meal passed in gloomy silence. At night she noticed that he tossed sleeplessly in his bed, and several times he roused her by attempting to sit up. She asked if he wanted anything, but he answered: "Nothing, my child, nothing."

The next morning he ordered the carriage much earlier than usual. Before going away, he kissed Lena on the forehead, saying: "Your sister shall be provided for."

About an hour later the servant who always accompanied him on his drives entered hastily in great excitement, exclaiming: "Pardon me, madam, the Herr Councillor has been taken suddenly ill."

"Where is he? What is it?" she asked in alarm.

"He is at the Herr Director's, his son's."

"What?" she gasped, "at his son's? Has my husband been to his son's?"

"Yes, madam. And he had an attack there—"

She moved as if to hasten to him. "Is he downstairs?"

"No; the doctor will not let him be moved. He has remained at the Herr Director's."

"I will come," she murmured. In an instant she had put on a hat, thrown a cloak around her, and was sitting in the carriage, which bore her swiftly to the Behr steam mill.

What did this mean? What was happening? For eleven years, so far as she knew, the Councillor had not visited any of his children or grandchildren. They had become strangers to each other. And now he had suddenly gone to his eldest son. Without saying a word to her?

At the entrance of the mill a flight of stairs led to the offices. When the carriage stopped and Lena sprang out, Director Behr came forward with a troubled, embarrassed manner, and bowed slightly.

"Is he alone?"

"He is."

"Where is he?"

"May I ask you to come this way?"

He silently accompanied her up the stairs, through an ante-room and an office with clerks, who were evidently excited, to a door, which he opened for her. She saw her husband lying on a sofa. A physician and his assistant were sitting by the head. Lena was rushing to him, but the doctor's finger, raised in vehement warning, stopped her. Coming to her, he whispered: "For heaven's sake, keep calm. Any excitement may kill him."

"But what is it?"

"Your husband has had a slight attack of apoplexy."

"A slight—"

"Why, yes—it was not fatal. But at his age—you understand—"

"Can I see him?"

The physician turned toward his patient. The sick man had recovered consciousness, and recognized his wife. His eyes were fixed intently upon her. Uttering gasping, unintelligible sounds, he seemed to be trying to rise. "Yes, go to him," said the doctor.

Lena went to the sofa and, deeply moved, bent over the sick man. He tried to speak, but made only inarticulate noises and, holding out his left hand, began to weep quietly. His mouth was drawn toward the left, his right side was paralyzed. She said a few consoling words to him, which he evidently understood, and clasping her hand firmly with his left one, would not let it go.

"What is to be done?" she asked the physician. "We cannot let him stay here."

"Only a few hours longer. If there is no other hemorrhage we can have him moved on a litter, toward evening, with the greatest care."

Lena stood up. The sick man anxiously held her fast, moaning and whimpering. His manner plainly expressed what he could not say in words: "Dont go away! Dont leave me."

She understood him. "Dont be troubled, Carl. I will stay with you."

In the evening she ventured to have him carried home. As the bearers of the litter were leaving the mill with her, Director Behr appeared at the door and bowed silently. She had not seen him during the whole day. After a few anxious days the sick man's condition improved. Speech returned, but the paralysis yielded very slowly. At the end of the second week he was able to confess, and then the crushed woman learned that her husband had lost his entire fortune in a financial crisis which had recently swept over the country. His large new family had made him think that he must increase his property by speculations, and these had resulted in ruin. He had concealed the terrible disaster from his wife as long as possible, and only when she asked a sacrifice which he could no longer make, was he driven to extremities. He went to his son, told him his situation, and besought assistance. But he was inhumanly refused. "It will be my death," moaned the unhappy father. "Blame yourself for it," replied the base son. Then the old man's senses failed.

Though Lena did not immediately realize the full meaning of the Councillor's confession, facts soon aided her comprehension. The house was sold at auction. She was obliged to give up her second story, since it was impossible to pay the rent of expensive lodgings. The Siefferts, too, were compelled to move, for they could no longer live rent free. Father Sieffert could not get over his rage. He tried to press his advice upon his daughter, but she flatly refused it. To her wailing mother she said sternly, with dry eyes, that they had all received exactly what they deserved; they had tried to outwit Providence, but Providence had punished them, and they themselves were the dupes. She did not express it exactly in these words, for she was not an educated woman, but this was her thought. She had expected to be a rich, childless widow; she was now a wreck, poor as a beggar, and almost as rich in children as her parents had been, only far, far poorer than they, because she had never enjoyed a single hour of love, contentment, happiness.

* * * * * *

During these bitter days of confusion

and uncertainty, Father Sieffert tried to persuade his daughter to send the paralyzed old man and their six children to the Director and his rich brothers and sisters, and also force them if necessary by law to give a suitable allowance to herself. Lena forbade such proposals, and told her father plainly that, in her present state of mind, his society was not agreeable to her.

She took the jewels which the Councillor had given her when their children were born and converted them into money. Hiring modest rooms in the suburbs she furnished them so simply that she almost fancied she had gone back to the days of her childhood. Then she waited. Director Behr and the other children, all millionaires, knew, as well as the whole city, the situation of their father, stepmother and their children. But nothing was heard from them. Then Lena Behr summoned all the strength her misfortune had left her and, like the brave woman of the people she had always been in her heart, took up the battle with Fate. Returning to her calling of dressmaker, she opened an establishment, hired sewing girls, and sought customers. Kind-hearted people were interested in her, and gave her orders. She was obliged to work hard from early until late, but she earned a modest living. She did not reproach the paralyzed old man, or even look at him unkindly. He sat at the door in his wheel chair in fine weather, and when it was stormy, in the room with the children—the oldest ones could watch, push, and even amuse him a little. So far as time would permit, Frau Behr nursed him as well as her sickly, frail children, and apparently it did not disturb her that she had another mouth to fill.

Her conduct produced a marked impression upon public opinion. For the sake of her simple fidelity people forgave Behr's former folly, and again remembered that he had occupied an important place in the city and the parish. The president of the consistory offered her assistance. Lena proudly declined it. The children of Behr's first wife gradually became aware that their lack of affection was being harshly condemned, and they also sent their attorney to Frau Behr to inform her that they were willing to give her a small monthly allowance. "Too late," she said—it was not done until the third year after the attack of apoplexy—"tell Director Behr that his father can die without his allowance." Then, as the lawyer looked at her in surprise, she added: "You dont understand me, but the Director will."

Old Councillor Behr spoke stammeringly, often mistaking one word for another; he remained paralyzed on one side, and by degrees became imbecile, but he lived, lived on amazingly, almost uncannily. For twelve more years death spared this extraordinary old man—his little lamp of life was not extinguished until he had completed his ninety-fourth year. His funeral was an event. The whole parish and many other citizens followed the hearse. At the grave the superintendent himself delivered the address. Surrounded by six children, ranging from twenty-two to twelve years old, among them a deformed girl and two dwarfish boys, the care-worn widow, now forty-one years old, who looked like a woman of sixty, stood beside the coffin, sobbing bitterly. And the more warmly the speaker praised her unselfish devotion, the more eloquently he lauded her as the pattern of a Christian wife of the purest virtue and fidelity to duty, the faster her tears flowed, and the more vehemently she wrung her hands. The stepchildren and grandchildren, on the other side of the grave, were secretly furious over what they considered a farce. Strangers, too, thought such despair exaggerated and almost offensive. "It is n't true that anybody can mourn so for a man nearly a hundred years old, whom she married when he was past seventy," one woman whispered to her neighbor.

Nor was Lena Behr grieving for the dead man in his coffiin. She was weeping hopelessly for herself, her youth, her life, of which she had been robbed.

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The vision of the black-robed, prematurely-aged woman, whose face still bore the traces of former beauty, came

back to my memory. I again heard her despairing sobs, whose meaning I so well understood, again felt the deep sympathy for the unhappy woman which had stirred my enthusiastic soul when, a lad of seventeen, I attended the memorable funeral, while from the balcony across the narrow street in Cadiz the mournful notes floated down to me:

"Me case con un viejo,
Por su moneda
La moneda se acaba
Y el viejo queda."

The Nun at The Tavern

By James Church Alvord

MADAME BASQUIN was decidedly pleased with her new boarder. An American, that is so *chic* — an American! And he had taken the best room, the corner one facing the square, without one quibble at the price. Certainly an unfortunate name, Emile Combes, and at a time, too, when all good Bretons were bound to loathe the name of Combes! Then, too, if born Combes, why must he add Emile and heap up the resemblance to the detested Premier, who turned out the nuns and threatened to turn out the priests? May the blessed Mother of God preserve the holy fathers! The ways of men are mysterious, and this handsome young fellow, being an American, might have chosen some good, English-sounding name. However, he had taken the best room, and Madame's only real regret lay in not having asked a higher price. But, then, he had arrived over the hills from Quimper on foot. One cant be rich and arrive on foot—all the world knows that. Chateaulin had so far escaped the tourist, even the tramping one, and was guiltless of artists, so Combes was her first experience, and only by chance had he, hearing of this isolated village set down beside a rushing torrent and shadowed by the beetling cliffs of the mountains of Western France, come here hoping, rather half-heartedly, to find the face for his great Madonna. He had discovered her at once, before he even reached the town, and now in utter fear of losing her mentioned the fact to Madame.

"Monsieur stopped at a tavern and beheld a nun?" The little woman was all excitement in a moment. "Undoubtedly the third tavern, it is not? The big one? Monsieur may well laugh," (the artist had been unable to conceal a grin) "it is n't so very big, that third one—the Tavern Batz—but, yes, it must be the Tavern Batz. And the sister, a handsome woman, yet sad, sad?"

"Yes," the young man agreed, "a very beautiful woman, still she could smile."

"Doubtless. Monsieur has an eye, of eyes the most observing, and one cant weep all the time. It is bad for the complexion and brings on wrinkles. Even a nun knows when she is pretty; there are mirrors in convents. Monsieur has beheld the Mother Fideles."

Emile burst out incredulously, "But how came she there? A star dropped down from Heaven, a lily in a quagmire—"

"La—la—la! Madame is consecrate. Monsieur will not be losing his heart to a sister!"

It appeared that Monsieur had no intention of offering up his heart before the shrine of the Mother Fideles, only his paint brush. He wished her for a model. This confession rendered his plump landlady speechless. The black eyes snapped, the pudgy hands waved

their horror, the thick-panting breath labored for utterance.

"The Lady Superior of the Convent St. Hyacinthe a model—a model! A dream of all dreams the most absurd. Does Monsieur expect the angels of Heaven to make his bed of a morning, or the blessed St. Peter to keep his room key hung up on the door-post of Paradise? Zutt! It is impossible! Think no more of it."

"But why?" the artist expostulated. "She is a woman; she must earn her living now all the convents are shut up. I will pay her well."

"But as a model! Why, neighbor's Marthe went as a model with some artists who stopped at Quimperle. Marthe waited on table there, and when I visited in Paris—that is now three—no, let me see, it was the summer after the great flood, and the flood—that is now four summers ago—I felt it only kind to call upon the poor girl. Ah! well, well, may I say—poor Marthe was at her work, and I climbed the stairs—imagine it—flights and flights and flights of them. Zutt! the memory of those stairs makes the back ache today. And when I found her—I who was educated in a convent up to fifteen—no, I cannot tell Monsieur—"

"I am an artist," laughed the young fellow. "You need n't fear my blushes; I've gone the whole trip."

"Ah, well, Monsieur has seen the sights, doubtless, though he has a face of all faces the most innocent. But imagine the chagrin when I burst into the room. There stood the shameless one, and her mother sitting right by weaving lace—Brussels lace, too—when she ought to have been at work on the lace of Brittany. But one forgets the homeland in that wicked Paris. There stood that shameless one—my face is red as I tell Monsieur—without a rag on and grinning—a model! Mother Fideles a model—why, she could not bear to hear Monsieur mention such a thing. Rather would I uncover my fat old limbs to the unhallowed gaze than see a holy sister so disgraced."

The bustling creature rose with a wide gesture as though prepared to make the sacrifice of her own modesty there and then, but instead collapsed upon the nearest chair, while the inn rang with the merry laughter of the artist.

"I dont wish any sacrifice," he protested. "I need her face for my Madonna and the Madonna type is passing from the world in this materialistic age. You Bretons alone, of all people who on earth do dwell, keep an undimmed faith and a face aglow with trust. Come, now, you are a good soul; tell me how I can get her to pose. Who is she? Where does she live? How can I obtain speech with her holiness?"

The curves of Madame Basquin still quivered, yet she was interested in his scheme. "The Madonna," she crossed herself devoutly, "Monsieur, is of the religious, as who could doubt having once watched the face of Monsieur, and Madame dwells with her brother."

"Her brother!" cried Emile, "what brother?"

"Why, who but Monsieur Batz, to be sure, the keeper of the Tavern!"

"The husband of that dirty woman," he demanded almost angrily, for his whole soul had been revolted by the mistress of the place, "that cant—"

"*Parbleau!* Monsieur is hardly polite, though, to be sure, these Breton peasant women—I myself am from the Loire Valley"—Madame smirked across her own spotlessness—"are scarcely particular, one sees that. The husband of Madame Batz is, nevertheless, the brother of the Mother Fideles."

"A peasant," he protested, "with those hands, that face, that walk—you are joking, Madame."

"As for a peasant," she compromised, "I know not these old tales; but one says that the family of Batz was noble before the Terror. Ah, we are all equal now; that does n't count. Still, she has an air, the Mother, and a carriage of the head. Surely Monsieur *has* an eye."

Here the good landlady bustled off to see about the preparations for her dinner, the one important event each day ushered into her life; but after the dinner had marched its grandiose way and passed into oblivion she came softly back with a cautious word of advice.

"If Monsieur really wishes the Mother Fideles for his Madonna," she whispered as softly as though the very walls had tongues to cry her secret across the mountains, "it will be well to ask before the face of Dame Batz. Madame is dirty, oh, inconceivably slovenly, but she is shrewd and loves not the presence of the Mother in her house. She is expensive, the holy one, and useless. What can one do, vowed to wear that dress of white eternally—it is to laugh. The Mother will doubtless desire to consult Father LeClaire, the Curé, and Madame Batz, of a devoutness superb, presents to the Father on market days of geese, eggs and vegetables, a number most astonishing. If one wishes an apple 'tis well to shake the bough it hangs on."

Emile had watched these melancholy sisters of the great teaching order during the three months he had spent in Brittany, painting in desultory fashion among the usual artist-haunts, hunting for the face he needed. The churches were full of their spotless white, their tragic, questioning faces, their aloofness from the life of today; their suggestion of the Middle Ages, of knights and kings, tournaments and chatelaines. Even on stormy days, when they picked a dainty way about the few errands and employments still possible, their long, fawn-colored cloaks distinguished them from the herds of disgruntled tourists, rushed about by a frantic agent from Cook's, or the comical crowd of their countrywomen in whose costume the ancient and the modern blend into a wayside farce. For a Parisian picture-hat will not fellowship with a peasant bonnet-blanc, and the woman who attempts it—in Brittany her name is legion—becomes a laughing stock for her pains. Still, he had not looked among them, had not thought about them, and then, tramping from Quimper to Chateaulin, from beneath the soft frills of a nun of the great white order, that face flashed upon him perfect.

She was a woman of his own age, a woman of position, accustomed to ruling and to deference. As he tramped those five miles back along his track of yesterday he laughed at his temerity; but when he again sighted the Tavern his temerity failed to appear so rash. How could a cultured and refined woman—that she was both his brief interview had amply taught him—endure such a place? Would n't she leap at any chance of escape?

The third Tavern, third as one mounts over the hills from Quimper, a low, rambling affair of gray stone, patched together from the fields around, pitched at the foot of a desolate peak, surrounded by a wall of its own rubble, leaned in cheek-and-jowl good-fellowship towards a rude shed, beneath which a grunting collection of pigs, mingled with hissing geese, gathered around a few unkempt farm wagons. Above the naked hills sprawled endlessly, hump on hump of them, until the eye lost itself against the skyline. The riot of blossoming weeds, the flame of poppies, the lavender tangle of bluebells, had long since disappeared, and the scraggly hemlock, the tattered oaks, all crouched away from the prevailing wind. A clump of these frightened trees bunched up against the back of the tavern, stretching their boughs—the vibrant imagination of the artist saw the scrawny, witch-like things as arms of lonely ghosts—across the rotting, grass-grown thatch. The grass itself was spiry, arid, dun colored. On the doorstep sat the nun, her hands busy with some simple sewing, her eyes intent on the tumbling road which led to Quimper, St. Hyacinthe, the people, the house, the work she loved. The laws of her country had thrown her, a useless waif, an outcast, from the midst of life with naught left but to bemoan her fate. The shadow of that fate darkened all her aspect.

She met him with a quiet courtesy and led him into the house. There the dirt, the disorder, the whole hideous peasant existence overwhelmed him as they had the day before. The room, the only one used for the family apparently, as the other reeked with the odors of the stable, was strewn with a litter of garments, while the cooking arrangements, the dining-table, the family beds, were strewn promiscuously around. Dogs, cats, hens and ducks snored, mewed, clucked and quacked all over the place.

The sullen, unkempt figure of the host-

ess rose to greet him and Emile made his errand known. The nun shrank into herself at once. She could n't, no, she could n't undertake to do a thing like that. All the proprieties, all the rules of her life, her devotion, her vows, just as active as when she lived the cloistered existence; nay, more active, because she kept them all unaided and alone, forbade her to consider Emile's suggestion.

"Monsieur is very kind," she declared, "but, really, one must see—must see—" The harsh young voice of Madame Batz broke in passionately, "Must see that Monsieur talks common sense."

The artist turned to his new ally, burning with shame that he must seek aid from such a quarter. "Madame views the question from its wisest side," he murmured. Art makes villains of us all, and a picture on the soul eats up the sensibilities like a cancer.

"Of course she can pose," the crass voice went on pitilessly, while the nun cringed and cowered against the wall, huddled upon the settle beside the hearth. "It 's not her poor brother and I can keep her in idleness and humor all her whims. She 's lost her job and must work like other poor folks. Pose—what is it to pose? And the Aunt Mathilde can stand right by all the time, can offer a roof to shelter her at Chateaulin. She 's a woman most sage, that Aunt Mathilde. Fi—fi—fi—a nun's but another kind of old maid. What 's she to fear at her age? She 's thirty if a day. Men dont want 'em at thirty."

"But, sister," the tones were dulcet music after the other's coarse scream, "I am not quite useless. Dont say I am quite."

"Useless!" shrieked the woman, "Of course you're useless. You fainted in the hayfield; it is but yesterday; you cant go near the fire without smutching that white gown—though there 's nobody to see the smutches but grandmam and me —and you scare the babies mumbling away at them everlasting prayers. Now, here you are refusing honest money that 's just tossed into your lap. Of course you'll pose."

The girl trembled, consented, conditioning her consent on the priest's approval—at which proviso Madame Batz fairly winked her wicked little eye at the artist—and Emile sneaked down the crests feeling like some criminal and conspirator caught by some high, sweet soul in the act of defiling consecrated things, to vilest uses. Still, he had triumphed—his Madonna was secure, at least if his spirit rose to the heights of his opportunities. That remained to discover.

The next morning found Fideles, all radiant girlishness, waiting in the comfortable home of the Aunt Mathilde, the widow of a respectable tradesman, for his coming. The aunt loudly protested that, while the painting continued out of doors and in the sight of the whole village, no chaperonage was necessary.

"Of course when it comes to studio days," she added, "the proprieties must be preserved, even should one wear out a whole pair of new shoes climbing those rubbly roads." The aunt possessed a frugal mind.

Out in the open, muffled in the ample folds of her cloak, Fideles became a nun once more, though the thrill of youth, bubbling through the surface, declared that sunshine lingered behind eclipse.

"Do you know," she confessed, "this is the first time I ever went walking with a man—imagine the excitement!"

"You saw no men in the convent?" he questioned.

"Oh, but I did," she laughed, "shoals—they came to place their daughters. But to go walking! Nay, not even the sagest *demoiselles* attained to that. Still, as Madame Batz declared, I *am* an old maid." Her merry laughter leaped up into a silvery shower. She had the laughter of a child.

As they paused at the village well to drink she, leaning against its lip, gray granite, worn and polished by a hundred years of crooked elbows, dipped her fingers into the cold water, holding her hand against the light until her great signet-ring glittered along its rim with tremulous diamonds.

"O, fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro—" she began and repeated the whole exquisite Horatian ode to the end. "I love the Latin," she cried, shak-

ing the drops from her finger and watching them spatter into mimic swirls along the surface of the turbulent water, "the roll of it, the reverberation; and the Curé—Ah, 'tis wrong to criticize one's superior officer, but he has a pronunciation most barbaric, as Monsieur must admit. I saw Monsieur at service and rejoiced."

"I am repentant," he confessed, "and have come this morning ready to let you out of your bargain. I forced your inclination yesterday—shall we call the thing off?" He spoke hesitatingly, turning his face away, letting one hand dangle into the pellucid font.

But she snatched her hand from the well curb and faced him squarely. "No," she protested, "I did n't wish it, but I do. It is n't the Tavern; my sister-in-law has a certain rough kindliness, though the aunt keeps a far more comfortable *menage*. It is n't the Tavern, though I miss the simple elegance of the Convent—what a phrasemaker that Horace was!"

"How fond you are of Latin!" he interjected.

"I taught it seven years," she answered simply. "No, I can eat black bread and herd with dogs, can live and feed and sleep in one room with my brother's drunken servants and not grumble—but I stifle." She turned and led the way toward the cliff across the river, where the scene of his picture was laid. "A width of vision," she went on, as though her long pent-up thoughts found relief in swift expression, "blew through our narrow nunnery walls those mountains never knew. The hard grind of these peasant lives leaves them penurious even in their religion, and I have sometimes felt that God is, to them, but a Keeper to watch the flocks while the family sleeps. The saints preserve me from all uncharitableness! One gets crooked all awry on those windy hills."

"You dont look it," he cried, admiring her straight, slim figure.

But she went on heedlessly: "Then to be useless, useless! You cant comprehend the despair. To be brought to one thing, to fight for supremacy with every classmate, hold one ambition in view year after year, to attain at twenty-six, attain astonishingly, attain unbelievably —and then to be tossed back like a squeezed lemon. But I was n't squeezed, I was equipped. I was doing service. I counted in the world. I can rejoice in black bread, I can honor my Lord with black bread—dont smile, Monsieur, the little crosses have the sharpest nails—but to be useless! I was but six when I entered St. Hyacinthe and civilization is a hothouse; it leaves us fruitless amid the primitive tasks of life. I do faint in the hayfields—yes, I do. And this posing—it is n't an occupation, for no other man is liable to look at me through the golden haze of the imagination of Monsieur, but it is work, a livelihood. Oh, I am glad, glad, glad!"

"No other man?" he laughed back merrily at her. "You have the one perfect Madonna face."

But Fideles was a woman, and glanced at him out of the corners of shy, pleased, mock-modest eyes. "A girl must take a man's protestations with full allowance for shrinkage," she jested.

He explained to her quick, sympathetic intelligence his "Madonna of the Rocks." She was to be a thoroughly modern conception, though based on the ancient faith, a symbol of the Everlasting Love, but nevertheless of earth, earthy, a woman through whose heart the sword had gone. Not the goddess of Botticelli and his crew. Real rocks were to be underneath her feet—no Rubens-feather-beds made out of clouds for her, thank you—real rocks, which cut until her bare feet bled. Even her babe must symbolize the grief and pain, the strife and struggle, which crowns all motherhood with thorns. Of course it would be hard to divest one's mind of the Sistine, the rush and spring of that rather burnt themselves into a fellow's brain. Still, one could try. Did she understand? She did. Enough of the modern spirit and even of the modern literature had crept into her convent for that. She, too, thrilled before that vast human love the world today discovers in the heart of God.

"Monsieur is a Catholic?" she queried.

"No, a Protestant, a Puritan indeed;

but I hope the religious imagination may help me to peep over into another's soul."

"'Tis a high wall for the peeping," she sighed, but immediately continued: "At least Monsieur is French—the name is French."

"Inherited, inherited," he answered gaily. "Some ancestor of mine came over for the big war with the Marquis LaFayette, did fine things up and down the country, and we've borne his name ever since, father and son of us, for a century."

"I should have preferred any other." She made a little *moué* at him. "Still 'tis well one man of the name was brave and another—charming." She added that last adjective with a merry nod of good-fellowship. "After all a man is n't responsible for his name."

The days ran on a golden chain for these two. To Emile his picture became a profound experience, and even to Fideles it was scarcely less. Sunny days were spent at the summit of the cliffs which leap to guard Chateaulin, crouched and squeezed into the narrow gorge of the foaming river, a river which gnaws its way each year deeper and deeper through that wild notch between the hills. But on stormy days they worked away in an abandoned hut of gray stone, perched perilously on the edge of the mountain and threatening momentarily to slip rumbling down into the raging flood below. Fideles liked these studio days best of all, and, while the Aunt Mathilde, snuggled into her chair beside the crackling fire, nodded over her knitting, secretly admired the artist as his dark radiance glowed out from his scarlet painting-robe and beneath his jaunty, side-cocked, Turkish fez. The months passed, the picture grew apace, the walls lined themselves with studies of the nun, her hands, her face, her springing body, finally her feet.

For sitting outside at sunset once, after a day of windy music and swirling mists, while the river became a stream of molten iron burning with orange flame beneath the wide scorch of that sunset, and farther down between the deep shadows mirrored the bluffs so perfectly as to double the apparent depth of the abyss, while right below them, in a widened patch of the valley, the women knelt amid a veritable regiment of Lombardy poplars, those grenadiers among trees, to souse, to spank, to scrub and swash the family linen along the banks of that fiery tide, Fideles made bold to proffer a request. The Aunt Mathilde was busy within the hut dusting away at specks and spots left all over the studio by Lise, the scrubwoman—the aunt had been civilized into ultra neatness and Lise had not—scolding volubly all the while she cleaned.

"You asked me only for the grand effects," she said, "the head, the hands, the form; you said any young peasant woman could serve as well for the draperies, to hold the child—oh, cant I do it all? I wont ask more than another woman would—after all I am a peasant." She lifted her eyes to his, and they were full of laughter and appeal. "It is n't to escape a return, for I'm not going back to the Tavern; the aunt will keep me now. Then I've sold through a friend, oh, such a good friend, some laces to the tourists at Quimperle. But the season passes. I can make laces all winter. This is work. No, no, why should I not be frank with you?" This time she glanced at him with an adorable archness. "I cant bear to have another woman mixed up in my Madonna—our Madonna." Those last two words became a lingering caress; the one word "our" thrilled him through.

So August drifted into September, as July had into August. The foxgloves, crimson and stately, drooped brown in the fence corners; the mullens wizened on their stalks; the gorse lit a conflagration, which blazed from hill to hill, setting the world on fire with gold; the poplars on the river bank shed pallid leaves into the water, which whisked hither and thither beneath stouter breezes; yet the two lingered on their cliff or spent the lessening length of light in the shanty which clung so perilously to the verge of the Huelgoat road. It was a pleasant task, an easy life, and both were blind to oncoming danger. That he had grown to love her, her real scholarship, her in-

nocent pedantry, her profound ignorance of life's stern realities, her simple faith, her touch of delicious coquetry, the artist did not hide from himself. He saw his course straight before him. Love is merely the prelude to marriage. Of course she would struggle. All her traditions were against it—but she'd been thrown out of her nunnery; she could n't return to the peasant hut of her birth; there was no hope for her save in his love and the sheltering walls of the luxurious home he could offer her. She would see it. That she loved him he did not doubt. The way was very simple; true love would run smooth after the few preliminary pebbles; he had not reckoned with the heart of a Breton, the most sacrificial, the most fanatical, the most immovable of devotees in all Christendom today. The very carelessness of the Bretons to externals, cleanliness, comfort, hygiene, but prove the little value they put on the earthly as compared with the heavenly life.

Meantime around their peace a storm was brewing.

Anger against the attempts of the Government to confiscate property dedicated to religion was mounting to a frenzy in Brittany. Everywhere the parties of soldiers, sent out to inventory the possessions of the churches, had so far met with rough and angry treatment from mobs that knew no law. In Chateaulin, lost amid the steep slopes of the Arid Mountains, set apart from the stream of modern thought, utterly out of sympathy with any attempt to subjugate the Church to the State, every suggestion of the new regime met hot indignation. The whole populace waited breathlessly the hour when a band of legal pillagers should attempt to desecrate their Church and oust their priest. The village was in a ferment. Father Le Claire thundered from his Sabbath pulpit, the peasants glowered back in grim response; outside the sacred edifice the women stirred up the fanaticism of the men. But Emile, gazing at the spot where Fideles knelt between scrawny Sister Marie Raphael and bulbous Sister Angelica, heeded never a word of the preacher's torrid rhetoric, while Fideles, moved to momentary tears, forgot every sentence of the sermon by Monday noon as she posed on the stately cliff beneath the azure sky. Love is egotistical; it blots out all other facts.

Yet one thing Emile noticed, at first angrily, then impatiently; then, as his art and his growing affection overshadowed his whole horizon, neglectfully—an ever-increasing dislike for himself. The country folk ceased to return his blithe "Good morning;" the shopkeepers no longer sprang to wait upon him; the group of gossips at Madame Basquin's friendly door scattered like sheep before the growl of a marauding dog the moment he joined them for an evening chat. Indeed, Madame Basquin warned him once, puffing up the steep path to his studio on one sultry afternoon, to be sure of secret speech.

"'Tis the name," she wailed, rocking her plump body to and fro upon the rim of the easy chair. "The fools, the dolts, the idiots—have I not told them that you know not that terrible Premier; that you are not of his blood! But they loathe the name. You must—you just must—finish your picture,"—here she rose to cross herself and courtesy before the Madonna already glowing with loveliness from her easel, "and go. It grieves me, Monsieur, but I am an old woman. I know these Bretons—their anger is not good to see—you must go."

And the Aunt Mathilde nodded from her deep bed of cushions. "Madame has reason—their's is a bitter anger—I myself have heard the growl of that coming storm—Monsieur must go."

Fideles lifted her face and smiled. The chatter of the old women seemed to them both as idle tales; they believed them not.

Then the storm broke.

Emile had clambered alone to his cottage that morning, for the picture was done, only a touch here and there remained. These he would finish at his winter studio. It was a dreary October day; all the world was draped in a drizzle of rain, the river roared an oozy black, the mountains swathed their faces in draperies of clouds, which rolled and tossed beneath a bitter wind; even the poplars at the water's edge drooped their primness.

All the morning the young man had

been conscious of a dull rumble creeping up from the village, while cartload after cartload of peasants, their faces set and sullen, went trundling by. Still, fetes are too common in Brittany, even dolorous fetes, to cause a moment's wonder. When he descended for *dejeuner* the whole square was in a ferment, packed with peasants from end to end, their gay holiday attire, streaming ribbons, dainty caps and coats embroidered with gold lace, sewn with ancient coins and edged with bands of velvet, contrasting oddly with their fierce gestures and grumbled talk. The clatter of innumerable wooden shoes rumbled through the town. All eyes were turned towards the mighty Church, which lifted its carven tower high over the surrounding shops and homes. The vast oaken doors were bolted tight, but the face of the Curé was thrust from a window, hurling denunciations, anathemas and excommunications down upon the heads of a group of soldiers who pounded with sledgehammers against the portal. The crack and splinter of the oak moaned with a human voice across the mass of waiting people. The people stood at bay and their low grumble of pent-up wrath was more ominous in its dull mutter than open fury. The absurdity of the conflict was apparent at a glance—Brittany against France, Chateaulin against Paris. It had been tried a hundred years before—and failed. To emphasize the folly of the Government and the governed, a provost in the midst of the soldiers, a dry, spectacled, pompous old man, read constantly in a shrill, nasal twang some endless warrant into the ears of a mob who could n't hear if they would, and who would n't.

With elbows akimbo Emile sawed his way through the throng, onwards to the Church steps and the group of soldiers. The commander turned with astonishment to see this fresh, foreign face peer out from the dark, frenzied crowd. His modernity was uncouth in the place. Then the postmaster recognized him and pointed him out to the people grouped around.

"His name is Combes," bawled a great voice, the bull-like bellow of the village blacksmith, "that fellow's name is Combes—down with him!"

The throng, already maddened to an unspeakable fury, was ready at the first order to pounce upon any victim. At the mention of that name, more hated by every good Catholic than any in the Republic, the square thundered with one united yell of rage. A victim had come to the peasants, and they leaped forward like unleashed hounds at sight of the fox. Emile had listened to the laughter of hyenas across the sands of Africa, to the howl of wolves along the wintry wastes of Western America, once even to the frenzied scream of cattle aboard a steamer sinking in mid-ocean; but never had he heard a sound so bestial, brutal, bloodthirsty as this. They screamed, they cursed, they raved, they raged, and even after the Captain's hasty hand had snatched him into safety amidst the soldiers, they pulled the shoes from their feet and hurled them at his head. Two ugly gashes were cut across his forehead by these rude weapons. Amid the turmoil, like the dinning of some huge harbor bell, rocked upon the indiscriminate and indeterminate ravings of leaping wave and hurtling wind, boomed the deep bass of the priest from his casement, "Slay—slay—slay!"

At this injunction the mob jumped up and down in wrath, missiles flew thicker. Finally the officer, abandoning his attempt upon the Church doors, ordered a charge of bullets fired over the pack of black heads and then, forming his men into a hollow square with Emile in the center, marched in good order back to the Inn. The air around was torn with howls. "Down with Combes! Down with the spy! To the guillotine with Emile Combes!"

All that wearisome afternoon the rabble brawled about the tavern, but towards sunset the rain began to drive so furiously athwart the square, whipped by an icy wind, that their zeal could bear the assaults of the elements no more, and one by one they separated for their homes. The streets creaked with the wagons of returning farmers. The artist, despite the arguments of Madame Basquin and the Commander of the little army, mounted to his studio.

He had been packing there a couple of hours, cursing himself for a fool who would n't heed good advice, when the door burst open and an icy blast of sleety rain blew in, drenching the floor on every side. With the gust Fideles entered, swathed in her long cloak, gasping from exertion. Crossing to the table, she blew out the light and began to talk before she could throw her cloak aside.

"The soldiers have gone," she panted, "gone by the last express, and the Mayor is a coward. I went to him myself—he is a coward! I saw Father LeClaire, explained to him that you are an American, know nothing of our unhappy quarrels—the Curé is a bigot. They are planning to shoot you here tonight—I know—I know—my brother warned me—there is nobody to interfere—nobody—nobody." Her words came in breathless jerks and throbs. "Madame Basquin did n't dare to come—the Aunt Mathilde refused to come—so I have. Here is food, a lantern—you must hasten at once along the Huelgoat road to the first village. 'Tis but seven miles to the inn—a teacher of the Romance Literature lives there—my teacher—yes—yes—lives with her nephew. Here is a letter to her—she is educated, will understand. Tomorrow the train and Paris—Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry!"

The fists of the rain hammered on every stone in the walls, the wind moaned down the chimney and climbed the hills with the wail of a pack of hounds baying after the prey, the cottage trembled beneath the fury of the storm. He turned at once, buckling on his overshoes, reaching for his coat. Then he realized with a shock the sacrifice she was making, the din of embittered voices, the smutch of gossip, the ugly fall of a nun who had visited and saved an enemy of the people in darkness and downpour. He turned to the Mother Superior. She stood in the twinkle of the firelight, her white gown reddened by the touch of its glowing, her hair not bound into a coif, but simply tied at her neck with a ribbon and hanging in loose curls to the hem of her skirt, reflecting the flames amid its glossy shadows, while her cheeks flushed with exertion, her lips trembled with emotion. Their eyes met.

Leaping to the hearthstone he caught her in his arms. She did not resist.

"I love you," he cried, repeating the words over and over; then kissed her. She returned his kiss.

He pressed her close and murmured, "You love me?"

She lifted herself from his shoulder, looking him sadly in the eyes. "Yes," she confessed simply, "I do—I know that now." She sighed shudderingly.

To his further plea for marriage, flight with him at once, at least a betrothal, a promise, she merely added, "I am a nun." Again, "I am a Breton," she said. "We Bretons do not change—I remain a nun."

He held her close, vowed he would return, claim her as his own, kissed her yielded lips. At last she released herself with a low, happy laugh, declaring: "You must go. We have no time to thrash that question out. Go!" Her happy face grew ashen. "Go—or die!"

She forced him into his coat, his hat, shoved the food into his pocket, her letter into his hand, gave him matches, bade him not light the lantern for a mile or more, thrust him forth. At the third step he turned.

"What will become of you?" he cried.

"They wont know," she answered comfortably, "and if they do no Breton could harm a nun—go—go—go!" This time she stooped to kiss him of her own accord, throwing her arms around his neck, calling him for the first time by his name, "Emile." This last kiss was a mother's, not a bride's, and he felt the difference. He turned; the mist swirled around him, he waved a shadowy hand, the dimness swallowed him up, the rain rang down the curtain.

Fideles turned and entered the cottage, locking the door behind her. She had sinned, of course she had sinned; but, though she never dreamed of permitting him to see her again, she scarcely felt her sin. When love comes to a woman of thirty it is an all-absorbing passion; not girlhood's quick flash-in-the-pan. She had sinned—the Mother of God had been a woman, had loved, would understand—let that pass! She must plan now for Emile's safety. He would be pursued if the peasants discovered his flight, caught on the Huelgoat road, mur-

dered at the village inn. For a while she stood perplexed, planning out her problem, shaping ways and means to prevent discovery until the morning might see him safely on his way to Paris. Of herself she did not think—enough if he escaped. Whatever her resolve it must be speedy, the feet of the murderers might even now be mounting the hill.

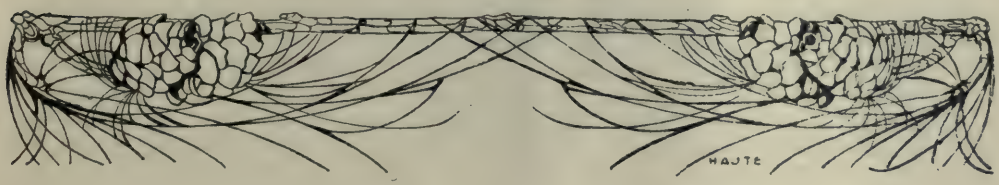
Then, with a flash of woman's intuition, the only possible project came to her. She recoiled, wan, trembling, shaken, convinced that this meant death —for herself. She was a woman, and had the cowardice of her convictions. She hesitated, still palpitating with fright and utter loneliness, for a moment, and then, hurriedly crossing the room, caught down the artist's painting-robe. Carefully pulling her hair inside and across her bosom she donned it, loosening a few locks around her neck until they roughly resembled Emile's Bohemian curls. Sticking the scarlet fez askew upon her head she seated herself by the fire, ever and anon stooping to toss enough fuel upon the blaze to render her figure plainly visible from without. Her white skirts were gathered within the robe, her hands gleamed in the firelight, from the window the deception was complete. He had asked for her whole life, she told herself, and she had refused. Was it much to give one hour of waiting? In her heart she knew that, before daybreak, she must give far more than that.

The great moments of life reduce us to our elemental qualities, and she was absorbed, eaten up, by that passion for self-emulation so characteristic of her race and sex. Sitting thus in the firelight, she was no longer the somewhat over-scholarly woman, the outcast and tragic Superior of a famous school, not even the nun who had sinned in a moment of supreme affection, but just a girl, waiting alone in darkness to die, if need be, for the man she loved.

* * * * * *

The morning broke in splendor. Even Lise, the scrubwoman, trudging up the hill-road to dust and clean the studio, build the fire, make ready for another day of work, was numbly touched by the full, gorgeous iridescence of the drenched herbiage; even she rested a moment to gaze stolidly down upon the stripped Lombardys glistening with a silvery halo in the early light. Mounting the steps, she noticed a broken pane in the window nearest the door, around which the framework of the sash was scorched and blackened by some coarse powder. The key met an obstacle in the lock, but after a moment's struggle she heard the tinkle of falling metal inside. She opened the door, stepped carelessly within, then bounded back, shrieking with the wordless animal cry of her kind.

The chair before the chimney was empty and splotched with blood, the fireplace gray and cold save that towards the front glimmered the half-burnt relics of the artist's jaunty fez. A flare of sunshine poured in through the window, flooding the figure of Mother Fideles, who had fallen before the vivid, comforting, wonderful Madonna. The coils of her hair tumbled far across the floor, ring on ring of it, the scarlet robe floated out all around her, while in the midst she lay in her white vestments, her frail hands clutching her crucifix, a smile upon her lips, her great black eyes lifted upward towards the speeding woman who rushed, over the cruel rocks of this, our mortal life, with outstretched hands of an undying motherhood.



The Visit of Japanese Financiers

Its Significance to American-Japanese Trade Relations

By Kiyoshi K. Kawakami

THE visit to the United States of a party of Japanese financiers and business men is one of the most memorable events in the history of American-Japanese intercourse. In its significance and the far-reaching influence it is likely to exercise upon the political and economical relations between the two nations, this event is calculated to eclipse even the visit of the Atlantic squadron to the Japanese waters. The latter, in its inception and incentive, may have been perfectly peaceful, having been planned with the object of according American naval officers and crews an opportunity to practice the art of handling warships. At any rate the Japanese interpreted the call of the fleet at their ports as a mark of friendship and extended to it the most enthusiastic welcome and the most cordial treatment.

Yet the man-of-war is not by nature a harbinger of peace and good-will, and the visit paid Japan by the American battleships has been, in many quarters, regarded as a naval demonstration directed against the insular nation in order to settle certain questions. It is indeed regrettable that ever since the cruise, many Americans have been fond of cherishing the idea that the American "armada" succeeded in intimidating the Japanese, which was the real aim of the expedition. The Oriental, they say, is addicted to subterfuge and chicanery, and nothing appeals to its mind more effectively than display of force. The reiteration of such views in the press, in books, in public speeches, certainly is not calculated to foster friendship between Japan and America. The Japanese are no less proud and patriotic than the Americans, and any allusion to the cruise of the Atlantic squadron as a manifestation of the "big-stick" policy aimed to overawe the island nation must necessarily rasp their tenderest nerves. Moreover, the Japanese, influenced for centuries by a moral code commonly called "Bushido," or the "way of the warrior," are a nation of strong sentiment, and have in many instances shown themselves capable of acting in utter disregard of the utilitarian idea of gain and loss when once their feeling is deeply moved. Such a nation, animated alike with high spirit and great aspirations, would be the last nation to bow to military prowess paraded before its eyes. It is, therefore, idle to suppose that peaceful relations with such a nation can be maintained by arraying battleships and gunboats at its portals. If America and Japan are to be good friends, as they indeed must, neither should affront the other by exhibition of force, but each must take the other in confidence and act with sympathy and consideration.

Viewed in this light we must pay high tribute to the sagacity and foresight of American business men, who at this eminently opportune moment invited to visit their country their fellow-workers in the commercial field across the ocean. But half a year since the governments at Washington and at Tokio adroitly entered into a friendly understanding, thus laying to rest the ghost of an American-Japanese war which had for some time haunted certain classes of people. And in the wake of this shrewd diplomacy comes the no less shrewd move of American business interests—a move which

promises to result in an important auxiliary to the American-Japanese *entente*. In the maintenance of peace and the cementing of international ties no factor is so important as close trade relations among nations. Where two nations are commercially and financially interdependent they can ill afford to plunge into war at slight provocation. It is this safeguard that the business interests of both America and Japan are seeking by establishing a closer commercial relationship between the two countries.

To the Japanese chambers of commerce credit must be given for first suggesting to the similar organizations in America, the advisability of co-operating with each other, not only in the interest of trade, but in behalf of international peace. When the traditional friendship binding Japan and America seemed disturbed by a sequence of unpropitious incidents in California the Japanese chambers of commerce addressed to their sister institutions on the Pacific Coast of America a joint letter. After assuring that "it has always been a matter of profound satisfaction to every Japanese to witness the constant growth of cordial relations between our two countries, and of the community of our interests in the field of trade and commerce," the note went on to say: "It is extremely regrettable that such incidents (as have occurred in San Francisco) should be allowed to repeatedly occur; and it is most seriously feared that unless they are speedily prevented, the ill-feeling which our countrymen are now constrained to harbor against the people of a single section may finally have an unhappy effect upon the development of commercial relations between the two nations. For while the United States is a good customer for our national products, Japan is also yearly increasing her demand for American goods, and promises to become one of the most important markets for the products of your expanding and prosperous industries; and should the progress of the trade and commerce between the two nations be at any time obstructed as the result of the unwarrantable action of a small local population, the loss to be sustained by the two countries would be incalculable."

While the letter was favorably received by those to whom it was addressed, its good intentions suffered depreciation at the hands of some Americans, who construed it as a covert threat to the commercial interests of their country. In order to dissipate such misunderstanding the leading chambers of commerce in Japan invited, in the spring of 1908, the representative business men of the Pacific Coast to visit the Mikado's empire. The Far Eastern tour of American business men that followed attained, to an appreciable extent, the aim for which it had been planned. It is in appreciation of the courtesy shown by the commercial bodies on the other side of the water that the American chambers of commerce invited Japanese business men to visit this country.

It is beyond doubt that there is in Japan much room for American trade to forge ahead. Unfortunately American traders have not yet come in as close touch with the customers in Japan as have their European competitors. The result is that Japan imports from Europe much more than she exports thereto, while she exports to the United States much more than she imports therefrom. According to the latest statistics compiled by the Japanese Government Japan's exports to England in 1906 amounted to only *yen* 22,553,409, against which Great Britain exported to Japan to the extent of *yen* 101,311,362. Germany purchased of Japan to the extent of only *yen* 8,396,132, but her sales to Japan amounted to *yen* 42,500,013. Belgium's purchases from Japan totaled only *yen* 1,307,605, but her sales to the same country amounted to *yen* 10,551,043. While these European countries are making such a profitable trade in Japan, the United States, in spite of the advantage she enjoys over them in transportation, has been lagging behind in the field. True, her imports to Japan in 1906 amounted to *yen* 69,948,681, which represents the largest import next to that from England. But when it is remembered that Japan's exports to America reached *yen* 125,964,408, the idea suggests itself that Japanese markets for American goods have not been fully exploited.

In the upbuilding of the foreign trade of a nation small exports are as important as those in large quantities. The secret of Germany's great strides in the field of international commerce undoubtedly lies in the fact that she pays as much attention to small customers as to extensive buyers. Until a few years since America's only formidable rival in Japanese trade was Great Britain, but of late years Germany has been making incursion into the field of both America and England. With the shrewdness and energy characteristic of her, she has pushed her trade in Japan through the medium of her local agencies established in important towns throughout the country. In a recent issue of the *Continental Correspondence,* of Berlin, it is noted that the "Tokio agency of the Siemens-Schuckert Works, with branches at Osaka and in the interior, has grown to such dimensions that a division into separate minimum current and intense current agencies is contemplated. A number of German machine factories that have already their representatives in Japan are sending out a staff of experts for service on the spot. Evidently the economic conditions of Japan have settled down sufficiently after the great war to secure a rapid development of its industrial life, and German enterprise will not miss its chances." These activities of German commercial interests have obviously been successful, for where only a few years ago America and England were almost the only countries importing railway materials to Japan, in 1907 Germany sold Japan railway materials to the value of $1,250,000. These facts recommend themselves to the careful consideration of all American manufacturers and traders interested in the commerce in the Far East.

That the Mikado's Government is attaching a great importance to the American tour of Japanese financiers and business men is evidenced by the fact that it took a hand in the selection of the personnel of the party with a view of securing the most suitable persons to carry a message of friendship from Japanese commercial interests to those of America. The party thus organized consists of some forty persons, including Baron Shibusawa, who may well be called the "builder of industrial Japan," and Baron K. Takahashi, president of the Industrial Bank, who, during the war with Russia, acted as Japan's financial agent in Europe. The Japan Mail Steamship Company (Nippon Yusen Kaisha) and the Osaka Merchant Steamship Company (Osaka Shosen Kaisha) are represented by their presidents, while the Oriental Steamship Company (Toyo Kisen Kaisha) sends its general manager. The first-named of these companies is one of the largest shipping concerns in the world, having a capital of $10,000,000 and assets of more than $23,000,000. Its existing fleet consists of seventy-nine vessels, aggregating 261,427 tons. In addition to these the company has under way six steamers of 6,800 tons each for service to Seattle and Australia. The Osaka Merchant Steamship Company has seventy-five steel vessels and thirty-one wooden vessels, making a total of 106 vessels of 106,757 tons; and is building six new steamers of 6,000 tons each for service between the Orient and Tacoma. Though comparatively new, the Oriental Steamship Company is very enterprising, having on the San Francisco line the largest and finest merchant vessels ever constructed in Japan. They measure 13,500 tons each, are propelled by turbine engines and twin screws, burn both coal and oil for fuel, and are fitted after the most advanced type. The company is building another vessel of the same tonnage and type, and will launch, during this year, two more vessels of 9,220 tons each.

Another noteworthy person in this commission is K. Matsukata, son of Marquis Matsukata, one of the "elder statesmen" of Japan. Mr. Matsukata comes representing the Kawasaki Dock Yard Company, of which he is president. It is worth mentioning that a nation, which but half a century ago was a stranger to steam and electricity, now possesses a dock yard company capable of turning out not only merchant vessels of the most advanced type, but warships as

well. Among the other members are the president of the Yokohama Specie Bank (paid-up capital *yen* 21,000,000, reserve fund *yen* 10,700,000), manager of the First National Bank (paid-up capital *yen* 10,000,000, reserve fund *yen* 3,900,000), the American representative of the Mitsui and Company, the largest importers and exporters in Japan, and the presidents of the chambers of commerce of the three largest Japanese cities, Tokio, Osaka and Kioto. In short, the commission consists of such men and the representatives of such corporations and organizations as are most closely identified with the economic and financial interests of Japan.

But Baron Shibusawa, who heads the commission, deserves further delineation, for no other single person's career is so closely interwoven as his with the industrial life of Japan. Indeed his history is the history of the economic and financial development of his country. He is the originator of the chamber of commerce in Japan; the Japan Mail Steamship Company is indebted to him for what it is today; he is responsible for the phenomenal progress of Japan's banking system; the great strides which the island empire has made in the cotton-spinning industry is due to his initiative and enterprise. He has either promoted or started numerous undertakings for the supply of gas or electric light, for silk or cotton weaving, hemp and rope manufacturing, brickworks, cement factories, sugar refining, and many other enterprises along modern lines. He is interested in harbor construction and reclamation works, in farming, the breeding of horses and cattle, the manufacture of artificial manures, and a variety of other ventures. Nor are his business activities confined within the bounds of his country—he was the principal promoter of Korean railways, and the electric light and telephone system in Newchwang, the greatest mart of commerce in Manchuria. Until only a few months since the Baron was connected with about forty industrial companies and banks in the capacity of either president or director, but, owing to his advanced age, he has resigned all the posts but that of the president of the First National Bank, which was organized by himself in 1873.

Nothing, perhaps, speaks more eloquently for Baron Shibusawa's extraordinary ability than that, having been born of a plebeian family at a time when class distinction was all-important, he succeeded in entering official career in the Shogun's government, and subsequently, when the Shogunate gave way to the new regime, rose to the important post of Junior Vice-Minister of Finance. So interesting and instructive is the story of his rapid rise in public career that a moment's lingering over the record of his early years may be justified. Yeichi Shibusawa was born in 1840 in a small village, some forty-five miles from Tokio, then the capital of the Shogun. As the village was in the heart of the region whereof the population was occupied in agriculture and the rearing of silkworm, the Shibusawa family was concerned with both these industries. But young Yeichi, ambitious and naturally talented, was not contented with the lot that had been his family's for centuries. Filial and obedient, he dared not disregard the homely duties which the occupation of the household required of him, but faithfully helped his father in the manufacture and sale of indigo, devoting to his studies, only fragmentary moments wrung from busy hours. By the time he was nineteen years old the news of the appearance of Commodore Perry's warships had been heralded through the country, and the whole nation had been thrown into a state of consternation. Young Shibusawa soon betook himself to Yedo, as Tokio was then called, to see for himself what it all meant. There he continued his studies under a famous classical scholar, learning at the same time the martial art of fencing, of a great master. From Yedo he traveled to Kioto, then the Mikado's capital, where his proficiency and talents were recognized by the lord of the Hitotsubashi clan, one of the branches of the Shogun's family. Before long Shibusawa was made an official in the Shogunate Government at Yedo, and in 1867 we find him sailing for France in the suite of a younger

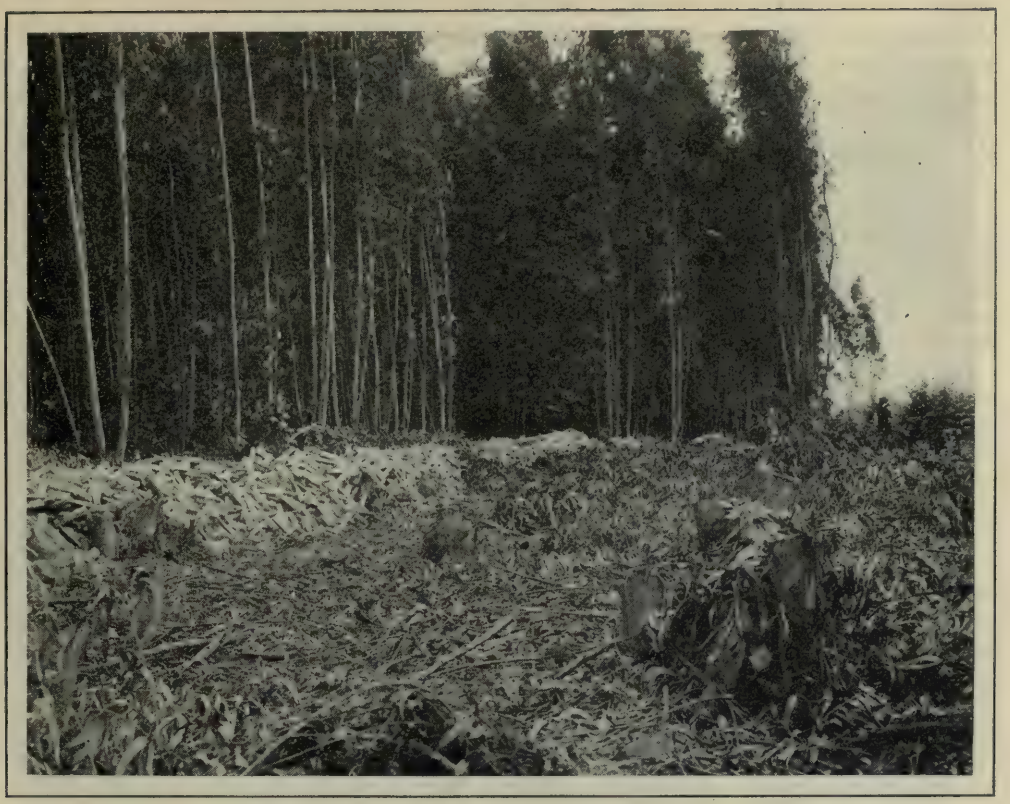
brother of the Shogun, who was sent abroad to study western sciences and institutions. His stay in Europe lasted only until the close of the following year, when he returned home only to find his former lord, the Shogun, stripped of every vestige of authority. The Restoration had been effected a few months previously, and the Mikado's scepter was now swayed over the entire nation.

Under the newly organized Imperial Government, Shibusawa was appointed tax controller in the Department of Finance. Soon afterward he was promoted to be Assistant Vice-Minister of Finance, and also Chief Inspector of Trade, and in the performance of his duties in these offices he supervised the organization of several joint-stock companies, the first of their kind ever undertaken in Japan. In 1873 Shibusawa resigned as Junior Vice-Minister of Finance, to which post he had been raised shortly before, in consequence of his views on certain financial questions not meeting with the support of the ministry. Since his resignation he has never returned to the Government service, but applied his entire energies to commercial pursuits. In May, 1900, the Mikado conferred upon him a peerage in recognition of his valuable contribution as an official and as a business man to the economic development of the country. The event is record-breaking, as never before had such a mark of imperial favor been extended to a business man in Japan.

To Americans it will be interesting to know that the first banking system of Japan, adopted on Baron Shibusawa's initiative, was suggested by similar institutions in America. When in 1870. Mr., now Prince, Ito was sent to the United States to inquire into its financial affairs with special reference to the public debt, banking, and the monetary system, he aroused among his colleagues at home much interest by his report on the National Bank Act of this country. Having studied Ito's report, Mr. Shibusawa, then Junior Vice-Minister of Finance, immediately took the needful steps for establishing a national bank in Japan on a small scale. Thus Japan's first National Bank Act drafted by Shibusawa and put into force in 1872 was modeled after the similar law of the United States.

The Japanese chambers of commerce, which have grown a potent factor in the commercial life of the country, owe their existence to the initiative of Baron Shibusawa. It was in 1878 that Shibusawa organized the Tokio Chamber of Commerce, the first institution of its kind ever organized in Japan. Baron Shibusawa may look back with pride at this innovation, when today he sees over sixty chambers of commerce organized throughout the country. According to the existing Japanese law relating to the chamber of commerce which was promulgated in 1902. the chamber of commerce is a juridical person, qualified to investigate all measures calculated to encourage trade and industry, to present to the Government its views on such matters; to appoint at the request of the authorities appraisers or consulting agents with regard to similar matters, and to act as arbitrator in disputes involving merchants or manufacturers.

It is Baron Shibusawa's long-cherished idea that the West and Japan must cooperate with each other in the trade of the Far East, and especially China and Korea. Now that the Governments at Tokio and at Washington have entered into what might be termed an *entente cordiale,* this exchange of courtesies between American and Japanese commercial interests must result in further strengthening of the friendly ties that have bound the two nations during the past half century!



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EUCALYPTUS MAKES SPLENDID HARDWOOD FUEL.

Grove of Twenty Acres; One-Sixth Cut Every Year. Trees, Six Years Old, Are Seventy to Ninety Feet High. One-Year Sprouts Have Attained a Height of Thirty Feet.

The Eucalyptus Industry in California

By F. A. Pattee

WISE landowners all over Middle and Southern California are planting Eucalyptus where their ground cannot be used for more profitable crops. The possibilities of this remarkable tree, not only for fuel, but for the finest hardwood lumber, as well as piling and for railroad ties, are only of late coming into general knowledge. For instance, the Santa Fé Railway Company, after their timber and tie expert had visited Australia to investigate the Eucalyptus there, has planted about 4,500 acres and is setting out more of the trees every year. The Eucalyptus is becoming quite as characteristic of the average California landscape as the live oak or the Sequoia. This is entirely due to the very extensive planting and fast growth of the trees during the past twenty-five years.

Eucalyptus wood, for fuel, has retailed in Los Angeles during the past two years at $12 per cord. A Eucalyptus pile, fifty feet long and ten inches

through at the small end, is grown in about fifteen years, and such piles are now worth $12. A tree cut down renews itself by sprouting from the stump, with marvelous rapidity.

A variety of Eucalyptus, the Red Gum, under the name of Australian Mahogany, rivals the world's best lumber for smoothness, density, beauty of grain and color, for furniture of all descriptions.

The Eucalyptus embraces about one hundred and fifty species, all natives of Australia and Tasmania, only excepting four or five varieties, which are found in the Malay Peninsula and southward through the East Indies. It is an evergreen tree, with long leathery leaves, containing considerable volatile oil. A peculiarity of many of the species is the shedding of the bark, giving the trunks a ravelly appearance so characteristic of the "Blue Gum." Some of them exude considerable quantities of manna, a hard, brittle, sweet substance containing a form of sugar known as *melitose*. Other species yield an astringent resin, which is used in medicine and in various manufactures. Tannin is produced from the bark of many others, and everybody is familiar with the value of Eucalyptus oil in the treatment of catarrh, colds and other disorders. From the stringy bark of some varieties are obtained fibers used for cordage, paper manufacture and thatch for buildings. A remarkable thing about the Eucalyptus is its value as a malaria preventive. It has been thought that the leaves give off volatile substances having something of the action of quinine, but the International Encyclopedia remarks that "it is probable that their beneficial action is to be attributed to their drying the soil." As it has been demonstrated recently that mosquitoes are the cause of malaria, it is probable the drying of the soil prevents the breeding of mosquitoes, and it is also probable that mosquitoes do not like the trees. There are several varieties of trees that do not "dry the soil" like the Eucalyptus, yet which, like the ordinary English walnut, are said to be "avoided" by mosquitoes. It is well known that the Eucalyptus has been of wonderful value to the malarial districts of the Roman Campagna, Cape of Good Hope, the lake region of Algiers, and similar regions.

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.
EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOMS AND SEED.

Elwood Cooper, the veteran California horticulturist, was the first to introduce the Eucalyptus in America upon any considerable scale. He imported a great amount of seed from Australia and over twenty-five years ago had fully 500,000 robust specimens of many varieties on his Santa Barbara County ranch. He used them as wind - breaks, planting the steep slopes of all gullies and many waste spaces with Eucalyptus trees.

His "Eucalyptus Avenue," a mile long, through his ranch, was one of the tourist sights of Santa Barbara County a quarter of a century ago. Some of his trees, in the rich ground of a cañon, at the age of fifteen years were one hundred and twenty feet high. In Australia the Eucalyptus Amygdalina is one of the largest, and at least the tallest tree known. Trees 400 feet tall are reported

A TYPICAL AVENUE OF EUCALYPTUS.

as rather frequent, and one measured in Southeast Australia was 470 feet in height. The tree is of rapid growth. Specimens in Southern France attain the height of fifty feet in eight years, but this is far exceeded in California. In fact, California and some other portions of the Southwest, seem to be even better adapted to Eucalyptus than their original home, six-year-old trees sometimes attaining the height of 100 feet, and saplings from old stumps have grown to a height of thirty feet in one year. It is remarkable that the tree of

Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.

A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS, OR BLUE GUM, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

such rapid growth can be of such dense fiber and tough, hard wood. In the Eucalyptus, California has a timber tree without superior and one which grows to a size in ten years that timber trees of other varieties do not attain in less than forty years.

According to figures published by the *American Lumberman:*

Pine oak will grow to twelve inches diameter in forty years.

Black locust will grow to twelve inches diameter in forty years.

Tulip will grow to twelve inches diameter in forty years.

Black oak will grow to twelve inches diameter in fifty years.

Black walnut will grow to twelve inches diameter in fifty-six years.

Texas red oak will grow to twelve inches diameter in fifty-eight years.

Sweet gum will grow to twelve inches diameter in sixty-two years.

Ash will grow to twelve inches diameter in seventy-two years.

Hickories will grow to twelve inches diameter in ninety years.

White oak will grow to twelve inches diameter in 100 years.

And eucalyptus will grow to twelve inches diameter in ten years.

The tree does well in nearly all parts of California from the northern end of Sacramento Valley to the southern border of the State. Parts of Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico and South America are also well-adapted to most of the varieties. While the tree does best, of course, on the richest lands, most of the planting in California has been done on the lower-priced lands, which can be had at $15 to $40 an acre.

No other evergreen tree of commercial value seems to be so tolerant of alkali as the Eucalyptus, and for this reason many large flat areas of the San Joaquin Valley are being utilized for this industry. This is on lands that have been considered almost worthless for agricultural purposes.

Not all the species are equally alkali-resistant; the red gum (*E. rostrata*) being much more tolerant than the more common blue gum (*E. globulus*), and there are several species which will endure a larger per cent than the red gum. One of these is the yate (*E. cornuta*), which has proven a wonderful tree in saline lands. The distances apart that the trees are planted varies in California from 5x8 to 10x10 feet. This gives a range in number per acre of 1,089 trees in the former down to but 435 in the latter spacing. The Santa Fé Railway in their plantings are putting them 5x8. This allows of cultivation both ways during the first year and one way only during the second year. Planting in general, however, is now 6x8 feet. This results in 907 trees being planted to each acre, and as this is at least 200 too many, there is ample room after the small per cent of perishables have gone and also for cutting out the more weakly trees.

The planting operations are simple, but vary somewhat with season, soil, locality, month of planting and the subsequent care to be given. After planting, some tracts are never looked at again until after a lapse of years, when harvesting begins. It has been fully demonstrated, however, that irrigation and cultivation pay well in the improved growth of the young trees. After the second year no weeds will grow in the plantations. No pruning is necessary, the lower branches dying in infancy and soon falling away. After two years no care at all is necessary.

All the available trees of all kinds are now being sought by timber buyers, but the price of ten to twelve dollars per thousand feet on the stump is not causing any enthusiasm among growers, who believe that better prices will soon prevail. In fact twenty-five dollars has been offered for logs on the car.

The following is published by a prominent Eucalyptus timber company:

On a basis of thirty-three and one-third per cent compound interest, each acre of eucalyptus timber bought at $200 per acre will do this:

The investment	$ 200.00
First year will earn	66.66
Is then worth	266.66
Second year will earn	88.88
Is then worth	355.54
Third year will earn	118.51
Is then worth	474.05
Fourth year will earn	158.02
Is then worth	632.07
Fifth year will earn	210.69
Is then worth	842.76
Sixth year will earn	280.92
Is then worth	1,123.68
Seventh year will earn	374.56
Is then worth	1,498.24
Eighth year will earn	499.41
Is then worth	1,997.65
Ninth year will earn	665.88
Is then worth	$2,663.53

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD.

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments, are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL.

Government Land Lottery.

The greatest land rush known to the Northwest passed into history with the recent allotment of the 4,000 claims of the Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, and Flathead Indian reservations. The land hunger of the nation is well proved in the fact that there were 1,000 registrations for every available claim on the Spokane reservation, while the estimated chances in winning in the Coeur d'Alene drawing was one in a hundred, and in the Flathead drawing one in thirty. These figures further prove that there are many disappointed people because of their failure to win a homestead in the big land lottery. The chance was taken; they lost; the Fates were against them. Whereas, had they known, with the same amount of money that they put into the Indian reservation opening, they could have made first payment on nearly any class of land that they might have chosen, and in nearly any section in the West that their fancy might have dictated.

Second National Apple Show.

Premiums to a total value of $25,000 are being offered for the best exhibits of the apples of the world to be shown at the second National Apple Show which will be held at Spokane, November 15 to 20. The competition is open to the world, the movement being inaugurated to stimulate interest in the growth and use of the apple, which has been called the national fruit. The idea of a national apple show originated with the residents of the Inland Empire of the Northwest, in which section it is thought that in time the apple will be a larger wealth-producer than is wheat at the present time. Especial effort will be made to secure apple exhibits from not only all of the well-known apple districts of the United States, but also from foreign countries that make a specialty of this kind of fruit. In the latter class, exhibits are expected from Canada, Europe, Australia, Japan, and several of the islands of the Pacific. It is also expected that many of the foremost pomologists of the world will attend the apple show. As a stimulus to the competition, many valuable prizes have been offered for the best exhibits, among these being included first prizes of $1,000 in gold, four orchard tracts ranging in value from $1,000 to $1,200, and various medals The executive head of the National Apple Show is Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The National Acceptance of Forestry.

Despite the loud talk of the few selfish individualists to the contrary, the forestry idea has come to stay. We as a nation have come to realize within the past few years that our forests were being ravished by commercial greed. The only way to prevent this waste was realized to be through the application of scientific forestry principles. It happened at that time that we had a Chief Executive with the courage to throw all of the remaining forests of the nation into a vast forest reserve that these principles might be applied in a systematic manner. There are those who assert that this saving of the forests should have been left to the various States where the forests were located. But this opportunity had been before the States for 100 years, and no one of them had seemed to think about it. Left to themselves, the States would naturally have gone on with little or no forest protection until it would have been too late to have accomplished anything.

The only general criticism of the forestry policy of the nation, as it has developed during the last few years—excepting by those who are dominated by the selfish

grab spirit—is that the movement was not undertaken soon enough by half a century. It is regrettable that only one-fifth of the remaining timber of the nation is within national forestry reserves, and subject to rigid and tried forestry principles. The future hope of the forestry movement is that the various States of the West will gradually adopt forestry principles even for the control of the privately-owned timber lands. It is somewhat of an advance over our old practices to dictate to a timber baron that he shall cut his trees, not for the greatest present profit, but for the greatest future good of the nation; that he shall treat timber as a growing crop, cutting only so fast as it ripens and protecting the smaller trees for the good of the coming generations. There are many indications that such a time is coming, however. Considered even from the timber-baron's standpoint, such a policy, while cutting down the present profit immensely, would be the means of making his investment perpetual instead of for only a few years.

It has been charged that those who have thrust our forestry policy upon us were theorists and idealists. And so they were; and so are all who are responsible for far-reaching reforms. Only the dreamer can see into the future. The coldly practical, commercialized man would not be such if he were not planning and working for the immediate present rather than the future. It is only a fast-disappearing timber supply that has caused us to check the waste that has destroyed the forests of the East and Middle West, and to realize and acknowledge that our national forests were intended fully as much for the future generations as the present.

Colonist Rates to the Coast.

It is expected that many thousands of additional homeseekers and settlers will be drawn to the West this fall by the announcement of the cheap colonist rates that will be granted by the railroads for the period of one month beginning September 15 and closing October 15. The granting of the rate for but thirty days is a departure from the usual sixty-day period, but the time is said to have been so limited from the fact that it has been found that the great majority take advantage of the rate during the first and last ten days. It is thought that at least 25,000 will take advantage of the single-trip rates.

WASHINGTON.

Colonize 6,000 Acres in Klickitat County.

A model colonization scheme, said to be on a larger scale than ever attempted before in the West, is the one recently announced in Klickitat County, Eastern Washington. The project is being undertaken by Samuel Hill, the famous good-roads advocate of Washington, and son-in-law of James J. Hill, and Eastern associates. It is the announced plan of the projectors to build a model farming community on their large tract in a favored part of Klickitat County and on the recently completed "North Bank" railroad. The farming community will be provided with such urban conveniences as a sewerage and water system, telephones, electric lights, mail delivery, etc. It is the plan of the men behind the scheme to colonize the tract largely with Pennsylvania Quakers, it is said. In honor of some of the relatives of Mr. Hill, the tract is henceforth to be known as the Maryhill tract, a railroad station with the same name having recently been provided by the railroad company. Among the conveniences already constructed in the new town are said to be a hotel, schoolhouse and other city conveniences. That the scheme is being undertaken on a large scale is indicated by the fact that the raw land is said to have cost more than $300,000.

Largest Paper-Manufacturing Plant on the Coast.

It is reported that the paper-manufacturing company operating a pulp mill and paper-manufacturing plant at Camas will soon begin work on extensions that will make their plant the largest of the kind on the Pacific Coast. Extensions to the present plant are being made that are said to mean an expenditure of $1,500,000. When the new plant is completed in eighteen months it will require the employment of 500 paper-makers, besides a large force of constructionists. With the rapid disappearance of pulp-wood in the East, the industry of paper-making is assured of remarkable growth in the West. Recent experiments have demonstrated that much of the soft wood of the West that was formerly thought to be of little if any value, is capable of being manufactured into a good grade of commercial paper.

Fortunes in Whatcom County Logged-Off Lands.

In common with many other sections of the Northwest, Whatcom County, in the extreme northwest corner of Washington, will see great industrial changes in the future. At the present time more than two-thirds of the total annual product of the county is lumber and shingles. While the timber resources of the county are large, much of the land is already cut over, and large areas are being added each year. Under the present commercial methods of logging, this area is left barren. There is compensation, however, in this fact, since it is prophesied that in time the land will become more valuable as agricultural than it could ever be as timber land. Due to the favorable climate and rich soil, enormous profits are reported from this land when it is once recovered. Berries and

orchards are reported to return from several hundred to $2,000 annually. It is reported that much of this land may be purchased in the logged-off condition at from twenty-five to eighty dollars an acre. It is estimated that an expenditure of $100 an acre will completely clear the land. As expense money until the time that the fruit lands come into bearing, potatoes and berries will insure big profits. It is reported, too, that Whatcom County is not excelled as a dairy section. That there is profit in this industry is shown in the fact that but fifteen per cent of the dairy products of the county are at present produced at home.

Profits in Wheat-Growing in Adams County.

It is figured that a conservative estimate of the profits in wheat-growing in Adams County, in Southeastern Washington, is eleven dollars and forty cents an acre. In justification of these figures, taken from one of the farmers of the county, it is said that wheat can be raised one-third cheaper here than it can in the East. Also, it is pointed out that there are practically no crop failures, no excessively hot weather, no cyclones or tornadoes, and that good land may be purchased for from fifteen to thirty dollars an acre.

OREGON.

Hill-Harriman Fight for Central Oregon.

That Central Oregon will soon lose the distinction of being the largest area in the United States without a railroad is seemingly proved by recent facts. Railroad activity towards this section, with an area a little less than the State of New York, was never so pronounced as at present. Whereas this vast railroadless area of 40,000 square miles would have been satisfied, for the present, with a single railroad, there is now promise of at least two contesting giant railroad systems. In fact, this section may become the greatest battleground for rival railroads that the West has yet seen. Central Oregon has long been considered Harriman territory, especially in that the Railroad Wizard has controlled practically all of the means of approach. Following recent railroad agitation in Oregon, Harriman promised to complete the long-delayed railroad into Central Oregon. He chose as means of approach a water-grade road up the Deschutes River. The rights of way up this wonderful power and irrigation stream were, in large part, approved by the Department of Interior, and actual construction work was begun. First intimation of the impending railroad battle for Central Oregon became evident, however, when it was announced that a rival railroad claimed equally valuable rights of way up the Deschutes River. The rival road was talked of as a hold-up scheme for some time, since the grade surveys of the two roads up the narrow canyon conflicted in many places. It soon became evident, however, that this was a war of giants, the unknown road daring to attack Harriman and pouring thousands of dollars into the conflict. The great sensation of the conflict came when it was officially announced that the controlling interest in the Oregon Trunk Road, Harriman's opponent, had been personally acquired by James J. Hill. It was also announced that the Hill fight will be engineered by John F. Stevens, former builder of the Panama Canal, and constructor of the famous "North Bank" Hill road along the Washington side of the Columbia River from Spokane to Portland. It is supposed that the Hill road will be extended from Central Oregon south to California, and following the Hill policy of the development of the country as he goes, it is expected that, in time, many feeder lines will tap the rich Central Oregon country. The vast magnitude of Central Oregon offers opportunities for at least two railroad systems, and it is expected that its development under their stimulus will be scarcely less than marvelous. Towns will spring up in many places, thousands of acres will be added to the wheat-growing area of the State, big irrigation projects will be undertaken, vast timber and mineral wealth will be tapped for the first time. Certain it is that the population of Central Oregon will be doubled and quadrupled within a very few years after the Harriman and Hill railroad systems have actually reached the section, and that in no place in the West will there be a more insistent and promising call to the homeseeker and investor.

Irrigation Convention in Willamette Valley.

There are many who would refuse to consider seriously the mention of an irrigation convention for the Willamette Valley. Indeed, the three things for which this great valley, with its 5,000,000 acres of tillable land, is noted, is its fertility, its mild climate, and its excessive rainfall. So well known is the latter feature that the residents have acquired the name of "Webfooters," more lately revised by the residents to "Beavers." Regardless, however, figures show that the rainfall *for the growing season* in the Willamette Valley is less than that of many sections of the United States that are classed as arid. Experiment tables have been made to show that the average rainfall for the three months of June, July and August in the Willamette Valley is less than for the same period in famous irrigated sections in Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Idaho. Experiments conducted in the Willamette Valley also show that irrigation is capable of increasing the yields from thirty-two to

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180 per cent. Considering everything, then, an irrigation convention in the Willamette Valley is a mark of progress, and a turning point in the industrial and agricultural history of the valley. Coincident with the fact of the irrigation convention at Eugene, in the Willamette Valley, comes the announcement of activity in the first large projected irrigation scheme for the section. The plan of the private company is to bring water from the headwaters of the McKenzie River for the irrigation of between 25,000 and 30,000 acres of land in Lane County. It may be repeated, too, that at present only an estimated twenty per cent of this wonderfully productive Willamette Valley is under cultivation.

Extension of Government Reclamation Projects.

It is known that considerable funds are available for Government reclamation projects in Oregon, though the exact apportionment of these funds has not yet been announced by the Reclamation Service, following Secretary Ballinger's inspection of all the reclamation projects of the State and the entire West. It has been estimated by E. G. Hopson, supervising engineer of the Pacific district, including Oregon, however, that at least the sum of $2,200,000 will be available for reclamation projects in Oregon. In fact, the rules of the Reclamation Service require that this sum be expended in Oregon by the end of the year 1912. While this comparatively small fund will compel the postponement of some of the most promising of the Oregon reclamation projects that are being considered, it will permit the completion and extension of some of those that have been begun, and may permit beginning work on some entirely new projects. Supervising Engineer Hopson is quoted as saying: "Klamath and Umatilla projects can be materially extended with the funds that we have at our disposal. The lands in the upper valley of the Klamath can be irrigated and water brought to the lands west of the Umatilla River."

Plans to Revive 200,000-Acre John Day Project.

It is the announced plan of Washington and Oregon capitalists to revive the great John Day project that was abandoned by the Reclamation Service after the Government had spent a large sum in investigation. The present scheme contemplates the irrigation of approximately 200,000 acres of arid land, most of which is near the north central border of Oregon, and included in the counties of Umatilla, Morrow, Gilliam, Wasco and Sherman. A small part of the land to be reclaimed is in Benton County, Washington. The Government investigation

was to demonstrate the feasibility of a gravity irrigation system. It was found, however, that it would be necessary to ditch the water for 150 miles over an uneven country, which would mean a great initial expense. The new plans contemplate both reservoir and power sites. The land is said to be as good as that of the Umatilla Government project centering about the town of Hermiston, which has been called among the most favorable of the Government reclaimed lands of the Northwest.

Growth of Crook County Wealth.

As an index to the development and possibilties of Central Oregon, for which the rival Hill-Harriman railroads are making one of the greatest battles in railroad history, may be taken Crook County. The rapid growth of the past few years may be best shown in the County Assessor's figures. The assessed wealth of the county in 1900 was $1,500,000, the greater part of which was represented by sheep and cattle. The assessable property of the county had jumped to $8,000,000 in 1908, or an increase of more than five times in eight years, the valuations being fixed by the same County Assessor each time. During this period the number of sheep in the county had decreased to less than one-half, showing the change from the stock-raising to the agricultural industry. During the same period the population of the county more than doubled, all of this advancement being made with the different sections of the county an average distance of fifty or sixty miles from the railroad. One of the most promising items of wealth of Crook County, as soon as the railroad shall have reached it, is the vast area of irrigated land. Already 120,000 acres, centering about Bend, on the Deschutes River, have been reclaimed under the Carey Act. This acreage, so a State official announces, will soon be increased to 200,000 acres. Still other promising irrigable tracts will help to make Crook County, in time, one of the most populous counties of the State.

Promised Changes in Oregon's Railroad Map.

In addition to the extension, as fast as unlimited capital will permit, of the Hill and Harriman systems towards Central Oregon, there are still other promised changes in the Oregon railroad map. Great changes will be made in the Willamette Valley by the electric road. One of the last extensions to be completed in this section is the line running southwest from Salem to Falls City, a distance of twelve miles, through a very rich agricultural and timber section. Another promised electric road is from Eugene to Portland, the power to be secured from the rapids of the Mc-

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Kenzie River. There is also railroad activity in Eastern Oregon. One of the new steam roads already under construction is an extension from Baker City to Prairie City, in the fertile John Day Valley. This road will open rich mineral, timber, stock-raising and agricultural sections. Promised electric railroads in Eastern Oregon will thread the Counties of Baker, Union and Umatilla. A company has been incorporated to build an extensive system through the former two of these counties, the system centering at Baker City and reaching into sections now without railroad connections. In Umatilla County two companies have been incorporated, the announced purpose of which is to connect the rich irrigated sections of the county and to give an outlet to the Columbia River for the wheat product of the county.

Great Neglected Resources of Curry County.

To Curry County, with an area of 1,000,000 acres, belongs the unique distinction of not having a single incorporated town, no railroad mileage, no telegraph lines, but one barber, and no policemen. This county, located at the extreme southwest corner of Oregon, has the raw wealth of many a well-populated section, yet with an area equal to four-fifths that of the State of Delaware, has an estimated population of less than 2,500. Fronting on the Pacific Ocean, and being almost surrounded to the rear by the Coast Mountains, Curry County is naturally rough and isolated. This very mixture of mountain, valley and coast, however, is the assurance of the future. Curry County has many acres of rich valley lands, that makes it a promising dairy section; its great timber wealth has barely been touched; it is known to contain deposits of precious metals, and has mountains of fine building stone that will eventually be demanded by the cities. Above all, Curry County has the water power for the transformation of her crude resources. Curry County will go on sleeping until the day of the coming of transportation, when she will awake a giant in all that gives promise of wealth, opportunity, and population.

Apples in Milton-Freewater Section.

One of the most promising of the fruit sections of Oregon is the Milton-Freewater section, in Eastern Umatilla County, in Eastern Oregon. Within the past few years this section has made great advances in fruit production and reputation, until at the present time its products of apples, strawberries, and other fruits are ranked with the older sections of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington. The fruit-growing acreage of the section is estimated at 5,000, with more than three times that amount planted to young trees. It is estimated that there are fully 20,000 acres more in this section that is promising fruit land. With irrigation, either from the numerous gravity systems of the section or the driven wells that are being developed, the land advances in value from fifty to from five hundred to a thousand dollars as soon as set to fruit trees.

A Great Stimulus to Stockraising.

The new Union Stockyards popularly known as the "Swift Packing Plant," at Portland, was opened for business September 15. This marks an epoch in the livestock industry of the Pacific Northwest. A market has been established that means a tremendous stimulus to the raising of cattle, sheep and hogs throughout this vast territory. Livestock is marketable every day in the year; the cash received by farmers and ranchers filters through every channel of the country's commerce. There is no better way to get grain to market and get a good price for it than in the hide of a meat animal.

Oregon State Fair at Salem.

One of the important State events in the very recent past was the Oregon State Fair, which was held at the State capital September 13-18. This fair, under the direction of the Oregon State Board of Agriculture, has come to be the most important annual agricultural event of the Northwest. Its increasing popularity is evidenced in the fact that it was found necessary to greatly increase the exhibit space this year. Aside from the agricultural and stock-raising exhibits, dairy and creamery products had an important place.

IDAHO.

Twenty Thousand Acres of Carey Act Land Opened.

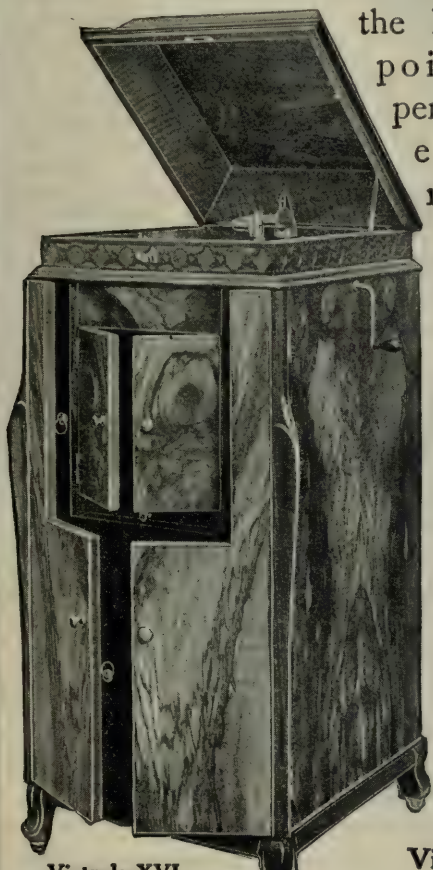
Permits have been asked from the State Land Board for the opening, in October, of the 20,000 acres of the King-Hill segregation of land centering about Medbury, Idaho, on the Snake River, it is reported. The land is being reclaimed under the Carey Act, and the drawing for the choice of selections by homeseekers will be made under the supervision of the Idaho State land officials. Much of the land is already under private ownership, or already entered on under the desert-land act. It is also announced that about 2,000 acres of the lower land of the segregation will be parked and platted into small tracts of five and ten acres. The remainder of the 20,000 acres will be open to selection by the general public. Among the great irrigation schemes of Idaho, the King-Hill reclamation project of 20,000 acres is considered a small one. There is compensation, however, in the fact that the land is reported to be especially promising for fruit-growing and intensive agriculture, it having been proved to be almost absolutely free from

Victrola

Only life itself can compare with the Victrola.

It is the newest and greatest of all musical instruments. It marks the highest point of perfection ever reached in any musical instrument. Second only in importance to the invention of the Victor itself.

A new style Victrola.
Victrola XII, $125



Victrola XVI.
Circassian walnut, $250
Quartered oak, - $200
Mahogany, $200
Music made loud or soft by opening or closing the small doors. Contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories.

The sounding-board construction within the instrument (an exclusive and patented *Victrola* feature) reflects and amplifies the tone-waves with wonderful effect.

See and hear the *Victrola* at the nearest Victor dealer's.

Write for complete catalogue of *Victrolas* and over 3000 *Victor Records.*

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

frosts. The land is along the Snake River, with the town of Medbury in its center, the tract being traversed by the main line of a transcontinental railroad. The land, with the exception of that near Medbury, has been appraised by the State land officials at sixty-five dollars an acre, and sale will be according to the regular terms of the Carey Act land rulings.

Settlers Endorse Reclamation Act.

That Government irrigation has increased their population 300 per cent in the past five years and their land values from 300 to 500 per cent in the same length of time, is the declaration of recent resolutions adopted by the Payette-Boise Water Users' Association. The resolutions go on to recite the fact that the sum of $3,000,000 has already been expended by the Government in the Payette-Boise project, and provision made for the expenditure of an additional $7,000,000, and that the work of the Government has "made them prosperous beyond all expectations." The resolutions also touch on a larger fact, when they declare that "the development of the resources of the State of Idaho to this extent has been made possible only by the application of the Reclamation Act in our State. The feasibility of our irrigation projects being first demonstrated by the Reclamation Service has given confidence to Eastern investors in irrigation securities in the State of Idaho, and has given great impetus to irrigation investments within the State." Making a more definite application, the resolutions add that "we have the fullest confidence in the virtue of the law and in the officials who have directed and carried on the work in our midst, and we believe that when the things are fully accomplished that have been planned and initiated, the Reclamation Act will be recognized as one of the greatest benefits known to civilization."

Great Increase in State Land and Timber Business.

The report of the Idaho State Land Commissioner shows that the business of the State during the first six months of 1909, in the sale of State land and timber, has reached a total of $500,000. The report also shows additional activity in the leasing of the State grazing lands to private individuals. The State lands sold are divided about as follows: school land sold, 18,729 acres; special-grant land, 8,119 acres. The sale of timber land brought to the State the sum of $20,000, and the average price per acre received was between eighteen and nineteen dollars. In connection with the sale of the State lands during the first half of 1909, may be mentioned the fact that more than a million acres of Idaho lands were surveyed by the Surveyor General during the same period, running no less than 4,581 miles of surveying lines. There is still a good per cent of Idaho lands that have never been officially surveyed.

Development of Southern Idaho.

The almost marvelous growth of the newly irrigated district of Southern Idaho is indicated in the statement made by a prominent man of the section, when he says that this district, in five years, has been transformed from a desert into a community of 25,000 people, with twelve flourishing towns and twenty-six established banking institutions. During this five-year period there has been reclaimed in this section 660,000 acres under the Carey Act, he says, and another project of 175,000 acres is to be opened to settlement in the near future. The great increase in land values is indicated in the fact that the land was originally placed on the market at twenty-five to fifty dollars an acre, and today the same land is held for from one hundred to a thousand dollars an acre. It is interesting, also, to note that he estimates that almost one-half of the settlers on this new land have come from the States of Oregon and Washington. Another large element of the immigration has been from the noted peach-growing sections of Colorado, these people being attracted by the cheap land and the great promise of the fruit sections of Southern Idaho. This great irrigated area borders on the Snake River and is entirely included in the two counties of Twin Falls and Lincoln. The central and most promising city of the district is Twin Falls, now with an estimated 8,000 population, having grown from a bare sagebrush desert to this size in five years.

As evidence of the commercial and shipping qualities of the Payette Valley apple may be taken the statement made by a prominent Western man who has recently returned from a trip to the metropolis. He says: "While in New York I saw Payette apples selling at a fruit stand for five cents each, and the choicest two for fifteen cents, while right by the side of them were fair-sized oranges selling for twenty cents per dozen." He further adds: "Although I paid especial attention to apples, I did not see anything else on the market there that would equal the apples from Payette."

MONTANA.

Seventy Thousand Acres of Carey-Act Land Opened.

One of the new towns of Montana that is expected to make a record growth within the next few months and years is Valier, in the center of the 70,000-acre tract that is to be opened to entry October 7, 1909, under the terms of the Carey Act. Valier is reached by the new Montana & Western Railway, being twenty miles from Conrad on the Great Northern. The new town is

"The Eternal Fitness" of Fine Cut Glass

Have you ever seen a piece of really fine cut glass which did not confer dignity upon its surroundings?

Flank it with silver, china or porcelain — does it not still retain all of its own individuality; and accentuate the beauty around it?

Cut glass is at home everywhere. Its good taste, its beauty and its usefulness are beyond question.

It lifts out of the commonplace a score of household items on the dining table or sideboard — and adds its quota of refinement and beauty to almost every other room in the house.

Libbey "THE WORLD'S BEST"

It is the one field of artistic endeavor in which America is pre-eminent.

The careful buyer treats his cut glass as a valuable collection — to be chosen piece by piece with the utmost care and discretion.

And this sense of discretion must perforce lead the collector to prefer Libbey Cut Glass.

There is nothing beyond or above Libbey — it is precisely what the familiar phrase of these announcements terms it — 'the world's best.'

You will, of course, be sure to visit the one store in your community which sells Libbey Cut Glass.

The Libbey Glass Company

Toledo, Ohio

said to be admirably well located, being situated on Lake Frances, and the center of a gently rolling section, reaching away for twenty miles in each direction. The land is promising for diversified farming, the completion of the new irrigation project making crops a certainty. The large dam which will supply water for the 70,000 acres that are to be reclaimed is all but completed, and work is well along on the laterals that scatter the water over the large area. Water is promised for all of the irrigated land by next spring. The date set for the Carey Act land drawing is October 7, registration being possible from October 1 up to this date. The price fixed for the land by the State Land Board is $40.50 an acre, the first payment required being three dollars and a half an acre. A period of fifteen years is allowed for the payment of the remainder of the purchase price.

UTAH.

Dry-Farming Reclaims 20,000 Acres of Land.

Following the establishment of a State dry-farming experiment station near Nephi, six years ago, it is reported that 20,000 acres of former arid land in that section has been reclaimed to profitable agriculture and a new era brought to the community. With the establishment of the dry-farming station an expert agronomist was employed, and he set about to solve the problems that the section offered. The investigation mainly followed the line of determining the most adaptable quality of wheat to sow, the best manner of preparing the land for cultivation and the exact period of the seasons when the grain should be planted. That the experiments were successful and that the State of Utah did not act wastefully in the establishment of the experiment station is proved by the fact that 20,000 acres in the immediate vicinity of Nephi are now producing profitable crops of wheat instead of the sagebrush of a few years ago. It is reported, too, that the town of Nephi, as a result of the dry-farming activities has developed into one of the most prosperous and promising of the newer towns of the State. It is probable that exhibits from this section will be made at the International Dry-Farming Exposition, which will be held at Billings, Montana, in connection with the Dry-Farming Congress at that place October 25-29, 1909.

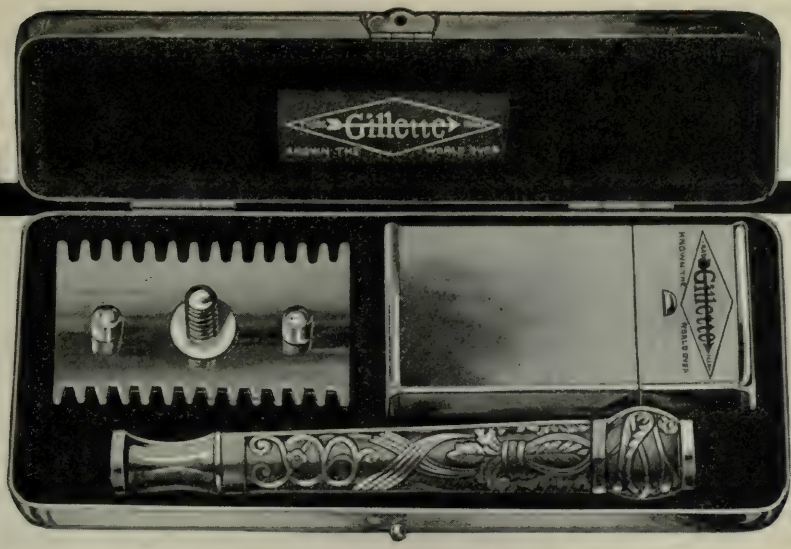
CALIFORNIA.

Would Irrigate 60,000 Acres in Lovelock Va ley.

Articles of incorporation have been filed which give promise of the irrigation of 60,000 acres of rich arid land in the Lovelock Valley by a private company. The land at present is in the arid state and with water its value will be multiplied many times. It is the plan of the projectors of the large scheme to construct huge reservoirs for the supply of water for irrigation, the reservoirs to be filled by the waste water of the surrounding mountains and hills. The scheme will be expensive, since it is estimated that the reservoirs alone will cost $145,000.

Irrigation and Colonization Scheme for 100,000 Acres.

A new milestone in the history of Upper Sacramento Valley has been set by the recent sale, for colonization purposes, of the remainder of what was once probably the largest farm in the world. The late sale was of a 6,500-acre tract, representing all of the Glenn County interests in the old Jacinto grant. This last tract will become a part, it is announced, of a huge 100,000-acre colonization and irrigation scheme being promoted by Eastern capitalists. The scheme has for its end the irrigation of this large tract of land through the completion of the old Central Canal, which has for a long period been held up for various reasons. It is the announced purpose of the Eastern capitalists to colonize the entire 100,000 acres as soon as the water-supply system has been rushed to completion. This last 6,500 acres added to the 100,000-acre tract marks the final subdivision of the greatest and oldest of the Spanish grants in the State of California. The original Jacinto grant totaled 42,000 acres, being purchased by the late Dr. Glenn from the original Spanish grantee. Later the same man added other tracts to his holdings, the last large purchase being 60,000 acres in Oregon. It is said that in 1874 Dr. Glenn harvested a total of 58,000 acres of wheat and barley from his own land. A few years later he made a single shipment of twenty-eight thousand tons of wheat to England, receiving over $800,000 for the consignment. His usual harvest of grain in Colusa County alone was half a million bushels. The sale of this final 6,500 acres of the old grant, and from what was probably the largest farmed acreage ever owned by any single American individual, is a milestone in the agricultural progress of Northern California, marking, as it does, the passing of the old order and the coming of the new—the change from the great loosely-farmed estate paying tribute to a single lord, to the hundreds of small intensively-farmed tracts supplying the necessities of life to their thousands.



Gillette Safety Razor

DO you suppose any man would be without a Gillette Safety Razor if he knew what it would do for him?

Perhaps you imagine that it will not do the work for you that it does for others—your face is tender—your beard tough—or there is some special skill required.

All a man needs is to try a Gillette. Three million men with all sorts of beards shave with a Gillette every morning—it is about the easiest thing they do.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith (actual ize), is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices, $5.00 to $7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

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Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Largest Olive Ranch in the World.

The Sylmar ranch, located within twenty-five miles of Los Angeles, and consisting of 12,000 acres, is said to be the largest olive ranch in the world. Something of its magnitude may be realized when it can be said that this Southern California olive ranch is ten times as large as the biggest olive tract in Spain, the center of the olive region of the Old World. The olive industry affords splendid profits, and has steadily grown in America since its introduction in an early day by the old Mission Fathers. The great Sylmar ranch has 120,000 bearing olive trees, and each tree is said to average fifty pounds of olives annually. The trees are planted 110 to the acre, each acre producing 2,000 gallons of olives, which supply 250 gallons of olive oil each season. The usual market value of olive oil insures a profit of $500 an acre from the orchard. An olive orchard is figured to be almost a perpetual source of income, even the wood of the trees in time becoming valuable because of its demand by the cabinetmaker. The life of an olive tree is estimated at 4,000 years, some of those in Palestine being thought to have attained an age of 3,000 years. There seems little danger of over-production of the olive on the American continent since the growth of this fruit is said to be limited to Arizona, New Mexico, Central and Southern California.

Progress of Work on the Orland Government Project.

It is believed that by July of next year water will be supplied for those who will irrigate land under the 14,000-acre Government project located near Orland in Northern California. The contract calls for the completion of the chief reservoir by July 1, 1910, and work on the main laterals leading to the land is also well under way. The entire appropriation of the $650,000 necessary for the completion of the project has already been made by the Government. The Orland project is but one of the units of the great Sacramento Valley project contemplated by the Government. The present project is capable of great enlargement, perhaps to three times the present 14,000 acres that will be covered. Each enlargement of this project will be made as a separate unit, however, it is thought. With the completion of the irrigation scheme the town of Orland has great promise and the place is said to be rapidly growing at the present time.

KERN RIVER FIELD FROM STERLING HILL.

CALIFORNIA OIL.

By Charles P. Fox.

In oil, California has lived up to her reputation. This State has been the land of exaggerated things and the land of romance. She has the highest mountain in the United States, and at the foot of it lies the lowest depression, a valley beneath the level of the sea. Her big trees are the biggest in the world; her gold production has been the greatest in the world; her oranges, her fruits, her sunshine, her flowers — even her earthquakes — are among the startling things belonging to the knowledge of man.

California has not been a whit less prodigal of the dramatic feature, in oil. According to a Government report just published, there are within the oil measures of California two and one-half times the amount of petroleum contained in the formations of her nearest rival, the Appa-

The Howard Watch

AEROPLANE flying imposes unforeseen and trying conditions on a watch.

The Wright Brothers, at Le Mans, France, had most unsatisfactory experiences with all the watches they tried. They came back from Europe determined to buy HOWARDS.

The aeroplane vibrates with the throbbing of the engine. It tilts at all angles. Often it lands with a jolt that would ruin the balance wheel of many a watch.

Orville Wright adopted the HOWARD for his record flights before the U. S. Government, at Fort Myer.

The HOWARD upheld its sixty-seven years' reputation as a practical timepiece. Its special hard-tempered balance beat true—even in the shock of a landing that threw the watch to the ground. The HOWARD adjustment proved itself *permanent*.

There can now be no question that the HOWARD is the watch for the aviator.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD Watch, from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14K. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed price ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. Y, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

lachian region. When we consider that California has two and a half times the amount of oil that has been taken out of the Appalachian section added to what will be taken out of that section, and take into account the many years the pumps have been working in the wells there, and how much petroleum yet remains beneath the surface, we realize something of the immensity of this natural resource of the west coast.

California, according to the measurements of the Government expert, is capable of producing 5,000,000,000 barrels of petroleum or more; the Appalachian field 2,000,000,000 barrels or more; the Lima-Indiana fields 1,000,000,000 or more; Illinois 350,000,000; Mid-Continent, 400,000,000; Gulf-Texas 250,000,000; all other, minor districts, 1,000,000,000.

The State has a number of great fields, —the most noted, probably, being Kern River which was opened less than a decade ago. Owing to the peculiarly acceptable conditions existing, the ease of drilling, the comparative shallowness of the territory and its nearness to transportation, that field has lent itself above all others to the efforts of the operators; and while competent judges assert that it is not yet more than one-half drilled up, it has the largest present production. On the first of last January, the date of the compilation of the latest reliable statistics, the Kern River field was producing 43,000 barrels per day. Then came Coalinga with 35,000 barrels per day followed in the order named by Santa Maria, 25,000; McKittrick, 12,000; Los Angeles, 11,500; Sunset, 3,500; Midway, 2,000; and, finally, a group of smaller detached productive territories whose output aggregated 10,000 barrels per day.

FAMOUS PALMER GUSHER, SANTA MARIA FIELD; GAS PRESSURE FROM WELL SPOUTING OIL LIKE A GEYSER, 10,000 BARRELS A DAY.

No one can truthfully say which one of the fields of the State is the greatest. The order of rating above given, simply means that the present development has reached the stage outlined. In another year or two years Coalinga may pass Kern River, or Santa Maria may pass both of them, or Los Angeles may come in with an astounding production, or the West Side in Kern County, consisting of Sunset, Midway and McKittrick, practically the same district

HERE'S the syrup for griddle cakes! Pure—wholesome—delicious.

You can eat more Karo than any other sweet. You can eat more cakes—like them better and they will like you better.

Karo Corn Syrup

Eat it on
- Griddle Cakes
- Hot Biscuit
- Waffles

Use it for
- Ginger Bread
- Cookies
- Candy

As a spread for bread, you can give the children all they want.
Karo is higher in food value and more easily digested than other syrups.

Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book —fifty pages *including* thirty *perfect* recipes for home candy-making—Fudge, Caramels, Butter Scotch, *and especially "Karo Sweet Divinity" the book tells.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. F, New York

and already nearly proven to be continuous, may melt into one and outrank all competitors.

As a matter of fact, there is no competition among fields. Their similarity of product makes for oneness in the carrying on of the business, the producer in one field being actually as closely and intimately related to the producer in another field as he is to the producer who owns the lease adjoining his. This fact, in addition to the assured possibilities of production, makes for stability and permanence of the industry as a business.

History.

The history of California oil dates back to the middle sixties, a few years subsequent to the first development in the eastern fields.

Here and there, attempts were made to get oil almost from one end of the State to the other and some of these attempts were in a degree successful. Efforts were continued spasmodically all through the years up to the middle eighties, when a deeper interest began to be taken in the possibilities of developing an industry, and in the southern coast counties small fields were brought in.

Good wells were sometimes obtained but, owing to the fact that the early developments were in the territories presenting the most abundant geological indications, which exist always in a country most broken and shattered, the early exploiters were restricted to what are now known to be the lesser fields,—the narrower belts.

The early pioneers of the industry labored where the formations stood on edge. Those who followed them, making the greater success, went into the countries where the formations are more nearly horizontal and, consequently, where a broader expanse of oil-bearing territory can be brought in.

The fact first mentioned is notably true in the Sespe, Whittier and Fullerton fields of the southern coast. The second fact is notably true in the instance of the Kern River, Coalinga, the West Side fields of Kern County and the Sherman or Salt Lake fields near Los Angeles.

In Santa Maria, so far as developed, there appears to be somewhat of an exception, as this field is long and gives evidence of being comparatively narrow; but wells when they are brought in make up for any deficiency in breadth by their enormous production. The greatest wells ever brought in, in the State, have been Santa Maria wells.

The past dozen years or so have made California oil one of the great industries of the Pacific Coast.

Ideal Fuel Qualities.

California oil has an asphaltum base. The bulk of it is of low gravity, sluggish in movement, pregnant with heat units. This makes it an ideal fuel, easy to handle, four barrels of oil being equal to one ton of the best coal in steam-producing capacity. The fact that it is a fuel is the greatest asset the industry possesses. Found in a country which has been compelled to import its fuel, and pay for it at extravagant rates, the petroleum in the crude has found a ready market. The communities in which it has been marketed having found the ideal fuel at a fair price, have grown in size and number, hence increased consumption. The more oil produced, the greater the demand for it, and the greater are the benefits accruing both from its production and from its use.

LOADING RACKS, KERN RIVER.

Other Uses.

California oil is a good refining oil. It possesses elements which can be converted into the finest of kerosene. It makes a good gasoline. It makes a perfect lubricant in a number of varieties. It also supplies asphaltum, which furnishes the best

Do You Wish to See All the New Fall Styles?

Do you wish to see all the novel plaited flounce skirts, the most graceful designs in years, and the new coats with plaited sections to match the skirts, all very novelly trimmed—do you wish to see them *all?*

And the new dresses, returning this year to the pretty Grecian Styles and the fashions of the 12th Century, beautiful in their long, height-giving, graceful lines. And the hats are decidedly new, in Gainsborough and Duchess effects, and there are new waists and splendid new ideas in Misses' and Girls' Suits and Coats and Dresses.

In fact, the styles are so very beautiful and becoming and there are so many new features, that we have found it necessary to issue a much larger "NATIONAL" Style Book than ever before to do justice to the season's fashions.

We have spent over $250,000 in gathering all these new styles, in creating new designs and publishing the "NATIONAL" Style Book. And now one copy of this book has been reserved for you and will be sent you entirely FREE, Postage Prepaid, if you will write for it *today*.

"NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Suits

New York Styles $10 to $40 Express Charges Prepaid

Fall Style Book and Samples Free

This Style Book will also show you all the new "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits, all Made-to-Measure, and a perfect fit guaranteed. There are the new flounce skirts, and plaited skirts and coats, every new style and made in your own choice of all the new materials. There are over 450 new materials from which you may choose, and samples will be sent you FREE, provided you ask for them. Think of what such an unlimited choice of material means to YOU.

In writing for your "NATIONAL" Style Book, be sure to state whether you wish samples for a Made-to-Measure Suit and give the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world.

The "NATIONAL" Policy Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag—our signed guarantee—attached. This tag says that you may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways.

National Cloak & Suit Co., 241 West 24th Street, New York

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

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paving material in the world; and without any refining whatever the heavier grades of it can be used for building the best of country roads and the best of road-beds for those outlying streets in cities and towns to pave which is out of the question. Road oil not only furnishes a good surface for traffic, but it allays the dust in dry weather and will not convert into mud in wet weather.

A Maker of Millionaires.

That oil has been a wealth producer is in evidence everywhere throughout the State. Individuals, towns, counties and cities have been helped by it. A roster of the millionaires of Southern California contains the names of many who have gained their wealth in oil. The rich oil men of Fresno are more numerous than the men who have become rich from raisins. Kern County, rich before the discovery of oil, in sheep, cattle, horses, farming and grazing lands and alfalfa, is richer far than it had ever dreamed of being. Coalinga is a prosperous, bustling, booming town, said to have more money in circulation per capita than any other town in the civilized world, excepting the mushroom mining camps which now and then spring up, and it depends altogether upon oil for its livelihood.

Yet, it is not only those who produce oil who make money from oil. Those who consume it make money, also. Before oil was discovered in large quantities in California, the Southern Pacific had never paid a dividend upon its common stock. Afterward, it began to pay dividends upon its common stock in enormous sums. Competent judges of the situation do not hesitate to say that the dividends so declared by the Southern Pacific are virtually identical with the saving of money it made when it was able to convert its coal-burning locomotives into oil-burning locomotives.

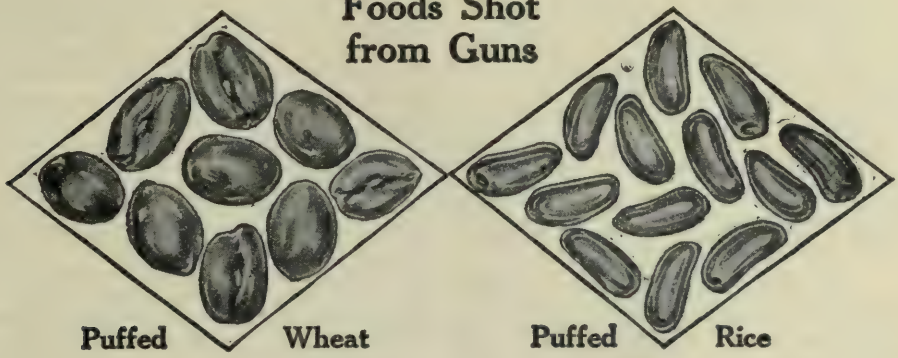
Manufacturing firms, great consumers of fuel in the centers of civilization such as water works, gas plants and other concerns of like nature, have been more prosperous than ever since they had available the oil of California.

Take a common instance in southern and interior California. A farmer might own a tract of land not capable of irrigation from a canal, upon which he could raise grains and hay, depending, precariously, upon the season. Oil comes within his reach. He sinks a water well. He installs a pumping plant, using oil as a fuel to furnish the energy. He lifts the water from the subterranean streams and turns it upon the surface of his land. He sows alfalfa. He plants his orchard and his vineyard. His dry farm is re-created and re-born, is transformed into a business institution returning large profits. His poor and uninviting home has become a little palace set down in a garden of delights. He has his own vine, his own fig tree. He lives a better, happier life and has money in the bank. What gave him that money? Was it not, in the last analysis, oil?

"MORON," MIDWAY FIELD IN DISTANCE.

In one of the interior fields of California, a forty-acre tract which differs from surrounding tracts of the same extent only in the fact that it has been completely drilled up, has in ten years paid $264,000 cash in dividends, in addition to paying for its own development and furnishing $140,000 for the development of other properties elsewhere. All its product was sold at an average price of eighteen cents per barrel. It should be understood that the oil business has gone through a period of depression, ending only a year or so ago, when the market would yield it but a small sum. Oil contracted for a number of years brought but eighteen cents. The product is

Foods Shot from Guns



How to Get Your Wife To Buy Puffed Wheat

Some morning, when she serves you some sort of cereal confection, just smile and say this:

"My dear, men like the real foods best. Four men in five, when given their choice, take either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

"These crisp, mammoth grains are appealing to men. They are whole and brown and nut-like.

"If you will order these for me, and do it today, I'll do something as nice for you."

She Will Do It

Next morning you will find on your table either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. All the folks in the house will have discovered a new and enticing food.

For the foods are delightful. Think of unbroken grains of wheat or rice puffed to eight times natural size. Made four times as porous as bread. Imagine how they melt in the mouth.

These foods are so popular that last month they were served for seventeen million meals

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in the extreme West

We are urging these foods in your interest. If any other cereal would appeal to you better, we would tell you of that instead.

For we make sixteen kinds of cereal foods, and we supply one kind as gladly as another.

But we proved, by conducting a lunch room in New York, that four men in five prefer the foods shot from guns.

So we urge you to try them. If you are like the majority, you'll enjoy these foods.

Hearty—Digestible

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are hearty foods, because they contain the whole grain.

And they are digestible. Every granule of starch has been blasted to pieces by an explosion of steam.

They are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, so they don't tax the stomach. The digestive juices act instantly.

All the folks at your table want to taste these foods. Please ask your wife to get them.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

now bringing sixty-three cents at the well and the probabilities are that it will never grow less. Had the price of oil been sixty-three cents all these years instead of eighteen cents, the story would be still more remarkable. The forty-five cents representing the difference between the low price and the high, would have been all profit and would have gone into the dividend column, making a total many times larger. These forty acres have produced a total of 3,000,000 barrels, and, remarkable as it may seem, the wells are better than they ever were before and the daily yield is greater.

The Wild-Catter.

Every first well in new territory is a wildcat proposition. The wild-catter is the man who goes out from the beaten path into the deserts where the ways are rough and the life is hard. He is the hardy and intrepid navigator cleaving the uncharted seas. He is the hero in the conflict. He is the man about whom centers the romantic interest and he has the universal good wishes of those who are watching his endeavors. He is the brave, cheerful soldier of fortune who backs his judgment with his money and his work, who is deterred by no obstacles and who is willing to shake the dice with destiny and to shake again, if he does not win. In California, at present, leaving out of consideration the proven fields he is ubiquitous. What shall his harvest be?

It can easily be seen that the fields of California are in the making and that the industry is in process of growth. Great already, it is destined to be greater and it will grow and grow until every acre of proven ground is drilled up and until every acre of wildcat territory is tested and thoroughly prospected. There is no limit in sight. No man now living will see its end.

The Stock Jobber.

Oil lends itself ideally to the activities of the stock jobber. So much there is to be said in connection with the subject; so huge the stories that can be told; so vivid the possibilities that can be described, so reasonable the "ad" that can be written concerning oil, that the public-prints fakir revels in his opportunities and becomes strenuous in his industriousness. The word "California" of itself appeals. The word "oil" of itself appeals. The two together doubly appeal, and when they are considered in the light of the fabulous results that have been obtained East and West and North and South, the money of the ill-informed public springs from pocket and safe-deposit vault into the coffers of the fakir company.

Faking campaigns are being carried on largely now. Investors first should be investigators. It is not difficult to obtain reasonably accurate information respecting the values or the prospective values of property described in advertisements, but that is not the essential thing for the investor to look into. It is not so much the danger that oil will not be produced, as that any dividends declared will be entirely incommensurate with the amount of money invested. In other words, the character and construction of the company is the point most important of inspection. In nearly every instance which has come under my observation the game has been played like this:

A small piece of good land is secured, where it is almost an absolute certainty that oil can be developed. A large strip of outside cheap territory is then thrown in to make "acreage." A company with an immense capitalization is then formed, and stocks are offered to the public at below their par value to make them appear cheap. As a matter of fact, a ten-cent stock in a highly over-capitalized com-

INTERIOR OF DERRICK.

A cheap imitation may be what *some* people want—but if *you* want the genuine Ostermoor look for the red and black Label

It is sewn on the end of every Ostermoor

Also look for "Ostermoor" woven in the binding

The Mattress that is Built—Not Stuffed

Ostermoor $15.

"Good for a Life-time's Bed-time"

The Ostermoor Phrase—"*Built—Not Stuffed*" is the keynote of Ostermoor superiority. The Ostermoor Mattress is built up layer upon layer, with absolutely uniform softness and resiliency from one end to the other. The filmy sheets that are the "units" in making an Ostermoor are spun thin as tissue—it takes over four thousand of these tissue sheets to make an Ostermoor. Wonderful machinery, patented and used only by us, spins out these sheets, then respins them, joins and interlaces them into layers, which are laid by hand within the tick. (See picture below).

It is this unique process that makes the Ostermoor "Good for a Lifetime's Bedtime"—that keeps the Ostermoor comfortable as new after fifty years use, as users have proudly told us.

Contrast the Ostermoor built way with the mode of stuffing a hair or common cotton mattress by handfuls, each handful becoming ultimately a lump to spoil the users rest; or with the cotton batting process used by imitations of the Ostermoor which make mattresses that soon become flat, lumpy and soggy.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid

4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 lbs.	13.35
3'-6"—35 lbs.	11.70
3'-0"—30 lbs.	10.00
2'-6"—25 lbs.	8.35

All 6 ft. 3 in. long
In two parts, 50c. extra

144 page Book and Samples—FREE

Our book, "The Test of Time," contains over 200 illustrations—about beds; about sleep—some things you will wish you had known long ago. Of course, it also explains the merits and Styles of Ostermoor Mattresses, Church Cushions, etc. This book costs you only a postal card; with it we send free samples of ticking.

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. Write us and we'll give you his name. But don't take chances with imitations at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor — our trademark label is your guarantee. We will ship you a mattress by express prepaid same day your check is received by us when we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if for any reason you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money. The free book—don't forge it—a postal brings it.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
215 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

A Delicious Drink

Baker's Cocoa

made by a scientific blending of the best tropical fruit

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

52 HIGHEST AWARDS

WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

"Opportunities For Settlers"

Is the title of a booklet that has just been published by the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

There are golden opportunities for farmers, dairymen and fruitgrowers within easy reach of Portland, on the rich farming and fruit lands along the Oregon Water Power lines of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

A market for every variety of farm and garden product is readily found in Portland, and low rates over the O. W. P. lines, coupled with quick transportation, enable the farmer to realize large profits.

Reliable information concerning timber lands, farms, stock ranches, fruit lands and all kinds of suburban property situated adjacent to the O. W. P. lines will be gladly supplied.

For copies of booklet write to

LAND AGENT

Portland Railway Light & Power Company

First and Alder Streets, Portland, Oregon

pany is higher in price than a dollar stock in a company with a reasonable capitalization.

It is a fraction that you buy, each share being a fraction in any company. That is the unit upon which future dividends will be based. If the capitalization divides the property into fractions such that if you buy a share you buy one one-hundred-thousandth part, you are getting more for your money than if the fraction you buy is an equivalent of one three-millioneth part. The first may be a legitimate scheme sold on its merits at par value, say a dollar, and you think it is high. The other is sold for the purpose of obtaining money solely and you buy it at ten cents and think that it is cheap. Yet, in reality, you are paying just three times as much for your share of the property you are investing in as you would be if you paid one dollar per share in a company divided into 100,000 shares. The fakers are still faking by the ancient means of the stock company.

Before investing, look well into the actual value of the property advertised and if that passes inspection, make a computation and ascertain at what rate per acre you are buying your land. This valuation should not in any case be more than $2,000; and this figure is suggested in the face of the fact that in California there are many acres that could not be bought for $100,000 each. To pay more than $2,000 may not be to pay too much for the land, but it is too much in view of your opportunities. You can do that well, so why do worse?

Wildcat Stock.

In this connection, it should be understood that a wildcat is legitimate and that if money is invested in a wildcat venture, it is legitimately invested; but in such an enterprise the investor should be given much larger returns for his money in the event of success, as there is a larger element of danger and a greater risk. Wildcat stock should be accepted only where, if oil is developed, the money will be returned many fold. The investor should be informed in advance that he stands to lose the entire sum put in, if no strike is made.

The legitimate operator is unalterably opposed to the faking methods of the great advertisers with their catch-penny appeals, for the reason that the more successful in catching pennies the faker becomes, the more widespread will be the public disappointment and the less likelihood there is that the public's money will be diverted into oil channels. The public's money is wanted. The public's money is needed for the development of the oil industry which, in common with all other great industries, must be financed by the public; but the honest operator is convinced that the success of the faker weakens his own and his neighbors' chances to secure the financial assistance they need.

Serpentine Crepe

Sold by all best retailers at not over 19 cents.

No other cotton fabric makes up into such dainty, stylish and serviceable

KIMONOS and HOUSE GOWNS

"Serpentine Crepe" drapes beautifully and its peculiar crinkle is not affected by washing. The twenty-six plain shades embrace everything that is new and modish. Beautiful effects are produced by stenciling the plain shades. The Oriental, Floral and other fancy patterns charm the eye and are widely used for draperies, curtains, etc., as well as for garments.

Ask your retailer for "Serpentine Crepe." If he has not the patterns or colorings you desire, send to us for free sample book and list of retailers handling "Serpentine Crepe."

PACIFIC MILLS - - BOSTON

FRANK L. BROWN, President **C. B. SIMMONS, Vice President** **GEO. L. WALKER, Secretary**

BROWN-WALKER-SIMMONS COMPANY

LANDS

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SAN FRANCISCO Crocker Building | **PORTLAND, OREGON** Couch Building | **SEATTLE, WASHINGTON** Empire Building

Specialty of High Grade California Oil Securities

¶ **Palmer Oil Co.** We are selling agents for this stock, which is now paying dividends of 2% per month. Stock has trebled in value in six months. Small blocks of this stock now offering. Price on application.

¶ **Paula Oil Co.,** Ventura and Kern Counties, California. We are offering stock in this company. Producing wells on property. New wells now being drilled. Oil produced is high gravity refining oil —always finds ready sale at high prices. We commend this stock to investors. Price and terms on application.

BROWN-WALKER-SIMMONS COMPANY

PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

She Knows It's Fastened

The woman who insists that her waist or skirt be fastened with

PEET'S Patent Invisible EYES

never worries about distressing gaps or wrinkles. They hold the garment neatly and securely. Better and stronger than silk loops. Sold at all stores or by mail. All sizes. Black and white. In envelopes only, not on cards. 2 doz. eyes 5c.; with spring hooks, 10c.

WILL NOT RUST

PEET BROS., Dept. R, Philadelphia, Pa.

Handsome NIGHT GOWN $1.49

OUR exclusive designs for lingerie are appreciated by women who embroider. To advertise our handsome patterns we will send night gown like cut, stamped on finest grade French Cambric, all for $1.49. FREE—Mention the Pacific Monthly and we will send a 12-inch linen center absolutely free. IMPORTANT—If you wish parcel registered enclose 8c extra.

The Needlecraft Shop SIXTH STREET PORTLAND, OR.

Fine-Form TRADE MARK. MATERNITY SKIRT

Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

of great interest to

Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — **same guarantee** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. B Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the FINE-FORM MATERNITY SKIRT is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back — all substitutes offered will rise in front during development — a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

ALASKA.

Resources, Products and Attractions of Alaska.

That Alaska will become one of the great States of the Union and in time come to have a population at least equal to that of Norway, with its 2,000,000 people, is the prophecy of Major-General Greely, U. S. A., who has stated many interesting facts concerning this great territory in his recently issued *Handbook of Alaska.* We may get a better mental picture of the great size of the territory if we conceive of Alaska as one-third larger than the combined area of all of the Atlantic Coast states from Maine to Florida. Of this area two-fifths is said to be mountainous and covered with vast forests. This timber, consisting largely of spruce, poplar, birch and hemlock, forms one of the great resources of the section, especially since mining in any extensive scale may be considered as almost wholly impossible without nearby timber. The climate of Alaska is much misunderstood, being modified largely by ocean influences. It is said that there is no typical Alaska climate, any more than there is a typical American or European climate, and that the climate of Alaska finds its parallel in Europe between Norway and Sicily, and from Western France to Central Russia. The recent development of Alaska is truly marvelous in view of the fact that the first roads of the Territory were constructed only three years ago. This development would have been impossible but for the great extent of the natural waterways of Alaska, 4,000 miles of which are navigable by steamer, more than half of this total being on the Yukon and its tributaries. The wealth of the Territory will insure future roadways, however. It is said that twenty-seven railways, four tramways and several wagon roads are already projected. And even at the present time the railway mileage of Alaska aggregates 333 miles, the work of ten different corporations. It is stated that the chief value of future agriculture in Alaska will be in the partial supply of the home needs. Grain is pronounced as valuable chiefly when cut for hay. All sorts of forage will always insure good profit, as well as the production of the more hardy vegetables, which can be brought to maturity in many parts of the Territory. Mining produces the larger part of the enormous $30,000,000 worth of products that annually flow from this Northland. The total number of productive placer mines in Alaska during 1908 was estimated at 770, employing about 4,400 men. There were also twelve auriferous lode mines and nine copper mines that employed about 2,000 men. It is estimated, also, that there were 4,000 men in the Territory engaged in prospecting. Besides the immense output of gold, estimated at $148,000,000 during the past twenty-eight years, both silver and cop-

Take a handful of ordinary Soap lather. It feels greasy. It is made from animal fats. See the whitish streaks in the lather.

Take a handful of bubbly Jap Rose lather. There's millions and millions of bubbles, but not one spot of grease to see or feel. It is made from transparent vegetable oils. It all dissolves. It loosens dirt and washes away with the dirt. No Jap Rose bubble lather can remain in the pores, because the lather is *all* bubbles —no grease.

It's complexion suicide to use ordinary soap on your delicate skin. Stop doing it. Start using this soap—that washes entirely away. You will see the improvement every day after you start to

"Give Nature a Chance"
with

JAP ROSE

"The Bubble Bath Soap"
Made by Kirk.

James S. Kirk & Co., 366 N. Water St., Chicago, Ill.

Special Trial Offer We will send a fifty-piece puzzle and sample cake of Jap Rose Soap for the name of your dealer and ten cents in stamps.

Before You Sign

an application for life insurance give us an opportunity to show you why it is to your advantage to give preference to

Oregon Life

THE POLICY HOLDERS' COMPANY

Write for Information. Home Office, Portland, Oregon

A. L. MILLS, PRESIDENT — L. SAMUEL, GENERAL MANAGER — CLARENCE S. SAMUEL, ASSISTANT MANAGER

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

THE BEAUTY OF AUTUMN

is Nature's preparation for Winter. Women of refinement prepare for the social requirements of the season and keep their complexions smooth, soft and velvety by using Lablache, the greatest of all beautifiers. It helps Nature to overcome the effect of Summer exposure. A toilet necessity in every boudoir. *Refuse substitutes.* They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample box.*

BEN LEVY CO., French Perfumers, Dept. 32, 125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

RÉCAMIER CREAM

For the Complexion

Will cure a bad skin and preserve a good one.

Used by celebrated beauties for near a century

For Sale Everywhere.

Two sizes—50c and $1.00

Récamier Manf'g. Co., No. 127 W. 31st St., N. Y. City

Send for free sample and interesting illustrated boo let

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see them—they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right." The

MORLEY PHONE

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 705 Perry Bldg., Phila.

per in large quantities have been mined. There are also said to be excellent prospects for tin, marble and gypsum. The enormous coal fields, with an area of 12,600 miles, have not yet been touched. Though the fur fisheries of Alaska have declined, the salmon fisheries will long continue a great source of wealth, $9,500,000 having been returned from this one industry in 1907. Finally, as a tourist paradise, Alaska is said to be without a parallel. John Burroughs describes the Inside Passage trip as "a thousand miles through probably the finest scenery of the kind in the world that can be seen from the deck of a ship."

Use of Peat in Alaska.

It seems probable that peat will come to have a large use in Alaska as a fuel, despite the immense coal deposits of the Territory. The coal fields of Alaska are of such immensity that it is prophesied that they will in time furnish a large part of the supply of the Pacific Coast, the quality ranging from the high-grade to the lower, cheaper fuels. Many of the fuel-using sections of Alaska, however, are at present far removed from cheap transportation, and are likely to remain so for years to come. This fact gives value to the large deposits of peat that have been found in the Territory. This fuel product is largely used in the countries of Northern Europe, more than 10,000 tons being annually prepared. Its little present use in the United States and Alaska is shown by the statement that less than a thousand tons were produced in these countries during 1908. Peat ranges in fuel value between wood and coal, and offers no difficulties in the preparation other than the cutting out and the drying. The cost of the latter process may be reduced to a very small sum by following the crude method of allowing the sun and wind to carry away the moisture. Toward the end of assisting in developing methods for the preparation of this fuel the United States Geological Survey has been making a special investigation of Alaskan peat.

PHILIPPINES.

Philippines Being Remade by American Occupation.

The American occupation of the Philippines is fast exchanging a new nation for an old, reports one who has been a prominent resident of the Islands for the past few years. The American trusteeship—as it is seemingly considered by those in official control—takes many forms of helpfulness. One of the most prominent of these, of course, is the great stimulus that has been given to education during the nine years that the schools of the Islands have been under the direction of the American Government. Within a comparatively few years English will become the official language of the Philippines, replacing the Spanish, which was the only recognized speech for a long period of time previous

The Many Moods in Music

insure to more people happy, self-forgetting recreation than any other form of entertainment.

Endowed with a tone of infinite variety and imaginative charm, the pleasure of a great and soothing art is trebled by the Baldwin Piano.

Here is that vibrant *mass* of tone ready for the musician's stormier impulses; here, too, the subtler fascination of beautifully-colored harmonies; —all things to all natures!

If you have been among the thousands to hear the Baldwin under the singing touch of de Pachmann or Pugno its high artistic qualities are known to you. Only unusual forces commanded by a great organization such as The Baldwin Company could *develop* such qualities.

By any equally able economic policy it is practicable for you to know the Baldwin, though you may live far from the centers where its triumphs have been won. We should like to send you the catalogue. A line to the nearest agent will bring it at once.

The Baldwin Company

142 W. Fourth Street
CINCINNATI

Chicago
262 Wabash Ave.

Indianapolis
18 N. Penn'a St.

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Cake Filling MADE WITH

Mapleine

(FLAVOR OF MAPLE)

is something so exquisitely good that only an actual trial can convey to you how really delicious and palatable it is.

You know how good the taste of maple is, therefore you can imagine how much better this flavor is when made into a filling and spread between the layers of a home-made cake.

Recipe for Filling

Two cups granulated sugar, three-quarters cup milk, piece of butter the size of a walnut and one teaspoon of Mapleine.

Mix sugar, milk and butter together, boil for five minutes, take from fire and stir until thick. Then add the Mapleine, stirring it in slowly.

Your grocer should have Mapleine; if not send us 35c. and we will send you a 2-oz. bottle. If you do not find Mapleine exactly as claimed by us we will refund your money after you have given it a fair trial.

Crescent Mfg. Co.
Sole Manufacturers
Seattle, Wash.

We Prepay Delivery Charges, and Refund Your Money if Not Pleased

Cawston Ostrich Feathers

Grown under California's ideal climatic conditions. Have captured first prizes at World's Expositions:—Omaha, 1898; Paris, 1900; Buffalo, 1901; St. Louis, 1904; Portland, 1905; Jamestown, 1907

Buy Direct from Our Farm at Producer's Prices
We Have No Agents

15-Inch Cawston French Curve
Shown here. Black, white or solid color, **$5.00**

Send us your old feathers and we will change and make them over into this season's fashionable Willow Plume. **Write for New Fall Catalogue** and Price List of latest styles in ostrich tips, plumes, boas and stoles—**Sent Free**

Cawston Ostrich Farm
P. O. Box 67 SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

to the occupation. As a refutation to the general charge of sluggishness it is said that the young Filipino is put through practically the same school course during his eight-year public-school period that the American youth generally assimilates, and in addition the Filipino is expected to gain a thorough knowledge of the English language. The teaching of the trades is being made very prominent in the curriculum of the schools, agriculture being given a great deal of attention. Agriculture has been called the most important of all "trades" in this nation that has such vast agricultural resources at its command, and where such very primitive methods in general prevail. Careful instruction is also given in the most needed of the skilled trades. Household science, and the skilled industries which they could best enter, form an important part in the training of the girls.

Progress Notes From Manila.

As an example of the wise paternalism under which the American Government is attempting to aid the Filipinos in growing to national independence, may be mentioned certain Manila improvements that are being assisted. One particular instance relates to the new hotel that is promised for the chief city of the Islands. Having long ago recognized, it is said, that a first-class hotel was needed in the Islands, the Government was ready to aid private capital after a hotel-construction was under way. A company of local business men of Manila was first formed, and through their efforts three hundred thousand *pesos* ($150,000) was subscribed for the new hostelry. At this stage the Government agreed to loan the projectors of the public improvement the sum of $250,000, with interest at four per cent, for the completion of the structure.

Development of Philippine Coal Fields.

Like many others of the native resources of the Philippines, the promising coal fields have been neglected. However, it is reported that work has begun in earnest toward their development. Some of the big power plants of Manila are now exclusively using native coal, as are many of the inter-island steamers. The Transport *Dix*, in the long trip to Seattle, recently, is reported to have used only the native fuel. Among the most promising of the coal mining districts are the Dano mines in Cebu that are being developed by New York capitalists. It is promised that a large cement factory is to be operated in connection with these mines. It is thought that within two years the Government coal beds on the Island of Bataan will be able to supply all of the fuel that is needed by the United States boats, and also supply the merchantmen that touch Philippine ports.

Fall Painting

Means Economy and Winter Comfort

Winter Is Hard on the Home. The rain and snow, sleet and ice penetrate unprotected surfaces, and when Spring comes moisture and decay have done their deadly work. Winter's mud grinds your floors. Winter's soot blackens your walls. Winter's steam discolors the finish of woodwork and furniture. Winter plays havoc with all surfaces of the home *unless they are protected* with the right paint or finish.

A coat of good paint *now* will protect your building. The proper finish will make your floors easy to clean and prevent them from wearing white. A coat of No-Lustre Finish will give your walls a beautiful finish, which can be kept clean by the occasional use of a damp cloth. Furniture and woodwork can easily be made soot-proof and moisture-proof by any inexperienced housewife.

Go to your paint dealer, tell him just what surfaces need refinishing and ask for the proper

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS, ENAMELS, STAINS AND VARNISHES

for the purpose. If you get the Acme Quality Kind you can feel satisfied that you are getting the very best. The Acme Quality Trade Mark on a package of paint, enamel, stain or varnish is like our signature to a check.

The following four Acme Quality Specialties are excellent examples:

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish A beautiful, lustreless, washable finish for walls and woodwork.

Acme Quality House Paint (New Era)—Result of a quarter century of scientific research and practical tests.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac—Best quality stain and varnish combined. For floors, furniture and woodwork.

Acme Quality Floor Paint (Granite) — Hard, durable, quick-drying floor paint, saves labor and backache.

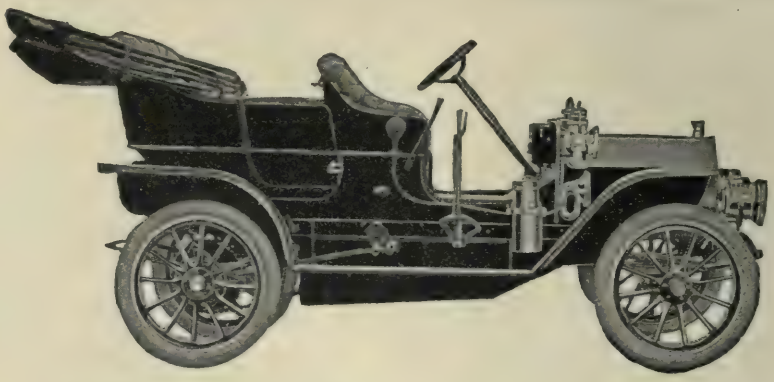
How to Get the Effect You Want. The Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes tells how to secure any desired finish on floors, walls, woodwork, furniture or on the outside of the house or barn. It not only enables you to tell your painter or decorator exactly what you want, but makes it easy for *you* to refinish the many surfaces about the home that do not require the skill of the expert.

Show your dealer this advertisement and he will give you one of these books, or write us and we will mail one FREE. Address Dept. I.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Detroit, Mich, U. S. A.

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living



REO Proof

20,000 REOS in use in different parts of the world!
Isn't that proof that the REO gives unequalled satisfaction?

And what is the reason?

The REO is built for the kind of service the average tourist wants—built to take you where you want to go, not at break-neck speed, but with all the speed you want for safety and comfort.

The REO is not an imitation high-priced car, but is built in a simple, practical way and does its work surely and continuously.

It doesn't need the long string of victories that it has achieved in public contests to convince its owners of its ability and reli-ability.

Owners know by actual use that the REO is the surest and most economical motor-car at anywhere near its price.

REO Touring Car $1,000 **Reo Runabout $500**

Prices F. O. B. Factory. Write for the REO catalogue

REO Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

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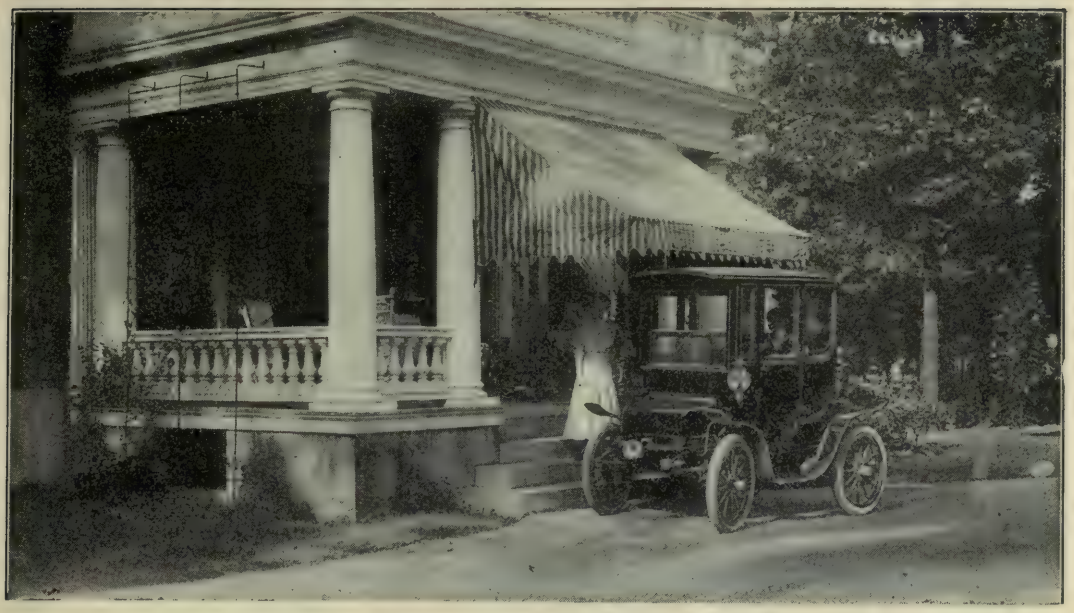
Sharman Automobile Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.
American Auto Co., Tacoma, Washington



Only a Thousand People Can Have the Exclusive Car

Some of those who have waited for the perfect electric can now have the car they have longed for—the Rauch & Lang Electric—the handsomest, most efficient electric car ever turned out of a factory.

Three hundred people were disappointed last year because we could not make deliveries, so we have doubled our capacity and will build 1,000 cars this year.

We never have been able to supply the demand for Rauch & Lang Electrics—we will only make as many good cars as we can and will not sacrifice the Rauch & Lang standard of style and efficiency for a large output.

90 Days to Finish a Body

We spend more time on these cars than other makers think necessary. Each body is the art work of a certain craftsman

Each requires 90 days to reach the style we demand in our work. Each body receives 24 coats of paint and varnish. This detailed, painstaking attention given the body is simply indicative of the work done in all parts of the car.

We have been carriage makers in Cleveland for 57 years. No one knows better what particular people want in cars

The Safest Electric

We use a unique control. You cannot start a Rauch & Lang car until the control is first in the neutral position.

It is not possible to unlock the control except when it is in the neutral position, so there is no possibility of this car starting until you purposely start it.

Yet all power can be shut off instantly with the control in any position. (6)

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
2195 West 25th Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

The One Perfect Electric Brake

This is another feature. Our electric brake is positive—never fails to work, and in no wise injures the motor.

The foot brake is strong, extra large and durable. The car answers these brakes at once and the weakest woman has plenty of strength to stop the car almost instantly.

We use a Yale key in the control handle for the power connection. No one can steal the car by using a nail or wire.

We use Exide batteries of the latest design that have enormous capacity combined with extreme ruggedness.

You can ride in a Rauch & Lang Car as far as you'll want to go in a day. This is the car that is giving unqualified service in hilly cities like Kansas City and Pittsburg, and wonderful service in Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and Cleveland, where great mileage is required.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

We Have Spared No Expense

In fact we have spared no expense to make this car not only the handsomest, but the strongest and most efficient car manufactured.

Other cars may be cheaper at first, but Rauch & Lang owners spend practically nothing at all for repairs. After a year's use a Rauch & Lang is found to be by far the most economical car you can buy. See the Rauch & Lang agent at once. We have dealers in most of the principal cities.

Cut out the memo below and mail it to us today for the catalog.

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.,
2195 W. 25th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your catalog and name of your local agent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

You can easily produce that rich, subdued lustre which makes floors so beautiful, and which with age mellows into still richer effect; whereby the floor becomes an undisputed object of the owner's pride. This effect is produced by

Old English Floor Wax

"The Wax with a Guarantee"

And the reason why **"Old English"** does produce it so much better is simply because it is a floor wax of the very "highest quality." You will understand it better when we say that all floor waxes are made essentially from two ingredients —a hard, expensive wax and a soft, cheap wax. That offers an easy way to cheapen any floor wax.

In compounding **"Old English"** floor wax the question of "cost" never enters in—it is entirely a matter of "quality" of product—and we make it the very *best*. That's why it proves to be the most attractive, most economical, most easily applied and most satisfactory finish—

For Floors, Furniture and all Interior Woodwork

It is equally suitable for the finest inlaid hardwood floors or plain pine floors. It never flakes nor becomes sticky, nor shows heel marks or scratches. It preserves the floor and is sanitary. It is easy to get beautiful floors and easy to keep them beautiful—if you do it right. We have studied this subject thoroughly and

We Will Send Free—Our Book "Beautiful Floors—Their Finish and Care"

It will give you valuable, expert advice in plain terms on such subjects as

- Woods Fit For Flooring
- Cleaning and Polishing Hardwood Floors
- Finishing New Floors
- Finishing Old Floors
- Stopping Cracks in Floors
- Care of Waxed Floors
- Finishing Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
- Finishing Dancing Floors
- Finishing Furniture and Interior Woodwork, Etc., Etc.
- Removing Varnish, Shellac or Paint

"Old English" Floor Wax is guaranteed to give satisfaction when used as directed or money refunded.

SAMPLE FREE but you must use it as directed. Put up in 1, 2, 4 and 8 lb. cans, 50c. a lb. 1 lb. covers 300 sq. ft.

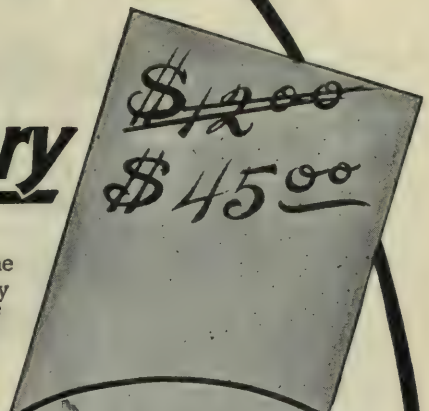
Sold by high class dealers in paints and finishes. Mention your dealer's name in writing for the free sample and the book, and if he hasn't **"Old English"** Floor Wax you may order it from us

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1928 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Also Manufacturers of "BRIGHTENER"—which keeps floors clean and bright all the time.

The COUPON Brings the I.C.S.

The I.C.S. Raises Your Salary



TO RAISE YOUR SALARY! That's the very purpose of the attached coupon. Already it has been the means by which thousands of ambitious men and women have had their salaries raised.

It will bring the International Correspondence Schools—the greatest salary-raising institution in the world—direct to your home, enabling you to qualify in your spare time for a good paying position in the line of work that appeals to you, regardless of your age, place of residence, occupation or schooling.

Mark the attached coupon and learn how the I. C. S. can put you on the road to success. The I. C. S. makes no charge for telling you how you can quickly become an expert—how you can command a good paying position—a position that you can call your very own, and in which you can advance still further and earn still more. Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly, "Ambition."

There's nothing to hinder. The I. C. S. makes it all easy. What better proof of the salary-raising power of the I. C. S. could be required than the fact that on an average 300 students every month **VOLUNTARILY** report salaries raised, positions bettered, independence gained and success assured as the direct result of I. C. S. training. During July the number was 252.

If YOU Are Ambitious to Succeed in Life—

MARK THE COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 974, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X, and also send me, absolutely free, "Ambition" Magazine for six months.

Bookkeeper	Mechan. Draughtsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architec'l Draughtsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Banking
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name_____

Street and No._____

City _____ State_____

Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

Bull Dog Suspenders

What blood is to the body, rubber is to a suspender. There can be no lasting elasticity where there is inferior rubber, or too little of even good rubber. If you were to cut open the webbing of the Bull Dog Suspender you would find the rubber strands almost twice as large as those in the average suspender. Remember then that Bull Dogs

Contain More and Better Rubber

But ***Better Rubber*** is not the only good thing about ***Bull Dogs.*** There is the finest Egyptian yarn woven in the most artistic designs and colors around the ***Bull Dog Rubber*** which makes ***Bull Dog Webbing*** perspiration proof, thus saving the rubber. ¶The ends, made of the best calf skin we can buy, are made in colors to match the webbing and combined with the patent non-rusting buckle make **Bull Dog Suspenders.**

Outwear Three Ordinary Kinds

We make heavy as well as light weights, and if you need ***extra long suspenders*** you can get them at the same price of your dealer or by mail postpaid for 50 cents. The genuine have Bull Dog on the buckle

You Should Have a Pair of Bull Dogs for Each Pair of Trousers

HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 896 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Largest makers of Suspenders and Belts in the World.

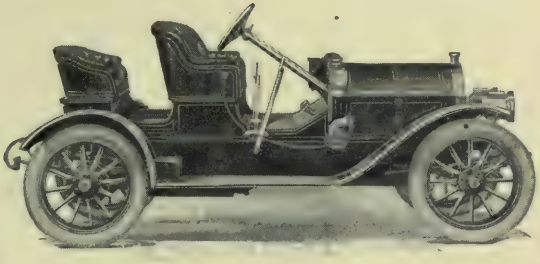
Mitchell Bulletin

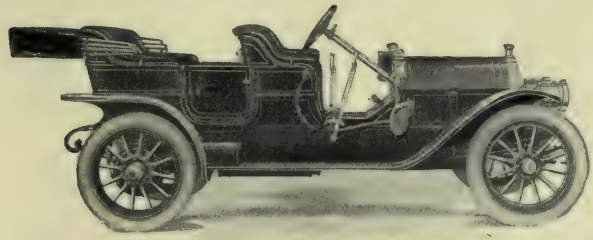
Climax to Six Years of Unexampled Accomplishment

$1100.00

Mitchell **Roadster, 4 cylinders, 30-35 horse power, 3 passengers, 100-inch wheel base.**

SILENT AS THE FOOT OF TIME



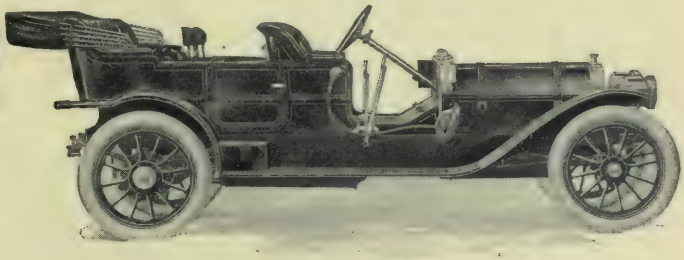


$1350.00

Mitchell **five passenger touring car, 4 cylinders, 30-35 horse power, 112-inch wheel base.**

$2000.00

Mitchell **6-cylinder touring car, seven passengers, 50-horse power, 130-inch wheel base.**



Sensational Features for 1910

Absolute elimination of all noise, so that all the ***Mitchells*** will run as silently as the most silent car that's made.

Complete transformation of the ***Mitchell style*** and wonderful development from the mediocre to the beautiful.

Complete change in spring suspension which promotes tenfold the easy riding qualities of the car.

Standardization and interchangeability of the cylinders in all models as well as all parts above the crank case.

More interchangeable parts in the ***Mitchell*** line than in any other line of cars built.

Magneto equipment on all models without extra charge.

Height of body and frame lowered, without changing clearance, giving car a low, rakish appearance.

The car you ought to have at the price you ought to pay

Surprising development of the ***Mitchell*** five-passenger touring car, which is greater at its new price of $1,350 than it was at its old price of $1,500.

Creation of the ***Mitchell*** Big Six-Cylinder car of 50-horse power, seven passengers and 130-inch wheel base at the same price as the car of 1909—$2,000.

Wheel sizes increased—32-inch wheel for the ***Roadster,*** 34 inches for five-passenger touring car, and 36-inch wheels for the ***Mitchell Six.***

Double the output of 1909, or 6,012 cars, all of which have been contracted for by our agents within the last 30 days.

With each model we furnish metal tool and battery boxes, also oil lamps, jack and horn equipment.

Mitchell Motor Car Co.

Racine, Wis. U. S. A.

F. O. B.
RACINE, WIS.

Here's "the Best In the Candy Shops"

Sorority Chocolates—"Taylor-Made." The cream of chocolate creams. So dainty, so delicious, so mouth-melting—
—That the first taste will set you thinking up new words to describe them. We named them

Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

—In honor of the college girl—because the college girl has "*candy*-learning" as well as the other kind.

She knows *candy* from the front to the back of the book.

And she welcomed her "candy-*namesake*" as the *last word* in chocolate goodness.

No other candy ever made such a wonderful first year's record.

Wherever Sorority Chocolates have been introduced, they have simply leaped into the lead—became the greatest seller among chocolate confections. And *quality* is the reason.

Learn for Yourself of Sorority Quality

You simply must try Sorority Chocolates for yourself.

—And prove by your own experience their indescribable goodness.

No matter how sure you are that your *present* candy is as delicious as chocolates *can* be—

—You'll find a *something new* in Sorority Chocolates—an *extra* delight—that will win your favor for all time.

It's that "*something new*" —that "*extra delight*"—that makes "Sororities" the *cream of creams* among chocolates.

Sorority Girl Artist's Duplicates

Westervelt—the famous artist—has produced for us 10 fascinating Sorority Girl Studies in colors—just the thing for framing—for your den.

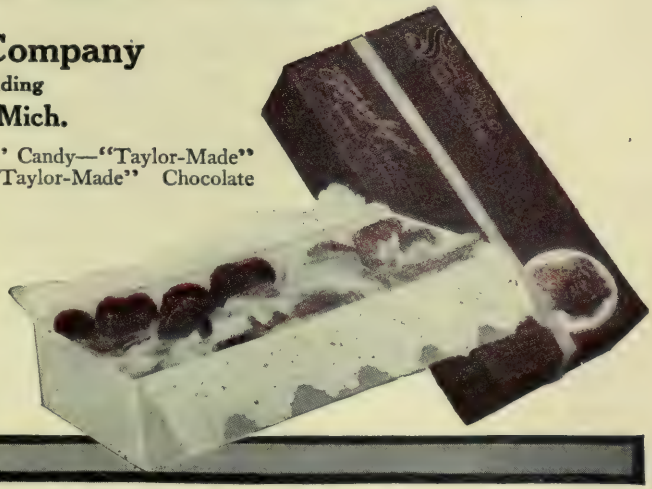
Your dealer can supply you *one*, *Free*, with each pound of Sorority Chocolates, or send us one dollar and we will send you, prepaid, full pound box, craftsmanship design, of Sorority Chocolates, and three Artist's Duplicates in colors, without advertising, size 12 x 19 inches, of the Sorority Girl Studies, free. Address

Taylor Bros. Company
378 Taylor Building
Battle Creek, Mich.

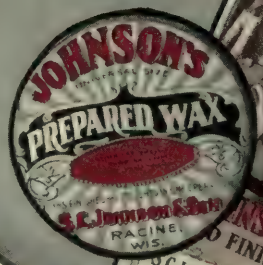
Makers of the famous "Taylor-Made" Candy—"Taylor-Made" Honeycomb Chocolate Chips, "Taylor-Made" Chocolate Marshmallows, etc., etc.

To Dealers—

If you are not already handling Sorority Chocolates, let us send you our new and liberal plan for "cashing in" on the best and best-advertised candy proposition ever offered. *Write us today.*



Let Us Send You All Of These Materials FREE



Cut Coupon From Opposite Page—Mail Today

Several thousand people write us each week for a package of these wood-finishing materials to test. We gladly send them free.

May we send *you* a package *this* week?

The free offer consists of—a bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo, which quickly removes all old finish; a bottle of Johnson's Wood Dye, for artistically coloring the wood (your choice of 14 colors); a box of Johnson's Prepared Wax to give the finishing touch — the subdued polish; and our handsome guide book for beautifying the home, containing a complete color card and giving full instructions for finishing and refinishing furniture, woodwork and floors.

Johnson's Wood Dye

Made in 14 Standard Shades

No. 126 Light Oak
No. 123 Dark Oak
No. 125 Mission Oak
No. 140 Manilla Oak
No. 110 Bog Oak
No. 128 Light Mahogany
No. 129 Dark Mahogany
No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 121 Moss Green
No. 122 Forest Green
No. 172 Flemish Oak
No. 178 Brown Flemish Oak

Half-Pints, 30c; Pints, 50c; Johnson's Prepared Wax, 10c and 25c packages. Also sold in large sizes. For sale by all leading paint dealers.

Will give you more beautiful and more lasting results than any other wood-coloring material because it *is* a *dye*—not a mere surface stain, and because there is a richness and character to each of our colors impossible to get in a stain.

Refinish a Piece of Your Furniture At Our Expense

Johnson's Wood Dye penetrates deep into the wood, coloring it far down, so that wear or scratches do not show. We want you to find out at our expense how easily you can get the most beautiful results with these materials.

After cleaning off the old finish and coloring the wood, complete the effect with

Johnson's Prepared Wax

It gives that dull, lustrous finish, called the "hand-rubbed" polish, it accentuates the high-lights and does not catch and hold dust or show heel marks or scratches.

The trial package will demonstrate these facts to you. Put your name and address in the coupon and mail today. If in the west, send to nearest branch of our agents, W. P. Fuller & Co., and they will gladly forward the outfit free at once. Enclose 10 cents in stamps or silver to help pay postage, if you will.

Mention shade of dye on the coupon and send it today to

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Our Western Agents:

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

or one of their branches as follows:

Sacramento, Oakland, Stockton, Los Angeles, San Diego, Cal.; Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Wash. Sole Distributors for the Pacific coast.

Please Use This FREE COUPON

Please send me sample of Johnson's Wood Dye, Shade No. ..... Electric Solvo and Prepared Wax. Also Free Book Edition P. C. 9. I enclose 10c to help pay postage.

Name .....

Address .....

The PACIFIC MONTHLY'S

Money-Saving Clubbing Lists

FOR 1909 AND 1910

BELOW we give for the benefit of our readers a splendid list of clubbing offers. We have secured unusually favorable clubbing combinations with the leading magazines this year and can heartily recommend the following special clubbing offers. Remit by express, draft or money order to The Pacific Monthly Company, Portland, Oregon

Remember these prices are good only in the United States and its insular possessions

ORDER BY NUMBER		REGULAR PRICE	CLUBBING RATE
1	McClure's Magazine Woman's Home Companion THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	$4.50	$3.00
2	McClure's Magazine Review of Reviews THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	6.00	3.60
3	American Magazine Good Housekeeping THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	3.50	2.50
4	American Magazine Cosmopolitan THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	3.50	2.50
5	Human Life Ideal Homes THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	3.50	2.00
6	Current Literature Good Housekeeping THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	5.50	3.25
7	Suburban Life American Magazine THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	5.50	3.25
8	Success Cosmopolitan THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	$3.50	$2.50
9	Review of Reviews Woman's Home Companion THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	6.00	3.50

ORDER BY NUMBER		REGULAR PRICE	CLUBBING RATE
10	World's Work Delineator THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	5.50	3.50
11	Uncle Remus Magazine American Magazine THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	3.50	2.50
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18	Everybody's American Magazine THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	4.00	3.00
19	Success Webster's Dictionary THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	5.00	3.00
20	Hammond's Atlas of the World Cosmopolitan THE PACIFIC MONTHLY	5.00	3.00

On all of the above combinations the order must be sent direct to The Pacific Monthly

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY COMPANY
Portland, Oregon

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $_____ for which you may send me

Offer No._____

Signed_____

P. O. Address_____

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY'S
BOOK BUYER'S CLUB

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO LOVE A GOOD BOOK

Robert Louis Stephenson's Works

in nine volumes—"Medallion Edition." This handsome little set of books is calculated to quicken the heart beats of all lovers of beautiful books. The type is clear, of good size, printed on good quality book paper, beautifully bound in rich half leather or art vellum of tasteful design, each volume containing a special frontispiece portrait of the author. These nine volumes, with **Current Literature** for one year and **The Pacific Monthly** for one year — a big book and magazine bargain at the special price of **$7.50**

Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" *and* "Hunting Tales"

in ten volumes, bound in buckskin and khaki, printed on good quality of book paper, clear, legible type — these ten volumes with one year's subscription to **Current Literature** and **The Pacific Monthly** for one year all for the price of **$8.00**

Lincoln's Life and Work Commemorative Edition

in ten volumes. These volumes average 320 pages, are printed on fine quality book paper, in large type, handsomely and durably bound in half leather. We are able to offer these ten volumes together with one year's subscription to **Current Literature** and one year's subscription to **The Pacific Monthly** for the price of **$7.50**

Masterpieces of the World's Literature

in eight volumes, beautifully printed on superior book paper representing the works of two hundred of the world's greatest authors, the cream of their master efforts being found enshrined within their pages. Every volume is complete in itself and the binding is of the most luxurious character, being full limp leather of special cochineal grain. These eight volumes with **Current Literature** for one year and **The Pacific Monthly** for one year—a bundle of reading matter worth many times the special price of **$7.50**

Webster's Dictionary

containing 46,297 defined words, 1,500 text illustrations, with color maps and charts, original illustrations, good paper, bound in genuine flexible morrocco, gold side and back stamping, rounded corners, double thumb index — size, 7¾ x 5¾ x 1¾, weight, 36 ounces — with **The Pacific Monthly** for one year for the price of **$2.50**

Hammond's Modern Atlas

A needed book for every library table—heavy board cover with sultan red special binding, cloth, stamped in black and gold, colored maps, new drawings, new plates, new facts, shows all recent changes in political boundaries, names of places, new railroads, cable lines, etc. This splendid reference work, that should be in every home, with **The Pacific Monthly** for one year for the price of **$2.50**

THE PRICES QUOTED ABOVE INCLUDE EXPRESS CHARGES TO ANY POINT IN UNITED STATES
REMIT BY MONEY ORDER, DRAFT OR EXPRESS ORDER

The Pacific Monthly Recommends These Offers

Write for Further Information to THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, PORTLAND, OREGON

WINCHESTER

THE RIFLE THAT'S MAKING
HUNTING HISTORY IN AFRICA.

Winchester .405 Caliber, Model 1895, the most Powerful Repeater Made.

IF you are a hunter, don't fail to read Col. Roosevelt's account of his African Expedition in Scribner's Magazine, beginning with the October number. Then, if you want a rifle such as experience-taught big game hunters use, you'll surely buy a Winchester. Winchester Rifles are made for all kinds of hunting and Winchester Ammunition is made for all kinds of guns.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

INSIST UPON HAVING THE RED W BRAND.

Four Cylinder 30 H.P. Roadster

This roadster for the first time meets two great requirements. It is convertible from a two passenger roadster, as shown above, to the now so popular "pony tonneau" type. We furnish a detachable tonneau which can be taken on or off in a few minutes. Equipment same as touring car.

$1,500

This for $250 Less

A car even better than our four cylinder 30 H. P. of last season at $1,750. A car even better than the model which ran 10,000 miles over country roads without stopping its engine. A car even better than the MAXWELL that was driven by Mrs. John R. Ramsey and her three women companions from New York to San Francisco. A car even better than the MAXWELLS which won first and second places in class D of this year's Glidden Tour. In short, a car that combines MAXWELL reliability with style and luxury.

Where We Have Added Value

We have increased the power of the engine 17%—although we rate it 30 as last season. We give you 34 x 4 inch tires—this means economy. We have changed the rear spring suspension from semi-elliptic to ¾ scroll—this means comfort. We have lengthened the wheel base 4 inches—the body is longer, the rear seat wider. These changes add to the easy riding qualities of the car. The magnificent new body gives it style—yet you save $250 on a better car.

This $250 Saving is Cost Reduction

Our plants have been enlarged—that's why. The number of cars that we build, doubled. We have added new automatic machines, some costing as high as $20,000. This equipment and production has reduced manufacturing expenses to a minimum, while our selling and overhead remain the same—that saving goes to you.

Mechanically Right

Our new model incorporates those mechanical features which have made MAXWELL and Reliability synonymous. MAXWELL features are recognized by all automobile engineers as standard. The 3 point suspension—unit construction—disc clutch—thermo syphon cooling—straight line shaft drive and metal bodies are principles that have been copied by makers of the highest-priced cars, yet no car combines all except the MAXWELL.

SALE OF MAXWELL CARS TO DATE

SOLD TO JULY 31, '09	17,600
SOLD DURING AUGUST, '09	678
MAXWELLS IN USE TODAY	18,278

WATCH THE FIGURES GROW

MAXWELL-BRISCOE
Main Office
FORT STREET,

Four Cylinder 30 H.P. Touring Car

An even better car for $1,500 than we could build last season for $1,750. Longer wheel base, larger wheels, more powerful engine, a big, roomy, stylish body. We give you without extra charge a magneto, gas lamps and generator—over $150 worth of extras that you pay for in other cars.

and Even Better

What Do Owners Say?

The real test of an automobile is the verdict of the man who owns one. MAXWELL owners tell us that no car is so economical to keep. Read what this one says—it is a sample of what over 18,270 owners say about the MAXWELL.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 6.

Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.,
Gentlemen:

You will be interested to know that my Maxwell has been driven at least 20,000 miles over all kinds of roads, and it is a pleasure to give it my enthusiastic approval.

This applies to its wearing qualities and general reliability, no less than to its strength of construction and simplicity of mechanism.

Yours truly,
J. W. WIESENFELD.

Don't Be Disappointed

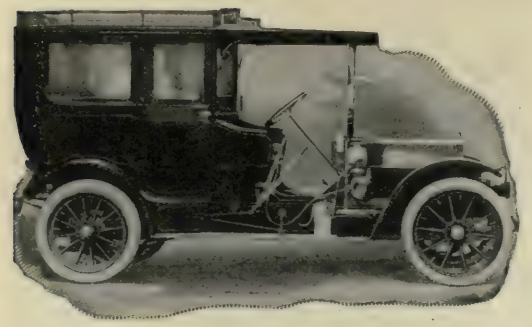
The demand for MAXWELLS has in the past exceeded the supply. Our dealers know that no other car offers as much for $1,500. That's why every dealer has asked us to increase his allotment. May we send you our illustrated catalog and name of the nearest dealer who can fill your order promptly?

We Also Make Model "Q" 4 cylinder 22 H. P. runabout, sliding gear transmission, 3 speeds forward. Magneto equipped, price standard runabout $850. Three styles of body. Our model "A.A.," 12 H. P. runabout at $550 is the greatest value ever produced. Costs less to own than a horse and buggy—costs no more to buy.

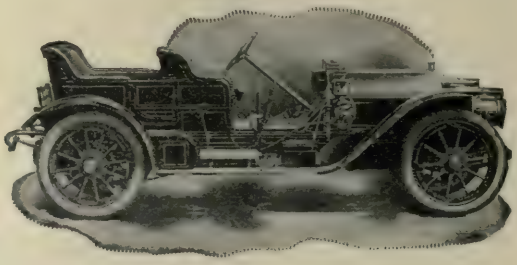
MOTOR COMPANY
and Factory
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

OTHER MAXWELL FACTORIES

New Castle, Ind. Providence, R. I.
Pawtucket, R. I. Kingsland Point, N. Y.



30-60 H P. Chassis with Limousine Body



A Popular Model

15-30 H. P. or 30-60 H. P. Chassis with Toy Tonneau Body

The Car to Keep

There are more economical cars than the Stearns for those who change cars each season.

But for those who want a car to keep there is no car that costs so little.

The Stearns grows better with age. Stearns owners win races with cars which have had at least two seasons' use.

The time has come when the Stearns represents about the best that we ever can hope for.

For thirteen years we have constantly added perfections. But we are now pretty close to the limit.

No man wants a car any better than the Stearns as made today.

The right way now is to buy a car to keep. Care for it, and use it till you wear it out.

The sales of the Stearns are doubling each year, because people are buying for keeps.

When you reach that point, the Stearns is the car you'll want. No other car will last like this. None gives such pride of ownership.

Please write for our latest catalog.

The Stearns

The Ultimate Car

"The White Line Radiator Belongs to the Stearns"

(4)

A Reminder

THE F. B. STEARNS CO.

(Member A. L. A. M.) ***Cleveland, Ohio***

Please send me Catalog No. 28

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

The Newest and Most Economical Home Light

Genuine Welsbach Goods have this Trade Mark on the Label

Welsbach Junior

PRICE 35 CENTS

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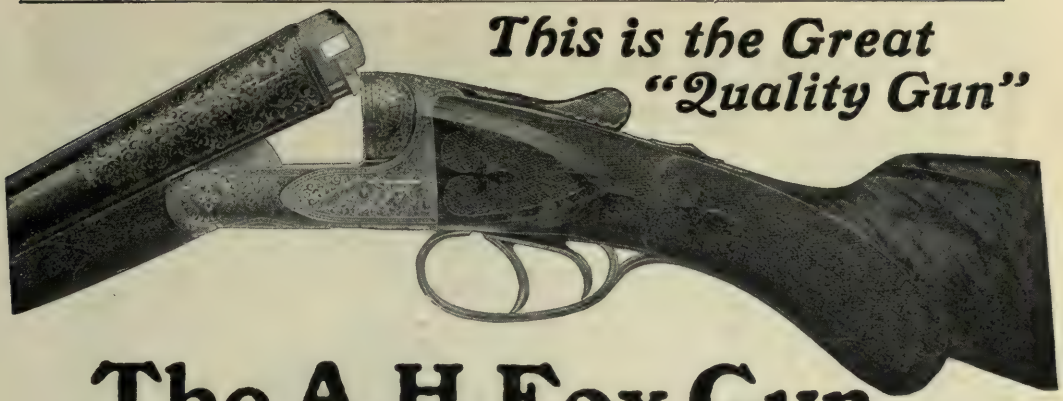

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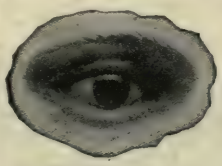

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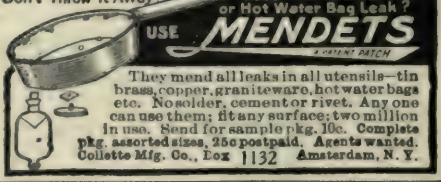

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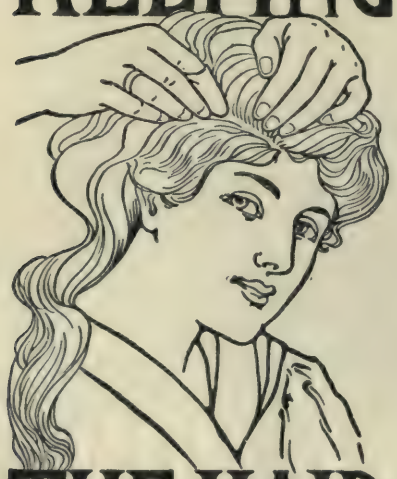

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CAUTION: Be sure the word "STORK," our registered trade mark, is on the goods you buy. If your dealer hasn't them, we will send them postpaid on receipt of price.

THE STORK CO.
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ALSO MAKERS OF STORK SHEETING STORK PANTS, ETC.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort, **Mennen's** relieves and prevents **Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.**

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox,"** with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—*Sample free.*

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen's Chemical Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Try **Mennen's** Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. SAMPLE FREE.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap [blue wrapper] } No SAMPLES
Specially prepared for the nursery.

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A perfect powder, possessing antiseptic qualities, and delicately perfumed with Rhine Violets.

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No Candy is so well fitted and graciously accepted as

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Croquettes, fish balls, mince meat, Hamburg steak, hash, curries, salads and a long list of appetizing dishes can be made from left-overs with the aid of the

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MEAT and FOOD Chopper

The only Chopper that Really Cuts

The "ENTERPRISE" is in a class by itself—it is the only chopper that has a stationary perforated steel plate against the inside surface of which the sharp four-bladed steel cutting knife revolves. Nothing can get past this knife without being actually *cut.*

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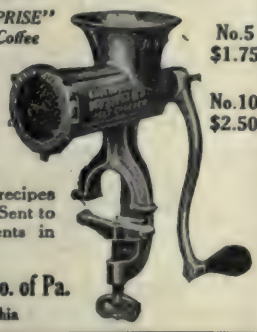
Made in 45 sizes and styles for hand, steam and electric power. No. 5, Small Family Size, $1.75; No. 10, Large Family Size, $2.50.

Other famous "ENTERPRISE" household specialties are Coffee Mills, Raisin Seeders, Fruit, Wine and Jelly Presses, Cherry Stoners, Cold Handle Sad Irons, Etc.



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From him you can buy our famous "Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks." A unique selection of choice chocolates that for the first time has given many thousands of chocolate lovers exactly what they wanted. Each piece a most delicious hard or nut centered chocolate. It is impossible to describe their goodness. No bonbons or cream chocolates included. The "Fussy Package" contains

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The dainty contents of this daintiest of packages—their always perfect condition—have made Whitman's Philadelphia chocolates the selected favorites of fastidious folks everywhere. You should know *your* local Whitman's agent. If you don't know him, ask us for his name and we will send you a pound "Fussy Package," postpaid, for the regular price, One Dollar.

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Look for the "Fussy Seal," the "Green Box" and the "Silver Braid."

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Are your floors dingy, splintered or badly worn? Are they the old-fashioned, wide-board floors with unsightly cracks? Its a very easy thing to make them over new. And it costs very little. Cover them with

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Parkett Floor Covering

(Comes in rolls 78 inches wide)

Looks like new hard-wood parquet flooring and has the same rich finish. Few detect the difference. Patterns adaptable for use in any room, makes your home beautiful, sanitary, easy to keep clean. Waxed like hardwood floors. A perfect setting for rugs. Far superior to carpets. Prevents floor draughts. Will outwear the house itself.

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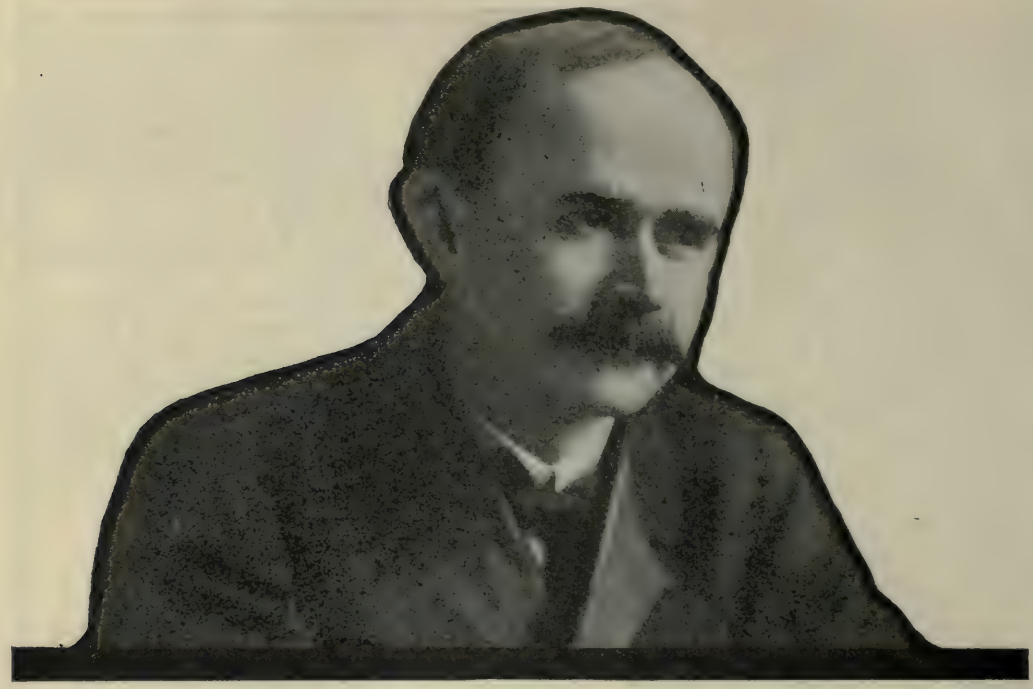

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY *of the* Children's Court *of* Denver, begins his autobiography *in the* October number *of* Everybody's Magazine.

As you read Judge Lindsey's story, you will begin to see how Capital buys its way to profits; how it buys juries and courts and newspapers and churches; how it buys souls and bodies and wrecks them; how it robs little ones of their rights and degrades their bodies and befouls their souls. Judge Lindsey tells his story simply, without malice, for the purpose of showing you just how bad men can and do buy control of cities and states, hoping that when he has shown you how it is done you will rise up and put a stop to it.

Judge Lindsey lays bare the very root-evil in our America. The real matter. How the few exploit the many. Buying and selling human beings, almost worse than slavery days. Read his story.

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(1)

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS *is* helping Judge Lindsey *with the* story mentioned *on the* opposite page.

Are you familiar with the remarkable list of hard hitters writing for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE? —Lawson, Russell, Steffens, Adams, Hard, Hough, Irwin, Crissey, Mathews, O'Higgins. Fighters every one. Do you care for a fighting magazine—a magazine that wants more than anything else to be of some use? EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE hates hypocrites. Despises the sharp politician. Pities the oppressed and pursues the oppressor. Craves for the children their birthright, in health and education and opportunity.

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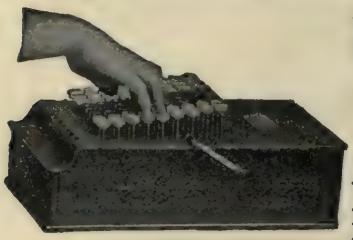

Because it is the only machine on which a simple key touch does the work Others have a handle that must be pulled for each item added. It takes time and labor to pull that handle.

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We have thousands of pleased customers who doubted this at one time. They tried it and now see the results in reduced expenses.

Suppose you try it? For the mere asking we would be glad to send full description or furnish a Comptometer to try for thirty days, United States or Canada.

Let us send you a book about it free?

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Foso grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes, and quickly restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. I don't ask you to take my word for it; let me send you a full $1.00 package free. Write today.

$1.00 Package Coupon

Fill out the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 9083 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge.

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Carry a bottle in your grip. It's stainless and odorless. The best lubricating oil ever refined; in a class by itself for use on firearms and reels. Will not gum or chill. Contains no acid. PREVENTS RUST.

All hardware and sporting goods stores sell it. Large bottle, cheaper to buy, 25 cents; trial size, 10 cents.

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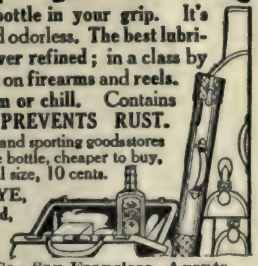

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Large and small rams for Country Places, Irrigation, Supply Tanks, Town Plants, etc. For every foot water drops to ram it is raised 30 ft. 7,000 in use.

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For sale by leading dealers everywhere

Send for Catalogue 'K-21' showing all designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

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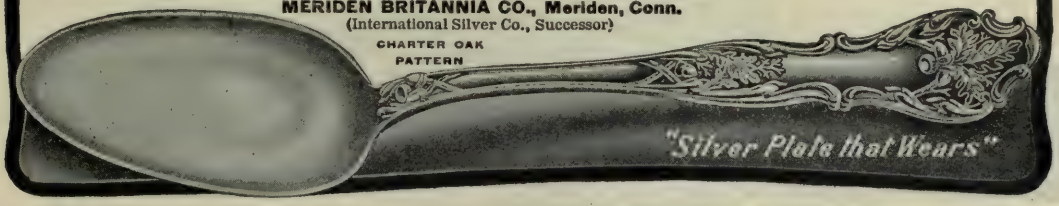

"Beautiful Face and No More Wrinkles"

FREE BEAUTY COUPON

For "Pacific Monthly" Readers

Arrangements have been made with Harriett Meta, World's Famous Beauty Specialist, of Paris, London and Syracuse, N. Y., to furnish free particulars to all readers of The Pacific Monthly in regard to what is believed to be the most remarkable method of removing wrinkles which has ever been discovered.

Mlle. Meta has been awarded nine Gold Medals by Paris, London, Brussels, Rome, and other International Expositions on her great Beauty discoveries. The French government has honored her with a Patent on her wonderful new process for removing wrinkles, and patents are also now pending before the United States Government at Washington.

Mlle. Meta is, herself, a living example of the great power of her remarkable beauty-making discoveries. By many she is considered the most beautiful woman in all Paris.

She took her own wrinkles out in three nights by her new discovery over three years ago, after face massage, masks, straps, and steaming pots had all failed to remove them, and her skin today is still soft and smooth; her face beautiful, and she has no more wrinkles. But best of all, her discovery not only succeeded in her own case, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others.

Mrs. Mary J. Davis, of East St. Louis, Ill., says: "My wrinkles were very deep and of long standing, so you can imagine my surprise when, after only two applications, they entirely disappeared." Mrs. L. E. Haskell, of 2502 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal., writes: "I am 50 years old, consequently my wrinkles were of long standing, and I had not thought it possible to erase them, but now, when I view my changed reflection in the mirror, I can scarcely realize the transformation that has been wrought." Mrs. M. A. Edwards of Raleigh, N. C., says: "I look younger than I did 25 years ago." Mrs. M. L. Lee, 110 S. 4th St., Richmond, Va., writes: "I used the treatment one night and it succeeded in entirely removing my wrinkles leaving my face as soft and free from lines as a child's."

No other Beauty Specialist, living or dead, has ever been honored by gold medals from International Expositions, and patronized by Countesses and ladies of high title and rank to the same extent that Harriett Meta has been.

You will never again have the opportunity of consulting a Beauty Specialist of such world-wide reputation as Harriett Meta. Therefore, be sure to cut out and use the below Free Coupon today. You need send no money, not even a postage stamp, but merely enclose the following coupon in a letter addressed to Harriett Meta, Suite 183 Syracuse, N. Y., and you will receive an answer in a plain, sealed envelope.

FOR REMOVING WRINKLES

Cut out this coupon today, and send it to the World Famous Beauty Specialist, Harriett Meta, of Paris, London and Syracuse (N. Y.), for **free information** in regard to removing wrinkles by a marvelous new process that often makes ordinary wrinkles disappear in one night.

Many ladies say it has made them look from ten to twenty years younger. No face massage, masks, straps or steaming pots, nothing to inject in or under the skin, but a wonderful new process that any lady can use in the privacy of her own home. Be sure to read the above article and write today. Address Harriett Meta, Suite 183, Syracuse, N. Y.

PACIFIC MONTHLY FREE COUPON

Do not fail to cut out this coupon and enclose it with your letter.

You can eat these pancakes—they're digestible

That's just what you have been wanting—nice, *tender*, healthful, pure and delicious pancakes that *you can digest easily.* There isn't anything that will quite take their place—nothing so satisfying—as hot cakes without unpleasant after effects.

Olympic Pancake Flour
(Self Rising)

is superior to all others—if it were for no other reason than that *it makes cakes that are digestible.* But it is the highest quality pancake flour as well—we use only the highest grade of Northwestern wheat, the kind so peculiarly adapted to pancake flour purposes. With the choicest portions of the wheat we combine, by a special process *all our own,* the very *purest* of leavening, the result being a perfect flour that makes perfect cakes—tender, healthful, pure, *digestible.* You never have to use salt or soda or baking powder or yeast—never any trouble and worry—always successful results—and *good* digestion.

At Your Dealer's

If he doesn't have it we'll tell you where you *can* get it—but don't take any other—there *isn't any* just as good. Insist upon Olympic—demand it.
Write for our recipe book—its FREE and contains many valuable recipes.

Portland Flouring Mills Co.
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Olympic Flour is why everyone can eat Pancakes

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Severe Tests Prove Its Superiority

Although a comparatively new product, Zerolene has been more severely tested under all conditions than many other lubricants, and, distinctly better than any of these, has triumphed in every test.

ZEROLENE AUTO Lubricating Oil

lubricated the winning Thomas car in the famous New York to Paris race, also the Protos and Zust cars which ran second and third. Zerolene proved its perfect lubricating and non-carbonizing qualities, and its zero-working ability in the most severe tests to which a lubricating oil has ever been put.

Zerolene is the only "all round" oil that serves all types of cylinders and bearings. There is only one kind of Zerolene, produced in only one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for booklet, "21,000 miles with Zerolene." Free.

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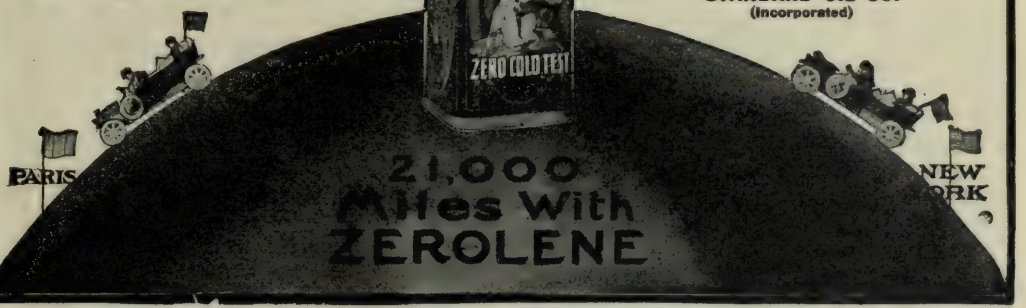

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and as a disease can be treated and CURED. What we want to impress upon you is that the

Oppenheimer Treatment

not only is an **effective** means of dealing with this disease, but is the **only** means that is within the reach of everyone, no matter where located. By this treatment the alcoholic patient can continue at his regular business, calling daily at HIS OWN DOCTOR'S office for about three weeks. The Oppenheimer Institute deals with patients and physicians on an

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Kindly send me in strictest confidence details of your treatment for alcoholism.

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FREE—A Razor Saver—FREE

Try this experiment—rub a few drops of "3 in One" into your razor strop until the leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3in One"; then strop. Every razor edge has teeth like a cross-cut saw; soap and water cause these teeth to rust; the more rust the duller the razor. Stropping only breaks off the microscopic rust particles giving a new cutting edge which immediately commences to rust again. Now "3 in One" on the strop brings out the grain of the leather. This adheres to and wipes out the saw edges—leaving the cutting edge keen and clean. "3 in One" prevents even slightest further rusting. Scientific circular and sample bottle—both free.

FREE
3-IN-ONE OIL CO. **39 Broadway, NEW YORK**

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20% DOWN 10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 14

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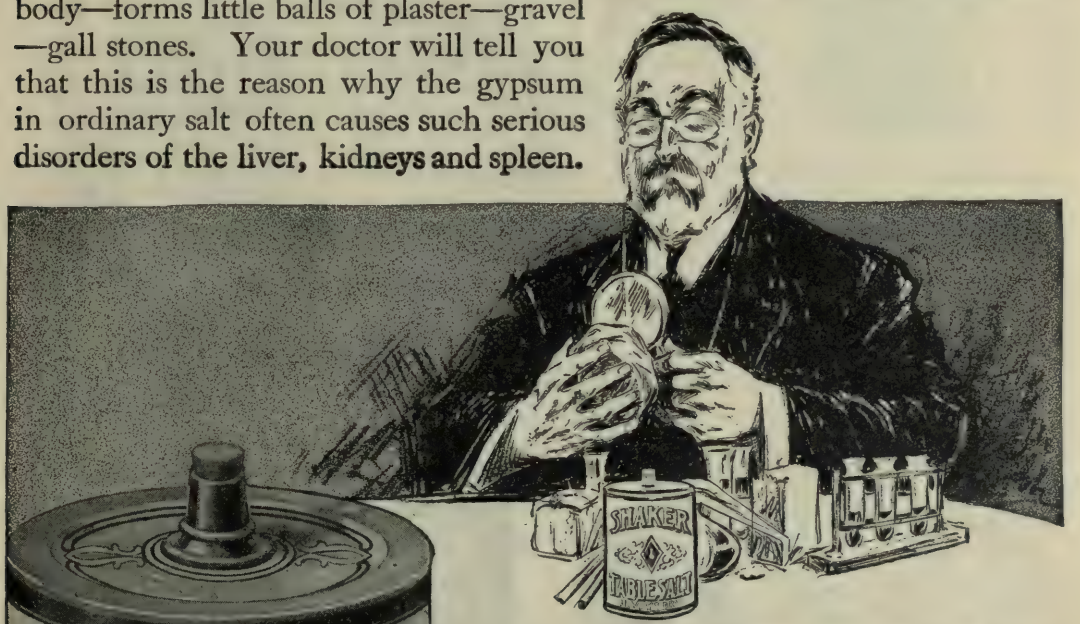
2317 $25 · 2189 $50 · 2132 $60 · 2113 $50 · 2315 $35 · 2162 $50 · 2110 $35 · 2158 $30 · $60 2306 · $25 2198 · 2160 $40 · 2380 $25

The Only Table Salt that is Free of Dangerous Impurities

GYPSUM is the *most* dangerous impurity that *nature* has placed in *all* salt. Gypsum makes splendid *fertilizer* and *plaster of paris*, but it's a dangerous thing to *eat*, because it combines with water in your body—forms little balls of plaster—gravel—gall stones. Your doctor will tell you that this is the reason why the gypsum in ordinary salt often causes such serious disorders of the liver, kidneys and spleen.



WE are *sole owners* of the *only* process which removes the gypsum and other *dangerous* impurities from salt. That is *why* Shaker Table Salt is the *only* table salt that is absolutely free of dangerously unhealthful impurities—the *only* salt that is *safe* and fit for your table. We will gladly send you, upon request, Government proof of all this.

Its freedom from dangerous, rank impurities gives Shaker Table Salt a pure, delicate flavor—a "saltiness" and savor not found in other table salt, and the fineness of grain in Shaker Table Salt enables you to flavor food as delicately as the most fastidious taste could wish.

The Salt that Always Flows Freely

Simply tip the shaker and out flows Shaker Table Salt *every time*—always "loose"—always dry.

The Table Salt that is Properly Packed and Protected

Shaker Table Salt comes to you in a convenient and sanitary salt box, having a patented spout for filling salt shakers without bother or waste. This box is air-tight, water-proof, dirt and dust-proof, germ and odor-proof—keeping Shaker Table Salt protected from contaminating germs, odors and impurities of the grocery and kitchen.

Shaker Table Salt is used *exclusively* in the finest hotels, restaurants and clubs, and by the railroad and steamship lines, as well as in the best homes everywhere.

Avoid Dangerous Substitutes—Order Shaker Table Salt From Your Grocer Today

From All Good Grocers

Shaker Table Salt costs about 10 cents a *year* more than common, rank, sharp, bitter-tasting, coarse, gritty, soggy, lumpy, dangerously impure salt.

Diamond Crystal Salt Co., Station J12, St. Clair, Mich.
Shaker Table Salt, Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt. Makers of

The Only Salt 99 7-10 per cent Pure —Proved Best by Government Test.

"Saltiest" — Purest Salt

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SWEATERS

are the

BEST

money can buy.

WHY?

Pure Worsted Yarn (the long combings of the wool) used exclusively thus causing the garment to retain its shape as long as worn.

Knit by Experts in their line.

Fits the Body snugly—a feature only high-grade operators can produce.

The French Stitch we recommend as closer, more durable and elastic, although we make all stitches.

A Guarantee of perfect workmanship and best quality is attached to each garment.

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Put the **INDEX BURNER** on your old kerosene lamp and increase the candle-power five to ten times. Saves enough oil in three months to pay for itself. Burns 66 hours on one gallon of oil. Gives 100 candle-power. For new prices write today, to desk 9.

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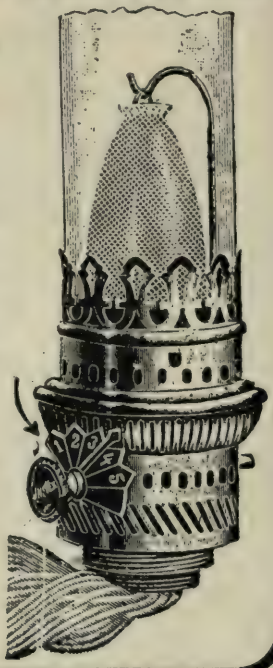

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Spilman Mixture—the recognized favorite of America's discriminating smokers. Absolute purity and delicious, natural flavor of the world's finest tobaccos have made it so. Try it.

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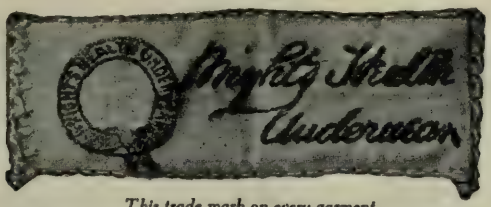

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Made of many tiny fluffy loops. Joined together so no body-heat escapes; no outside cold comes in; no damp of perspiration stands on the skin. Costs no more than the ordinary kind.

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The best value ever offered; **made of the very finest grade of Japanese mink;** trimmed with natural heads, paws and tails; lined with either brocaded silk or Skinner's guaranteed satin—distinctly high class in every respect. A set purchased from your local dealer at from $40.00 to $45.00 would not compare in style, quality or workmanship. On account of its beauty and well known wearing quality, Japanese mink is one of our most popular furs. We have made up for this advertisement some unusually fine skins, and remind you of the decided advantage of ordering at once.

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A Sure Road to Independence

A CROP THAT PAYS $1000 AN ACRE

AND PAYS IT THE FIRST AND EVERY YEAR

It sounds almost too good to be true—**but it can be done** and is **now** being done on land in the **fertile, irrigated valleys** of **California.** Years of experimenting have also **proven** that California is the only State in the Union that will grow **this** crop and even in this State the area is limited and certain soil and climatic conditions are requisite for success.

There is no such thing as crop failure on these irrigated lands. There are **no years** of **waiting** for **profits** as in growing **oranges** and **other fruits** or **eucalyptus**—no **disappointments** nor **discontent.** You get the **profits the first year** and **every year.**

This corporation, officered by practical, experienced men in this line of business who have expended large sums of money and much time proving beyond the shadow of doubt that growing **Turkish Tobacco** does pay **$750 to $1000 an acre,** is offering an opportunity unparalled in the world of agriculture and manufacturing industry.

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You take no chances in this enterprise. **Every dollar** you invest is **handled by the Merchants Bank and Trust Company** of **Los Angeles, Cal.,** and **is paid out by them only for things done, not things promised.**

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With a broader and more liberal policy than has characterized any similar enterprise this corporation controlling thousands of acres proposes to give in fee simple by **absolute deed** with **guaranteed title** a limited number of acres in small tracts to first applicants, **without any payment for the land,** the only condition being that the applicant must have enough money to place the land under cultivation, which requires an investment, according to the number of acres acquired under our present offer.

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By our new plan we plant, cultivate, harvest and market the crop for you. You are **not obligated to move** or occupy your land or give up your present occupation until ready to make California your home and live a life of independence and enjoy **health, wealth** and **happiness** in the most glorious climate in the world.

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"*One of the greatest novels ever written by a Southern man. It is vivid, telling, powerful.*"—John Trotwood Moore.

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This novel is absolutely unique in English Literature and with the exception of none is the only attempt to be philosophically accurate in handling this all-absorbing race theme. It is a virile, honest, red-blooded presentation of the greatest factor in American life.

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$2.40 per hundred instead of $5.00

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The reason this cigar is sold at $2.40 instead of $5.00 per hundred is because I buy and sell for cash. I ask no credit, neither do I give it. I personally buy my tobacco direct from the grower in Cuba, and pay him at least five weeks before the tobacco reaches the U. S. Custom House. I buy for less and sell for less. I believe in what Elbert Hubbard said in April, 1907, issue of the Philistine:

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Among my 35 different brands I have an "in between" smoke called "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers." I want you to be on smoking terms with them, because they are just the thing you want when you don't want a big cigar. They are Havana filled—4 in. long—blunt at both ends—made the way the Cuban planter rolls tobacco for his own use—without a binder.

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Send me $2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends.

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If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good if my cigars don't, just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.

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If you are interested in any of the above subjects, then read the following very carefully:

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Ideal Homes, for one year, with a certificate of membership in the Ideal Homes Club; Human Life magazine, for one year, and The Pacific Monthly, for one year, which together amounts to $3.50, at a special price of $2.00.

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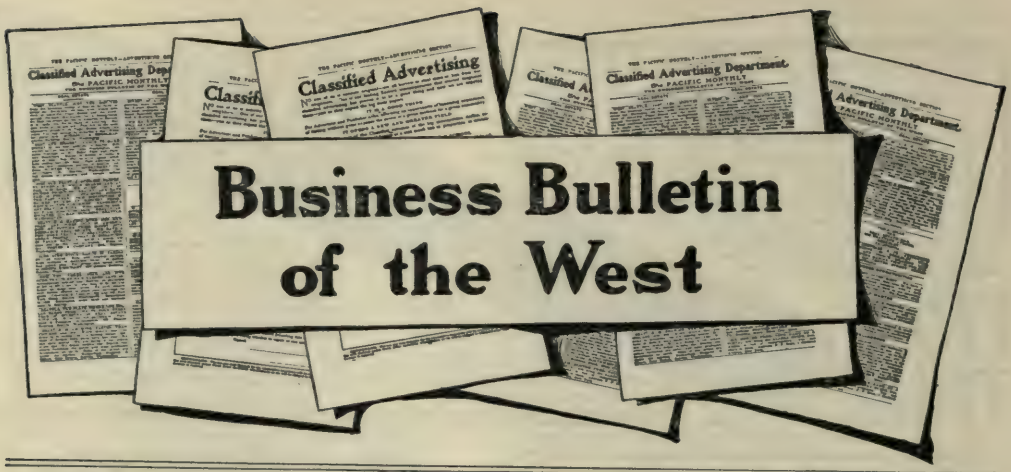

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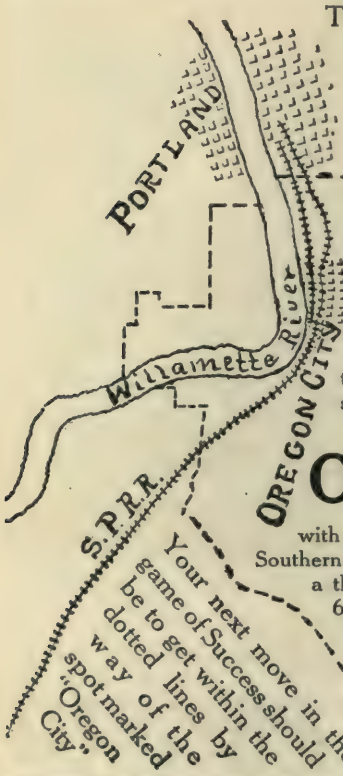

Portland, the metropolis of the Northwest, is at our northern boundry. It gets electric light and power from two of our rivers, fuel from our forests, its water supply from one of our mountain streams, and for food it demands the output of our fields and orchards, poultry yards and dairies. Our soil is the most fertile, and, notwithstanding proximity to Portland, lands are cheaper here than in sections more extensively advertised. But get them soon for they are bound to increase in price.

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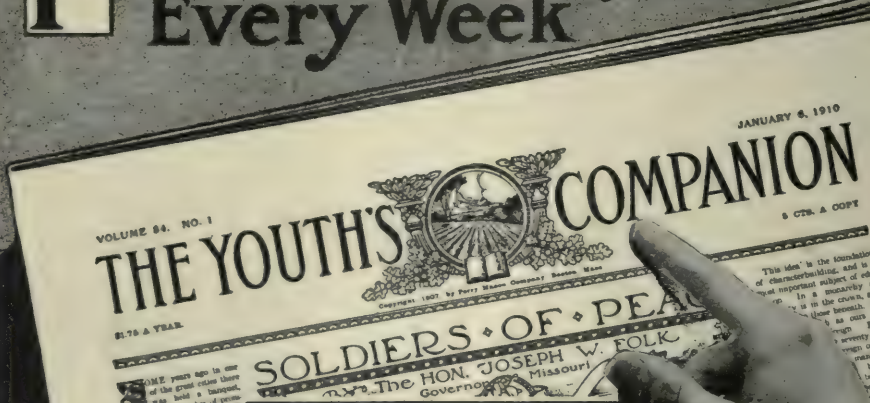

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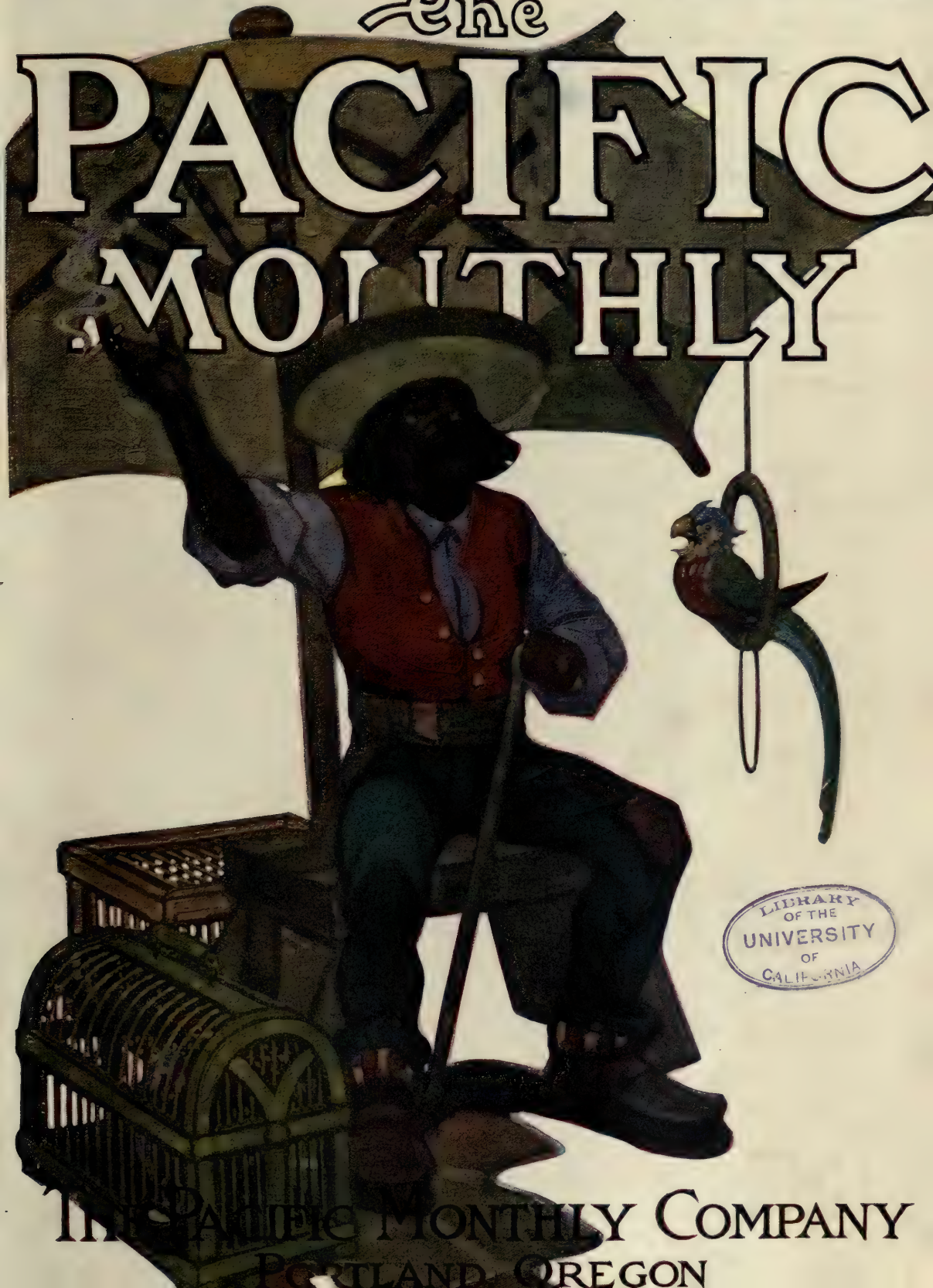

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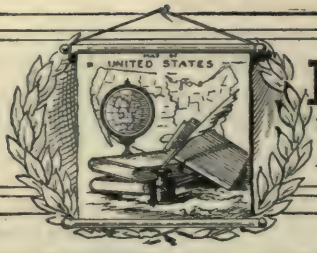

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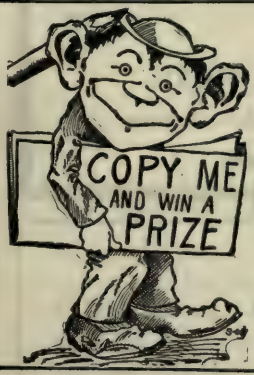

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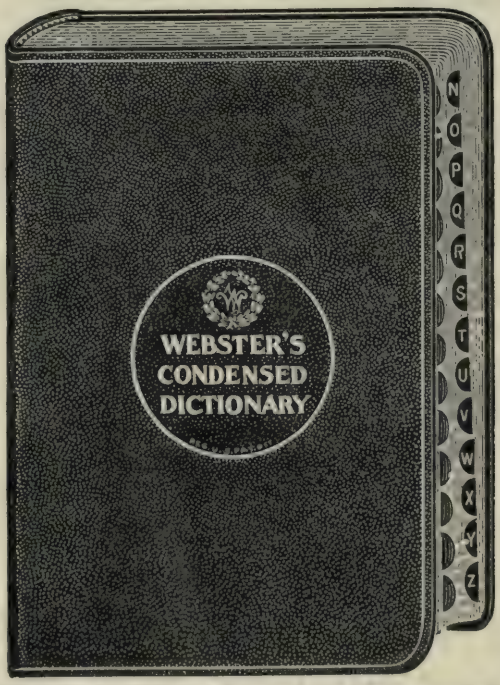

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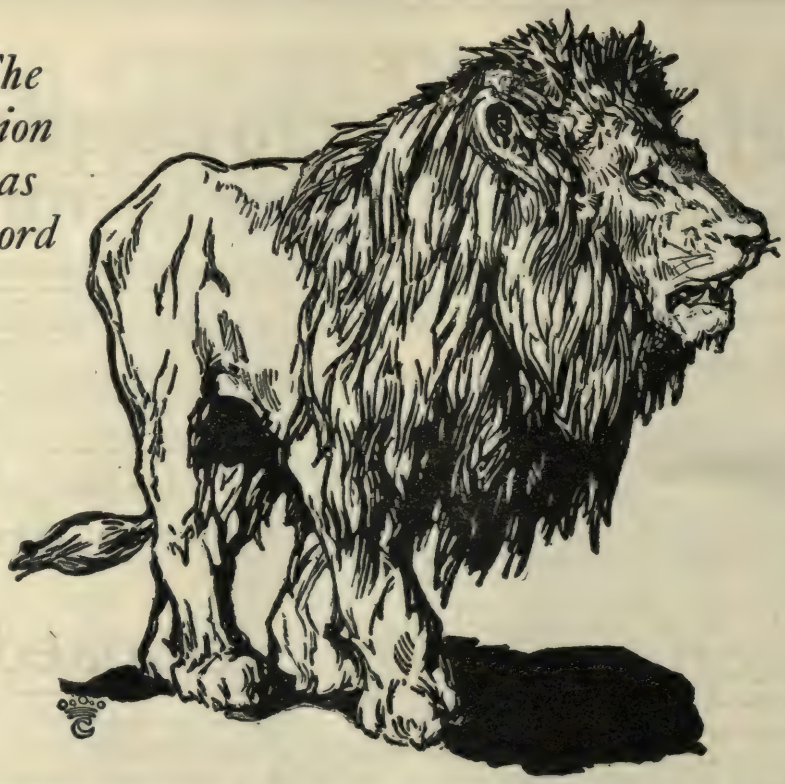

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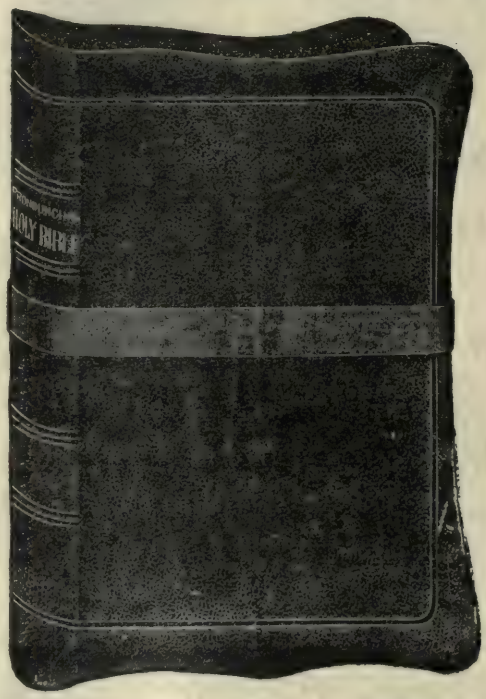

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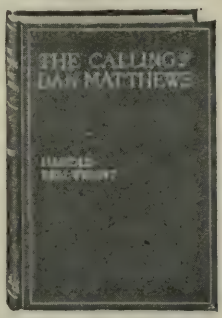

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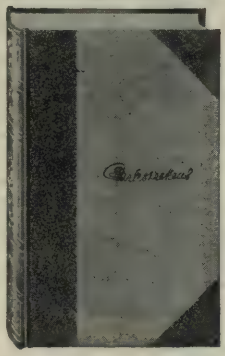

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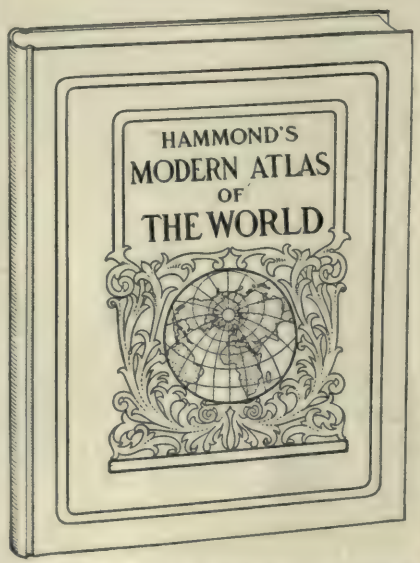

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The Retreat, proposed to be erected in University City, Missouri, the Capital City of the League, for the care in comfort and happiness of members who may become destitute. And an Orphanage for the care and education of minor children of deceased members, who may be left alone in the world without friends or means.

Any woman of the white race is eligible for membership, and as a member, is entitled to the advantages and use of **all** the institutions of the League for life; a man may become an honorary member, entitled to the free use of all the various institutions, barring the Retreat and Orphanage and Loan and Relief Fund.

Send today for the booklet fully explaining how all these **leading** features of the League Plan, and many others of lesser importance, are carried out completely, without the members having to pay any initiation fees, dues or assessments, either at the beginning or at any other time.

The Founder's Chapter of the League, **entitling the first one hundred thousand members to special advantages,** is fast filling up—delay may prevent the possibility of **YOU** becoming a member of the Founder's Chapter. Don't say "it can't be done" until you have given us the opportunity to prove to you that **it is being done.**

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Put quarter-pound freshly roasted coffee berries in basin, add small piece vanilla pod, pour over pint of hot cream and allow to infuse half hour. Cream yolks of six eggs with quarter pound sugar; when well beaten add to coffee infusion. Place basin over saucepan of boiling water and stir until mixture acquires consistency of thick cream. Strain, add half-pint cream and beat over ice until quite cold. Serve with NABISCO Sugar Wafers.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

To Our Readers

The Pacific Monthly for December

OOLAU THE LEPER'' is the title of a striking story by Jack London, which will appear next month. It is practically a genuine bit of South Sea history visualized and put into literary form by Mr. London, from the account he received, at first hand, while in the Hawaiian Islands. It is the story of a courageous Kanaka, who, beginning to be afflicted with leprosy, was sought by the authorities for deportation to Molakai, and could not understand why he should be compelled to leave the island and hills he loved; he resisted with a determination and valor that compel the admiration and sympathy of the reader. The story is a bit terrible in some respects, but it grips the reader none the less for that.

This is the first of a series of brilliant stories and South Sea travel sketches by Mr. London which will appear in **The Pacific Monthly** during the coming year. Owing to the hardships encountered in the South Seas, and a dangerous and for a time apparently incurable affliction, which Mr. London describes in one of his articles, the voyage around the world in the ''Snark'' had to be given up after Australia was reached, and Mr. London, accompanied by his wife, returned to the United States, where they are happy again in their mountain home at Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, California. Here, practically recovered in health, Mr. London is deep in literary work.

Arno Dosch, a well-known Portland and San Francisco newspaper man, who has recently gone to New York to give free rein to his literary ambitions, has contributed a very delightful little article, entitled **''All Day in a Hay Schooner,''** the account of a trip on a typical San Francisco Bay craft. Illustrated from several unusually beautiful photographs by E. N. Sewell, of San Francisco.

''My Christmas Burglary,'' by ''Q'' (A. T. Quiller-Couch), is a very entertaining and seasonable short story, in the well-known vein of this clever English writer.

''Buying Buffalo on the Hoof'' is the characteristic title of one of Agnes Deans Cameron's descriptions of interesting Western life. It is a story of the greatest living herd of bison, how it had its start from orphan calves just about the time that the bison had begun to rapidly disappear from the plains. The story is told in Miss Cameron's easy, graphic manner, and is richly illustrated from photographs.

Amid the present-day talk of monster battle-ships to provide for the heaviest batteries, and now that it is agreed that big guns are the great essential, and every nation is trying to have the biggest guns and the biggest vessels to carry the greatest number of big guns, it is interesting to have an article from the pen of an ordnance officer who fought with the first breech-loaders. Brigadier-General J. P. Farley, U. S. A., formerly Colonel of Ordnance and soldier of the old school, yet ''one whose days have been prolonged to admit of his constructing the sixteen-inch rifle,'' has written **''The Crow We Had to Pick,''** a very striking account of the first use of the breech-loading rifle cannon of the Civil War, describing many thrilling incidents, not to say some hitherto unwritten bits of history, at the same time indicating something of the tremendous progress made during his fifty years of experience with ordnance. Illustrated from many very interesting and hitherto unpublished Civil-War photographs.

Other strong features of the Christmas number are:

A remarkable and dramatic ballad by Lewis R. Freeman, **''The Wreck of the Cora Andrews''**; a brilliant naval story, **''The Convincing of Captain Arklow,''** by Patrick Vaux; a thrilling story of war in the time of Napoleon, **''The Cry From the Abyss,''** translated by Mary J. Safford, from the famous French author, Georges d'Esparbes; **''The Christmas Trail,''** a splendid poem, by Charles Badger Clark, Jr., and **''Three Sonnets of the Night Skies,''** by George Sterling.

FELIX BENGUIAT completes his fascinating **''Ugly Hilda,''**—''A Fairy Tale for All Ages,'' next month.

DR. STEPHEN S. WISE will have a strong essay in the issue.

A beautiful cover design and many pictures of Western scenery, will help to complete the finest Christmas number we have ever issued.

Prisoners

By D. E. Dermody

O sailor—my sailor!
In vain we fret us forth;
The rainbow ends grow paler
West and East and South and North.
I turn me from the ocean
With a moan upon my lips—
Men gauge its depth and motion,
All its bounds are flecked with ships.

NO more in mystery shrouded
The Tides Ultima flow;
Earth's seas are overcrowded,
And we may not further go.
O sailor—my sailor!
Earth's shores all charted are—
How cruel was the Jailer
Who gyved us to one star!

Cantwell, photographer.

IN THE CASCADES.

Photograph by C. C. Pierce & Company.

A CALIFORNIA LIVE OAK

WHERE THE TROUT LEAP HIGH, IDAHO MOUNTAINS.

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MOUNT BAKER, WASHINGTON

VOL. XXII NOVEMBER, 1909 No. 5

The New Hawaii

By Edward P. Irwin

KAHAKUKAALANI, Kemilia and Hau'a, three ancient dames in whose arteries flowed the blood of the old nobility of Hawaii, sat in the ante-chamber of the Governor's office smoking cigarettes. In her lap each held two small paper bags, the necks squeezed up so as to conceal the nature of the contents.

The women were very old. Their hair, white and scanty, straggled down loosely from beneath broad-brimmed, flapping straw hats. Each was dressed in a white *holoku,* the loose, trailing robe that is the ordinary garb of the Hawaiian woman.

They sat very stiff and very straight, these old women, smoking their brown paper cigarettes, but they looked up with pleasant smiles and greeted with a dignified *"aloha"* everybody who entered the room.

The door of the executive chamber opened and the caller who had been conferring with the Governor came out. The chief clerk approached the women. "The Governor will see you now. Come this way, please," he said in Hawaiian.

The three arose at once, each gripping the necks of her two paper bags, and were ushered into the presence of Governor Walter F. Frear, of Hawaii, who gave them the native greeting, *"Aloha."*

"Do you know what those old ladies had in their paper bags?" a waiting head of department asked me, as the door closed behind the women. I shook my head.

"They had eggs and limes," he said.

"Eggs and limes!" I suppose I looked my astonishment, and he explained.

"Those are their offerings to the Governor, a sort of token of fealty, dont you know? It means more with them than if they had taken the oath of al-

THE CAPITOL BUILDING, HONOLULU. THIS WAS THE ROYAL PALACE DURING THE DAYS OF THE LATE MONARCHY.

legiance. It means that they now formally and voluntarily recognize him as their chief. That is the way the people of this country used to do in the old days. When the people were received in audience by the Chief or the King, they gave him little offerings such as those old women bring today to Governor Frear."

The incident was significant. It meant a breaking down of old prejudices and hatreds, a recognition by the Hawaiians that the white man at the head of the government was the chief over both *haole* and Hawaiian. It meant that the natives are beginning to feel that the government is theirs, and that they are not being ruled by conquerors.

COCOANUT GROVE, HONOLULU; ABOUT A TEN-YEAR GROWTH.

It is but little more than a decade since the Hawaiian Islands became a part of the United States, and it is not strange that many of the old Hawaiians, and of the younger generation, too, to a lesser extent, feel that they are

a conquered people, and smart under the humiliation. The hardest task which Uncle Sam has had before him in these islands has been to eradicate this feeling and persuade the natives that they are as much American as the people living in Boston, Chicago or San Francisco.

WATER HYACINTHS AND PALMS, KAPIALANI PARK, HONOLULU.

It was a difficult problem which the annexation of the islands gave the United States to solve. It has not been very easy to make good American citizens out of the material which Hawaii offered. The recipe for American citizenship in this group of islands in the midst

A NATIVE HOME IN THE BACK COUNTRY.

THE LATE PRINCESS RUTH, OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF HAWAII.

of the Pacific is somewhat as follows:

Take seventy-five parts Japanese, forty-five parts aboriginal Hawaiian, fifty parts Chinese and ten parts Anglo-Saxon. Add a fair-sized pinch of Portuguese, a dash of Korean and a little Porto Rican. Flavor with French, mix well and let stand in the sun of the semi-tropics for some years. Serve with Spanish sauce.

This recipe, which Uncle Sam is obliged to use in his endeavor to form a new commonwealth out on the Western edge of things, is somewhat in the nature of an experiment and just how it will turn out is still a little problematical. A taste of the unfinished concoction suggests that it might be improved by the addition of a little more Anglo-Saxon (American brand). With this slight change, and with a more thorough mixing, the dish when finished should be not only unique, but of a most delicate flavor and delightful piquancy.

The People Today.

Getting away from the figurative cook-book,—it is a peculiar land, this group of islands in the mid-Pacific, a land of contradictions, of strange anomalies, of anachronisms. Here, on the luxuriant, exotic plant of the languid tropics, the United States is trying to graft the hardier branch of sturdy Americanism. In a garden filled with the strange blossoms of the Orient an effort is being made to grow the graceful flower of upright American citizenship. Much cultivation and severe pruning will be necessary to overcome the influences of old environment and heredity, but already the results of the thought and labor expended are becoming apparent.

To understand what the gardener has to work with and contend with, one must know something of the people of Hawaii.

When Saturday afternoon arrives, and with it the half-holiday which is enjoyed

QUEEN EMMA, ONE OF THE FORMER RULERS OF HAWAII.

A YOUNG NATIVE GIRL.

by all the inhabitants of Honolulu, except those unfortunates who may be detained getting up their mail for some soon-to-depart trans-Pacific steamer, the stranger (*malihini*) who wishes to see for himself what the people of Hawaii are like, will, if he be wise, go to the Fishmarket on lower King street. With the exception of those who are well enough to do to have their Sunday marketing done by servants, he will find them all there.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, HAWAIIAN LEGISLATURE, 1907 SESSION.
The Man in White, in the Front Row, is Prince Cupid (Jonah Kulua Kalanianaale), Delegate to Congress.

Everybody in Hawaii eats fish. Combined with *poi* it is the staple food of the poorer native Hawaiians, of the Chinese and of the Japanese. Even those of the aboriginal people who are sufficiently wealthy to be able to live according to the standards of the ordinary American, would, if deprived of the food of the sea, miss it as an Englishman would miss his roast beef or a New Englander his pie. So they go to the Fishmarket on Saturday afternoon to lay in their supply for Sunday. As a consequence, the place has come to be a social as well as an economic institution. Here Leilehua, who lives in the Palama district, comes to buy an *ulua* or a brace of mullet for her husband's dinner, and at the same time to gossip with her friend Kelela, from the Kakaako section of the city, and talk over the *luau* given on Monday by Elemaukule out Kalihi way. And while the Chinese shopman is wrapping the fish in a couple of *ti* leaves and twisting the stems to form a convenient basket, she and her friend survey the crowd wandering through the narrow aisles of the market or bargaining shrewdly with the voluble and be-queued Celestials, who in extravagant phrases praise the excellence of their wares and the remarkable cheapness of their prices.

The sounds arising to high heaven from the tower of Babel, after the infliction of the diversity of tongues, could hardly have been much more various

VISIT OF A COMMITTEE OF THE HAWAIIAN LEGISLATURE TO A NATIVE FAMILY AT THEIR GRASS HUT.

than the medley from this laughing, chattering, bargaining, joking, love-making throng. The parade of the Congress of Nations, given before the performance of the World's Greatest Combined Four-Ringed Shows, would represent no more nations and show no greater number of characteristic costumes. Europe, Asia,

SENATE MEMBERS OF THE HAWAIIAN LEGISLATURE, SESSION OF 1907.

AUTOMOBILE OF THE JAPANESE CONSUL IN THE FLORAL PARADE, HONOLULU, FEBRUARY 22, 1909.
It was Occupied by a Japanese Couple and an American Couple, Typifying the Good Will and Friendship Between the Two Nations.

CUTTING SUGAR CANE IN SOUTH KOUA, HAWAII.

Africa, North America and all the isles of the Seven Seas are represented.

Here a wrinkled, weazened Chinese shuffles stolidly along, followed by his wife, a buxom, large-eyed Hawaiian woman, dressed in a trailing *holoku* and bearing in her arms the *hapapake* (half-Chinese) result of their union, a bright-eyed child in whose veins flows the mingled blood of the Orient and of the South Seas. There little Tsuruda, daughter of Nippon, with her slant-eyed son and heir strapped to her back and surveying the scene with unwinking gravity, chatters gaily with another Japanese maiden dressed in *kimona* and *obi*. Half-hidden from the curious by a pillar, a stalwart Hawaiian, barefooted, but with a huge *lei* or wreath of *maile* about his flapping straw hat, breathes sweet nothings into the golden-tinted ear of a beautiful half-white girl. Clustered about a stall piled high with the rainbow-tinted spoil of the sea, a group of trousered Chinese women, their hair sleeked back with oil and bound with gold and jade ornaments, contrast oddly with the vivacious Portuguese women, slight, dark and energetic, across the aisle from them.

A black, kinky-haired Porto Rican with negroid features, dirty and half-clad, wanders insolently through the crowd, shoving out of his way the groups of gaily-dressed Chinese children. A carriage with a pair of smart horses drives rapidly up to the curb, and milady within sends her liveried footman to make the purchase for the Sunday dinner of the household.

Mingled with the dark-skinned peoples, Europeans and Americans, well dressed, prosperous appearing, do their shopping and talk business or discuss the latest cable and steamer news and the prospects for the coming sugar crop.

The people of Honolulu—which as the chief city of the Territory is typical—are simple. The same naivete marks their good qualities and their bad. Their open-handed hospitality, their innate kindness of heart, their contentment, are as evident to the gaze of the onlooker as their indolence, their self-complacency, their improvidence, or as the utter unmorality which characterizes many of them. Naturally time and the admixture of new blood are gradually effecting a change. Slowly the people are learning the value of time and money and acquiring some of the airs and complexities of the outside world—but only slowly. The old-time Hawaiian, who still survives in rapidly decreasing numbers, is as ready now as he was a decade ago to offer the chance visitor everything in his house, from fish and *poi* to his handsomest daughter. "All right," he says. "You take. No *pilikia*."

"No *pilikia*." That is the keynote to the character of the native Hawaiian. No *pilikia*,—no trouble; no matter. Nothing matters. Trouble passes them by on wings the breeze from which fans them but lightly. Is there nothing in the house to eat; no *pilikia*. There are still fish in the sea and they can be caught tomorrow. Does a child die; no *pilikia*. The funeral can be followed by a big *luau* at which the mourners and their friends can eat and drink and make merry in honor of the dear departed. Does the family need money to give that same *luau;* no *pilikia*. The head of the family can mortgage to some rich *haole* (white man) his little patch of ground, and if, as usually happens, he fails to redeem it, no *pilikia;* they can still live somehow. They are children, these Hawaiians, and in the more strenuous struggle of life which the annexation of their country by their big neighbor across the water has brought, they stand but small chance of holding their own. But no *pilikia,* no matter. The Trades still sigh through the treetops and cocoanuts grow without cultivation. Fish still swim in the sea and *poi* is cheap. What more do they need, except a little gin to mellow their voices so they can the better sing to the soft twanging of the *ukulele,* the weird, haunting *meles* of their country?

This is their country, spite of the encroachments of the white man and the yellow. Take them away from it, and they die. The great cities of the outside world have no attraction for them compared with the blue sky of Hawaii, the

sparkling waters which isolate them, the frowning, volcanic mountains which overshadow them. Surrounded by the Present, living only in the Present, they still hark back to the Past. The spirit of the warrior has died out of them, but they retain the superstitions bred into their fathers by the teachings of the *kahunas*. They are intensely superstitious. Mingled with a faith in the Christian God, they have an implicit belief in the power of the *anaana*, the "praying to death." They know that there is only one true God, for the missionaries taught them that generations ago—but who knows if the ancient gods of Hawaii do not still haunt the rocks and streams and the echoing ocean caves? It is well to be on the safe side.

The people of other nationalities which go to make up this strange cosmopolitan community still retain their national and racial characteristics, costumes and speech, but with the sharp dividing lines softened and blurred by the languid atmosphere of the country. The Japanese is as shrewd, as industrious, as unreliable and as impertinent in Hawaii as he is the world over, but he dresses in American fashion and talks the peculiar Pidgin-English of the country, even if he does persist in diving off streetcars headfirst while they are in motion. His wife still wears *kimona* and *obi* and wooden clogs, but she goes to baseball games with her lord and master and roots like a fan.

Fook Tai, from the land of the Heaven-born Emperor, still lives on rice and fish, wears his hair in a queue and smokes opium. But his wife is a strapping Hawaiian woman, twice as big as himself, and his son has discarded the queue and goes to school with the *haoles*, where he plays football, learns to read Tennyson and recites with fervor the salute to the flag.

The parents of Maria Ferreira came in an immigrant ship from the Azores, landing at the quarantine wharf with all their worldly possessions wrapped in a red quilt, and after a residence of a quarter of a century they still retain their allegiance to the King of Portugal. But when their daughter Jacinta goes for her Sunday promenade through Kapiolani park with handsome Manuel Correa, no girl whose mother was born on Beacon Hill wears a dress that is more spotlessly white, stiffly ironed and modishly cut.

Go to a dance at the Seaside Hotel on a Saturday night, and you will meet them all, and all on a footing of social equality. For these public dances that are given at short intervals in Honolulu are peculiar in their way. Probably nowhere else in the world could a dance be given in the open air, with the sound of the lisping waves mingling with the music of the orchestra, with no invitations issued, no admission charged, at which there would not be present an undesirable element.

Yet here you will meet "missionaries" and millionaires, with their sons and daughters, mingling freely and without any feeling of restraint or self-consciousness, with native Hawaiians, beautiful half-whites, darkly handsome Portuguese, clerks, business men, Government officials, army and navy officers. The sea murmurs softly, lapping the coral sand of the shore; the breath of the Trades sighs through the *algerobas* and rustles the fronds of the palms; the glorious moon of the tropics sheds it silver rays over land and sea; the native orchestra plays the dreamy, half-mournful, haunting melodies of the country, accompanying with their strong, rich voices—and this cosmopolitan medley of peoples from all the far ends of the earth dance and chatter and make love to it all. Why should they be enterprising, nervous, industrious, when life is all a beautiful dream under a summer sky?

The cosmopolitanism is oddly contrasted with provincialism—for provincial the people are, as much so as it has become customary to say New York is. The cosmopolitanism is only superficial, consists only in the bringing together in one place of so many different and varying nationalities. Here the East meets the West—Kipling to the contrary notwithstanding—the Orient melts imperceptibly into the Occident; the bold, slanting rays from the Great Bear dim into pale insignificance the feeble glimmer of the Southern Cross.

But the native Hawaiian knows nothing, has never known anything, of the great outside world, while the outlanders are far from home and have lost track of things back there.

And so, they are all supremely and complacently self-satisfied. Of what goes on on the other side of the thousands of miles of water surrounding them, they have but a faint idea. Dim echoes of distant battles are borne to them by curt cable messages or week-old California newspapers. But they are too far away to see the smoke of the conflict. The strife and struggle of the world are not for them. The assassination of a King or President or the destruction of a city may rouse them to momentary interest in the events of the Far Away, but such interest is only transient. The topics of importance are the prospects for the next sugar crop, the scarcity of field laborers, the arrival of a new shipload of immigrants, or the big *luau* to be given in celebration of a birth, a death, a marriage, or any other event which may serve as an excuse for music, eating and drinking. The people of Hawaii have forgotten the Past and waste no time gazing far into the Future. The Present is enough for them.

Yet here a reservation must be made. There is a certain class who have not forgotten the Past, who still look back with regret and longing to the days before annexation, when things were very different from what they are now—the time when Hawaii was a nation of itself and they were part of the glory of the Court. At the balls that are still given, as in the old days, at the Palace and at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the *alii*, the old nobility of the departed kingdom, are seen no more. Loyal still to their deposed Queen, hating the white man who has taken her glory from her, they, like her, hide in mournful retirement. But their mourning is without hope. The old order of things has passed away and they recognize that it is forever.

HAWAIIAN DANCING GIRLS, OLD STYLE. HULA SKIRTS AND LEIS.

The coming of the white man has had its inevitable effect upon the aboriginal

inhabitants—they are becoming yearly fewer in numbers. The white man's habits and customs, his religion and his laws, his Bible and his bottle, are not for the man whose skin is dark. When they are forced on him, he dies.

And the aboriginal Hawaiians are dying. The race is going the way of the American Indian. Naturally indolent, careless, ignorant of the laws of health and sanitation, when he comes to eat the white man's food, dwell in his houses, drink his potent liquors and acquire his weaknesses and diseases, the sturdy, primitive Kanaka succumbs. When Captain Cook discovered the group he estimated the population at not less than 400,000. Today there are not more than a tenth that number, and a large proportion of them are of mixed blood. The trade of the abortionist was an old one before ever the white man came, and it is still prosperous. And the women do not know how to take care of their children. The number of infant deaths is pitiable.

But a new race is springing up in place of the old. In its veins flows the blood of old New England sea captains and missionaries, English wanderers, German traders, Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese colonists—all mingled with the aboriginal strain.

A handsome race it is, too—better looking than any of its ancestors. One meets the new generation everywhere—in the clubs, the churches, the stores, the public offices. Tall and shapely, their most distinguishing feature is their wonderful eyes, eyes which have come down to them from their Hawaiian mothers, but which are more beautiful than those of the full-blood. Their complexion is peculiar, almost as if a semi-transparent coating of gold half-hid, half-revealed, clear white beneath.

It is an undeveloped race yet, a race in the making, so it is not strange that few of its members occupy positions of importance or trust. It has been charged that they are immoral as a race. That is not the right word. Unmoral is more nearly correct, and that can be applied to a constantly lessening extent.

Besides, in our eyes, everything that we do not understand, all customs which differ from our own, all beliefs in which we cannot agree, are immoral. We consider it immoral for a man to have more than one wife at a time, but that is a convention of our own. The Mohammedan may have four and still be the most virtuous of men. We have superimposed the virtue of the Puritan upon the morals and customs of the South Seas and exclaim because the islanders did not find it easy to accept our notions.

The people of one race cannot be rightfully judged by the standards of another. And it must be remembered that before the missionaries came, Hawaii was one of the few countries where not only could a man have as many wives as he could support, but a woman could have more than one husband. The name and the property used to descend through the mother instead of the father. This was not immorality; it was custom and therefore proper.

It is more than ten years since the Hawaiian Islands were added to the United States, and they were no new country even then. When the first of the goldseekers trudged their weary way over mountain, plain and desert to California in '49, Hawaii had her schools and churches, and the sons and daughters of the planters had for years been going to Eastern colleges. Yet there is no part of the United States concerning which there is less real information than Hawaii. Even the National Legislature is slow to realize that the group of islands lying out on the western edge of things, the country which has nearly twenty-five thousand miles of east and no west except a few hundred miles of water, which separates it from the 180th meridian marking the line where the east leaves off and the west begins, are not a possession of the United States, but as integral a part of the republic as the State of Massachusetts or the Territory of Arizona.

Three years ago, when I was preparing to come to Hawaii, a friend said to me: "Now, when you get down there dont spend all your time in Honolulu. Take your Sundays off and make trips around to the other islands. The first time you have a couple of days to spare take a run down to the Volcano."

SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF LANAI, HAWAII.
Typical of the Country Where Water is Scarce.

My friend was rather better informed than most people in the States in regard to Hawaii. He knew the territory is composed of more than one island, and he didn't call the group the Sandwich Islands. Neither did he caution me against cannibals. But he did not know that the distance from the city of Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, to the volcano of Kilauea on the island of Hawaii is more than 150 miles, and that the shortest time in which one can make the round trip is five days. The children of the other islands of the group do not swim over to Honolulu every morning to go to school.

Sugar and "Missionaries."

Hawaii's chief assets are climate, sugar and missionaries.

The climate is free and plentiful, and may be enjoyed by even the common people. The sugar is owned by the missionaries—as is everything else in the islands worth owning. Hawaii is a practical example of the scriptural promise, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

The dear sister back in New England who drops her mite into the plate and sends with it her prayers on those Sundays in the year when the agent for the Foreign Missionary Society makes his plea for the benighted heathen living and dying in blissful ignorance of the only true religion, probably pictures in her mind some poor, struggling young man, meek and lowly, seated on the ground beneath a palm tree in a distant land and surrounded by eager, dark-skinned, scantily-clothed natives, to whom he expounds the sublime truths that point the way to eternal happiness. He is the missionary for whose support she gives her pennies and to whom she sends the blessing of her prayers.

But if she should travel to Honolulu and have pointed out to her some of the "missionaries" of that city, she would probably receive a shock that it would take faith like a mountain to withstand. The chances are that in her wildest dreams she never conceived of a missionary owning automobiles, blooded stock and cattle on a thousand hills, and living like a feudal lord upon his baronial estate. The notion of a missionary presiding as Governor over a rich territory, or sitting upon the bench of the Supreme Court, or, as Senator of the commonwealth, helping to make the laws by which the people live, never entered her dear unselfish head. To her the idea of a missionary dealing in stocks and bonds or being a great merchant prince would be almost scandalous.

But to explain: The term "missionary" has a somewhat peculiar meaning in Hawaii. There used to be a missionary and an anti-missionary element, but the sharp edge of the distinction is grad-

GRASS HUT, HAWAII. NOT MANY OF THESE ARE LEFT IN THE ISLANDS NOW.

ually being dulled, though "missionary" is still almost synonymous with "wealthy" and "capable." It is the missionaries who have made the prosperity of Hawaii—from the white man's standpoint—though they have taken from the native about everything he ever owned that was of value, except his cheerful and happy disposition. Land, particularly sugar land, is the basis of all value in Hawaii, and the missionary element owns about all of it that is worth owning. Not to make any charges of sharp practice, the white man knew its value and the native did n't. The Indians of the United States do not own much land, except such reservations as a beneficent Government set apart for them where nobody else wanted to live—at the time.

The first missionaries who came to Hawaii, in 1821, found no such problems confronting them as have met their brothers in other and more savage countries. They found a gentle and kindly people, who received them with open arms and gave them of the best that there was to give. It was not even necessary for them to break down an old-established religion in order to get a foothold for their own particular brand, for just before their arrival the natives of their own freewill had discarded their idols, abolished their *tabu* system, and were waiting eagerly for some new religion to take the place of the one they had disowned. The soil was fertile and the resulting crop prolific.

Houses were built for the missionaries; lands were given them and they could buy more for what they chose to give. All land belonged to the King, and with such a wealth of it he could afford to be generous. And after the Great *Mahale,* or distribution of the lands, in the forties, the poorer natives, never having owned land, were ignorant of its value, and, being but children, they disposed of it readily for what was offered them.

Today there are virtually no missionaries in the islands, in the accepted sense of the term. They have been gathered to their fathers. But their descendants still live and flourish like the green bay tree—and are *called* missionaries. They are the sugar barons, the landowners, the judges. Their mansions line Nuuanu Avenue and their acres stretch from shore to shore of each of the eight islands. Their smart equipages clatter along the Beach Road; the honkings of their automobiles send the poverty-stricken natives scurrying to the curb.

A land-office man said to me one day: "If you find a large tract of land lying idle on the islands of Oahu or Hawaii and dont know to whom it belongs you are pretty safe in guessing 'the Bishop estate.' "

The island of Maui is virtually owned by H. P. Baldwin. The Wilcoxes, Castles and Spaldings own nearly everything of value on Kauai, the "Garden Island." On the other islands the Cookes and Dillinghams are great lords of the soil. These are all missionary names. Gay and Robinson—English and proud of it, who scorn the idea of naturalization—have big holdings on Kauai, and own absolutely the whole of the islands of Niihau and Lanai, besides holding a long-time lease on the little island of Lehua.

Such of these big holdings as are lease-holds will gradually be broken up when the leases expire, but where the land is held in fee simple, these little principalities may endure indefinitely, for the sugar barons are jealous of their privileges and power. Their lands are plastered with metaphorical keep-off-the-grass signs, and the little fellow who is rash enough to attempt to raise cane finds that the sugar barons raise Cain with him. It is the policy of the government to break up these big estates wherever possible, but the work is slow and there are many obstacles.

Native Feeling Toward the Whites.

But whatever may be said against the "missionaries"—and their faults are the faults of the rich in other communities than Hawaii—they are the ones who have built up the country, established the government, caused the annexation of the group to the United States, created the commerce and commercial prosperity of the territory. But one cannot blame the native if, when he mutters the

word *"haole"* (white man), his voice often expresses either sadness or bitterness. For all that the *haole* has, the Hawaiian has lost.

It is true that in the government of the Territory the native has a share. The majority of the members of the Legislature are Hawaiians, but the executive and the judiciary are in the hands of the white men. The Territorial offices are full of natives and half-whites, but the head of every department is a *haole*.

It is the habit of the influential part of the population, which seized the reins of government from the weak hands of Queen Liliuokalani and brought about annexation to the United States, to say that the Hawaiian people, whatever their feelings at the time, are glad that their country is now a part of the great Republic. I have seen nothing to incline me to believe that this is true. The native still looks upon the white man as his conqueror, and in his inmost heart hates him accordingly. One incident that happened in a theater illustrates this.

The play—a melodrama—had reached the act where the villain had got the heroine into his power and was ill-treating her and threatening to do the usual dreadful things to her. A simple old native sitting behind me, who had been leaning forward with an expression of the most intense interest, for the play was no play to him, but real life, in his excitement muttered in my ear, "D—d *haoles,* they are all alike!"

The true attitude comes out even more forcibly in the heat of a political campaign. Then, much as the white candidates may try to prevent it, the color line is sharply drawn, and the average Hawaiian will generally vote for the poorest specimen of his own race before he will cast his ballot for a *haole,* no matter how excellent the qualities and qualifications of the latter. In the Legislature I have noticed the same thing. In fact, it is the keynote to all legislation. If a bill is designed to benefit the Hawaiian, it goes through with a rush, but if the native legislators suspect that the *haole* interests are back of any measure it takes sharp work to get it passed.

HAWAIIAN HOME BENEATH A MONKEY-POD TREE.

The native, if he but knew it, could control the situation, for he has the votes. There are not over ten thousand white people in the Territory, as against about 45,000 Hawaiians. But it is each man for himself. The native is a natural politician, but he is in the game for what there is in it for him or his personal friends. Principles and policies cut little figure. Republican, Democrat or Home Rule, it is all the same to the Hawaiian, and he jumps about from one party to the other as the whim takes him. The real and proper aim of parties, he thinks, is to provide jobs for their supporters.

But it was not a Hawaiian but a Japanese who stopped me on the street, and, drawing me into a doorway, asked me anxiously: "Please excuse, boss, who you think be sheriff next time?"

I confessed my inability to size up the political situation at so early a date. "What do you want to know for?"

"Me, I got paper here say I can vote. I got nat'alzasun paper," and the Japanese pulled from his pocket a paper attesting that he had been naturalized and made a citizen of the Kingdom of Hawaii before the islands became a part of the United States. This, of course, made him a citizen of the Republic, although the laws do not permit of the naturalization of Orientals now.

"I can vote all same white man," Tama Abe went on, "so I think I ought to have job. That why I want to know who be next sheriff."

The Japanese had merely imbibed the Kanaka idea as to the rights and privileges conferred by the franchise. To obtain a Government position is the height of the ambition of nearly all the Hawaiians. A native would rather work as a janitor in a Government building for $40 a month than to get twice the money working for a private corporation.

Within the next decade, or a little more, Uncle Sam is going to find a curious situation confronting him in the Hawaiian Islands unless conditions are greatly changed by an influx of whites. He is going to wake up to the fact that a majority of the voting citizens of one of his Territories are Orientals.

This is not true as yet. In fact, the proportion of Japanese, Chinese and Koreans who hold the right of franchise is comparatively small. But by far the greater part of the total population of the islands is composed of Orientals. There are about 70,000 Japanese, 30,000 Chinese and possibly 5,000 or 6,000 Koreans in the Territory, with only about 10,000 white people and 45,000 Hawaiians. The adult Orientals, of course, with the exception of the few who were naturalized under the kingdom, are not American citizens. But their children born on American soil may, if they so elect, become American citizens. As a consequence there is a probability that when those born in the islands attain their majority, the Orientals will be able by their votes to control the situation. A Legislature, most of the members of which will be Japanese, is not an impossibility, and the time may come when most of the elective offices of the Government will be filled by men whose parents came from the land of the Mikado. Already the younger generation of Chinese take a very active part in politics. The Japanese are always quick to adopt any American institutions which work for their own benefit.

Hawaiians as Legislators.

As legislators the Hawaiians have made some progress since the time of the first or "Banderlog" Legislature, when for ninety days, and at a cost to the newly-created Territory of over $90,000, the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse. That first body of lawmakers has gone down into history as the "Lady-dog Legislature," from the fact that the net result of its deliberations was the passage of one bill—an act exempting from taxation female dogs. (Dog is the staple of a *luau*, or native feast, and the solons in their wisdom took steps to provide a plentiful supply.)

They were like children then, these Kanaka legislators, with a little red wagon, and they wanted to play with it. The power of making laws to govern themselves and their constituents was a new toy and they must take it apart to see what was inside. And then they lost their heads when it came to spending other people's money. Some of them

are still in jail and others have insecure residences in Mexico and Guatemala.

But now it is no longer necessary to chain down the chairs and desks to the floors of the legislative halls. Even the cuspidors are comparatively safe, and no member at the last session was discovered making a bundle of his stationery and shipping it home so that he could put in a requisition for a new supply. Congress might profit by following the economical example set by the last Hawaiian Legislature.

They have learned wisdom in other directions, too. It is several years since a member of the Lower House proposed his famous measure regulating the rise and fall of the tides. But Kaniho, the Representative from Kohala, did, at the 1907 session, object to appropriating any salary for the Territorial entomologist, because that official, he said, had neglected to come down to Kohala and pick the bugs off the Honorable Member's *taro* plants.

There is a good deal of opera bouffe about a session of these lawmakers. There is a natural tendency to cling to the forms and ceremonies of the defunct kingdom, and no member of the Hawaiian Legislature would think of addressing a brother member, even on the street, without using the prefix "Senator" or "Representative," as the case might be.

Oratory, they tell us, is dead, or at least dying, in the decadent East. It shows no signs of dissolution in Hawaii. Every Hawaiian, be he Territorial Senator or longshoreman—and the two are not infrequently the same—is a born orator, or thinks he is. He is ready at a moment's notice to make a speech on any subject which comes up. His arguments might not appear conclusive to a white man, but they are satisfactory to an Hawaiian audience.

One cannot always tell where a speaker is going to wind up when he starts. I have seen a member of the House of Representatives spring to his feet on the floor, and with contortionistic gestures and flamboyant oratory start out by bitterly opposing the passage of some measure under consideration and, going on with his speech, end by convincing himself that he was wrong and arguing as ardently in support of the bill.

The Hawaiians are, above all things, emotional. They can be reached by sentiment where argument or logic is unavailing. And they are intensely susceptible to ridicule. Browbeat him, revile him, make him the object of the fiercest attacks of invective, and he smiles serenely, but laugh at him and there is no hole too small for him to crawl into. He laughs, but when he does it is from simple joyousness and lightheartedness, not from a sense of humor. I have heard only one or two jokes perpetrated by Hawaiians. One of them I do not think was intended as a joke, but nevertheless it was a good one.

Kaniho, the erratic legislator from Kohala, who during the entire session had been bitterly attacked by all the newspapers, arose on the night the session closed and after magnanimously thanking everybody from the Speaker down to the janitor, closed by solemnly forgiving the newspaper men for all they had written about him. "Father, forgive them," he quoted, "for they know not what they do."

The Hawaiian Legislature is not restricted by any broad policies or tied down by principles of government or economics. Everything has a personal aspect. A member favors or opposes a bill solely because he thinks it will benefit or injure himself or some particular friend of his. (Nothing like this, of course, is ever noticed in other States or Territories.) If an appropriation for a salary is to be made, the question asked is not whether or not the holder of the office is competent, but it is whether or not he is a Hawaiian, or the friend of some particular member. The racial feeling is always cropping up. If an official has the blood of Hawaii in his veins his salary should be increased. "The man who holds that job," says Representative Joseph, "is no loafer, I tell you; he is a good man. He takes off his coat and works like a beaver. I know, because I worked in that office nine months." (Joseph appeared to have worked in about every office under the Government.)

The antics of the legislators may ap-

pear weird to the *haole,* but it must be remembered that Hawaii is only a new Territory and that the Legislature is a new body. So one need not smile too broadly at Kaniho when, in a fiery speech, he opposes the appropriation of a salary for the Archivist because this official has in his custody only the records of the dead and forgotten. Doubtless his reasons appear good to himself. "I find," he vociferates, "that they are preserving over there in the archives King Kalakaua's old helmet and badges, and some of his letters,—poorly written letters at that. You can get much better letters to preserve—new letters. Why not burn the old ones?"

And if Moanauli fervently urges that an arrant fakir be allowed to go to Molokai to treat lepers, who should blame him? His fathers were tattooed and wore bone rings in their noses, and what does their descendant know of microbes and the recent progress of medicine? Probably no other legislative body in the world could be stampeded by a quack who promised to cure an incurable disease with "moss from the female rocks of the deep sea, pulverized worms put to sleep by artificial heat," and such other savory messes. But it must be remembered that leprosy is the curse of the Hawaiian people, and that all the science in the world has not yet found a cure for it.

The Hawaiians are learning the science of lawmaking, but they are learning it slowly. Yet the time w ll come when there will be no ground for the contention so frequently made now, that a great mistake was made in extending to them the franchise.

Labor Troubles.

"A white man is not much good for plantation work in this country," remarked a plantation manager, "and if he were he could not afford to work for the wages we pay our plantation hands. A Japanese can live very well for $20 or $22 a month, and save money, and the Portuguese and Spaniards get along very well on such wages. Their large families help them, of course, for the children who are old enough all work more or less. And then each family has its little patch of land, on which it can raise what it pleases, and that helps some.

"Since the war with Russia, the Japs have been inclined to be cocky and bumptious, but they are fairly good workmen, and where they are properly handled there is little trouble."

The same man remarked to me upon the freedom from strikes enjoyed by the Hawaiian planters. This was before the recent rather menacing Japanese labor situation, which, for a time, seemed pregnant with very serious consequences to the islands, but which, like one or two bad strikes by Japanese laborers several years ago, proved unsuccessful. The attempts to organize Japanese on any large scale do not seem permanently effective, although the little brown men are quite alive to the fact that they have practically a monopoly of the labor supply for the only important industry. They are constantly working to strengthen their organizations and have been very aggressive at times. The leaders have incited riots, and there have been acts of violence which might have extended to much greater limits but for the resolute intervention of the Japanese consul. They are too intelligent to carry a strike to the point of ruining the industry, their plan being to operate merely to force the utmost concessions that the planters can afford. Were this one industry, sugar, to cease for any considerable time, it would work too much damage to the laborers, inasmuch as there would be nothing else for them to do. The planters insist that low wages are essential to the preservation of the industry, and it is said that any important increase in the cost of production would take away all profit. The proportion of labor in the cost of producing Hawaiian sugar is estimated at sixty per cent.

Although the annexation of the Islands to the United States helped the plantations in some ways, particularly in letting their sugar into the States duty free, it hit them pretty hard in one particular: it shut off their supply of Chinese coolies. Before Hawaii became a part of the United States the Chinese could come and go at will, but with the extension to the Islands of the federal

laws, the exclusion act went into effect, as in the States. As a consequence no more Chinese laborers have come in and the number in the Islands is constantly decreasing by the death or return to their native land of those who were here when Hawaii was taken over by Uncle Sam. There are about 30,000 Chinese left in the Islands, and the planters are clamoring for the repeal of the exclusion law in so far as it applies to Hawaii.

"I would n't give one Chink for a dozen Japs," a sugar man said to me. "A Chinaman can live as cheaply as a Jap; he is as industrious, and he is honest, steady and reliable, which the Jap is not."

Recently efforts have been made to increase the supply of laborers in the Territory by bringing in European immigrants, passage paid. The Sugar Planters' Association, the commercial body which controls all the internal policies of Hawaii, sent an agent to Spain and Portugal, who chartered several steamships, loaded them with Spanish and Portuguese families and shipped them to the Islands. This, while clearly a violation of the Contract Labor Law, was winked at by the Federal Government, which has been made to understand the situation in the Islands and the urgent necessity of finding some solution of the labor problem. The first experiment, however, was not an entire success, for a large proportion of the immigrants, attracted by rumors of higher wages paid on the Coast following the San Francisco earthquake and fire, stopped only long enough in Hawaii to acquire American clothes and a knowledge of the almighty dollar, and went on to California. Conditions there, however, seemed not to have been all that they expected, and many of them have gradually drifted back.

But whatever trouble the plantations may have in getting laborers, the housewife in Hawaii has no servant question to vex her. If her cook leaves her in the morning she can get another without difficulty before noon. And the wages paid are remarkably small. The Japanese prefer to do the lighter work of cooks, yard-boys, etc., for from $1.50 to $5 a week, to getting out and hustling in the hot cane field for $20 a month.

But this plentifulness and cheapness of house servants is not an unmixed blessing in Hawaii. It tends to make the women indolent and therefore discontented. They have nothing to do. Like the rich of New York, few of them even care for their own children. They leave it all to the Japanese women. A young matron, whose husband draws only a moderate salary, was boasting to me one day of her self-sacrifice in looking after her own children for half a day each week while the nurse took a few hours off. "And do you know," she exclaimed, "I really rather enjoy it sometimes."

Hawaiian Children.

Young America as seen on the streets and in the public schools of Hawaii is a healthy-looking youngster, but it seems as if there must be something lacking in him. He is too good to be true. Who, in the United States, ever heard of a boy who never made a noise? I find the street boys of Honolulu are models of propriety beside even a Sunday school class of a back-eastern State. Even the newsboys never cry their papers. Stand on the corner of a downtown street in New York or Chicago and a swarm of young Indians would be yelling in your ears, "Wuxtry! Wuxtry! Buy a poiper, Mister. All about the hor-rible murder!" But I have never seen a Hawaiian newsboy do anything more energetic than to hold a paper up before the face of a possible purchaser and inquire in a low, plaintive voice, "Paper, Mister? Lots of news."

Honolulu swarms with children, like the Latin quarter of New York or San Francisco. They are everywhere and of all sizes, colors and nationalities. If you want to see them in all their variety go to one of the public schools at the time it is out for the day. You will think you are witnessing the eruption of an international foundling asylum. In most of the schools the Japanese predominate. Solemn, slant-eyed little beggars they are, quiet and indecently well behaved. Both boys and girls are almost invariably dressed in American cos-

tume, though at home the girls usually wear their national garb.

Many of the Chinese children wear their national costume, and odd-looking little chaps they are, too, with their yellow faces, slant eyes and droll expressions, the smallest of them with gorgeously betinseled caps set on their shaven heads, and coats that would have made Joseph turn green with envy. The little girls usually wear flapping Hawaiian straw hats, silken blouses and gorgeously beflowered trousers. Most of the older ones, however, have adopted the American costume, and there are no prettier girls to be found in Hawaii than these same Chinese damsels, with their delicate faces and transparent skin.

And there are the Portuguese children—dark-eyed, long-lashed and prouder of their Americanism than any of the others. The younger generation appear to be thorough Americans, and they are all thrifty and industrious.

There are a good many Porto Ricans, and many of them are not to be distinguished in appearance from the common American negro, with their black skins, kinky hair and happy-go-lucky temperament. The Porto Rican element, however, the remnants of a large number brought into the country years ago as plantation hands, is a thorn in the side of Hawaii. They proved practically worthless for the purpose for which they were intended, being lazy and indolent, and many of those who still remain have long police-court records. But perhaps their children may be an improvement on the parents.

Of the Hawaiian children many of the girls, even those who are very young show early signs of that extreme obeseness which is characteristic of most Hawaiian women. They and their brothers run the whole scale of colors, from the very dark, full-blooded Hawaiian to those who have only a trace of the aboriginal blood in their veins. Yet wherever the white blood is mixed with that of a darker race, those in whose veins it flows invariably belong to the latter.

The teachers of the public schools present to the Eastern eye a no less curious spectacle than the children, for their nationalities are as varied. It takes one some time to get accustomed to the idea of white children being taught by Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese teachers.

There is one thing which the sugar planters have done for which they have not always received all the credit that is due them. This is the installation throughout the Islands of a public-school system. In every little valley one finds the schools, so close together that they can be reached afoot by the pupils who attend them. Many of these schools have been installed on the plantations by the sugar men, and the latter indirectly, too, pay for most of the expense of carrying on the others. For while the sugar barons own everything in the Islands worth owning, they also pay nearly all the taxes.

Hawaii is particularly proud of its schools, and spends more money on them, in proportion to the size of the population, than any other commonwealth of the Union. With a population of only about 160,000, the amount appropriated by the last Legislature, for the ensuing biennial period, was more than $700,000.

Although a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Territory cannot speak the English language, the amount of illiteracy is almost *nil*. The people can all read and write some language, and they are all anxious that their children shall be educated according to the American standard.

Hawaiian Newspapers.

The newspapers of any community are its social weathervanes, pointing the direction of its morals, its intellectuality, its public interests. Glance through their columns and you can tell with fair accuracy, after making some allowance for the personal equation of the editor, what the people think of, what they care for, what they read, and what they do. If they are narrow-minded, self-centered and self-complaisant, the policies of the daily and weekly press will be likewise. The quickest way to get a bird's-eye view of a community is to run through the sheets that are served up to the people hot, with their coffee in the morning, or which they read at leisure at night.

As might be expected from the geographical position and isolation of the

Islands, the news published in the daily papers of Honolulu is, for the most part, local. The only American morning newspaper, the *Advertiser,* gets all its news of the outside world compressed into a brief cablegram of from a dozen to twenty words. The *Bulletin* and the *Star,* the two evening dailies, get about the same amount. All the happenings of the world which cannot be put into the narrow compass of these curt dispatches is still news when a steamer arrives from San Francisco from a week to ten days later.

I pick up a current issue of one of the evening papers, and from the cable news, set in heavy, black-faced type on the first page, I learn that "Smith is dead." What particular Smith it is who has shuffled off the mortal coil one is left to guess, but the chances are that it is John Smith, of whom everyone has heard. I learn further that one prizefighter has defeated another in London; that the oldest man in Nebraska has married the oldest woman; that the steel mills of a great city have resumed work; that a bill affecting Hawaii has been unfavorably reported in Congress; that a national bank, suspended during the panic, has reopened; that there have been riots in a European city; that the ruler of a minor State in Asia has appointed a new cabinet; that an arbitration treaty has been signed; that it's Peary *vs.* Cook over the North Pole. All this information is absolutely without details.

In the way of local news, there is a story to the effect that the Japanese of Honolulu deny there is any prospect of trouble between their country and the United States; a mass meeting is called to discuss a matter of public interest; a column is devoted to predicting what the Supervisors will probably do at their coming meeting; there is a half-column story on the weather; and the Governor in an interview briefly discusses a public measure. Two columns are given up to a description of a mass meeting held under the leadership of a medical fakir. There is a page of paragraphs of minor local news; a couple of columns of a syndicate story; half a page of sports, the local padded out with reprints from San Francisco papers. Politics is discussed editorially in half a column, and a couple of sticks are devoted to an editorial denunciation of fake war stories. The editor fills up his part of the paper by expatiating on the virtues of a just deceased member of the community.

Subjects of national importance receive but scant attention in any of the papers. The interests of the people are narrow and hence those of the press are narrow. About the only subject of general interest which attracts any great amount of local attention is the financial situation. The Almighty Dollar is as big in Hawaii as it is in Washington.

The daily papers are all too closely tied up with the big monied interests of the Territory to be at all independent. Should one of them fall into disfavor with the sugar barons, an effort would be made to put it out of business by withholding advertising. The big fellows would refuse to advertise, and the little fellows would have to obey the orders of the big ones. Hence it is not *vox populi, vox dei,* but *vox* sugar barons, *vox dei.*

So what, in any large city of the United States, would be the news of the day rarely appears in the columns of the Honolulu papers. If anything happens which is real news, the editors of the daily papers at once receive orders from their masters, "Keep it out," and they obey. The Honolulu papers would almost suppress the story of the assassination of the President if they were commanded by the Sugar Planters' Association to do so.

The newspaper field of Honolulu, however, is by no means confined to the American dailies. There are daily papers published in both Chinese and Japanese, several of each, and there is one Portuguese paper. In addition to these there is a raft of weekly and monthly publications, political, commercial and religious.

The Theatre in Honolulu.

One night I went to the theater in Honolulu. The "opera house" was packed from pit to gallery. Even all the standing room was sold out. Honolulu society was out in force. In the row

ahead of me I saw Princess Kawananakoa. Seated next the middle aisle was George R. Carter, millionaire and recent Governor of the Territory. Near him sat the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I saw two or three Circuit Judges, half-a-dozen heads of governmental departments, several men who count their wealth in seven figures, with their wives and daughters. The bare shoulders of beautiful white women contrasted strangely with the dusky ones of native belles and charming half-whites. Everybody was in evening dress, for the affair was a social event.

And the performance was a moving picture show! The music was furnished by a gramophone! Yet the shadowy figures moving silently across the screen were greeted with the enthusiastic clapping of hands, by encouraging *bravos,* as if they had been living actors who could be inspired by the audible appreciation of their efforts.

Honolulu people cannot afford to be hypercritical as to the theatre. If they get the opportunity to see one second-class show a year, they are in luck. Occasionally a theatrical troupe going to or coming from Australia gives a single performance, if the steamer on which it is traveling happens to remain in port over night. At other times the people must depend upon the home productions given from time to time.

Naturally, this being shut out from such things tends to increase the provincialism of the people of Hawaii, to make them more self-centered, care even less for the things which happen in the outside world.

And self-complacent they are to the extreme. But withal, they are kindly, hospitable, easy-going, content to take things as they come, and to live shut in upon themselves, as they must to a large extent be.

But they are not going to be allowed to drift along much longer in the languid current of the uneventful, while the life and hurry of the world passes them by. Always they will have their soft breezes, their summer sky, their sparkling waters that are like velvet. Some of the lotus charm of tropic life will always linger with them. But they must wake up and take their part in the busy, active life of the world. They say proudly that their country is the "cross-roads of the Pacific," and they are right. Most of the traffic between the United States and the Orient must pass through the gates of Honolulu, and that traffic is rapidly increasing. And with its increase comes the hurry and bustle of the world of business. Already the old days are passing.

And Hawaii occupies a strategic position which cannot be much longer overlooked by the United States. Should war ever break out between Japan and the United States, Honolulu would probably be in the storm center. It was the announced wish of Mr. Roosevelt, when President, that the Island of Oahu be made the Gibraltar of America, and there is no doubt but that the place will eventually be strongly fortified and heavily garrisoned. Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu, which can be made the finest harbor of the world, is rapidly being made impregnable. The War Department will make the place the naval base of America in the Pacific.

The dream life of Hawaii is ending. She is just beginning to wake up, to take her place among the units that make up the greatest Republic in the world.

The Hunt

By Don Marquis

O, why do they hunt so hard, so hard, who have no need of food?
Do they hunt for hate?—Do they hunt for sport?—Do they hunt for the lust of blood?

If I were a god I would get me a spear, I would get me horse and dog,
And merrily, merrily I would ride through covert and brake and bog—
With hound and horn and laughter loud, over the hills and away—
For there is no sport like that of a god who holds a man at bay!

O, but the morning is fresh and fair! and O, but the sun is bright!—
And yonder the quarry breaks from the brush and heads for the hills in flight;
A minute's law for the hurried thing, then follow him, follow him fast,
With the bellow of dogs and the beat of hoofs and the mellow bugle's blast.

Hillo!—Halloo!—we have marked a man!—there is sport in the world today!
And a clamor swells from the heart of the wood that tells of a soul at bay.

Short-Circuited

By John Fleming Wilson

"IF the calculations are correct," the scientist concluded, "the end of this world will be merely a natural event, like the breaking down of any organism. Nature's laws will not be broken at the last."

"It would be an experience to witness it," the professor remarked, relaxing in his easy chair. "If our good friend here, the scientist, is right in assuming that no human eye will see that catastrophe, it means that the last and greatest story of humanity is not to be written. Think of the stupendous tragedy of it!"

"That 's so," Evans put in, from his usual place behind the pillar. "I fancy I should like to write it up, if I saw it. But then, of course, there would be no place to publish my history and no one to read it. Imagine—"

"Yes, imagine!" the scientist snapped. "You 're always imagining. It will take science a thousand years to overcome the imaginings of the last hundred. If what we are discussing is a fact, as it is alleged to be, it will take its place in due time as a physical reality, infinitely more satisfying than any fancy or superstition."

"I know; you dont believe in the realities of the soul, do you?" said the professor.

"No," the scientist replied, firmly, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "I know that whatever a man thinks fails to be a reality unless it is founded on a fact and corrected by the observation of other facts. Men used to think that the earth was flat—till they found out differently. They think they have souls, too, and they wont listen to any other theory until a careful collation of facts proves that what man is pleased to call his 'soul' is merely a part of his physical life. The evidence for the physical being the only life would convince any logical mind."

The doctor, silentest of mortals, shook his head slightly. The professor caught that dissent and leaned forward again. "I say, Sheldon, can 't you convince Harding that he has a soul? I know you believe in 'em."

The scientist refused to offer courtesy to this interruption. He went on: "Nonsense. Take this world as it is now. What is it but a vitalized body? The grass is a part of it, a manifestation of the life-current that charges it. You and I are the same as the grass, a different manifestation of the same life; that 's all."

"You 're wandering from the point," Evans reminded us. "Here we are told that science thinks she can predict the end of the world, in due time. And you merely reiterate that we are a part of the world's organism. Now, what we wish to know is, do you deny that any one of us, of our descendants, goes on after that great cataclysm? In a word, is that great event to leave no record of itself?"

"Do you deny memory to the universe?" Evans suggested as an amendment.

The scientist shook his head and gazed at us all mildly. Then he reached up and snapped off the electric light on the pillar. "See?" he said, looking round at us again. "This little electric globe is on a great circuit which likely includes a good part of the city. There are other lights, thousands of them, on this same circuit. When I put out this light, I dont dim the light across the room, do I? All the other lights keep burning, dont they?"

"Do you mean to say that you intend that as an allegory of the way the world is to end?" hotly demanded the pro-

fessor. "Somebody just snaps it out?"

"Who turns the button?" Evans inquired, quizzically. "That 's the question."

"Nobody," was the response. "This light, if burned to its full term, would go out itself—burn out."

"Or there might be a short-circuit," Evans continued, staring at the ceiling. "And that would hasten its end, I suppose. Really, science throws so many chances of destruction about the poor world that one wonders at its still being under our feet."

"Natural laws keep it here and when natural law decrees its end, it will disintegrate," Harding said with some stiffness.

"Well, that leaves the great story unrecorded," the professor sighed.

At this moment Evans seemed to lose interest in the subject, and leaned over to say to Sheldon: "I see Hibben is around again. Is he entirely recovered?"

"It 's a peculiar case," Sheldon said, slowly. "You know the operation was apparently successful in the highest degree. And there have been no complications. But—" He stopped, wrinkling his brows.

The professor joined in here, nodding his head vigorously. "That 's a big 'but,' Sheldon. You know, I'm getting interested in his case. It makes it all the more difficult that we know all about him, every week of his life, practically, from the time he was born."

"The reactions are normal, all except one," the doctor said, slowly. "But there is absolutely no reason, physical or mental, for his intense preoccupation. You know he was always a lively fellow, though earnest enough in his work."

"He 's working too hard, maybe," Evans suggested. "He rarely comes round here, and I understand he 's at work at some delicate physical experiments; you know he always did drive into such problems, and weakened as he must be by the fall he got, and the operation, it may have been too much for him. Worry, my dear friends!"

"If it were worry, I could understand it," the professor said, thoughtfully. "But long as I have experimented in psychology, I have never seen a man so free from worry as Hibben. I believe you said all the reactions were normal but one, Sheldon?"

"Yes."

"Ah," the professor said, slowly. "I presume our tests agree on that. It is the function of memory that does n't work as it should?"

Sheldon nodded. "What do you make of it?" he inquired.

"We know all about him," was the response. 'We know he has never had any hidden life, that he has been normal in every way, that every moment of his existence from the day of his birth to the day he fell from the steps has been clean and open. That shuts out any factor of a double personality, or any reversion to some portion of his life that we are n't acquainted with. And he 's normal now, is n't he?"

"All except that strange quickness of his reaction to memory tests, which is contrary to the laws of the human body. I have almost surmised that our operation may have short-circuited some delicate nerve-tissue in the brain, though it seems impossible. We did our very best."

"I know that," the professor said, reassuringly. "And he was ill only a day, I believe, before you operated?"

"The lesion was so apparent that it was useless to wait any longer," Sheldon replied. "Every reaction was perfect and showed exactly the depression in the skull that we found on operating. No chance for mistake *there*."

"All of which goes to show that Harding's science does n't explain everything," the professor sighed. "And when he can 't expound a thing right under our noses, why should we take his word for the end of the world?"

"Hello, Hibben!" Evans called from behind his pillar. "Sit down. You just missed Harding's explanation of the universe. How do you feel, old man?"

"Quite well," said the new-comer, sitting down. "And how did the scientist account for the universe?"

"By turning out the light," said the professor, rising and turning it on. "He asserts that this earth will go out some

day like a burnt-out electric bulb. Evans is cross because there wont be anybody here to record the event."

Hibben turned to Harding with an odd look of wonder on his face. "What makes you say such funny things?" he said, slowly. "Dont you remember?"

"Remember what?" Harding returned, gently, after a swift, questioning glance at Dr. Sheldon.

"That," said Hibben, with extraordinary emphasis on the pronoun. "Since I was hurt I've remembered little else. And how you could forget, I can't imagine!"

"Harding is always assuming a skeptical air," Sheldon put in, soothingly. "And one could n't expect him to remember *that.*" He dwelt slightly on the last word, staring at the professor, as though to warn him not to break in upon what might be the solution of Hibben's strange change of mood since his fall.

"But he has been working on it ever since," Hibben protested, "just as I have." He leaned forward intently. "You see the question is this: What broke the circuit?"

There followed a brief silence during which Harding stared anxiously, almost as if attempting to recall something that lay in his mind and would explain the connection it brought to the surface. The professor smiled. "He claimed it was a short-circuit," he said, softly.

Hibben shook his head impatiently. "I know he did. But the final phenomenon did not bear this out. I leave it to you, Harding. It did n't, did it?"

The scientist caught Sheldon's look of caution and the professor's almost imperceptible gesture. "You 'd better explain it to them, Hibben," he said, nervously. "You tell your side first. Then I 'll come in with mine."

"That 'll be much the best," the professor agreed, looking benignantly around on us. "We are all interested."

"I dont recall that you were there," Hibben replied, curtly. "Harding and I saw the whole experiment through, and we agreed that if we should have the opportunity, we would complete our deductions. Now, Harding, the mere fact that you and I are here proves my point, does n't it?"

"The scientist is too skeptical to trust even his own senses," Evans put in, ignoring the professor's warning hand.

"That was the point," Hibben returned, crossly. "I can't understand how much proof he wants. He contended while we were watching the last phenomena that our own extinction would follow. The bare fact that now, on another planet, we meet together, still bearing the record of that great era, shows that the human soul is immortal, as I contended at the time, and not a mere manifestation of energy, as he tried to convince me it was. If we have lived through the end of one world and arrived on the surface of another, are n't we proved immortal?"

He stared impatiently at the scientist. Harding did not answer, turning in a bewildered fashion to the doctor for guidance. The professor broke in at this awkward moment, saying, "What other world was this, Hibben?"

"In this universe," was the answer. "Of course, I have no notion how long ago it was. But Harding and I used to live in a city in that other world, and—surely, Harding, you remember the child you operated on to see whether intelligent life was possible under those conditions? And it—it—"

Harding was staring at the speaker with a look of profound perplexity on his face. "I remember something about it," he said, musingly. "It lived, in spite of us—a point in your favor—"

Very softly the professor rose and drew the curtains that shut the alcove from the quiet library. Hibben paid no attention to him but went on: "You see, Harding contended that if the current had been switched off, it was a physical current, and so physical life would perish—including our souls. I contended that our spirits were not dependent on that current, but partook of a higher, immortal soul-life. So he experimented. You see, all the children were imbecile, so to speak."

"As we were n't there, you 've got to speak more plainly," the professor remarked in a low tone.

"I feel that Harding ought to admit that he was wrong," Hibben continued. "And so I will go over our experiments

and tell you about them. Harding will correct me if I err. I dont believe you will have any corrections to make, Harding," he went on. "My recollection is very exact."

Harding nodded. "Go on," he said, huskily.

"Of course, I dont know how long ago this was," Hibben began. "But I was then living, at the age of thirty, in a city on a large bay in that world I am telling you about. I cant locate the planet exactly, but it was one of the parts of the solar system in which we live now. Human life had existed on it for millions of years, and we lived there much as we do here, now, on this earth, with much the same advantages and comforts we have here. Our planetary conditions must have been very similar to the earth's. I and Harding were both then, as now, busy investigating physical and chemical phenomena, and I was an adherent of the theory that we were endowed with souls which were immortal, while Harding contended that what life we had was only a manifestation of the same energy that endowed the snail or the fish or the yeast-plant. I must make a nicer distinction between our scientific creeds, in order that you may understand how grossly in error Harding was. I admitted with him that our physical bodies and the particles composing them were the same as the bodies of plants, of fish, fowl or animals. I admitted that the human body might be deprived of its soul and still live on, the life of an animal. But my thesis was that a human being was possessed and animated by something that did not partake of the nature of gross matter, but belonged to a distinct and higher sphere. It was in this that we differed. You can easily see that by Harding's argument, if the world of matter of which our bodies were formed died, we died as well. By mine, the human soul lived on.

"We had discussed this matter for several years when the event happened that began the dissolution of the world we lived in. I say 'dissolution,' for there we differ again. The best way I can get at it is to tell you precisely what occurred.

"I had been to a dinner that evening given by the government of the city we lived in. I got home at midnight. I recall these details because they were the basis of my argument immediately afterwards. One cant be too sure of one's premises when one is arguing. I wound my watch, and as I went up the stairway to my room I glanced at the weights of the clock and saw that they had been freshly hauled up. It was just one o'clock when I got into bed, after looking out of the window and observing that it was a starlit night.

"I slept well, and finally wakened, apparently from a sound sleep of several hours, to find that it was still dark. Evidently I had been asleep but a short time, as it was midsummer, and the sun rose at four o'clock. Without consulting my watch, I turned over and went to sleep again. When I wakened the second time it was still dark, so I glanced at my watch by the light of a match. My watch said eight o'clock.

"I remember distinctly staring at the timepiece and calculating how it could have got so out of order. It had said one o'clock when I retired. Now it said eight o'clock, and the night was n't past. My thoughts were so unsatisfactory that I went out of the room and to the hall to consult the big clock. It, too, said eight o'clock. And the servant—my parents were both dead—called up from below to say that all the clocks in the house were wrong. I went on down the stairs, carrying a lamp I had lit. I opened the front door. The street was very dark, dark with intensity I could n't penetrate. A night watchman was at the foot of the steps, and when I opened the door he said: 'Say, do your electric lights work?'

"I snapped on the switch and there was no current. The watchman came on up the steps and glared at me with a look of horror. 'It 's after daylight,' he said; 'and the street lights have been off six hours, and my watch says eight-fifteen. What 's the matter?'

"We stared at each other a moment and then he stumbled away down the steps.

"There is no need of detailing the events of the next few hours. But by

what our watches marked as noon I had made up my mind that the majority was right in asserting that the end of the world was come. However, I reserved judgment. It might be possible that some unforeseen eclipse had occurred.

"Harding, here, and I met that afternoon in the street, each of us carrying an oil lantern. We agreed, neither of us having families, to stay together and see the thing through. At the time we had various hypotheses. Harding thought that there had been an interruption of the sun's rays by the interposition of a vast mass of thick vapor between us and the sun. I was of the opinion that there had been an interruption in the electrical carrents of the world, this being my deduction from the fact that while the dynamos were still humming in the power-plant at the falls, they carried no load and generated no current.

"When the next morning was announced by our clocks and watches and the same utter darkness reigned, the governors of the city met and formally closed all places of business. This may seem an unnecessary regulation, but so strong is the force of habit that many stores kept open by lamp light, and nearly everybody attempted to transact ordinary business. But so soon as the announcement was made that all business must close, everybody turned to one thing—the newspapers.

"It was then discovered that all telegraph and cable lines were useless. Our city was absolutely isolated. We could not know whether the rest of the world was in darkness or not, and this added to the general panic, at the same time that it held out a feeble hope. Then began that series of discoveries that finally killed all doubt and laid on us all the certainty that this was indeed the end of our world.

"In the darkness, lit only by oil lamps and candles, and an occasional bonfire, the people huddled together, trying to cheer each other and find a ray of hope. On the third day word was brought from the harbor that an ocean liner had been wrecked far out of her course, and that the survivors of her crew stated that the darkness had fallen upon them while they were still a thousand miles from the coast—proving that the sunless area was extensive. These men also reported that their compasses had become useless.

"I think Harding will agree with me that the next phenomenon we observed was that of a steadily diminishing temperature. In the absolute darkness, of course, one would expect to find a chill. But the thermometer showed an actual daily fall of the mean temperature of nearly one-half of one degree. And as this chill began to be observed there was, of course, a wild scramble to obtain all the coal and wood that could be got. Oddly enough, money still maintained itself as a medium of exchange, and the man most firmly convinced that the world had come to an end still consented to part with precious fuel in return for gold.

"I cant describe the events of the month following this sudden occurrence, except by a few statements: the thermometer showed absolutely no variation except a steady decline, at the end of thirty days the mercury all over the city standing at ten degrees; the barometer registered as steady a decline, going down even more rapidly than the thermometer; vegetation yellowed, so far as could be observed by the small light we had, and there was a constant, heavy odor in the air like that of a stuffy hothouse, due, we surmised, to the unusual discharge of gases into the air from plants. But there was one odd fact we quickly noted: spite of the chill and damp, nothing moulded. More important to us, bakers found that their yeast would not 'work.'

"By the end of the first month we had settled down to a pretty clear realization of what had happened. The sun had been either extinguished or its light was hidden from us. Vegetation was fast dying. With it our food supply was perishing. With the increase of cold, fuel was becoming more and more needful, and fuel was scarce. We had depended on electricity for the greatest part of our heat and light. Electricity was a thing of the past. Above all, it was very apparent that the human race had but little longer to exist. For all the children born during this period proved to be imbecile, and died soon.

"Under such circumstances our life changed its course and assumed a new character. I think that most of the people grew religious in the extreme. A few fell into despondency. Some raved. Many died. I myself found that the occurrences I was witnessing were far too absorbing to allow me much time for regret or sorrow. As a scientist I was vitally concerned in recording the facts, and I recall the assiduity with which I counted my own pulse, took my own temperature and measured my own sense reflexes.

"There was a certain amount of pathos in our plight. Human affections and natural impulses were not stilled by the darkness. I can still hear a woman sobbing in the absolute blackness because the child whom she could no longer see was growing cold in her arms. Now and again somebody rushed wildly through the night, crying for a loved one. Finally it grew dangerous to carry a lantern, because of the irrationals who would attack you and try to seize it. But above the pathos, I believe, was the sublime phenomenon of science, working fearlessly and undiscouraged in the sunless gloom.

"No one but he who witnesses this event, or similar events, can have any notion with what fortitude all the physicians, surgeons, chemists and scientific men of every class set themselves to work against overwhelming odds. The laboratories were crowded with men trying to evolve electricity from new compounds, with men trying to find new foods to take the place of those that nature was soon to deny us, to synthesize elements that would supply us once more with light and heat and life. My friend, Harding, was one of the most enthusiastic of these. For he believed that our human life was a synthesis, and not an extraordinary, irreducible superphysical element. Ah, how he worked!

"But the odds were too great. While they toiled, life gradually slowed down, so to speak. Reproduction ceased. The old died. The middle-aged faded. The young withered. There was no sun, no life in the air, no vitality to draw on. Even the rioting of mobs and all acts of violence had ended. The reservoirs of Being had been closed—or drained dry. I remember the debates we had. One contended that there had been only so much life in our world, and that we had used it up, like water out of a pitcher. Another argued that the channel by which it flowed down to us had been choked—heaven knows how! Yet a third would assert that life was the product of lack of equilibrium between natural forces, and that the world had reached its final state of balance, and, as a consequence, we died, having served our purpose and our end.

"Remember, Harding, how we battled over your theory that time when you thought you had got an electric flash from a battery filled with sea water?"

We glanced at Harding. He lay back in his chair, dead cigar in his hand, staring at the ceiling. He nodded his head slightly, and Hibben's voice flowed on.

"He could n't get another spark, try as he would. But it did n't discourage him." He stopped again and looked at us all. "A man hates to surrender a conviction—a scientific theory—even in the face of God. And Harding was fighting not only for his scientific beliefs, but—." He stared across at the scientist with a profound pity in his eyes. Later he resumed:

"In two months the city was a charnel house. You imagine pestilence and decay; but there was none. Death simply meant becoming inert, lifeless. I tested microscopically the—the remains, and there was no small life present, no germs of decay. Life on the lowest levels had ceased utterly.

"This was the death blow to hope. The mere fact that germs and all the infinitesimal life of our world had stopped informed us of the great, stunning truth. The end of the world was come. Simpler organisms had already perished; in time the more complex would also die. Harding, here, took that pretty hard. I remember that he refused to believe it. He wandered round the dark, bleak city among the dead and sought for some sign of microscopic life; there was none. But he still clung to his theory that we were all manifestations of matter—in the face of this horrible proof!

"My convictions of the divinity of the

human soul, on the other hand, were deepened. I saw the very earth dead beneath my feet, all the conditions of material existence taken away, and the higher life surviving in intensity and fullness. Now I come to the still greater proof, which you, Harding, made plain.

"In the gloom and misery and chaos acquaintances became friends; friends became nearer and closer and clung together with the eagerness of despair. Both Harding, here, and myself were now living in the same house with the woman we loved, her mother, her sister and her sister's infant child. The child was born just two weeks after the darkness settled on us. Like all the babies of that period, it betrayed no signs of intelligence. It simply survived by a merely animal hold on existence. The child's mother and the mother's sister were heartbroken. Although the husband and father was dead, though the earth grew cold under us, these women hovered over this little living thing and cherished it. Their sorrow at its lack of mentality was pitiful. They besought us to cure it, to remedy its affliction, to make it into a sentient being if only for an hour of darkness.

"Harding refused to listén to my arguments, which were to the effect that its physical organism was not complete enough to harbor a soul, and, consequently, there was no soul possible. He looked at it from another standpoint. 'The child's head is slightly malformed,' he said. 'An operation will relieve it.' He told the mother this. He even got ready and operated, removing a small bit of the skull over that portion of the brain that he decided was involved. Remember, Harding?"

His note of triumph seemed to ring in upon the dulled consciousness of the scientist. Harding raised his eyes, fixed in a queer, hard stare, and sighed bitterly. Hibben went on. "The child not only did n't recover its former bodily strength, but it failed absolutely to give the smallest indication of any consciousness whatever. Instead of allowing the entrance of a soul, the operation killed all but its lowest, vegetable life. It survived, that was all—for a short time.

"During all this period we were anxiously on the lookout for any natural occurrence. I forgot to say that there were many stars in the sky all this while, though far fewer than before the great Darkness. But we discovered that compass needles no longer pointed to the north, and as time went on, and the temperature fell steadily, we observed a certain condensation of the atmosphere, which was accompanied by frequent high winds. At the end of three months the winds ceased and the mist thickened till it hid the stars, and rested on the surface of the earth like a vast, motionless cloud. Then I made that observation which has been to me the final and positive proof of my contention that soul-life is superphysical and by itself and immortal..

"I have mentioned Harding's finding a small flash of electricity in a salt solution, and his never being able to duplicate it. But the flash was not the result of chemical dialysis. Let me explain:

"Within six months after the darkness commenced, the earth, so far as we were cognizant, was almost depopulated. The cold was intense. What warmth could be got by artificial means was of the scantiest. Of food there was little left. All hope was gone. The lonely group of us survivors had made up our minds to die with as good a grace as we could. Harding and I were with the woman we loved. There were other groups, but in that great dark solitude we avoided them and they avoided us. We were living then in Harding's laboratory.

"For some weeks I had been aware of an odd phenomenon connected with my coming into contact with the hand of either Harding or the woman. I tried to call their attention to it, but they seemed to think it nervousness on my part, and it was n't till I happened to enter an absolutely unlighted hall, accompanied by Harding, that the phenomenon was plain. At the other end of the hall we saw the woman outlined, so to speak, in light. We both saw it, and she, at the same time, cried out, 'I'm alone! They 're dead!' supposing that we were ghosts.

"It took some time for us to adjust ourselves to this fact that we could see each other in darkness by the natural light within us. But when we were sure

of it, by constant experiment, our joy was too great for words. It then occurred to me that the reason we might not have observed this before was that we had always consistently avoided the dark.

"Of course, our thoughts now ran on the reason of this phenomenon and its real source. I volunteered for the grimmest experiment, and, heavily wrapped in furs, set forth without a lantern into the bitter-cold, corpse-strewn city. I came back. My case was proved. Of all the thousands of dead, not a single body gave off the faintest glow. This light was the product of life. And here Harding's materialism came into play again. He contended that any life at all would give off this faint radiance, animal or plant. 'Find me a living animal or vegetable, and we'll see the same glow,' he asserted.

"You cant picture the eagerness with which we started out on this fresh research. But a living animal was not to be found, nor a living plant. Besides ourselves and a few muttering groups of dying human beings we saw gathered round small flickering fires in some of the remaining stone buildings, there was no living thing to test this by. I admit the lack of proof positive. But other proof there was in plenty. As the periods we call day and night dragged by, the radiance grew brighter in each of us. It seemed to assume more brilliant colors as our earthy body lost its vitality and the soul grew. Towards the last—and there was a last!—we sat in the intense, unbroken stillness of that darkness and watched the play of light and fire in our own bosoms, in the bosom of that young girl whom we both loved.

"Then it was that we discussed the future. We wondered whether we were to cease when our breath ceased, our bodies to lie forever in the sunless and unlit cold waiting for—nothing. We wondered about heaven and hell, about the soul and its fortunes. The woman pointed us with quiet trust and faith to God, the bright flame in her breast seeming to throw beams into the darkness of our night. Harding, there, fought valiantly for his creed of materialism. I upheld my conviction that the soul is apart from its physical habitation and independent of worlds or universes; I looked confidently forward towards a new birth in a younger earth.

"The months lengthened, I'm sure, into a year. Our food was gone. The last pile of fuel was heaped on the floor of the laboratory. Outside, the mercury had long been frozen in the tube; now the spirit thermometer was likewise useless. Harding and I and the woman sat by the stove, drinking hot, tasteless water and trying to be cheerful. I recall that Harding, here, said: 'As soon as the fire goes out, it will be only a couple of hours at most. We are the only survivors on the earth. Let's die worthily.' And the woman smiled in the lit room (with the last oil, we had lit a lamp to die by), and looked at us each with a gaze of confidence and affection. I shall not forget what she said: 'I think we are going to meet again somewhere, possibly in heaven. Wherever it is, dont forget that I love you both.'

"We said nothing after that, but sat close to the stove till the last bit of fuel was gone. The lamp flickered out. The chill of the dead world began to creep into the room. The last spark in the stove fell into ashes.

"We suddenly grew solitary. Though there were only three of us in the whole world, we were apart. And I must describe our end—the last of this—carefully, in order that you may understand that my theory is right and that Harding is wrong.

"In the unbroken darkness the inner illumination shone out of our bodies. It was no outward emanation, but an inner, bright light shining through the flesh. I observed it in Harding, here, and specially in the woman. In her case it was a singular, distinct glow in the breast, with ramifications like darting fires; Harding's head glowed slightly, but the chief radiance seemed to come from his heart, or that region, as nearly as I could make out. All this sounds peculiar to you, but I have n't yet reached my point. As I sat there, deadly cold and knowing that I was freezing, I saw the radiance in the woman's breast suddenly and

steadily grow more concentrated, as though drawing itself together. I looked over at Harding and saw no such phenomenon. I pierced the darkness to see the woman again, and I was aware that this radiance was now a small, bright spot, whose location I could not see. I heard Harding, and he was only a short distance away, mutter in an odd, hoarse voice, 'Is this death?'

"The whisper came back, 'This is death.'

"The spot of light faded into the darkness. The woman had left us."

Hibben stopped a moment and shook his head. "Certainly that showed the passage from the body of some extra-physical element, did n't it? A soul!—

"But Harding and I held out wonderfully. I wish you could have seen our tenacity on life. The radiance that marked him out to me surged up and down, drew itself together about his heart, and then shot out over his frame as his will drove the reluctant life back through his limbs. And I tried to survive him. Odd, I felt an overmastering desire to live longer, if only for a second—to be the last man on that planet! But the cold was conquering us both. My feet were frozen, and I found myself unable to move from my position. I grew sleepy, weary, almost reconciled to death. Then I remembered my great curiosity about it all, and my mind fastened itself on the puzzling future. When I died, then what? I called over to Harding, 'If we see each other again, that proves the immortality of the soul.' And you, Harding, croaked out, 'This ends it,' and died, leaving me alone in an unbroken and immitigable darkness of a dead world—."

Hibben suddenly looked at Harding. Sheldon and the rest of us leaned forward, our fingers closing on each other's arms. Harding still gazed out of dreamy, troubled eyes, unwatching and apparently unseeing. "Yes," he murmured, "she was the first—and, of course, now that you and I are both here—she is here—the woman—"

Evans' voice cut neatly across the little circle. "I say, Harding, wake up!"

The scientist yawned and stretched himself. "I declare; I beg your pardon. But I 've lost sleep lately and I never take any interest in these highfalutin discussions, anyway. What was Hibben talking about?"

Hibben stared at him pleasantly. "I have n't opened my mouth for an hour," he said, amiably. "As a matter of fact, the whole lot of us have been dozing here like old bachelors, and we 've been waked up by Evans, here." He rose and took the doctor by the arm and drew him out of the alcove. "My dear fellow, you asked me yesterday what the matter with me was. I 'll tell you, for your private ear, that I expect to be married next month." He beamed.

At that moment Harding stepped up from behind, and Sheldon saw his face go white when he caught the last words.

"I dont explain it," Sheldon told the professor an hour later. "Neither of them, I know, has any recollection of the incident. Hibben is cheerful, once more, and quite himself. Harding is badly hurt, I fancy, in the region of his heart. Odd they should both be in love with the same girl!"

"I wonder—I wonder whether the woman in the case—er—remembers?" the professor mused.

The Trooper

By William Maxwell

Like space stretched forth the prairie,
And not anywhere a tree,
God's flames were in the sunset,
  And the purple met the gold,
As I rode old Jimmy Dandy;
We were off till reveillé,
To the sheep-ranch in the canyon;
  I was shepherd of the fold.

Low, low, tinkle, tinkle nightly
To the stars the low faint bells
Are tinkling sleepily.
If a man shall meet a maid
When the moon shines brightly,
Tears will flow when he must go
To march at reveillé

All the stars they sing unto me,
All the ghosts before me flee;
Round about me floats the prairie,
  And the love light shines afar.
O, I ride full stretch and straightly,
With the night wind blowing free,
To the sheepfold in the canyon,
  Where the wild sweetbriers are.

There was cooing, there was wooing,
There were babblings of love,
While the sheep-bells tinkled gladness
  And the moon was fair to see.
But Chief E-gant took the warpath
And the smoke puffed thrice above.
So we marched with clink and clatter,
While the sheep-bells called to me.

Shall a bullet hit me nicely?
Shall I straighten on the grass?
Not to love, nor heed, nor hearken,
  Come the moon or come the sun?
Shall I go out like a candle
In some hot and rocky pass?
Or shall I hear bells tinkling
  When this fighting time is done?

Low, low, tinkle, tinkle oftly,
O, moon ride through the starlight,
O, breezes whisper low.
If I shall once more meet her
Beneath stars shining softly,
Then Love shall laugh like music
And tears no longer flow.

RUINS OF A FOREST-FIRE-SWEPT TOWN IN MINNESOTA.

Ferocity of Forest Fires

By Day Allen Willey

CAN you think what it means when a country burns up—when not merely houses and other buildings are ablaze and the great forest is a mass of flames, but even the ground itself is a fiery furnace? We have read of conflagrations in cities where whole blocks were reduced to ruins and thousands of people rendered homeless, but here were the police and the fire brigades fighting to save life and property. The people had some means of defense, but when miles and miles of plain and hillside, not only woodland, but even the grass of the field take fire, human effort can do little and often only when Nature interferes and sends the rainfall can the devastation be checked.

It is seldom that even a forest fire of large extent occurs in Great Britain or on the Continent, because these countries are so thickly settled and the area of the wilderness is so small. But in America there are still regions hundreds of miles in extent where one's next door neighbor may be a mile distant and where the towns and villages are half a day's journey, if not more, from each other. The trail or road between them may pass through great pineries where the axe of the woodsman has never been heard, or amid tangles of young trees and bushes that remind the traveler of an African jungle, so thickly do they grow. Even the railways have been stretched so far beyond the thickly-settled places that the train may actually pass through fifty miles of forest without one seeing even a small break or clearing.

So it is that when the rain clouds do not gather, "things get dry," as the farmer puts it. The grass and weeds shrink and wither as their juices evaporate. The sap of the young trees also decreases.

The earth gives its moisture into the air and is turned into a hard, dusty substance often filled with roots so dry that they will kindle like paper at the mere touch of a spark. The brooks and creeks are often turned into bare ditches covered with stone and sand, where not a cup of water can be procured. Even a month of drouth may dry up a country so that a little bonfire may start a column of fire that sweeps across, increasing in volume as the flames find more to feed upon. This is especially true in the forest regions of the United States, where the pine and other trees full of inflammable sap grow in abundance and where the ground is often covered a foot or more with a coating of dry pine needles and cones, which in truth burn like tinder. But in some parts of the Western States a month, two months, three months have passed, every day with the hot sun beating down upon the land, its rays greedily absorbing every drop of moisture, so that the farmers' wells and springs give out and often they have to drive their cattle a day's journey to give them drink, or to haul water in barrels from a distant stream to keep them alive. That is why a cinder from the stack of the locomotive, a spark from the lumberman's pipe, a leaf fire carelessly left burning, are some of the ways in which here and there the country is literally set afire. These conflagrations, in 1908, spread over more territory and caused more damage than any others in American history, while the human victims of the flames numbered thousands, over a hundred suffering death, often trapped like animals where they could not escape with their lives.

Although the smoke hanging over American cities, not only in the West but in the East, showed how numerous and extensive were the fires, the tragedies where human life was at stake were principally in the States of Minnesota and Michigan. In the older days the woodland spread over more than half of these States. The location of thousands of sawmills, the forest growth is the habitation of a great army of timber cutters. The axe and saw have felled literally millions of the trees, leaving great gaps. In the gaps have sprung up settlements ranging from a few souls to little cities of a thousand or more, some connected with the rest of the world by the highway of steel, some merely by the wagon road. About them the farmer raised his patch of grain or vegetables, or had his little orchard in the "clearing," so covered with stumps that they took up almost as much space as his trees and plants. Some of the towns were built mostly of the lumber from the trees around; others had business buildings and homes of brick and concrete; but where the fire reached, it left ruin and havoc, no matter how the settlers had builded.

Such a town as this was Metz. Situated far up in the pineries in the northwest corner of the Michigan peninsula; its people were so near the great Lake Michigan that they could almost see its waters. At their doors was water enough to extinguish a hundred miles of burning area, yet it was useless because they had no means of bringing it to them. Metz was a pretty, thrifty town, the home of a thousand sturdy folk, largely immigrants from Canada and Europe, who had come here to get

THE CITY HALL AT CHISHOLM, MINNESOTA, DESTROYED BY FOREST FIRE.

their living amid the woodland. The Detroit & Mackinac Railway passes through it. This should be mentioned because it figured in the thrilling and tragic scenes in and about the little town.

For weeks a haze of smoke had darkened the air by day. In a dozen places the Northern Michigan forests were ablaze, but at such a distance that the people, too familiar with these fires, were not alarmed. They thought the danger would pass as it had passed before. Nearer and nearer the fire ate through field and woodland until it had reached the edge of the clearing. Now, everyone who could handle shovel or plow turned out to throw up earth and keep the flames from advancing. But they had waited too long. The fire leaped the barrier and reached outlying houses. Panic-stricken, the people seized what valuables they could pick up and tried to flee, but the range of the fire was so wide that Metz was almost hemmed in. Some persons escaped through narrow forest lanes which had not been ignited, but several hundred would not take the chances and remained in the market-place.

Telegrams had been sent to the officials of the railway company of the danger, and they dispatched a rescue train to the scene. The train reached Metz safely, but none too soon, for many of the houses were now ablaze. The refugees crowded into it, and a start was made for safety, but the fire line had been closing in rapidly, and a few miles outside of the town the engine-driver ran into a cloud of smoke. Passing through it, he was horrified to see the ties ahead, supporting the rails, on fire. He bravely kept at the throttle until the locomotive fell into a culvert whose timbers had been burned through. The driver and the fireman crawled out of the wreck, and tying their 'kerchiefs over their mouths managed to get past the fire line, but their eyebrows and hair were partly burned. The unfortunate stoker was only bruised, and seeing a water-tank beside the track, climbed up the side and into it. Here he was found later on, drowned. Such was the heat that the water in the tank was hot when the body was discovered.

The terrible fate which some of the refugees met is thus described by Wesley Irvin, a business man of Bay City, who was on the train: "As soon as we reached the burning ties the five cars quickly ignited. One was of steel construction, and had in it a number of women and children. In some way the doors were jammed and would not open, so the poor victims were held prisoners. Some of us tried to batter down the doors, but the heat became more and more intense and the smoke thicker and thicker, so that we had to give it up and run for our lives, but I believe they were all suffocated and did not know when the flames reached them.

"It was a case of death to remain in the place, for the trees were aflame, and even the earth seemed to be afire. I saw several men drop down overcome by the smoke. They were probably burned to death. Seven of us decided that the only chance to reach safety was to go through what looked like a swampy place. We covered our heads and faces with coats or any article that we could get, ran from tree to tree, dodging the shower of sparks and cinders as best we could. Here the tree trunks were not ablaze, and that saved us. But we traveled fully five miles, floundering and jumping dead trunks and boughs that, had they been afire, would have hemmed us in beyond hope. As it was we had to go through another fire belt before we reached a point where we could stop and rest, and were obliged in some places to leap smouldering trees which had been so burned near the ground that they had fallen. After we removed the head coverings all our eyes were affected by the heat and smoke, and when I reached the town of Posen I could scarcely see."

In this train disaster alone fully twenty persons, so far as known, met death by fire. Everything about the cars that could burn was reduced to ashes and embers. In Metz itself not a building was left, and the only part of a building

not destroyed were the stone steps of the town church.

Curious as it may seem, this terrible affair was very similar to another which occurred in the State of Minnesota only a few years ago. Again the people ignored the danger until their community was nearly hemmed in by a wall of flames. Again a train was sent to bring them to a refuge, and again the onrush of the fire was too great even for the speed of the locomotive. The town of Hinckly is still in existence, but its public buildings and nearly every house and every shop in it are new. There is no sign of the calamity which destroyed it, except the charred stumps, the traveler may see, passing through its outskirts.

The first Hinckly was laid out in the middle of a tract of woodland nearly fifty miles square. It started as a lumber camp, and was the center of half a dozen hamlets located in places where the trees had been cut down in the general forest. A spark from a locomotive fell into a pile of dried leaves at a spot about ten miles from Hinckly. For four months not a drop of rain had fallen in this part of the state, yet when a track laborer saw the leaves afire he passed on, thinking they would soon burn out. The pile was destroyed, and for two days the ashes remained smouldering. The next morning a little breeze sprang up and spread some of the embers, still red, to other leaves.

The flames leaped from the ground to the underbrush, then to the trees. A forest fire had started. What wind there was blew directly toward Hinckly, and this way the fire traveled, widening as it went, and gradually forming a semicircle, with the village opposite to the center. The ends of the half-circle were a mile beyond the town before the fire in the center had reached it. Three miles away the people heard the roar of the flames as they shot a hundred feet above the treetops, while every moment a huge trunk, burned through, fell with a crash. The smoke came through the woods, filling the air with thick clouds. All seized what valuables they could secure in a moment and started to escape. Some, blinded by the smoke, went directly into the burning area and never returned. Most of the people left by the wagon roads, only to find they were going into

FIRE DEPARTMENT OF A WESTERN TOWN CARRYING HOSE TO EXTINGUISH THE FLAMES IN THE WOODLAND ON ITS BORDER.

a furnace. More than one hundred were burned to death or suffocated in trying to get away by the roads.

Half a mile distant on the side opposite to the fire was a half-dried pond with a sandy bottom. Some of the cooler heads, seeing the burning wall hemming them in on three sides, remembered this spot, and groping to it through the smoke, dug holes in the wet sand and covered themselves or lay immersed in the stagnant water up to their chins. Even here it was almost impossible to breathe without strangling. The village occupied a space about a mile square. The houses were separated by yards and streets and were from fifty to 150 feet apart. Many of the residents did not believe that the fire would reach any but the buildings in the outskirts, and took their families into the cellars, where they perished.

As the flames reached the town and the nearest rows of dwellings were ignited, the whistle of a locomotive was heard. Through the opening which marked the cut for the railway track dashed a passenger train. The roofs of the cars were smoking from the heat and every window was shut to keep the interiors from igniting. The engineer stood at the throttle while the fireman drenched him with pails of water from the tank in the tender. The crowds of people running hither and thither in the streets rushed for the train, and every one who could get a foothold on the platforms was allowed to do so. Then the engineer reversed his lever and backed his train into the mass of burning trees and underbrush. Luckily none had fallen across the track. For six miles he worked the engine. Several times his clothing caught fire, but the water bucket extinguished it. In places the flames literally swept under and up the sides of the coaches, while the metal work on the outside of the engine was so hot it could not be touched. At last the train reached a small clearing near a swamp and the order was given to all to leave the train and save themselves. Every one left but two Chinamen, who were burned to a crisp with the cars. The rails, made of steel, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, were twisted by the heat into S-shaped figures, and in some places partly melted. This fire swept over an area about twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide. The remains of 160 persons were found in Hinckly, where not a house was left.

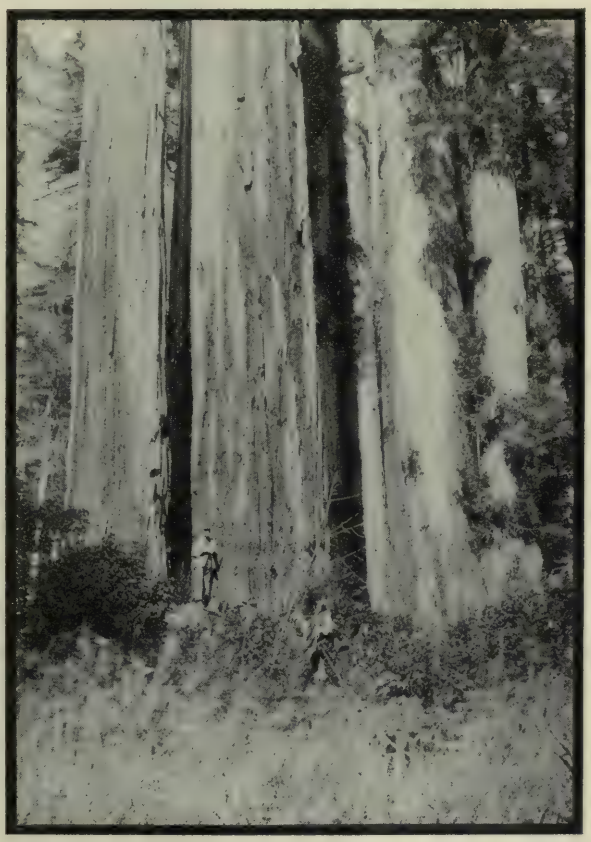
The fire claimed nearly 500 victims—more than any other in the record of forest fires—but the tremendous force of the flames when fanned by the wind, and the distances which they will extend and throw out sparks and cinders, was thrillingly demonstrated during the last visitation of this fearful element in Minnesota. Up in the northern portion was located the little city of Chisholm. It could well be called a city, for many of its homes were of brick and concrete; its city hall was a massive brick structure. In fact, it might be called a fireproof town, compared with many of its fellows where wood has been used for building material. Four thousand people lived in Chisholm, and it contained factories and other industries. While the townsite was selected partly on account of its vicinity to the lumber regions, it is also near the Mesaba iron range, where thousands of miners are at work, and was a supply depot both for the timbermen and miners.

The range country had had a long drouth and a number of fires broke out at different points, but Chisholm remained beyond the danger line for so long that its people seemed lulled to a sense of security. The limits of the town were fully a mile from the nearest woodland, and it was supposed that this open country formed an ample margin for safety. But again the townsfolk made a fatal error. They forgot that the matted earth, much of it thick with the roots of trees cut from the original forest, had become so dry that it was absolutely waterless. They forgot that a great fire heats the air so that a hot wind is thrown out by the rushing of the colder air beyond the fire-line into the flame-heated area. Day by day the air became hazier and hazier. Every night the sun went down in the West a great

ball of red, seen through the smoke. Finally the people of Chisholm had to light the houses and shops in the daytime. Then suddenly the long calm was followed by a gale of wind. It came directly from the area of burning forest nearest the place. It drove the flames forward so rapidly that during one night they covered a stretch of five miles, and before dawn the ringing of the church bells and the blasts of steam whistles aroused the inhabitants to the danger of their homes. Then men rushed to the outskirts. The fire department stretched its few hose lines, not to extinguish any flames, but to do what should have been done long before—to wet the ground and prevent it from literally burning up. But it was like child's play. The flames, fanned by the wind, leaped to a height of fully a hundred feet above the trees. The heat was so intense that no human being could get within five hundred feet of the fire-line, and it is a fact that the roots of the tree stumps and weeds and grass ignited like a train of powder. The ground was ablaze. The first buildings, however, were fired by pieces of flaming branches thrown high above the burning trees and carried by the gale upon the roofs. The air was so filled with these missiles that they were literally showered upon the town.

Then the people of Chisholm knew they must give up the fight, and hurriedly removing what they could take from their dwellings, they abandoned the town. Fortunately for them, on the side of the city opposite to the fire there was a considerable area of treeless country, and here they camped as best they could until the military authorities, learning of the disaster, sent them a guard of soldiers with tents, bedding and food supplies. In that one night Chisholm was turned into a heap of smoking ruins. Those who had created it were driven out with only the sky above them, but luckily all escaped with their lives.

Most of the destruction caused by recent fires has been due principally to the burning of woodland, but the fires which spring up on the Western prairies are noted for the rapidity with which they spread, as the flames feed on the grain and grass roots, matted with the dry earth. Water is useless to extinguish forest and prairie fires. Dirt and sand, and tree branches thick with green leaves were the weapons that conquered a fire threatening to destroy the town of Pottawatomie, Kansas. No one knows how it started, but when the people began to fight it, the flames were advancing in a line a mile long, urged by a strong wind.



A CLUSTER OF REDWOODS. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. FOREST FIRES DO NOT SEEM TO INJURE THE REDWOODS.

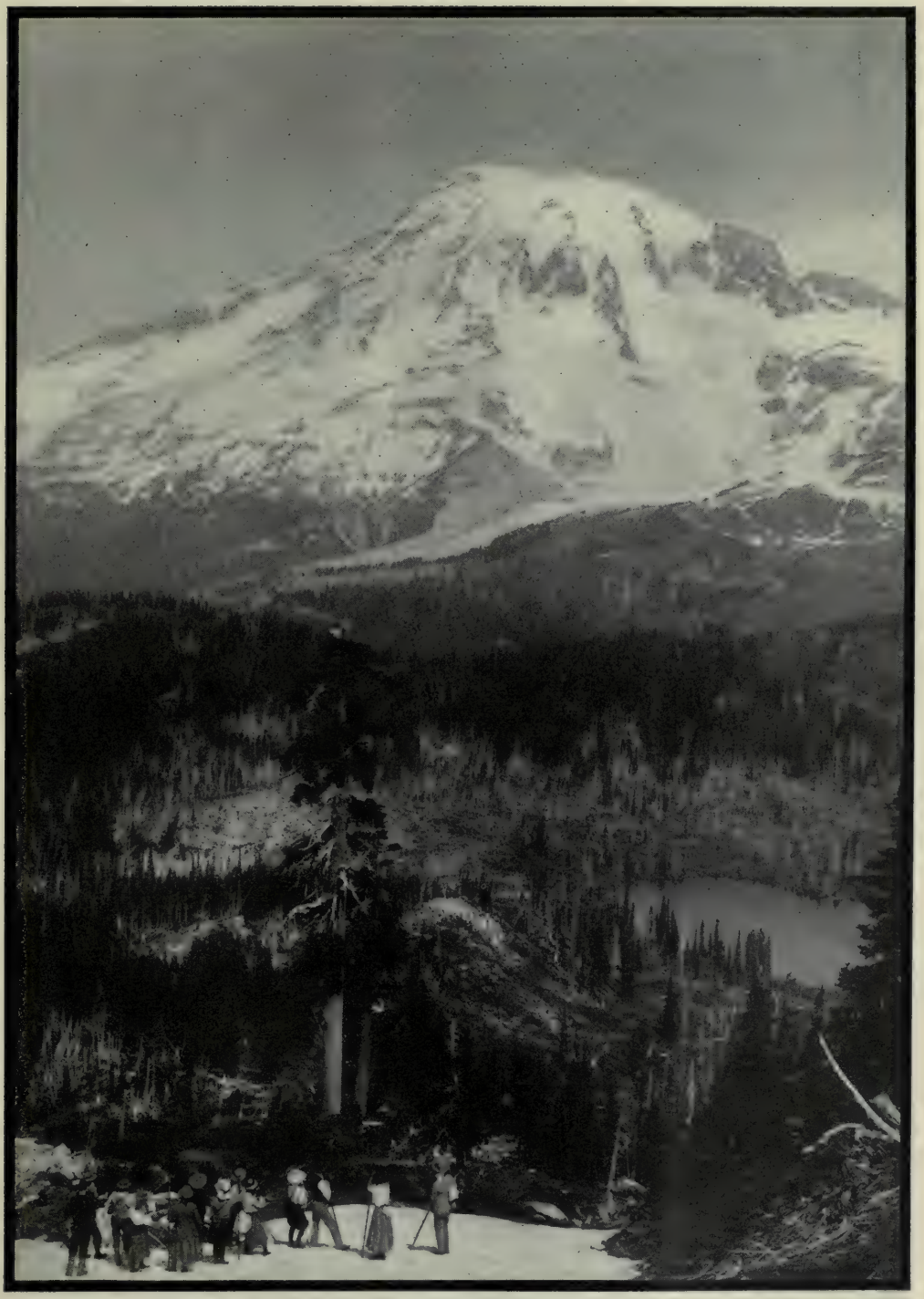
Men and women, and children old

enough to be of service, hurried to the locality, while a dozen plows were loaded on wagons and hauled at a gallop to a place on the prairie several miles from the line of burning vegetation. The plows were taken from the wagons, while the horses were unhitched and the animals fastened to the implements, four to each. As fast as it could be driven, each team dragged its plow through the ground, turning up the fresh soil and burying the dry stubble which afforded food for the flames. The furrows were dug about five feet apart in ten parallel rows, each as long as it was calculated the fire-line would extend should it reach the spot.

While the plowman were thus creating a sort of breastwork against the flames, the others were placed at intervals in front, digging dirt with hoe and shovel and forming piles to be used for ammunition to be thrown on the flames or spread over the fields as a further obstacle. The children, with branches, were stationed on the leeward side of the burning area to beat down any blaze which might spring up and prevent the fire from widening, if possible. Thus began a fight which continued from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight of that day. The people knew that if the fire went over the rows of plowed ground the houses, barns and crops beyond would be turned into ashes, as it was harvest time and the corn and wheat already cut and stacked in piles had been dried in the sun, and with the surface of the fields littered with leaves, formed a mass of combustible material which no effort could extinguish when once ignited. So they resisted the fire foot by foot, working in the hot air until some dropped from exhaustion and had to be carried away by others to avoid being burned to death.

FROM VALUABLE TIMBER LAND TO BARREN WASTE IN TWO YEARS, MINNESOTA.

As fast as the flames reached the vicinity of one of the earth piles shovelfuls were thrown on the blaze. The boys and girls at the sides wore out their sticks and branches with persistent beating, and the smaller ones were sent for a fresh supply. As soon as the plowmen had finished the "cut-off" their horses were hitched to the wagons and sent for water to the nearest stream. The liquid was brought back in barrels, into which the fighters plunged their heads and shoulders to counteract the effects of the heat.



FIRE LOVES THE UPLANDS.
Characteristic Appearance of Region About Mount Rainier, Washington.

FOREST FIRE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

Although fully 500 persons were in this fire brigade, they were unable to keep back the progress of the fire until it reached the plowed area. The flames leaped over the first furrow, but the stubble and dried grass between it and the second had been covered with dirt, and but a part of it ignited. Realizing the desperate situation, the people devoted all their efforts to extinguishing this part of the flames. As many as could procure them fought with branches, while the others used their hoes and shovels, some literally running into the fire in their efforts to stamp it out. Its range was narrowed several hundred feet, although a part of the space between the next two furrows ignited. Encouraged by their progress, however, the fighters redoubled their efforts, and by midnight the long row of flame had been beaten to smoking embers.

One reason for the usual great damage is because the inhabitants of the prairies and forest have so little knowledge of the best means to check the spread of a fire or to change its course, while carelessness in leaving campfires, dropping lighted matches and shooting into dry growth causes many a conflagration. One duty of the Forest Service of the United States is to train the farmers and lumbermen in the best means of preventing this great menace to their lives and property. In fighting a forest fire time is half the battle, and the sooner help can be secured and the fight commenced, the easier it is to control the fire. This being so, many provisions for aiding the work of the Government fire-fighters have been carried out, among which is the placing of tool chests, containing

WHERE A FOREST FIRE LEAPED ACROSS A RIVER, DESTROYING THE TIMBER ON BOTH SIDES.

A RECENT "BURN" IN THE NORTHERN ROCKIES.

FOREST SERVICE EMPLOYEES PLANTING PINES TO REFOREST SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

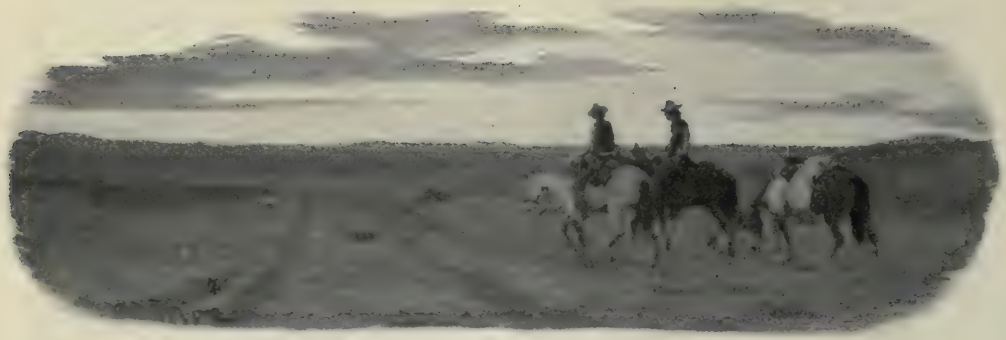
a supply of shovels, axes, canteens and other supplies at convenient points throughout the mountains, where the rangers can easily secure them. In addition, arrangements are made with settlers to have telephones (an important convenience now in all American forest reserves) to notify the rangers whenever any fires are discovered. By a system of co-operation it is possible to get a force of men to a remote part of the mountains in a comparatively short time. Forest officers have the power to compel all able-bodied men to assist in fighting fires, but it is seldom that they are required to exercise this power, the settlers recognizing that it is to their own interest to assist in every possible way.

One summer recently fire broke out in the San Jacinto Mountain reserve in Southern California. A large force of foresters worked constantly for forty-eight hours before they succeeded in getting the conflagration under control. In the valley, supplies were hastily prepared. Food was placed in tin milk cans (because they would not catch fire) and carried in a wagon to the base of the mountain, where it was packed on burros and taken to the men. At different stages of the battle additional supplies of tools were brought into requisition—axes, shovels, large knives and brush hooks. The dense, stiff brushwood of these mountains, comprising manzanita, ceanothus, wild cherry, chestnut and many other species, is sometimes almost impenetrable, and the fire fighters were often compelled to crawl flat on their stomachs in order to reach vantage

PART OF A VAST "BURN" IN THE BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS, IDAHO. THE FOREST SERVICE IS CHECKING SUCH APPALLING NATIONAL WASTE.

points. While the fire was eating its way through the cañon below they worked and struggled against the encroaching flames, a panting, hatless, coatless throng, with perspiration dripping from every pore, with eyes blinded by smoke and faces scorched by the terrific heat. The great mountain seemed a writhing mass of fierce lights and shadows, weirdly vibrant with the roars of the fire and the indescribable grandeur, and the country for miles around was illuminated by the glow. But the forest rangers finally triumphed.

A GATEWAY BURNED THROUGH AN OLD SEQUOIA LOG; CALIFORNIA.



The Plainsmen

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

Drawings by C. S. Price

Men of the older, gentler soil,
    Loving the things that their fathers wrought—
Worn old fields of their fathers' toil,
    Scarred old hills where their fathers fought—
Loving their land for each ancient trace,
    Like a mother, dear for her wrinkled face—
Such as they never will understand
    The way we have loved you, young, young land!

Born of a free, world-wandering race,
    Little we yearned o'er an oft-turned sod:
What did we care for the fathers' place,
    Having ours fresh from the hand of God?
Who feared the strangeness or wiles of you
    When, from the unreckoned miles of you,
Thrilling the wind with a sweet command,
    Youth unto youth called, young, young land?

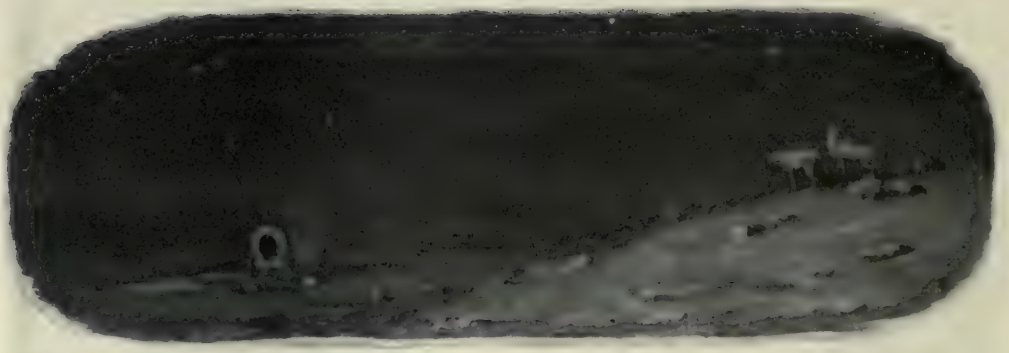
North, where the hurrying seasons changed
    Over great, gray plains where the trails lay long,
Free as the sweeping chinook we ranged,
    Setting our days to a saddle song.
Through the icy challenge you flung to us,
    Through your shy spring kisses that clung to us,
Following far as the rainbow spanned,
    Fiercely we wooed you, young, young land!

"BY THE SHADOWY SPRINGS AND THE GLARING SAND
YOU WERE OUR TRUE LOVE, YOUNG, YOUNG, LAND."

South, where the sullen, black mountains guard
Limitless, shimmering lands of the sun,
On the blinding trails where the hoofs rang hard,
Laughing or cursing we rode and won.
Drunk with the virgin white fire of you,
Hotter than thirst was desire of you:
Straight in our faces you burned your brand,
Marking your chosen ones, young, young land!

When did we long for the sheltered gloom
Of the older game with its cautious odds?
Always we gloried in sun and room,
Spending our strength like the younger gods.
By the wild, sweet ardor that ran in us,
By the pain that tested the man in us,
By the shadowy springs and the glaring sand,
You were our true love, young, young land!

When the last free trail is a prim, fenced lane
And our graves grow weeds thro' forgetful Mays,
Richer and statelier then you'll reign,
Mother of men whom the world will praise.
And your sons will love you and sigh for you,
Labor and battle and die for you
But never the fondest will understand
The love that we gave you, young, young land!



Hewers

A Tale of the Oregon Woods

By Elizabeth Lambert Wood

Drawing by C. S. Price

IT was near dawn—the half-balmy, half-chill, slow-spreading dawn of early spring. A candle in a cheap, japanned candle-stick burned with odorous flame of pale yellow—fading perceptibly, soon to be one with the white light breaking over the tall tree-tops of the forest—atop the old and trail-battered bureau.

Salida Cross stood in erect, square strength before the small and distorting looking-glass, slowly combing a worn, uneven switch of youthful brown, which she held suspended by a wire hair-pin slipped through the loop in the end, the hair revolving slowly as the maiden woman's bony, toil-hardened hand traveled up and down. When every wisp to the very last was smooth, this hair of Salida's own long-departed girlhood was lifted to the back of the strong head, and with a sharp push the fingers plunged the hair-pin into the small knob of spare and faded locks. It went in with a crisp prick, like the sound made by stabbing a plump, ripe apple; then the switch was coiled smoothly into place, the last end was tucked painstakingly under, and the whole pinned securely down.

By this time dawn, or its raw, advance guard, was beginning to struggle in, and Salida picked up the comb and carried it to the window. Holding it up between her eyes and the arriving infinity of whiteness, the woman picked out a spare hair or two and crossing the room, carefully placed them in the stove.

A step or two made in a resolute tread brought the woman to the outside door, which she drew briskly open. A silent forest faced her—firs of giant girth and colossal height—an army aged with the weight of centuries, implacable guards of the low, rough cabin and the few acres of clearing. The remoteness, the unreality of breaking dawn still swathed the brawn of those mighty trunks, a velvety veil of blackness still shadowed them, while in verdant contrast the young hemlock, left to shade the doorstep, stood out round and quiveringly bespangled with dew, much like an airy-headed, graceful dancer in sparkling raiment, pirouetting on one toe.

Beside the step, where Salida had planted them the fall before, two bunches of primroses had come up, their thick, wrinkled leaves of tender wool crowding together, with several parasols of bright canary bloom, richly bordered in maroon, opening fragrantly above. The woman's heavily-shod foot avoided them with tender care. Stepping to the ground, she dipped sparingly from a barrel of water standing on a small, rude sled, and carefully washed her face and hands in a shallow, well-scoured basin.

A black and white sheep-dog, very active, silken-coated and bright-eyed, crept slinkingly into view and dropped down on the grass at the edge of the trees. But Salida was of quick attention and espied him.

"What 've you bin at, sir?" she demanded, suspiciously, calling to him.

At that he flattened himself against the dew-moistened earth, burying his sharp nose between his paws in evident guilt, watching the outlook narrowly from under cunningly-drooped and nervously-twitching eyelids.

Salida now chose to ignore him, and

marched straight past him, on the path to the tiny, shed-roofed barn.

"Off on an all-night scout, makin' friends with the coyotes, I 'll be bound!" she muttered, contemptuously, but she cautiously slanted her keen eyes aside for a further look at him, for an instinctive fear had sprung into her breast, and she quickened her steps.

Suddenly she stopped and gave a gasp of exasperation—the fastening of the door hung loose. Moon, the red Durham cow, was gone—gone to wander at slow-cropping will through the trailless wilderness, where cougars were known to prowl in undisturbed courage,—a lean-stomached courage at this time of the year,—and where even bob-cats had been known to display unexampled boldness and cunning.

The woman turned furiously on the dog. "So!" she cried out at him. "So, you were off on a lark of your own and did n't give me warnin'! What do you think I keep a hungry, useless thing like you fur—jist to look pretty?"

Shep was beating a continual, conciliatory tattoo on the ground with his plumy, black tail, hope rising against hope in his guilty breast that with some wile he might be able to placate her, to change the strong-striking fury in her eyes to softness and kindness again. He seized his fleeing courage by the tail and crept along the ground toward her. At sight of his foolish, childlike eagerness to appease her, the woman's heart melted.

"Come on, come on—you young scamp," she called, affectionately. "I'm not goin' to blame you fur runnin' after company. Like as not you 've got better sense nor what I 've got. I stay here on this claim year in an' year out and git my heart turned to stone, an' everybody forgits I'm alive—and what do I do it all fur—that 's what I'd like to know? I dont believe my blood 's got any warm feelin' in it any more—an', anyway if it has, it 's such a sickly, onery lookin' kind of a feelin' that it 's half-ashamed to be sneakin' round through my hard, middle-aged veins, an' I aint like to see a sign of it again in my lifetime. Froze out—that 's what it is—I used to be kind of feelin' like about lots of things." Her voice had fallen into a saddened monotone, and the lips of her grim mouth relaxed and trembled a little. "An' here I be a-scoldin' you, Shep, and, I guess, if I should come right down to die, you 'd be the only one who 'd really care. Come here,—come here—bless you, but aint you glad to make up!"

The dog had swarmed at her and upon her at her first relenting word, yelping with ecstatic delight, and when the first excess of his excitement was over, fell to lapping her fingers and palms with his warm and loving tongue.

In a few moments this twain of reunited friends was setting out eagerly on Moon's trail. The woman walked heavily, almost with the stride of a man, pushing her way forward, where the undergrowth was thick, with ready strength, until the tracks led them into a little trail that had been blazed between Salida's cabin and that of a settler on an adjoining claim. This set her to wondering if this neighbor had come back—after a winter spent working in the logging camps and among the mills in the lower valley—and if he would let her know of his return by coming to see her.

"Huh—he aint likely to!" she sniffed, but the wide-set eyes looking out from under the strong, deeply-tanned brows were fathomless and reflective.

She was recalling her first meeting with this neighbor. That had been half a dozen years before, when she first came to cook in the logging camp of the company he was cruising for. She had made friends with no one, carrying herself with straight-backed, firm-lipped, silent reserve, therefore her astonishment was great, when one day, without introducing himself, Wheatley had suggested she quit cooking for a raft of hungry, ungrateful loggers and take up a good timber claim instead.

She had listened soberly and in silence, continuing to knead the great batch of sour-milk graham bread on the white, floured board before her, though occasionally scrutinizing him with a searching, wary, earnest gaze, and imprinting on her memory for the first time his rough, unshaven features, his warm-colored throat and cheeks, and his lively, dark-brown eyes. But after a due weighing of this advice, she decided to

act upon its suggestion, and later, when the season's work was over, had gone with Wheatley and a surveyor to look at the claim he had had in mind. Upon this she had immediately settled, and for years had known no other home.

But at best, Wheatley was not much of a neighbor—she had not seen him since late the fall before, when, the day he was leaving his claims, he came out of his way to bring her a haunch of venison, a part of his last kill. They had talked soberly together a few minutes, then he had tramped on, a sixty-pound pack across his shoulders. Since that day she had set eyes on no human face.

"What good am I?" scornfully argued the vigorous spinster to herself. "I believe I could hear of the death of my best friend,—and who but Wheatley is that,—without my blood a-chillin' any colder than it is now in my veins. Ugh—what a life! And when I was a girl I used to dream of bein' somebody's wife"—the woman's dark-tanned cheeks flamed up ruddily—"them days I hoped I might live to cuddle more 'n one child of my own against this flat, useless breast." She struck against it with her fist, in contempt of its muscular depth and strength.

As she walked, her scant skirt had become limp and loamy, and at every step took to slapping against her ankles and thick boots, making progress difficult and unpleasant.

All at once she became aware that the dog had disappeared from beside her, and she halted instantly, ashamed that her foolish meditations had blinded her to the moment in which Shep had drawn aside from the trail. The muscles about her heart seemed to tighten—had the dog discovered the cow—was she well and uninjured? The death of Moon would mean a grave, an irreparable loss to the lone woman, and Salida's head was anxiously lifted; below brows pushed intently forward, her eyes, strikingly alert and brilliant, roved all about her, searching the trees and brush. Then a wail echoed in her straining ears, sounding from the left. She could make out nothing, but with an answering cry of reassurance to the dog, and with heart thudding furiously, she pushed aside heavy branches, hurrying on, and then suddenly broke in on the spot where Shep tremblingly awaited her, his body stiffened, the black and the white hair of his muscular neck roughened and upreared.

The woman was severely frightened, but an instant's glance laid about her reassured her—there was no sign of the cow, and once more hope bounded in her breast. Still some instinct, perhaps of caution, made her skirt a refuse heap of brush, forcing her to climb upon a log that spanned a tiny, shallow hollow left by an uprooted tree. The wood of this, damp and mouldering from an ancient death, gave sickeningly under her firm tread. Then, before she could step down beside Shep on the far side, all of the dog's horror, and many times more than it in strength, leaped in her breast, possessing her—for plain in sight, and protruding from the very log on which she stood, lay a human arm and an outstretched hand!

Salida was a woman after all. In spite of her self-alleged hardness, and the coldness of heart, she echoed the dog's sharp cry, and her roughened hands clutched at the bosom of her dress, while she leaned, eyes starting, to gaze at the lifeless outline of flesh below her.

Shep had crept shudderingly to her side, and was nuzzling against her, and something in his cringing touch freed the sturdy blood congealed in her veins and sent it pounding back to her heart again. Her arm once more grew strong, and she stepped resolutely back on the ground again, and stooping, began lifting away the boughs heaped loosely against the log. With quickened vision, she saw that some were freshly cut and spicy with oozing balsam. Then she lifted her head and gave a swift searching glance about her, but almost at once resumed the careful lifting away, bit by bit, of the concealing brush.

When the instant came in which she caught a glimpse of what she was to lay bare—it was then her nostrils dilated with painful arching, and her brave eyes narrowed with an inner sickening. At last there were no more boughs to lift, and a man's form lay fully exposed be-

fore her, face downward, huddled limply on the disturbed bright brown of the moist and loamy earth, his clothes disarranged and torn as if dragged for a distance through the forest. But it was not this—not the discovery of the lifeless form that held Salida numb with anguish—it was the fear of his identity, a fear that held her back from stooping to catch a glimpse of his face. And yet, knowledge was coming slowly to her, an intuition of all she was to suffer was tearing her heart open. But at last she forced herself to see—to look into Wheatley's face—Wheatley, who had championed her—who had been a lone, hard-working woman's adviser and friend!

A long time she knelt there, her nails closed inward against her palms, the nails cutting through to quivering flesh. On her face was growing a passion of hatred, an intent, undying hatred for the fiend, whoever he might be, who had planned this, who had dared lay hands on Wheatley, who had presumed to lay low his life, to desecrate his body and leave it to rot like carrion, the spot unmarked, his death unheralded. But at last the first hot flame of this fury passed, and a great pity for this ruthless waste of a man's life broke her down. After a long moment of convulsive, useless struggling, her whole form relaxed, and, leaning her head and shoulder forward against the log, she gave way to tears, a violent, gushing flood, the first she had known for years. They wetted her cheeks and worn hands, they fell on the form below; a terrible, heart-wrenching outburst, that lifted and floated upward to the surface all the long-hidden qualities that belong only to womankind, and that makes of her the tender, cherishing, enduring-hearted, unwearying and world-blessed creature that she is.

And it was his courage, Salida whispered to herself, that had really sustained her; and yet until this moment she had never suspected it, had never known that it was his friendship and self-imposed guardianship that had made her brave enough to leave the galling service of others, and become what she was—a woman of independence; a woman with a timber property of tallest, straightest Douglas fir, cruising six million feet to the claim!

Then next had come into her heart a prayer, and it surged through her strongly—a prayer that she—the one most indebted to him—might be given the power to seek out the hideous, unspeakable coward who had wrought this ruin. In her pity and grief she stooped to smooth, like a mother might, the rumpled, earth-filled brown hair, to straighten the tortured limbs, to fold the strong, kindly hands. As she touched the upturned palm, a quiver ran through her from crown to toe—an unbelievable ecstasy of hope—the hand still held the faintest hint of warmth!

At that she called him by name and frantically began chafing his hands and face and throat, interrunning her motions with broken prayers of thankfulness, of hope, and raining tears, now of anger, next of entreaty and affection. When all her vehemence, all her excess of tenderness could not bring one sign of consciousness from him, she rose swiftly to her feet, and, like a mantle of stiff darkness, her long habit of sternness again fell over her.

"Shep—come here!" she commanded.

Then taking the slim head between her hard palms, she looked straight and long into the watchful, intelligent eyes.

"Find bossy—find her, I say," she directed. "Bring her, sir—now, go!"

Released, the dog whined understandingly, cowered a little as his mistress repeated the command, crept away a few steps, then suddenly rose erect on his feet and leaped sinuously away, his coat undulating with light, energy and beautiful motion.

As soon as he was gone, Salida bent all her attention to devising some practical way of getting the wounded man back to her cabin. She began, with the heavy clasp-knife she always carried, to contrive a rude stretcher of folded boughs on which she might manage to drag him. This she wove together as well as she could and strengthened by lashing the parts into place with strips torn from her stout skirt. Other strips she bound closely about Wheatley's head,

from two ugly, irregular wounds of which the blood still oozed. At the least movement these had determinedly broken out afresh, clotting his hair and soaking into and stiffening his shirt.

The rope with which she had planned to lead home the recalcitrant cow, Salida now fastened to the stretcher, on which she managed to lift the limp form. With a knotted end over her shoulder, she struggled to drag the grievous burden down the slope to the trail, gaining step by step with hard-labored breath, summoning all her strength to this task, yet the progress was painful and slow. But her worn spirits rose with a bound when she caught the sound of Shep's voice lifted in a series of sharp, quick barks, followed by the distant tinkle of Moon's Swiss bell, distinctly agitated. Out on the trail, at last, Salida came upon the two, Moon walking slowly and contritely ahead, her horns swung low, with Shep walking alertly and watchfully behind, signals of victory and pride flying from every hair of his ears, neck and tail.

Much better progress was now made. Salida took a careful hitch of the rope about the glossy horns, thanking Heaven she had trained the animal from calfhood, and plodded on beside her charge, urging forward the sulking cow, all her strength ready instantly to be used to steady the stretcher of boughs over an uneven spot, yet finding time occasionally to strive to rub some of the ache from her own bruised and wearied shoulders. And always present in her mind, and constantly repeated to the beat of her steps, was the groaning prayer:

"Let him live—please, please—let him live!"

For hours the little group proceeded, with many stops to rest the patient Moon, or sometimes to readjust the unconscious figure, or to repair the makeshift stretcher. Down one long slope and up another, carefully over uneven places and around great roots of greater trees, toiled the woman by the side of the wounded man; and, step by step, with shambling tread, Moon sulkily drew the burden nearer the little clearing. Yet it was late afternoon, despite these heroic efforts, when Salida, with a sigh of weariness, but of relief also, brought her charge safely to her own lowly door.

Somehow, in some way, she managed to get Wheatley's helpless bulk within doors and upon the comfortable, snowy bed. Then hastily building a fire, she warmed a sup of milk, and after repeated trials she was able to force some drops of this between the ashen lips and close-set teeth. She waited, with fingers laid lightly against his throat, until she felt the warm milk trickle down, then she washed the terrible wounds and dressed them, and gently took the blood-stiffened clothes from the unconscious man, and at last saw him relax as if sleeping, made as comfortable as possible with clean, soft night clothes, freshly-aired sheets and warm, thick blankets.

It was nearing midnight before this was all accomplished, and Salida spent a few anxious moments considering whether it would be wiser to snatch a few hours of sleep or go on at once to seek help. Opening the outside door, the moonlight streaming into her face from the moon just coming up into view from behind the trees, helped her to make a quick decision. It would be dark through the forest, yet some light would filter through the boughs, and make the trip possible. After bending a long moment over the bed, an anguished prayer on her lips, the woman put on a rough, manlike outer coat, tied a tiny woolen shawl over her head and went out, closing the heavy door very softly behind her, and set off at a sturdy, even stride, taking a dim and narrow trail that led out of the mountains toward the settlement that lay miles away in the lower valley.

About sun-up, Salida came out into a rough logging road, which soon led into a still more clearly-defined highway, and an hour later a low, shake-roofed cabin came into view. The timber in this section was of younger growth, stood more scattering, and part of it showed scars left by a forest fire. The cabin stood on the claim taken up by two boys, Bud Witherspoon and a young brother, Syke, who feared the isolation of a life like Salida's, and had preferred a poorer property and a nearby roadway, to the towering, splendid, deep-hearted timber

that was the pride of the spinster's heart.

There was the hasty scraping of a chair within doors, and a boy appeared, a tall, unevenly-built, thick-lipped, black-eyed boy of perhaps seventeen. He stared at the approaching woman, then gulped back his astonishment, exclaiming:

"Wall, I swan—if it aint Salidy Cross! Ye aint come from the mountains?"

Then he seemed to divine the depth of trouble in which she had come; he saw her torn clothes, her haggard face, her tottering steps. Grabbing her by the arm, he supported her into the house, where she sank upon the first chair.

"Go for the doctor," she gasped. "Wheatley 's nigh dead—oh, it 's terrible—tell the sheriff somebody meant to kill him. I 'll take one of your ponies—I must go right back—he 'll die—oh, he may be dead when I get there! His life depends on you, boy—Wheatley's life depends on your doin' your very best!"

How swiftly men and women work when life hangs in the balance! In a few minutes Syke was astride a horse and galloping down the valley road, and traveling up the trail toward the distant claim rode a swaying woman, grimly hanging to the saddle, and holding, as it were, the demon of fatigue at bay with firmly-gritted teeth.

"He must not die!" she kept saying, "dear God, he must not die!"

And in the cabin the two had left, lay a hastily-scribbled note, weighted to the table by the very cup Syke had been drinking his coffee from when roused by Salida's coming. The note was left for the boy's older brother, Bud, who was away in the mountains hunting. It ran:

"Wheatley about dieing. Salidy Cross's bin here fur help. You may git this first. You go help her and i am going fur the sheriff and doctor. Syke."

Salida, home at last, found her patient still alive, fed him a few drops of milk, then climbed the short ladder to the loft and fell asleep on a pile of bedding and clothes stored there, too exhausted to make herself a pallet on the floor below.

How long she slept she did not know, but was awakened with a start by a stealthy movement made below. It could not be the doctor, nor the sheriff, neither could it be a hastily-gathered posse; the entrance of any of these would be premised by a hail from without. No wild animal could be there—she had seen to the closing of the stout outer door—yet the stealthy, padding step that roused her most resembled a cougar's cunning.

Without a sound she drew herself to the opening and peered below. A single glimpse filled her with a new terror. A man in rough, loam-stained clothes was bending low over Wheatley. He held in one dirty, thick-fingered hand a tumbler containing a little clear liquid like water, which he was pressing to the ashen lips, and the muscles of his long arms and thick bony shoulders were swollen as if a determined effort was being made to force the fluid down the motionless throat.

Salida, despite her loathing fear, managed to slip silently half way down the ladder, then mustering her voice, managed, with an assumption of cool quiet, to say:

"Is he—is he better?"

"Better!" a harsh and startled voice repeated, mechanically, then a fierce young face whirled violently about, confronting her.

"Bud—Bud Witherspoon!" she ejaculated, starting back.

The fire of cruelty in his eyes died abruptly. The lumpish shoulders which had been heaved up as for a feat of strength were sagging limply and his big, flat hands hung loosely at his side.

Salida walked straight up to the boy. "You thought he was thirsty?" she asked, somehow, breaking a terrible silence, and throwing a tone of innocent concern into her voice.

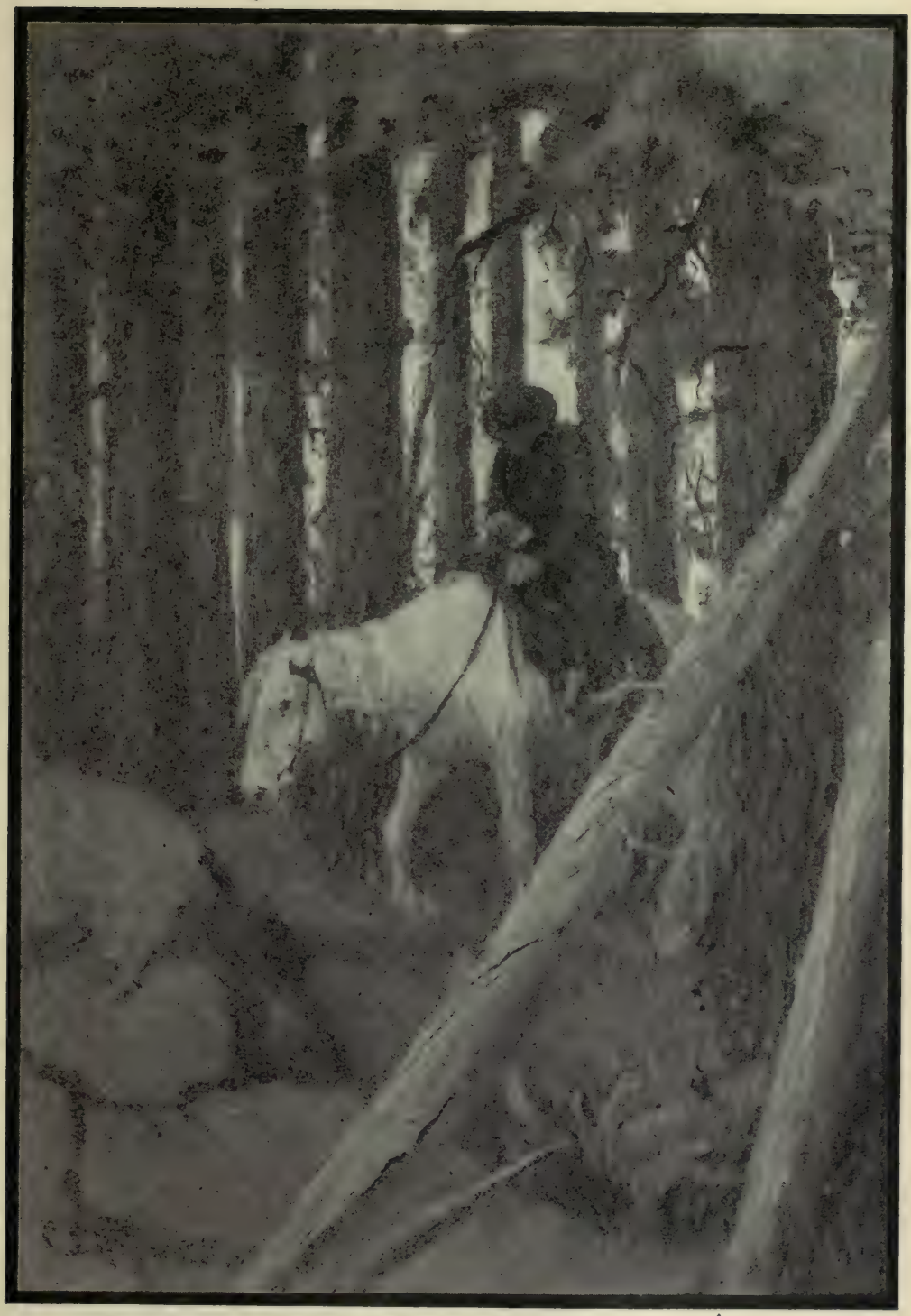
"Yep—sure I did!"

"That water 's fresh from the barrel?"

"I—I—of course—I jist now brung it in."

"Then I 'll drink it," she said, almost softly, her fingers on the glass.

He shrank away from her, his cheeks shriveling inward and yellowing, then he hurled it out through the door left open behind him, while oathing a vociferous, "Not by a damned sight!"



"AND TRAVELING BY THIS TRAIL TO THE DISTANT CLAIM RODE A SWAYING WOMAN."

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It was a tense moment. Salida was trembling with both fear and loathing, despite her heroic efforts to hide it.

"I—I 'll take care of him now," she said, smoothing back her sleep-ruffled hair with a strong hand that trembled like a slender-hung, young cottonwood leaf when the breeze is freshening.

A suspicion, that in the first moment she dared not harbor, was leaping on to a conviction within her. In a certain blindness of condition she set to work building a fire in the small cook stove.

Bud watched her a few moments, then shambled heavily to the door, but returned to her side, and his first words gave Salida one of the starts of her life.

"I aint supposin' now," he drawled, impudence once more riding supreme over his undeveloped countenance, "I aint supposin' you 've had many weddin' offers, be ye?"

His auditor dropped the dish-towel she held and stared at him, but when forced to realize he was serious, she laughed outright, without a trace of anger, emphatically replying:

"Nary a proposal in all my life—an' that 's the very truth."

"Then what 'd ye say to marryin' me? I'm yer's if ye 'll say the right word."

Salida sat down limply on the box that happened to be nearest at hand.

"Bud Witherspoon!" she demanded, "air you crazy?"

"Naw, I'm not," denied he, vehemently. "I'm downright dead in earnest—I mean every word I say!"

At that she got up as suddenly as she had sat down, and now her grey eyes were snapping to her sternly-spoken "Stop!" But her mind was in a whirl of darting wonder, and in growing bewilderment she added, "Why, boy, you must be twenty year younger than me?"

"I'd like to know what difference that makes—nothin' at all!" he snorted with unusual quickness of tongue; then with a total change of tone, he whipped out: "Hurry up and say 'yes.' The sheriff and the other folk 's comin'!"

The boy was right—the posse was arriving, and the foremost riders were jogging up to the bars where the doctor and the sheriff had already hastily dismounted.

"Say it, Salidy—you 'd better a whole lot save yerself a peck of trouble by sayin' 'yes,'" the boy was urging, desperately, at her elbow. There was something that savored of menace in his voice.

"I'd see myself dead first!" returned she, hotly. "I would n't marry the best man livin'—" She paused abruptly, her thought flying back to other days when the man lying on the bed had come striding to her door, his voice full of the joy of strength and life, his dark and lively eyes laughing and alight; when each had grasped and shook the other's toil-hardened hand, much as two men might have done.

The sound of Bud's short, coarse laugh close behind her brought her back to the perplexities of the moment.

"Wont marry anyone, eh?" he jeered. "Well, I bet ye marry the sheriff if ye dont me!" He moved to the sliding window at the back of the cabin and shot it open.

Salida gasped. "Well! Of *all* the—"

She blundered blindly to the stove, which was roaring, snapped off the damper, and started toward the door again. In that brief moment Bud had disappeared, and the doctor stood in the doorway, closely followed by the sheriff, whose eyes roved anxiously about the room, from Salida's face to the bloodless one on the pillow.

"His eyes look like a cayuse's when he 's a-shyin'," thought the woman, remembering Bud and his amazing prediction, and shuddering.

The sheriff had straddled on his short, thick legs into the room, and was now bending over the bed. His head was shaking.

"Doc, no man livin' can help him," he said, convincedly. He turned away now and spoke to Syke Witherspoon, who had just ridden up and entered.

"Aint Bud come home yet?" he asked, cautiously.

"Nope," answered the youthful voice, indifferently.

"By gracious—what business 's he got goin' off huntin' fur days at a time? I'm goin' to be up to my neck in work runnin' down this case of Wheatley's, and I need him. Not that it 'll be any use tryin' to track a murderer in these here

woods, though." Then he turned to Salida, who was watching the doctor at work over the patient. She had just answered a question put to her by the medical man, when the sheriff's thick voice gave a wheezy "Ahem!" close to her ear. She did not turn her head, until he murmured:

"I'm a-thinkin' them claims of Wheatley's will be mighty fine pickin'. Too bad he 's got no kin. There 's them who say the quarters run seven million feet apiece—an' three of 'em, too!"

"He aint dead yet," reminded the harassed woman, sharply.

"Pooh—he 's as good as buried!"

Just then the doctor turned to her. "There is n't any hope," he announced, reluctantly, his eyes bent curiously on the woman.

She swallowed audibly, and drew in her lips hard against her teeth, pressing the flesh white and bloodless. Her eyes drew closed as with great pain.

"You must n't take it so hard," he added, pityingly, wondering why he had ever summed her up as a cold woman, hard at driving a bargain, and entirely capable of threading an undisturbed way through a country inhabited by rough, grim-speaking men.

"He must n't be allowed to die without a chance to tell who did it," pleaded she, the muscles of her face responding stiffly to the movements of her lips. "That would be too terrible!"

"I know," assented the doctor, compassionately. "But there 's nothing to be done. He may not live out the night." He was moving away from the bed toward the door. The men had gathered in a knot outside, waiting anxiously to be away on the trail with Salida to lead them.

Suddenly the woman spoke in a very low, hurried voice aside to the doctor. "Can you come back to the bed—I must speak to you all alone!"

He did not start or show surprise, but turned at once and walked back beside her. The anxious woman stooped over, ostensibly to tuck into place a slipping cover, but falling from her lips, quite clear, but very low of tone, were these words:

"I need help! Bud has been here—I found him with Wheatley. I think he meant to poison him!"

The doctor's lean shoulders squared themselves instinctively. "You 're sure of this?" he whispered, his face very grave.

"Yes—yes! I remember Syke told me once they had 'dope' for varmints. I was suspicious—I wanted to drink the water. Bud swore and threw it, glass and all, into the yard. Then—listen—he asked me to marry—him!"

A ripple, something like relief and laughter, ran over the doctor's body. He turned his eyes swiftly and dropped them over her face and form. "Why not?" he queried.

"How can you laugh. It 's terrible. He 's not more 'n twenty, and me close to forty. What can it mean?"

There was no trace of laughter left in the doctor's mien. "You 're right," he assented, quickly, "it is serious. I 've never liked the fellow. I had some suspicions all along."

"I had no one to tell this to but you—yet I felt wicked to allow such suspicions in my mind."

"Hold on to them—every one. I dont suppose we 've got half enough."

"I—"

"Sh! The sheriff 's got his eye on us. Leave me to manage. We 'll go on now—you 'll have to take us to the place where you found Wheatley. The men are all worked up—they 'll be likely to root out something. I want to look the ground over myself, then I will follow you back here—"

"I dont dare leave him so long," interrupted Salida, anxiously. "I can direct you so's you cant miss it; besides my trail must be plain's day there, where I brung him."

"All right then; better stay here."

A few moments later, when the doctor was lifting a rheumatic leg over his handsome grey nag, the sheriff approached, his full, fleshy lips close to his ear and mysteriously whispered:

"Doc, you dont suppose—mind I aint thinkin' of accusin' *her*—but Wheatley's claims and her'n jine and—"

"What 're you driving at?" thundered the doctor, his long fingers instantly closing into bony, executive fists, while his

stiffened leg forgot its pain as its irate owner jerked it home into the stirrup as if delivering a kick at an enemy.

"Shet up—Doc—fur Heaven's sake! I wont have the secrets of my office yelled out—"

"Oh—so you wont!" snarled the doctor, baring his teeth in a very unpleasant smile. "Then stop telling me dirty lies." He rode on after some of the men who had just started, and his grey head was held uncompromisingly high.

Salida had loitered behind an instant to see that the fire was made safe to leave, and to take a last yearning look at the unconscious man. On going to the door, her shot-gun, standing in the corner, caught her eye. She took it into her hands and slipped two shells into it, then she laid it with familiar ease across the crotch of her left arm, and ordering Shep to "lay down" and guard the house, she stepped quickly out of the door, meaning to overtake the men as she had promised, but she stopped suddenly at sight of the sheriff's stout form awaiting her.

"You dont object to me waitin'?" he said, in a softened, ingratiating voice. "My, what you got that great, big gun fur?" He laughed aloud as if condoning a womanly weakness. "You aint goin' to take that with ye?"

"Yes, I be!" replied she, shortly.

"You must n't feel bad," he said, softly, "Wheatley 's bound to die, and there aint any use worryin'."

"I aint goin' to let him die." There was fine resolute energy in her words.

"Now see here, Salidy—you—I am a widower—an' I—why, Salidy, I 'll hustle and git a license an' marry ye today, if you 'll jist say so!"

Salida was pale to the lips, which she was forcing to smile, and her head whirled, but she took a resolute step aside out of reach of the thick arm that was making a bold push toward her, and drew in her breath painfully and said:

"I'm sorry, sheriff—I guess I'm real queer—but I never gave much thought to gettin' married. Thank you, just the same, but I guess I'd better keep on livin' single."

"I aint hard to git along with," pleaded the sheriff. "You can boss me round all you want—"

She hurriedly interrupted him, while giving a gasp of relief she could not suppress.

"See!" she exclaimed, her courage rushing back. "There 's the doctor again—he has ridden back for me—the men must be anxious to take up the trail—I must hurry with you down to the turn and give all of you the directions—though you cant miss the tracks we made."

Ten minutes later Salida returned alone to the clearing, a keen foreboding urging her to speed. What if something had happened while she was away? Wheatley was alone with only Shep to protect him!

Just as she came within sight of the cabin, she was startled by the furious barking of Shep, evidently within the dwelling. An unnameable fear shook her, sapped her strength and numbed her energies for a brief moment, but quickly recovering, she made a short cut through the growth of bushes, and came out in view of the end of the cabin where its single window was open. She saw Bud Witherspoon peering into it. Stepping back into the obscurity of the brush, she observed him turn away from the window; he glanced around the clearing furtively, then picking up a stout billet of wood from the near-by pile of fuel, he sneaked quickly around to the front, determinedly approaching the door where Shep was bristling and barking fiercely. His actions were unmistakable; he meant to club the dog out of his way! Salida sprang forward with a cry, bringing the shot-gun to her shoulder. "Stop! you Bud Witherspoon!" she screamed. The man whirled with an oath, his face going white. That instant the dog sprang, seizing his right wrist. The man yelled with pain. "Call him off—damn his hide—call him off, I say, do ye hear? Hell on ye—call him off, I say; he has bitten my hand!"

"Down, Shep, down!" cried Salida. The dog drew back, still bristling and snarling with undiminished ferocity. Sa-

lida's jaw was set, her eyes snapping fire. "You git into the house, Bud Witherspoon!" she said.

Bud stammered: "I—I was just coming round to see if Wheatley was all right—I guess I wont stop now. I got to get back to my place."

"You git in there, I say, Bud!" pursued Salida, aiming steadily at his hulking figure.

With a curse, the man, avoiding Shep, entered the cabin.

"You set down over in that corner," ordered Salida, from the doorway. Bud, recovering some impudence, attempted to expostulate, but the desperate woman drove him to the corner, where he sat down with an ugly scowl. Salida then turned to the bed, where, with relief, she saw the unconscious man lying still undisturbed. There was a sudden movement behind her, and a snarl of rage from Shep, and whirling, she saw Bud with a knife in his left hand, fighting the dog, which dodged about with great rapidity, avoiding, yet constantly attacking. For a moment Salida dared not interfere,—the room was a whirling mass—a man was fighting for his life against a swift-leaping, maddened dog. It all happened in a flash—the two were struggling across the floor—then the man stumbled against the table—he grabbed it up and lifted it to bring it down—to crush the life from Shep—then Salida found her voice.

"Drop that!" she shrieked. "I 'll kill you—shoot you for the murderer you are! Shep—down—down!"

Bud shrank back—the table dropped. He sank into a chair, his arms by his side, his head forward on the table. The fight was gone—he was but a puny bully, after all!

When the posse returned a little before dusk, they found them so—the woman and dog mounting guard. There was much confusion then—and some denying and protesting—but the case looked bad for Bud—and it was deemed best to take him at once to Wheatley's camp, and there keep guard over him, making attempt next day to wring a confession from him on the spot where the body had been found.

The sheriff looked pasty and white. His eyes had sunk into his head, and he was only voicing very feeble protests to these arrangements, the men paying small heed to him, except to cast furtive, suspicious glances in his direction.

In the confusion of this departure, Salida was left alone with Wheatley in the cabin. She stumbled to the bed and dropped on her knees beside it, her face buried in her rough hands. Presently she began murmuring a prayer brokenly to herself, her voice gaining fervor with every word. Then, with fearful intensity, she said: "I will it—I will it that you shall not die!"

A forceful, iron-willed, earnest soul was back of these words, and every muscle and nerve of the rugged body was drawn tense, striving to strengthen this prayer, into which all the power of her being was centered.

"You must not die!" she repeated, vehemently. "You must not—you must not!"

Then, suddenly, appalled that she had dared pit her will against the great, controlling Will, she leaned heavily against the bed. "God—forgive me," she begged in a whisper, and before she could change her position, before she could get up, a tremor ran through the motionless body before her, a tremor so strong it stirred the bed and brought Salida to her feet, the dew breaking out on her body. Many minutes she hung over him in agonized suspense, but the faint color that had crept to the lips sank away from them again, and they were left as dry and shrunken as before.

When the doctor came in again he laid his hand on the sick man's pulse, looked into his eyes, closed them gently, and turning, looked at Salida and gently shook his head.

She closed her eyes away from the terrible sight, her lips drawn into a thin, wan line to still the trembling that possessed them.

"He 's lost too much blood—he made a good fight—but it was no use—poor Wheatley!" she heard the doctor say.

Somehow she found herself stumbling over the steps between her and the doctor, and plucking at his sleeve.

He turned his face and was watching her, searchingly, with narrowed eyes.

"Would it—would it save him—would it—if you let some of my blood into his veins?" she murmured, faintly.

The doctor started and stared at her, the thought growing and rounding and becoming feasible in his brain.

"That is a new thought," he said, parrying for time.

"I 've read of such things," she urged. "Why could n't I do it?" All the earnestness of her strong soul was in this pleading.

There was a long moment of musing silence, then the doctor reared his head. He had won reputation for surgical skill many years before he had left the big city to recover health in the Oregon forest. "We 'll try it!" he exclaimed, grimly.

A sharp search was made through his bag, then he lifted his face, quickly grown pinched yet eager, and with eyes steadily on hers, asked:

"You are sure you 're willing?"

"Quite sure!"

"Do you understand the danger?"

"I aint afraid!"

The doctor smiled a little. "I guess that 's right!" he said, his voice ringing. He was silent an instant, the polished lancet trembling in his fingers. Then, in a low, quiet voice, he added:

"Are you ready?"

The strong face blanched then, and it was with a slight effort that Salida said:

"Yes—doctor—I—I'm ready!"

He placed her in a chair close beside the bed, and she watched him dumbly while he snipped open the sleeve of her dark gingham dress to the shoulder and bared her ruddy arm. The unconscious man was lifted closer, his shoulder touching hers, and their arms were bound firmly together. The doctor, his face determined, alert and cool, made quick, sure incisions, and with skilled fingers inserted the hollow, needle-fine tube.

There was a breathless wait, then the doctor sighed in deep relief, for slowly and yet steadily the rich, life-saving blood had begun to surge from the vigorous veins through the tube into the languid, shrunken form.

In her pain, Salida clung to the bed, holding herself erect in her chair by a mighty effort of will, her head swimming, her eyes blinded. Far off she seemed to hear the doctor speaking to her, she felt beside her hand his firm finger on Wheatley's pulse, then, chokingly, he was saying:

"Salida — listen — God be thanked—you 've saved him!"

She strove hard to speak—to move her lips—but could find no voice, no strength. Utter blackness and cold was closing in all about her—Wheatley was slipping away—the world was dropping from her. There was a sharp exclamation from the doctor—she had fainted!

When she woke, she was lying on a cot and an early-morning sun was peering into her face through the open door.

"You 've had a long sleep," a voice said, and the doctor was bending over her, a smile of great friendliness on his face.

"Where is he?" she queried, struggling up and putting aside the doctor's outthrust hand. Before he could detain her she was crossing the floor and had knelt beside the bed.

Wheatley's eyes were open, and he was smiling, a weak but affectionate greeting, into her yearning eyes.

"Why did he do it?" she whispered. "Why did Bud do it?"

"Let me tell you," said the doctor, just behind her.

With her hand in Wheatley's, who clung to it with weak energy, she turned her head to listen.

"One day Wheatley made his will. The sheriff and Bud were the witnesses. He left his three claims—the finest in the county—to you!"

"Me?" she echoed.

Wheatley's hold grew firmer on her fingers. There was a long silence that was broken by the doctor's whisper, asking:

"Do you see?"

"Why Bud wanted to marry me?" she asked, fiercely. After a briefer silence, she added, "I wonder what he meant to do with me after he got the claims in his hands?"

"Dont speak of that," said the doctor, huskily, his voice quivering. Then he added, "Bud confessed all this morning—the men just passed—not half an hour ago—they were taking him, and the sher-

iff, too—taking them to South Bend."

Wheatley, with an effort, put up his weak fingers and touched her free hand and drew it to his breast.

"Give—me—a—right," he was whispering, "give—me—a—right—I want to make a new will—to make it to my—wife!"

Salida's lips, trained to a habit of sternness, were quiveringly a-tremble now, but she struggled still to lift her head erect. "It 's ridiculous for me to talk about marryin'!" she protested. "I'm as set as steel in my ways!"

Wheatley was summoning strength to add beseechingly:

"Let it be today, Salida! I feel I'm going to get well if you give in to me in this. The doctor will bring the preacher."

There was a tense silence.

"Yes—I'll do it," she said, at last. "I'm proud to do it—but it don't seem real right to you—I feel sorry for you."

Wheatley's answer to this, though weak, was fervent, and stifled against her fingers which he was pressing to his lips.

Mrs. Auberle's Reply

By Arthur R. Andre

"REGGIE!"

"Yes, my dear."

"That Delarue woman has been sympathizing with me again!"

Mr. Auberle looked up from the columns of his morning paper.

"And I hate being sympathized with."

"Yes, my dear," he agreed, absent-mindedly.

"Reggie!"

Mr. Auberle laid his newspaper regretfully aside.

"She asked me if I had been to see *that play!"*

"That play!" Mr. Auberle exclaimed. "You dont mean 'Satan'?" he began, then stopped short. He had been reading a criticism of Polnar's masterpiece when his wife interrupted him. It was rather good, he thought. He should like to go and see it. "I beg your pardon," he murmured, hastily.

"Do I look like a person who would go to see the—the—that awful play?" his wife demanded.

"You look charming, my dear," said Mr. Auberle.

"But that was not the worst of it," the little lady went on again, ignoring her husband's compliment. "She wanted to know if you had asked me *the question."*

"The question?" sparred Mr. Auberle, uneasily.

"Oh! you know what I mean!" A pair of searching gray eyes were fixed upon him. "It 's some sort of a joke, no doubt," she added; "but, of course, I had to admit that you had n't asked me. Then she said, 'Poor dear!' I felt so humiliated."

"Humiliated!"

"Certainly. At your want of confidence in me."

Mr. Auberle laid down his napkin. "It was not a question of confidence," he explained, as he rose from the table; "it was a question of taste."

"You are a dear to say that, of course," his wife replied, following him into the hall; "but"—coaxingly—"ask me the question."

"Why?"

"So I can answer it."

"But if the question should affect your peace of mind—your happiness—"

"It could n't!"

"But it might be a question of duty, of right and wrong."

"In that case," Mrs. Auberle respond-

ed, "the answer would be easy. One should choose the right—*always!*" She spoke with conviction—the conviction of youth and inexperience.

"Should! But would one?" her husband queried.

"Ask me!"

Mr. Auberle's car—the car he should have been waiting for at the corner of the street—sped by. He watched it with an air of resignation. "You insist?" he asked, reluctantly.

"Yes, dear."

"You are quite resolved?"

"Yes, yes, yes! you awful man."

"Well—"

"Well?"

"Supposing I had been married a half a dozen years—"

"But we have, my dear," she interrupted.

"*I,*" Mr. Auberle corrected, "—to some one else. And supposing you had come along, and I had fallen desperately in love with you—and had asked you to run away with me. Would you?"

Mrs. Auberle gazed blankly at her husband. "Was that the question?" she murmured ruefully. She did n't like it. She wished she had n't asked about it.

Her husband nodded. "It 's Mother Eve and the apple over again," he laughed, as another car swung into view around the curve. "But cheer up, little woman," he added, noticing her woebegone expression, "there 's one consolation, you know—you dont have to answer it unless you want to." He kissed her and was gone.

But Mrs. Auberle had no intention of evading the question, although, as she told herself upon more mature consideration, it was n't really a question at all. It was simply a matter of duty. If the case were as stated—and she thanked heaven fervently that it was not—she would tell Reggie—*her* Reggie—to return immediately to this other woman, and she would renounce him forever. There! the question was settled! She would tell Mrs. Delarue—when that lady asked her again, as of course she would—that Reggie had n't mentioned the question to her, and she had forgotten all about it. Mrs. Auberle caught herself blushing.

But the question refused to be disposed of in this summary manner. Mrs. Auberle got out some patterns for a new suit for Reggie, junior; she consulted with Delia about lunch; she had her morning romp with the baby—but, always, the question was in the background of her mind.

Could she, under any conceivable circumstances, give her Reggie up? She would have to! It would be her duty! That word "duty" began to take on a new and most unpleasant signification. And this other woman— Mrs. Auberle tried to concentrate her thoughts on the suffering which would be entailed upon this other woman; but that, no daughter of Eve has succeeded in doing, where the man that she loved was concerned. She set herself a number of tasks, but could fix her mind on none of them. She sat down to lunch, but sent it away untasted.

"Why do husbands leave their wives?" she asked herself. It occurred to her that she was selfish. She had n't talked to Reggie on any subject in which he was interested for as long as she could remember. She had taken him for granted, as her mother, and her grandmother before her, had taken their husbands for granted, as an inalienable possession; whereas conditions had changed, and she was living in an age of—of affinities and things. Not that she doubted her husband for a moment. But she wished he were home now, so that she could talk to him—intelligently. But could she talk to him intelligently? That was another question. She wrinkled her pretty brows in thought.

She threw herself on her knees beside her baby's crib, and tried again to think of that hypothetical other woman and the equally hypothetical other baby, but it was no use. All she could think about was *her* Reggie, and her confidence in her own rectitude was badly shaken. It was a horrid question, anyway.

She changed her dress and went into the kitchen to help Delia—to find relief in work, but her thoughts only took on a new direction. She was a stick, she told herself. Wrapped up in her two babies, she had grown stupid. She was sure she compared unfavorably with her husband's friends and acquaintances. Yes, she was a stick! She beat herself mentally with opprobrium, as she beat the

whites of eggs for the cake she was making, with quite unnecessary vigor. Delia watched her mistress in mild surprise.

Then she wondered what that awful play could be about. She would like to go and see it. She must go and see it! She was quite resolved to go and see it! Now if Reggie were only a mindreader, he would get the tickets on his way home, and they could go to see it that very night. She would wear her princess with her new hat and a bow of ribbon—She was still absorbed in these interesting details, when Delia warned her that the time was flying, and she hurried off to dress.

At last her husband's footsteps sounded in the hall, and she flew to meet him. Her cheeks were rosy; her eyes shone; she hung on his bosom and kissed him. "What is it, my dear?" he demanded, breathlessly.

She laughed, and sat him down to the table, and waited on him, course by course. The lord of creation took it all very composedly. If he was astonished, as he might well be, he betrayed no sign. Then the meal was over, Delia was busy with the dishes, and they were alone. again.

"Well?" he demanded, smiling.

An idea occurred to Mrs. Auberle. "Supposing you had been married a half a dozen years—" she began.

"But we have, my dear," her husband interrupted.

"*You,* I mean," she corrected, "—to some one else."

"Oh!"

"And supposing I were to come along, and you were to fall in love with me—would you run off with me?" She leaned back in her chair and smiled.

But before her husband had time to frame a reply she realized to the full the insidiousness of the question. She ran around the table and clapped a hand smartly over his mouth.

"Dont you answer it!" she commanded. "Dont you dare to answer it!"

"No."

"Nor to the Delarues—"

Mr. Auberle kissed the little hand that smote him.

"I did n't mean it, Reggie, really I did n't," she explained contritely; "but somehow that dreadful question popped out before I could stop it. And, oh, Reggie, I 've been so miserable all day!" A little, soft brown head went down forlornly on his bosom.

The rattle of dishes came faintly in from the kitchen. Reggie, junior, was asleep in his cradle. A very submissive voice broke the silence.

"Did Mr. Valentine ask Mrs. Valentine?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And what did she reply?"

Mrs. Valentine refused to reply. They all refused to reply. That is the joke." Mr. Auberle forced an unconvincing laugh.

"It is n't a joke, Reggie," a very doleful voice made answer. "I 've been worrying about it all day."

"Then you need cheering up, my dear," he responded, smiling. "Suppose we go to the Auditorium tonight?"

"But the babies?"

"Oh, Delia can take care of them. You know she worships them." Mr. Auberle tapped the pocket of his vest.

"Theater tickets?"

"Jones asked me if I could use them," he answered, rather lamely.

But Mrs. Auberle had pounced upon the little envelope and opened it. "Two!" she exclaimed, "for tonight!—for 'Satan.' Oh, Reggie! how did you ever guess that I was just dying to go? But if you had n't, I never would have forgiven you." Her arms were about his neck.

"Supposing I had been married a half a dozen years—" said Mr. Auberle.

"But we have, my dear," she replied with a little laugh.

"To some one else, I mean."

"Go on."

"And you had come along, and I had fallen in love with you—"

"Go on."

"And I had asked you to run away with me. Would you?"

"You wont breathe a word to the Valentines—"

"Oh, no!"

"Nor to any one else—"

"No—no, indeed!"

Mrs. Auberle looked guiltily around, then murmured her answer softly in her husband's ear.

Modern Manila

What It Was When We Took It—What It Is Today

By Monroe Woolley

"Some of the slogans of the Philippines have been misunderstood and misapplied. Benevolent assimilation has been held up to scorn, yet few municipalities or States at home can show as clean and altruistic a record as that which has characterized the American occupation of the Philippine Islands under the policy announced by President McKinley."

—From Brigadier-General Carter's Memorial Day address at Iloilo, P. I.

WE Americans generally do things in a hurry, quick, on the jump—sometimes before we think, so foreigners say. Abroad they put us down as "possessed," sort o' crazy with the heat. But here at home these self-same aliens soon learn why we are always on the move. Our industries tell them better than words.

This little dissertation on Yankee speed leads to a story, one with a setting ten thousand miles away.

As Paris is France; London, England, so is Manila the Philippines—that is, for the galloping tourist, at least. The green and awkward provincial looks upon Manila quite in the same way as the provincials do upon Paris. Now that the hop-skip-and-a-jump American has begun to tear things down to build them up again after his own fancies, Manila is a more wonderful Mecca than it was in the day of the colonial Don, who was content with what past decades had given him and to whom modern institutions were repulsive.

So it is that the regular or volunteer who walked post in the streets of Manila eleven years ago would not recognize his former haunts were he magically dropped into them today. Hostile bullets had not yet stopped their havoc on the north and south lines when we Americans commenced an era of destruction and construction which yet has no end. And the natives had then, as they have now, the unseemly gall to complain at this wholesale renovation, claiming it to be a foolish, unwarranted waste of *their* money. Just as though your Uncle Samuel does not contribute largely, very largely, to the up-keep of the Philippine treasury in what he pays for our soldiers and sailors stationed out there, the lavish sums he is expending in fortifying the archipelago, the salaries paid a fat and growing civil service list, and in a thousand other ways! The question is: Would the islands be self-supporting without these munificent sources of income?

But to return to the story. The American soon found that riding over cobblestone pavements in an iron-tired *carromata* did not have a very quieting effect on his intestines. It was a hard fate to assign a dinner served in courses. Molave blocks, nicely laid, and coated with asphaltum, were more comfortable. This material shortly replaced the cobblestones on the Escolta, Manila's Broadway, and on Calle Rosario, in Chinatown. The natives, inconsistent and infantile, rode up and down these blissful thoroughfares for days in sheer delight, oftt:mes preferring their smooth and placid course to the gritty grind of the gravel on the Luneta. Still they

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THE SPANISH TIMES.

doubted the sanity of the *Americanos*. Cobblestones had served the Spaniards for many years; no?

Other cobbled streets are following the fate of Manila's Broadway by taking to themselves blocks and asphalt, and everybody is surely but slowly getting their in'ards straightened out. For

A THREE-HORSE ENGINE MAKING A RUN IN HONOR OF THEN SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT, AND CONGRESSIONAL PARTY.

THE MALECON DRIVE, LEADING OFF THE LUNETA ALONG THE BAY FRONT TO THE ANDA MONUMENT, ON THE RIO PASSIG.

the long, wide, palm-bordered drives to the outskirts, macadamizing suffices for flying autos, stylish traps and gaily painted *calesins* or victorias.

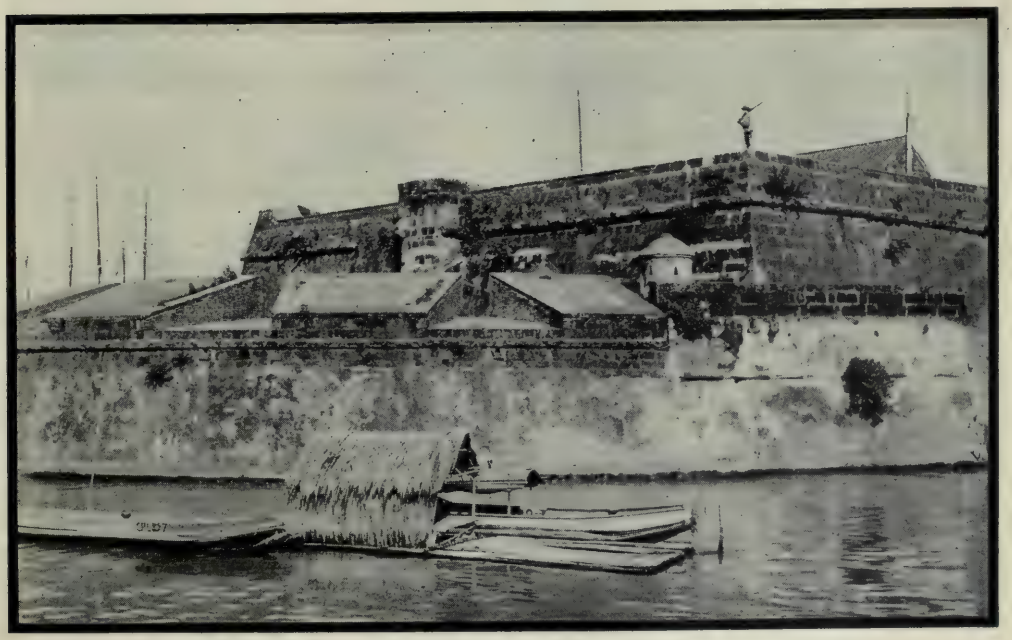
After awhile it was found that the little one-horse *fabrica de hielo* which, fixed up in United States, means an ice factory, could scarcely supply the principal lager-beer bar in volunteer days without great danger of letting the heat get the better of the beer. Then, too, the troops and the carpet-baggers in the tropics must have frozen meats and scads of ice. Hence, a million-dollar ice-and-cold-storage plant, the largest and best appointed in the world, went up. This raised no growl from the native calamity howlers. It was paid for by the United States and later given as a little present to the civil government. Conducted on a very small margin of profit, with sales permissible to government troops and employees only, the plant nevertheless clears some $50,000 annually.

Next we thought a city so much resembling Venice in rivers, canals, and other small waterways should be adorned with a few more bridges,—not made of plank, pig-iron, and sandstone, but of good steel and the best cement. It made a man irritable to have to chase an extra mile or more under a broiling sun to get, say, from the botanical gardens to the Escolta via the Bridge of Spain. The roundabout tour made one quickly forget the folklore and history attached to that ancient structure. All of which shows that everything, including sentiment, is lost when Americans get in a hurry. Up went a big, double-spanned steel bridge at Plaza Santa Cruz, a monument to Yankee design and engineering. Further up the Pasig, Manila's North river, was a peculiarly-constructed bridge known as "the Crooked Bridge." It crossed the river in the form of a letter "V," to gain a support in the center of the stream on an islet which was out of plumb with the street. This is now replaced with a steel structure greater in size than the handsome Santa Cruz bridge. At Fort William McKinley, our largest military garrison, and second or third largest in the world, is yet another steel bridge, so that the turbulent Pasig is pretty well braced so far as danger of spreading her banks

is concerned. Besides, the historic Bridge of Spain is soon to make way for the most modern of her kind. When this occurs the Far East will hand us the prize for quick and substantial bridge building.

Manila had no fire department when we landed. It had only a travesty of a fire department, composed of a dozen or more natives dressed in white duck with brass buttons and Kaiser Wilhelm helmets. The men drew a hand pump and had the happy faculty, perhaps out of respect for their immaculate uniforms, of getting to the blaze when there was no blaze, but only the remnants of one. Now there are six or seven companies, each composed of twenty-five or more Americans and as many natives, nicely housed in brick fire houses, and equipped with the latest engines, ladder trucks, automobiles, etc. Big, intelligent American horses furnish the motive power for the engines and trucks, while the chief of the department and the company captains ride ahead in touring cars. The horses have the American fault of being in a hurry—when the gong rings. Furthermore, the Filipinos never begrudge a dollar for a new engine or team. They love spectacle, and the clang of the electric gong, the rattle of the ponderous, smoking engine, the prancing steeds scurrying to a fire, is a bit of the real thing the Spaniard never believed in because it is not Castillian custom to get in a hurry for anything. Manila's fire department, in personnel and equipment, will favorably compare, if it will not excel, that of any other city of Manila's size (250,000) on earth.

Hongkong ranks second or third among the great shipping ports of the world. Shanghai, Singapore, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Saigon and Bankok have been prosperous, busy ports for years. But do you know that it was due to American enterprise to berth the first ocean liner at a dock anywhere in the East? We were not long in deciding that Manila needed a safe, economical and convenient harbor just as much as she did adequate fire protection. To date more than four millions of dollars have been spent in dredging the big bay, in building a breakwater nearly two miles long, in reclaiming vast areas by hydraulic dredge to acquire dock sites and,



FORT SANTIAGO IN 1899, BEFORE THE UNITED STATES REMODELED IT.

lastly, in building fine, commodious concrete piers having appropriate steel warehouses. We are the envy of all nations in the East,—English, French, Dutch, Japanese,—because of this colossal undertaking.

For a long time Manila suffered for a lack of good hotels. Tourists tired quickly of garlic and oil and red wine dispensed at the Spanish hotels. These conditions, spread about, gave the city a black eye, causing it to be omitted from the itinerary of tourist agencies. The government could not very well go into the hotel business. There were no appropriations for this purpose. The American merchants took the matter up and, in the end, with government help in the way of a site, the city will have a magnificent hostelry containing several hundred rooms. The hotel will be built on the newly-reclaimed area off the Luneta, beside the new Elk's and Army and Navy Clubs, facing the sea and Corregidor's superb sunsets.

After some years the American, undaunted by life in the tropics and still in a hurry, came to the conclusion that public *carromatas* did not get him about quite swiftly enough. Also he didn't like the insolence of the *cochero* when that dignitary was just as firmly bent on going to lunch at the particular time the hungry American thought he ought to place his feet under a table. One of the best trolley systems in existence was installed, and it is a success in every way. The clang of the *tranvia* can now be heard in every street, broad or narrow, long or short, from the Walled City into the depths of Tondo, or from the Escolta to the outlying suburbs. Lines likewise extend from town to small interior places on the bay shore and to the shores of Lake Laguna in the province of that name. The new electric light plant, operated in conjunction with the car system, is the latest of its kind, a boon after what was served to discriminating people in the early days. An electric line is being built into the pine-clad, cool, and invigorating mountains of Benguet, where Baguio, the summer capital, lies.

THE LUNETA, SHOWING THE CHURCHES AND CATHEDRALS OF THE WALLED CITY IN THE BACKGROUND.

The famous thoroughfare known as the Benguet road, built from Manila through the hills to Baguio, is a marvelous piece of engineering and was completed at great cost. The Filipinos were averse to its construction and placed many obstacles in the way of the engineers.

A great boulevard, approximately 250

THE ESCOLTA, IN 1899, SHOWING COBBLESTONE PAVEMENTS, RAMSHACKLE BUILDINGS AND OLD HORSE-CAR TRACKS.

feet in width, is now being projected from the Luneta to extend along the beach to Cavite, where the navy-yard is located, possibly twenty miles away by shore line. This thoroughfare will by far eclipse the famous Bunds of Shang-

THE PLAZA MORAGA, TERMINUS OF THE ESCOLTA, WHERE THE BANKS ARE LOCATED.

THE LUNETA,
Showing the Legospi-Urdaneta Monument in the Center and Storehouses of the United States Army Quartermaster Department at the Left. The Beach Where the Bathers are is now Reclaimed as a Site for the New Hotel and for the New Elks' and Navy Clubs. From this Site the New Boulevard Leads Off Along the Shore Around the Bay to Cavite.

hai and Nagasaki, as it will anything of the kind in the Orient.

Manila's parks are all a result of American ingenuity and generosity. When we landed, there was nothing in the way of a playground for the children or the tired masses except the Luneta and Bagumbuyan field. These were grass-grown and over-run. Today the Luneta is a model of beauty, comparable only to the best of tropical plazas. All districts, Ermita, Malate, San Miguel, Binondo, Trozo, Sampolac, Tondo, and the others, have their parks, some large and others small, but with well-kept lawns and flower beds. The Prado in Havana pales in comparison with the Luneta when fashionable Manila turns out to listen to the music of the band or of the waves, and to see the sun fall behind

A PORTION OF THE MOAT AROUND THE WALLED CITY, BEFORE THE WALLS WERE TORN DOWN AND THE MOAT FILLED IN.

THE RIO PASSIG, SHOWING THE ANDA MONUMENT AND FORT SANTIAGO.
The Headquarters of the Division Commander is in the Foreground; the Dome of the Custom-House is Seen Across the River.

the hills of Batan or Corregidor. The botanical gardens are without equal anywhere in the Orient. The trees and shrubbery alone have made them famous to tourists. The menagerie, while not stupendous, is large and varied.

An American with Frederic Thompson ambitions has just established Manila's Luna park,—known locally as Palomar park,—with its Rolling Waves, Chute the Chutes, Ferris wheels, and other lunatic accessories.

But in an American telephone system we fell down, awfully hard, too. The fall tickled the Spaniards, who had their sense of humor pitched to a high tension at the uncomplimentary things we formerly said about their antiquated system which we were compelled to use for some years. The American press was particularly severe in its criticisms of the Spanish plant. Therefore, when with a great hurrah and flourish our own exchange went in, there was unchecked re-

THE SANTA CRUZ BRIDGE.
The First Modern Bridge Built by the United States. A Flotilla of Cascoes and Lighters is in the Foreground.

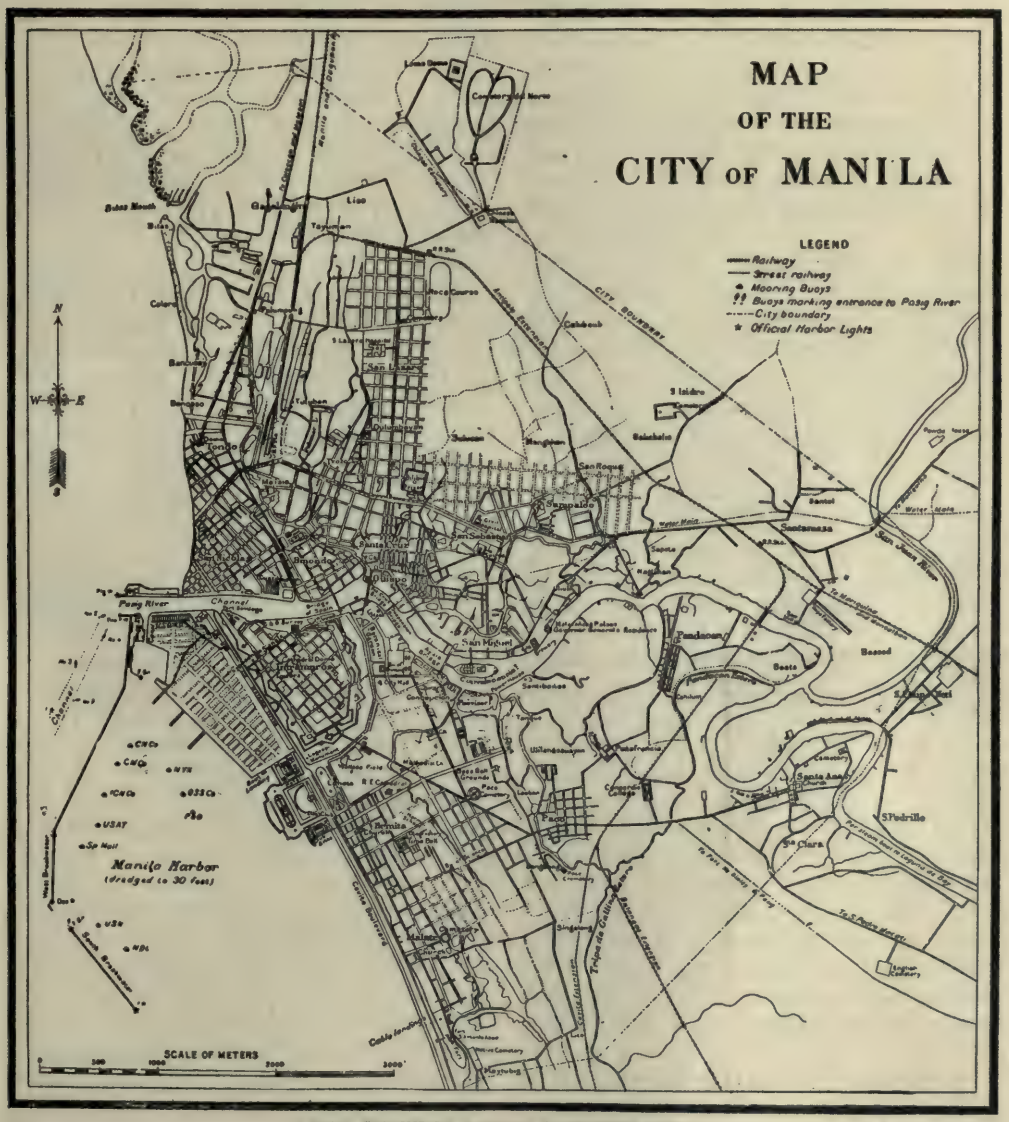
MANILA'S BROADWAY AS IT LOOKS WITH THE TROLLEY DISPLACING THE PONY TRAMS OF OLDEN DAYS.

joicing. Later came the reaction and with it the remorse following hasty boasting. The material used by the company was cheap, the installation bad, and not in accordance with tropical conditions, and the "hello girls" sadly not on to their jobs. These girls must answer calls in English and Spanish, and in a dozen different dialects. Matters grew worse as months went by; we were roasted right and left, getting more than we had given. Kicks were officially made

CHINOS "HITTING THE PIPE," IN CALLE ROSARIO. THE IMPORTATION OR USE OF OPIUM IS NOW FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

to the government and at last the company was threatened with cancellation of its franchise if it did n't regulate matters. It regulated—with characteristic American haste.

commendable movement is now on foot to clean and dredge them, to put in concrete bottoms and walls, and make them self-flushing with the tides. The value of this project cannot be over-estimated.



MAP SHOWING RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Manila has a system of waterways in the form of narrow, navigable canals which would, for transportation purposes, be the delight of some cities less fortunately favored. These streams form a perfect network over the city, and a

When Senor Carriedo, a very learned Spanish engineer, died he bequeathed the city a goodly sum of money with which to build a water system. This system served all purposes until a year ago, when we installed a better and

much larger one, costing many thousands of dollars. Manila has the finest quality of water obtainable anywhere and its supply is now inexhaustible.

Americans, of course, balked at a sewer system which carried its refuse in open canals along the sidewalks. Our new system, costing two or three millions of *pesos* and requiring five years, with thousands of laborers, to complete, is nearly finished. Building a sewer of its magnitude in a tropical city was no small task, but the American company having the work in charge succeeded in a fitting way. In crossing the many canals with big cement conduits, sometimes six and eight feet in diameter, the task was so manipulated that navigation was never once stopped. While accomplishing this work, as well as in erecting new buildings, attention has been paid to the straightening, often at great expense, of Manila's many crooked streets.

The Walled City, stuffy and compactly built, did not suit Americans as a place of residence. Tearing down the walls which had stood for centuries, to let in the air and the light of day made no difference. The open, cool avenues of Ermita and Malate, along the seashore appealed to our ozone tastes. Here Spanish architecture finds itself in sharp contrast with countless modern bungalows where Americans have made their homes.

We tried no skyscrapers down town until after the 'Frisco earthquake told us of the kind which would withstand fire and shock. Each year now sees the completion of one or more reinforced-concrete business houses of from two to four stories. Their erection is giving the city a truly metropolitan air, as the Westerner sees it.

Malacanan Palace, the White House of the Philippines, still stands substantially as we found it in Spanish times. It is an excellent type of Castillian architexture, is built of the finest native hardwoods, and no doubt will not be abandoned for years to come. The palace grounds are in keeping with the building. At Military Plaza, on the beach in Malate, stands the reinforced-concrete mansion of the commanding general of the Philippines Division. It is the most sumptuous residence yet built in the islands by any American. Half of the beautiful grounds forming the plaza, which is inclosed by heavy chain, suspended from cannon barrels as posts, is devoted to space for the quarters of staff officers. These are modern bungalows, with pretty shell windows, shaded by the creeping, flowered vines which grow so abundantly in the islands.

Plans are now being made for a new Philippine capitol building, the construction of which has been approved of by the Filipino assembly. The natives want a new building, and with due regard for the old *Ayuntimiento,* it is impolitic for Americans to say them nay. The new capitol, costing a million or so, will be located on Wallace campus, just east of the Luneta.

All this and possibly a lot of things overlooked in the rehearsal, are the result of being in a hurry. They represent a lot of work and a big expenditure of money. Then, too, improvements of magnitude are going steadily on in the provinces. The foreign colonies in Manila say we act before we think; that we are going too fast. They may be jealous because we are such good amateur colonists and can show them a thing or two at their own game.

The wonders we are accomplishing in the provinces (and there are some forty-five of them), in educational, industrial, and agricultural pursuits, in railroad construction, in commercial and manufacturing lines, in building fortifications better than Stoessel ever dreamed of seeing in the Far East, are fit subjects for other stories. The scope and success of the provincial undertakings may best be judged by our achievements in the capital city.

Ugly Hilda

A Fairy Tale for All Ages

By Felix Benguiat

PART I.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Hilda, who lived on the edge of the forest with her grandmother. She helped her grandmother gather the faggots and ran after the cows which slyly hid themselves in the bushes; she brought water from the clear rivulet that went dashing past the cottage, and twice a day she carried milk to the King's castle. On her way back from the castle in the evenings she used to shut her eyes and run as fast as she could through a strip of the deep black forest, with her eyes tight shut or staring straight ahead, so as not to see the fearful shapes—imps, monsters and clutchy things. Oh, my! she was so glad when she came out into the twilight of the open fields, where the forest things dare not come, and across which she could see the comforting light of her grandmother's cottage. Hilda's grandmother was very poor, which cannot be helped in a fairy-tale, and Hilda ran bare-footed, bare-legged and bare-headed. She was freckled and sun-burned, which is really a beautiful color, but it is not fashionable among princesses. Her hair was bleached by the sun and her legs scratched with briars. She had a pug nose and a mouth like a frog's. She was not beautiful, but she was good. She did not have a looking-glass, but there were plenty of still pools to show her her face, and she did not lack for friends to give her conscientious information as to her ugliness. Every one who saw her laughed at her and pitied her and called her ugly Hilda, or Hilda the Frog—names which would not make any girl vain. The unhappy child lived alone, and dreaded other children. Indeed, her grandmother's cottage was in as beautiful and lonely and desolate a spot, near to as deep and dark a forest as any fairy-tale could desire.

Her ugliness was unbearable. She looked at her feet and wanted to cut them off. She looked at her legs and thought them the reddest legs she had ever seen, and she would have been glad to hide them, but her only dress was a short tunic, and such she had worn since she was five years of age, and now she was twelve. Her tunics were made from linen, spun and woven by her grandmother. We do not see such linen nowadays. When Hilda looked at her freckled hands and rough, red legs she wished she was a fish, but when by chance she saw her face she wished she was dead. Poor Hilda! It is very hard to be ugly. But we should be polite to our ugly friends, for some day they may be rich and powerful.

One thought ran constantly through Hilda's mind: "I am ugly. I am ugly. I am dreadfully ugly." So she shrank from people and ran to hide herself when she saw anyone, and it was painful to her to deliver the milk at the King's castle because she was subjected to the jeers and jibes of all the rude pages and stable-boys and attendants. She hated to go there, and she ran away as fast as she could when her jug of milk was delivered. The King and Queen of this kingdom had but one child, Prince Berthold, who at this time was about fifteen years of age, as bold and handsome a prince as you would want to see. He was already training himself to be a warrior, the only trade which kings ever learn, and which is the most worthless trade under the sun. But it is not

yet time to bring the Prince into this story, and I must go back to Hilda.

One day on her morning trip to the castle with her jug of milk Hilda seated herself on a huge oak log, a favorite seat of hers, because here as she rested she could pick off the moss and rub it between her hands and watch the ants running up and down the log. She was not afraid of ants, and I forgot to say she was not afraid of her grandmother, either. Of course, her grandmother must be either a wicked witch or a nice old grandmother, and I am very sorry to say that she was not a wicked witch. But we will have a witch. Patience!

Hilda was sitting on the log now looking at the ants and now looking in a dreamy way at the great rugged trunk of an old oak, when gradually her eyes became more and more fixed on a wart or lump on the trunk of the oak tree opposite to her. It seemed to look like a queer little man, a fairy or wood-elf, and showed the shape of a pointed hat and under it a thin, sharp face, long arms, a fat little body and funny legs, crossed and twisted. She could not take her eyes away from it, trying to make out its form more clearly. She looked more and more intently, and just as she whispered to herself, "Why, it surely is!" lo and behold! the wart jumped down from the tree, and skipping lightly across the leaves and twigs and moss, raised his hat and bowed to her most profoundly, with his hand on the place where his heart should have been. He was a wood-fairy.

He was dressed so beautifully—oh, so beautifully. His pointed hat was of a gray fabric, such as hornets' nests are made of. His close-fitting cloak was of a pale gray green, as if from the lichens which grow on the oak trees; his hose silvery satin, as if spun from cobwebs, and his shoes were of a soft brown leather, like the skin of the ripened puff-ball. His face was yellowish-brown, like an oak apple, and his hair was like golden-brown, short, velvety moss. He could sink down anywhere in the woods and if he did not move you could not possibly tell him from a lovely bit of silvery bark.

"Good morning, Hilda dear," he said, in a really sweet little voice, which, though shrill, sounded clear and cheery, like the chirping of a cricket. "Will you give me a drink of milk?" Without a word and still staring at him in wonder, Hilda pushed the jug toward him with her foot. The jug was larger than his body, but to her surprise he spread his little legs apart and hoisted the jug up into the air with wonderful ease, and commenced to drink. Slowly his head went further and further back, and his middle began to swell until it seemed as if he must burst. More and more he swelled, and then with a tiny sigh and as bloated as any frog, he put the jug down. It was empty; not a drop left—not a single drop. Hilda burst into tears. "Tut! Tut! my child," said the Elf. "That was the real milk of human kindness. If you cry you spoil it all. It will curdle in my stomach and give me a pain. I hate pain and I hate to see children cry." Hilda looked at him, and thought if that milk curdled surely he would have a pain. So she dried her tears on the back of her hand and continued to stare at him. "The milk of human kindness," continued he, "is the rarest thing in this world. It is advertised a great deal, but nearly all of it is a fraud. This," said he, patting the empty jug, which gave forth a hollow groan, "was the real stuff. Now, dont cry and sour it. I do not lack for milk, you understand, and if milk is all you want I 'll fill your jug for you." So saying, he jumped upon the log and gave a long, shrill bird-like cry. Presently a twig snapped in the forest and a herd of deer came out and gathered about the funny manikin on the log. By the side of the does ran little dappled fawns. "There," said the Elf, "milk these does and fill your jug." The gentle creatures stood quite still while Hilda milked them, they eyeing her with their great soft eyes and sometimes stamping sharply with one of their slender forelegs, as if to say, "Hurry up, stupid little human." Once in a while a fawn would push in and get a drink and jump back suddenly with a drop of milk on its dewy nose. When Hilda had filled her jug the Elf,

who had been running in and out among the herd, patting their sides and noses, again stood before her, and spreading his legs apart, cocked his funny little oak-apple face to one side and said, "Did you ever in your life read a fairy story where a little girl did a kindness to some old hag or humpback or queer little man like me but that she was rewarded with the choice of two wishes?" "I cant read," said Hilda. "Splendid," said the Elf, clapping his hands and spinning around on one diminutive toe. "Then, perhaps you will think for yourself. Dont learn to read and you will be original and amusing. Dear me, dear me, the trash you will be spared. Well, then, did you ever in your life *hear* a fairy-tale where the good little girl was not given the choice of two gifts?" "I never *heard* a fairy-tale," said Hilda. At this the fairy jumped three feet into the air, like a cock-pheasant, and clapped his heels together, fairly shrieking, "Better and better. You are perfectly unspoiled. Well, then, I will tell you that never in any fairy-tale does the good poor little girl fail to get the choice between at least two great gifts. Now, I am going to give you that choice." As quickly as if it were a gun he poked his sharp little hand at her and said impulsively: "Would you rather be wise or beautiful?" The suddenness of this startled Hilda, and she said in her surprise, mechanically repeating his words, "Wise or—" "All right," said the little man, abruptly. "Foolish you are, but wise it is." "No! No! No!" shrieked Hilda, crazy with disappointment. All her life she had brooded over her ugliness till it was her one and only thought, and now, when the chance was given to her to be beautiful she had lost it; it would never occur again. She would be ugly all her life. "No, no," she sobbed. "That aint fair." "Isnt fair," corrected the Imp. "I was n't a-choosing; I was just a-copying after you. I was a-saying what you said, and you had n't ought to have—" "Should not have," corrected the little man. "Taken me up so quick." "Quickly," said he impressively, and then he continued: "Very well," and he rubbed his hands with glee and laughed. "All right. Now, dont cry. I hate to see people cry. Let 's begin over again. Which would you rather be, wise or beautiful? Now wait," said he, as he saw her lips making a capital B, "wait. Dont speak till I say 'which.' Are you ready?" "I am," said Hilda, breathlessly. "Are you sure?" said he. "Yes," said Hilda, swallowing hard. "Which?" said the little man. "Beautiful!" shrieked Hilda, as if she had exploded. You surely could have heard her at the other side of the forest. The little man put his tiny fingers in his tiny ears and laughed and laughed and laughed. He tried to double up, but he could n't because of the milk of human kindness. So he suddenly stood up quite straight and said solemnly: "A wise choice, my dear; a very wise choice. Beauty moves the world, let them say what they please, and beautiful you shall be." Then he poured out a few drops of the does' milk, with which he wet his fingers and touched her on the forehead, the eyes and the chin. "You shall be the most beautiful woman that ever lived," he said; "but it will bring you trouble, and if ever you need me, burn this," and he gave her a dark, polished acorn. "But do not call me except in your greatest extremity and for yourself." "In your greatest extremity and only for yourself," he repeated, shaking his finger at her and scowling. Then he leaped upon the forehead of the largest buck, adjusted himself between his antlers as in a cradle, threw his arms about the branching horns, gave that shrill bird-like cry, and away they all flew into the leafy depths, and Hilda was left alone. You may be sure that she lost no time in finding a glassy spring, and she bent over it with her heart in her mouth, and what do you think? Whatever do you think? You would never guess. Where once were the faded hair and the frog-mouth and the pug-nose were still the pug-nose, the frog-mouth and the faded hair. She was the same ugly Hilda. She threw herself down by the spring and cried and cried.

Now, you must know there was another prince who lived in the village near to the Royal Castle. His father and mother did not know that he was a

prince. Neither did he. That often happens. They were honest people, and therefore poor. Virtue is its own reward. His father was a cobbler. The boy was called Eric. He was about the same age as Prince Berthold, and he, too, was straight and strong and handsome. In fact, everyone noticed how very much alike the two boys were. He refused to be a cobbler, which proves that he was intended to be a prince, and he lived in the forest with the woodcutters.

Now, as Hilda laid on the sward near the spring Eric appeared with a bundle in his hands. "What is the matter?" said he. "Nothing," said Hilda. "Where are you going?" "To seek my fortune," said he. Goodby," and he strode off like a prince indeed, thinking to himself, "What an ugly little girl." "Goodby," said she, and again turned her face to the ground and wept, thinking, "What a handsome boy." But the fairies had done all they intended to do for her, and they left her there weeping—a thing which it seems to me no really kind-hearted fairy would do. For what is the use of being a fairy if little girls are to be allowed to cry their eyes out, or big girls either? My idea is that a real fairy who truly knows her business ought to take away all sorrow and trouble and give all the evil people to the witches and the right prince to the right princess, that they may live happily ever after. However, we shall see. I am not very well acquainted with princes and princesses, and if I had my way I would not have them in this story. But as I never heard of a fairy-tale without a prince, a princess, a castle and a forest, and at least one wicked witch, I certainly cannot afford to let this tale be without them. I have n't brought the witch in yet, for it has not occurred to me what she could do, but at the right moment, when all is going happily, depend upon it she will come in and spoil it all. She will give the wrong something to somebody, so that everything will be perfectly heart-rending. Have patience!

Duty must be done though we die, and it is very sad to think what foolish ideas of duty some people have died for. Duty is usually a great bogy, set up by selfishness. Hilda took her jug of deer's milk to the castle, with what wonderful results you shall hear later; but I cannot tell you now because that would be contrary to the rules of fairy-tales; and, besides, to tell you the real honest truth, I do not know yet myself.

ERIC strode on, putting one foot before the other, which is the way we get on in the world, until he entered the next kingdom, which was at war with his own kingdom for a very grave reason, which I think I had better stop and tell you about now, because the most important thing in all the world is war. It is so good for common people. Prince Berthold's father had a wonderful bull, of which he was very proud, and the Queen of this adjoining kingdom had some asparagus beds which produced the most wonderful large white asparagus, of which she was very fond. Now, the asparagus beds were close to the frontier of the kingdom, as also was the bull's pasture, and the army belonging to the Kingdom of Borrum, which was Prince Berthold's kingdom, was set to guard the bull from trespassing on the asparagus beds of the Kingdom of Borru, and one day in the warmth of the sun, and when the asparagus was at its best, the army fell asleep, and the bull ravaged the asparagus beds dreadfully until he was driven therefrom by the army of the Kingdom of Borru, who set upon the sleeping army of the Kingdom of Borrum and beat him dreadfully. Each of the Kings declared these acts to be *casus belli,* or bulli, or bellow—I dont know the language of kings very well. And a state of war was declared to exist between the two kingdoms; the Kings no longer jousted together or drank from the same merry wassail-bowl; the Queens no longer ran across the frontier with their sewing or knitting for a friendly chat, and citizens of one kingdom found in the other were immediately beheaded and their heads set up on poles on the battlements of the castle, a very poor way to see the country.

But Eric, protected by his youth and innocence, arrived safely at the capital

city of the Kingdom of Borru. Cities have been all alike forever; full of people thinking about themselves and running about preying on others. Nevertheless, there are fairies even in cities. Eric was pushed about and crowded into the gutter till it was after dark and he was longing for the woodcutters' camp in the spicy pine forest, where the moon looked down between the branches and the sparks of the fire flew up to meet it, and where he found happiness in the great bowl of smoking bean soup and a fragrant couch of pine needles.

Just then a perfectly round old gentleman with an extremely red face dropped his purse right in front of himself and Eric. The old gentleman could not possibly see it, much less could he stoop to pick it up; but Eric very quickly returned it to him with a very polite bow. "Come with me," said the red-faced, fat fairy, and Eric followed him until they came to the most beautiful pastry cookshop your or my or anyone's eyes ever rested on. The windows were large and bright and so full of dainties that hungry Eric's mouth fairly watered at the sight. Into this fairyland rolled the huge, red-faced fairy, and roared to all the nice pink-cheeked, flaxen-haired girls who were standing around in dainty white aprons and caps, "Give this boy whatever he wants." And Eric soon found that the red-faced fairy was the owner of the shop—Belshazzer, the Master Pastry Cook of the Kingdom and Purveyor of Pastries to His Royal Highness and Most Sacred Majesty, the King of Borru.

When Belshazzar found that Eric was a country boy alone in the city, and from the hostile Kingdom of Borrum, he cautioned him never to speak of where he came from, and gave him a place to sleep and employed him to deliver the pies, cakes, custards, jellies, rolls, meringues, ices, éclairs and tarts which were continually bombarding the shop upstairs from the demons in white caps and aprons below. But, best of all, he gave Eric this valuable pearl of wisdom: Find out what the world wants and give it better than anyone else.

Night after night, just before Eric closed his eyes in sleep, he would repeat to himself, "Find out what the world wants and give it better than anyone else."

You certainly understand that this bowl-shaped, red-faced fairy supplied the King's table with pastries, and particularly with an especial cream tart, invented by the red-faced fairy, and the secret of which lay with him alone, and of which the King was so extravagantly fond that really he should have been ashamed of himself, and others would have been ashamed of him if he had not been a most sacred majesty.

Eric delivered these delicacies every day to the cook, but one day, unhappily, the cream tarts were much delayed. I was thinking of bringing in the witch Evil Eyes here and have her cause the delay by bewitching the baker, but I do not like to waste her on a situation so simple as a delayed baking. This could happen of itself.

Kings are spoiled beings and not used to any self-control. There is a saying, "To ruin an angel, let him always have his own way." And another, "He is tired of life who contradicts the King." The King knew it was cream-tart day. He had secretly been looking forward all day to dinner because of the tarts, and he had been looking forward all through the dinner to the tarts. In those days even Kings dined at about two o'clock. He had a fine appetite, because all morning he had worked hard riding through the fields and vineyards of his subjects after the hounds, and the owners of the fields would point to the hoof-prints and to the damage he had done, and say with pride, "This was done by the King."

All through dinner he was, as I have said, impatient till the tart stage was reached, and then as he waited for them to be brought his face was filled with eager expectation. But the tarts did not come. The Butler whispered to the First Gentleman of the Pantry; the First Gentleman of the Pantry whispered to the Master of the Household; the Master of the Household whispered to the Lord Chamberlain; the Lord Chamberlain murmured to the Queen. All looked

startled. "Well! well! well!" said the King, in that loud voice domineering people use when it is not well, well, well. "My dear," said the Queen, "there are no cream tarts today." "No cream tarts!" echoed the King—I had almost said tartly. "No cream tarts today," calmly repeated Her Majesty. She was the only person in the whole kingdom who did not tremble before the King. "They have not come." "They have n't come!" shouted the King, again echoing the Queen. Then he dashed his crown upon the floor and shouted, "By my halidom! What ho! 's blood!" And a great many other dreadful words used by kings exclusively. Every one shook with terror. Every one except the Queen, and even she was excited and disturbed, and inadvertently knocked her crown over crooked, where she let it hang while she watched the King with some anxiety. The Lord Chamberlain trembled like a rabbit's nose, and the Master of the Household had to lean against the table for support, and he shook so that the gold and silver plates rattled. While the King stormed, the Queen was saying: "John, John! Oh, do be calm, John. Dont forget yourself, John." As if a king ever forgot himself. John was the King's first name. But almost nobody called him John except the Queen. At this moment a low murmur of disturbance was heard outside. Eric had just arrived with the tarts. The sentinel at the portcullis called in a clear military manner, "The tarts have come." The warder on the tower called sonorously, "The tarts have come." The guard within the inner court called mechanically, "The tarts have come." The sergeant of the bodyguard told the Captain of the Guard; the Captain of the Guard sent a page flying to the household. The page panted to the Butler, "The tarts have come." The Butler whispered to the First Gentleman of the Pantry, "The tarts have come." The First Gentleman of the Pantry murmured to the Master of the Household, "The tarts have come." The Master of the Household saluted and said to the Lord Chamberlain, "The tarts have come," and the Lord Chamberlain in his great agitation called out loudly an excited, "Your Majesty, the tarts have came," an error which the King did not notice. In fact, the King's own bad language was proverbial.

"Bring the varlet before me," said the King, sitting down and beginning to breathe regularly again. Eric was brought in. "Art thou the varlet?" scowled the King. "No, sir," said Eric, "I am the Pastry Cook's boy." (Eric thought the King had said "tartlet.") "Cook me no cooks," bellowed the King, which Eric thought perfectly absurd, but supposed this was the way that kings acted. "Why art thou late?" roared the King. "Please, Mr. King," said Eric, "I am not late. Your clock is too fast. My master made these himself so exactly timed as to give them to you fresh, Mr. King." "It is well said; give him largess," mumbled the King, with his mouth full of tart. And Eric was led to the largess chamber and given a small tip, which the largess boss entered up at a thousand dollars and put the balance in his pocket, for politics have been always much the same. Eric had gazed at the sun; he had looked upon the moon; he had seen the Princess Ethelberta. He was mad with love, and now every night he thought, "Find out what the world wants and give it better than anyone else." Ethelberta is the most beautiful thing in the world, and I want her more than anything. Alas! Alas!" And thus thinking he would fall asleep.

WHEN Hilda reached the castle with her jug of deer milk she found every one agitated with a gloomy excitement. Prince Berthold was dying. For a long time he had been slowly sinking in spite of everything which could be done, and now he hung upon the very edge of the grave. Nothing they could do was of any avail. They tried the regular school and all the irregular schools; the allopaths, the homeopaths, the neuropaths, the naturopaths, the osteopaths, the hydropaths, the electropaths, the magnetic healers, the faith curists, the Emmanuel movement and Kneippists. Of course, these sciences did not all bear the same names they do now, but they

were just the same old beliefs. And then the every-day advisers came in, who held no license from the King permitting them to give advice. One old man said, "Burn owls' wings in the room." An old woman insisted that he be given three gallons of horseradish tea every day. Another insisted that he be rubbed with skunk-oil caught in the dark of the moon, though really I cannot see the advantage of the darkness in this pursuit. But the Court doctors said this was all rubbish. Nevertheless, rubbish or no rubbish, he was about to die. At this time a remarkable character appeared at the palace gate, proclaiming that if he were given an opportunity he could cure the Prince. He was dressed all in black; a long black robe hanging from his shoulders and a tall, steeple-crowned, black hat covering his head. He refused to tell aught of himself or how he would effect a cure. This showed his wisdom. He was taken before the King and Queen, and there protested that if all the other doctors were excluded and his instructions implicitly followed he would surely cure the Prince. This was exactly what every other doctor had said, and the poor King and Queen were doubtful. Nevertheless, being overwhelmed with despair, they could not reject this chance to save their beloved child. Therefore, all of the other doctors were turned away, and such grumbling and growling you never heard; it was as if a pack of hungry animals were being driven away from their feast.

Then the stranger lifted his hand to heaven and said solemnly: "Miserable ignoramuses, I am a reader of the stars. I am a lactopathic physician." Whereupon he pushed open all the doors and all the windows, and cried aloud, "Let in air from the stars." Then he turned to the Queen and said, "Feed him deer's milk; all he needs is deer's milk." "Deer's milk!" exclaimed the unhappy King and Queen together. "Deer's milk! Where in all the kingdom can we get deer's milk?" And the poor mother turned away weeping. But the King sent abroad the command to all the Butlers, the Stewards, the Forest Rangers, the Game Wardens and to everyone in the kingdom: "Get deer's milk, or the young Prince will die. A fortune for the one who brings deer's milk."

Just at this moment, while the heralds were proclaiming this and the pursuivants were hurrying off to trumpet it through the kingdom, Hilda appeared, and the fat old cook said to her, "Hussy, ugly little frog-face, you are late. What have you brought?" "Deer's milk," said Hilda timidly, holding out her jug. "Deer's milk!" shrieked the cook, seizing the jug and running into the castle. Then it rang from every nook and corner, "Deer's milk! Deer's milk!" Deer's milk had come. The Prince would be saved. And an attendant ran breathlessly to the Queen, and, kneeling, panted forth, "Your Highness, there is an ugly little girl below with a great jug of deer's milk." "Bring her here," said the Queen, murmuring below her breath a prayer of thankfulness.

Hilda was brought in, very much frightened and trying to shrink away from everybody, but the Queen spoke to her kindly, and finally Hilda told her how she had got the deer's milk. Then the Queen saw that this little girl was under the care of the fairies. A cup of milk was given to the Prince, who from that very moment commenced to revive and hastened upward to health so fast that even before the jug of milk was exhausted it was perfectly plain to even a doctor that he was going to get well; and when he rose from his sick-bed and came forth well and strong again and looking, as Hilda thought, so very, very much like Eric, there was the greatest feasting and rejoicing imaginable at the Castle. The old fat cook was given a cottage and a pension. Everybody was rewarded. Prisoners were released and all the poor fed, and the Queen, desiring to have Hilda always near her, and fearing to let her depart, sent a strong maid to take care of the old grandmother with every comfort she desired, and told her that Hilda would hereafter remain under her care at the Castle, where she was free to visit her whenever she liked. Hilda was nicely bathed and dressed as a little Court maid, and was given a room way up in the tower of the Castle,

where the view would have been beautiful if it could have been seen, but the windows were such narow slits and so high above the head of Hilda that it was just like a prison, which shows one of the disadvantages of living in a castle built to fight from. Depend upon it, in spite of all the statues to warriors and all the idolatry for fighting, and all the foolish talk about glory, war is as stupid a thing as can be thought of next to cutting one's own head off, and soldiers are absolutely the most worthless drones of the community.

Meanwhile, when the Prince was nearly recovered, the mysterious old lactopath disappeared as he had come, and then began such a fighting as perhaps the world never witnesses except when doctors disagree. The allopaths, the homeopaths, the neuropaths, the naturopaths, the osteopaths, the hydropaths, the electropaths, the metaphysicians, the faith curists, the magnetic healers and the Kneippists fought like a pack of dogs over a bone, each screaming: "Aha! I was right; I did it. Deer's milk. Pooh! That was a mere coincidence. It happened at the right moment when my cure was effected. Where is the old quack? He was afraid to await results and has stolen away." It certainly was true that the queer man in the queer hat had mysteriously disappeared. So they all united in abusing the lactopath until the dispute again arose as to which one was entitled to the credit, when they belabored each other with words till their wigs rolled off.

So six years passed, and Hilda was carefully reared as a Princess and was taught Court etiquette and embroidery, which is the proper education of a Princess unless, of course, they are in the toils of some cruel old witch. Then they may have to wash and spin and work.

And now a wonderful thing happened. Whoever saw a tadpole change into a frog? Whoever saw the tail of the tadpole shrink and the frog appear? No one. If you sat over the tadpole night and day you could not see this change happen. Just so, Hilda grew up in the Castle. Suddenly strangers commenced to say, "What a lovely girl. What a beautiful young woman." And it was true. She was wonderfully beautiful. The most beautiful woman who had ever lived. So tall, so stately. Her form that of a young nymph; her nose so straight; her mouth neither small and weak, nor yet too large, but beautiful as Cupid's bow. Her lips as brilliant red as poppies are. In truth she was beautiful beyond description, and she was the only one who did not know it. She was as good as she was lovely. All her life long she had received not flatteries, but abuse; she had been required to serve others, and she had grown so unselfish that she could not realize that she was either beautiful or good, and that is why she was lovely. It is a great secret, which perhaps I ought not to tell, but Prince Berthold himself was madly in love with her. He swore by his royal word that he had loved her ever since she brought the deer's milk and saved his life, and perhaps this is true, because it is when people are weak and foolish that they fall in love.

One day the Prince was out hunting, which is the only work princes do unless they also should happen to be apprenticed to a cruel old witch, and he became separated from his companions, which every reader of fairy-tales knows perfectly well is quite customary, and he sat by a beautiful limpid spring on a hillside to refresh himself. While thus sitting a lovely young woman came towards the spring carrying a water-ewer in her hands. Who do you think she was? You would never guess in a thousand years, so I will tell you that this is the place where the witch comes in. This dazzlingly beautiful woman, with flashing black eyes and oh, such red, red lips was the witch Evil Eyes. I know that usually witches are old hags, but that has not been my experience, and I can only tell you the truth as I myself know it; besides witches can take any form they choose.

She asked the Prince if he would fill her ewer from the spring. He jumped at the chance, wondering who she was, and as he handed her the dripping vessel she said, casting a truly bewitching smile upon him, "Will you not have a drink

from my ewer?" Oh, that look. It made his heart gallop like a hare. Do you think he refused? Ah, if only we could always resist temptation, what a miserable world it would be? He did not refuse. He took a long draught, and just at the close he thought that the water tasted bitter, and as he was handing it back to her, she stooped forward and kissed him full upon the mouth. Immediately the Prince was changed into a snow-white fox and ran away into the forest. This teaches us how careful we should be in kissing pretty strangers.

But writing this story is like driving obstinate goats up the mountain. When I get a little ahead with Hilda I have to go back and fetch up Eric.

DURING these years Eric had lived with the fat, red-faced fairy. Every night he pondered on what the world needed most and dreamed of the beauty of the Princess Ethelberta, who shone like a star far, far above him. About the time that poor Prince Berthold was bewitched it happened that the King of Borru (Ethelberta's father) was going to make a progress through his kingdom, and the whole city turned out to see the splendid pageant. Such a thumping and rattling of drums and flaring of trumpets, waving of banners and glittering of spears. It was magnificent. You may be sure that Eric was perched on the roof to see the Princess ride past. When the King appeared off went every hat, and suddenly there flashed before Eric's eyes a sea of round, bright, shining spots. They were the bald heads of the multitude. The King took off his helmet and Eric saw that the top of his head was also like the moon. There was not a sprig of hair on his head except a fringe at the back of the neck. An idea pounced upon Eric so that he almost rolled off the roof, and he came near shouting aloud, "What the world needs most is hair." At last he had made the great discovery. And now, how to provide it better than anyone else.

When he mentioned his joy to Belshazzar, the fat, red-faced fairy shook his head and said it was true that the King's baldness was the one sorrow of his life, and in years gone by he had offered one-half of his kingdom and the hand of his daughter when she should be of marriageable age to anyone who would make the hair to grow again upon his head. Perhaps this sounds extravagant to people with hair, but in a fairy-tale it is absolutely the usual offer. I could not possibly think of doing less for a kingly crown of hair or crown of kingly hair than other tale-tellers offer for the mere killing of a dragon or some such trumpery.

When Eric heard that this proclamation was still in force he trembled with delight. Here at last the way was open to win Ethelberta, and he determined not to rest till he had earned the reward. There was one drawback mentioned by Belshazzar in explaining why this competition had fallen into disuse; at least it would have seemed a drawback to anybody but a lover. The King, in a justifiable effort to protect himself against hair-restorers, had made the usual fairy-tale condition that whoever failed to make the hair grow was to have his own head chopped off by the royal headsman in the court of the palace. If this seems an extravagant punishment we who are not bald must remember that we cannot judge. As three entire rows in the cemetery were now occupied by once ambitious scalp-doctors, this rule would seem to be discouraging, but not so with Eric. He was determined to rush forward to bliss or death, and from this moment he had but one thought: hair. He questioned, he read, he listened, he experimented. At one time he thought he had made hair grow in a tart, but this proved to be only an accident. Everything failed. Eric himself had a beautiful head of hair, thick, long, wavy and ruddy brown. He persuaded Belshazzar to go to the King and suggest that he, Eric, would have his own scalp stripped from his skull if the King would be freshly scalped also, so that the hairy scalp could be transplanted while fresh and warm to the royal raw head and bloody

skull. This the King indignantly declined, and had the messenger been any one but Belshazzar, inventor of the indispensable cream tart, he would have felt the royal displeasure, an expression which signifies being impaled on rusty pikes or thrown from the highest battlements, at the very least. When the refusal was told to Eric he became exceedingly despondent and said bitterly, "I guess he does n't want a head of hair very much." After this he lost all wit and ambition and took to writing poetry. Night after night the melancholy Eric sat till the oil gave out. He had accumulated several books of rare and precious outbursts of the heart. One day a certain book of choice recipes was missed, and the girl at the candy counter said she had seen Eric take it away, which was one of those slight swervings from the strict line of truth which the female sex is occasionally (ahem!) guilty of, for she was sitting on it at that moment, and she knew it. She was offended at Eric because he would not kiss her, and she had gone as far to encourage him as any lady ought. She had all but asked him. Belshazzar searched Eric's room, but did not find the book of recipes, but he did find the volumes of poetry, and burst into the shop in great excitement carrying them in his arms and declaring that he had found a fortune. When Eric returned the fat, red-faced fairy asked him where he had got these books. "I wrote them," said Eric. Whereupon the Master Pastry Cook immediately proclaimed Eric as his partner and said that he would immortalize this beautiful poetry by wrapping it up with the candies and printing it in beautiful red letters on the candy hearts; and thus it was that the custom began of giving away free with confectionery those beautiful and empassioned verses which we still find wrapped up in motto bon-bons and printed on sugar-hearts. "How about the book of lost recipes?" said the kiss-starved girl. "Oh, bother," replied the master. Seeing that he had lost interest in the subject the girl got off the book and remarked, "Oh, here it is." But the Master took no notice.

Some of Eric's most beautiful thoughts have survived to this day.

Love me true,
As I do you.

Your eyes are bright
As stars at night.

O, would you miss
One little kiss?

Then there were some which were entirely personal to Eric, such as:

Nothing but hair
Will give me my fair.

Eric spelled this "fare," but the meaning was perfectly plain, which of course in poetry was a fault, but it could not be helped. The longest poem was this exquisite expression of simple love:

Oh, my darling Ethelberta,
If I could I would n't hurt you.
Your father is a king,
But I love you like anything.
What do you suppose I care
If he has n't any hair?
All I want is you to love me,
Though you are so far above me.
You're a princess and I know it;
I am nothing but a poet.
How can I be glad or gay
If you stay so far away?
Oh, my darling, will you stay?
Come to me and none shall hurt you,
Darling Princess Ethelberta.

This really brought tears to Belshazzar's eyes, and he immediately ordered extra large sugar-hearts made to contain it, with a cherub's head at the top in magenta pink (though really it looked like a cabbage because the ink was so blurred).

You may be sure the fame of this confectionery-poetry or poetry-confectionery, overran the kingdom like wildfire. Damosels bought it by the pound, and squires and pages, too, because it was so easy to hand to the beloved one a sugar-heart with

How I miss you.
Let me kiss you.

Or,

Do not go alone.
May I see you home?

Which could be taken either as a mere bit of taffy or seriously, at the lady's pleasure.

Eric secretly sent to the Princess a large box of all these sweet outbursts, including at least a dozen of the extra sugar-hearts bearing this principal and wonderful poem, beginning,

"O, my darling Ethelberta,
If I could I would n't hurt you—"

You must know that the Princess Ethelberta had been strictly guarded all her lifetime by old dragons until every bone in her body longed for a little liberty and a little naturalness. Now these beautiful messages in pink ink on hearts of corn-starch and sugar, stirred her flesh-and-blood heart to its very depths. It was plain that this was a princely device, and it was beyond doubt that the verses were aimed at her. Her heart thrilled at the sweetness and tenderness expressed. He would not hurt her even if he could, and if he could not hurt her he did not take any credit for not doing so. How noble! How princely! How unusual! She slept with three of these hearts under her pillow that night, two of which she sucked till they melted away and she had fallen into sweet sleep. She asked herself who was this mysterious lover, but in her heart she knew. It could be no other than Prince Berthold, ruthlessly separated from her by a ridiculous and disgusting *casus belli*. Yes, surely it was Prince Berthold. These thoughts filled Ethelberta with great joy, and secretly she set about to discover where her dear Prince was.

The earth could as well jump out of its orbit and circle about another sun as Eric could remain absent from his Ethelberta, and happily for him, oh, fortunate lover, the King could not live without fresh cream tarts. The King, like all who do not have to use their wits, had no idea how his cream tarts were made. Perhaps he thought they grew on bushes. He only knew that they appeared before him. But since he had been on this progress through his kingdom, even the army, strung out between his capital city and country castle, had not been able to convey to him his cream tarts with that perfect freshness which he required. The King's head cook, who accompanied him, had from the beginning been trying to find out just how these wonderful pastries were made, and he had experimented on the King with some of his own manufacture, but as soon as the King tasted them he ordered the cook to be immediately beheaded. Kings are so ungrateful. It is little things like this which discourage one from trying to serve either kings or peoples. When the Queen heard of this order she flew to the King in a state of high excitement for her, and is said to have said with much force, "If your Majesty will be good enough to attend to your own business and not interfere with mine, I will be greatly indebted to you. Beheading the cook, indeed! Now, John, listen to me. You may behead your general, your judges, your policemen, your statesmen and politicians and all that mess of nonsense, and the sooner the better, but the cook—Land sakes alive, John, have you lost your senses? I 'd have you to understand that cooks do not grow on every bush, and I 'd have you to understand that I do not intend either to go hunting for a cook at this season or to go into the kitchen and get your meals for you." Whereupon the Queen handed the King a sheet of parchment with a lot of wonderful writing upon it and a seal as large as a saucer hanging to it with red and blue ribbons, and said: "John, beg the cook's pardon. I mean, sign it," which the King did without the slightest hesitation, and the Queen sent it in haste to the wretched cook, who was uncomfortably standing between two men-at-arms, with the headsman behind him, which functionary was roguishly tickling the back of his neck with the edge of the great axe.

Not till the Queen heard the cook throwing about the pots and pans in the kitchen as usual did the wrinkles depart from the Queen's brow, and then in her ordinary tone she asked her chief lady-in-waiting if her crown was on straight.

After this incident the cook felt it well

not to experiment further in tarts, but still filled with envy and malice he whispered to the Chief Butler, who whispered to the Steward, who whispered to the Chamberlain, that the tarts ought to be made in the King's own kitchen and could be if only Belshazzar would teach some one of the King's household his secret process. A messenger was dispatched forthwith to tell the Master Pastry Cook to instruct some one in the art of cream tartry and send him to the King's kitchen. In this command the poor red-faced fairy saw his ruin. Eric found him groaning with his head between his hands. When he learned what the trouble was Eric said: "Cheer up, kind master; I will help you. I had just come to say farewell, for I am going to the royal castle. Teach me the art of cream tartry and I will teach you the art of poetry. You shall write the mottoes for the confectionery and I will make pastries for the King. Fear not. I will guard your secret." When the huge fat fairy heard Eric talk thus confidently he fell upon Eric's neck so violently that they both lay prostrate on the floor. "Oh," said the fat fairy, "you can feel for me." "Yes!" gasped Eric. "You are a poet in words and I am a poet in tarts."

"You will guard my secret. Swear it," said Belshazzar. Eric was underneath the fat fairy, so he swore, and the fat fairy got up. He then instructed Eric in the whole art of cream tartry, and when he had finished he said, "Ah, you will succeed. You have the poetic temperament. Others have failed because they have been so cold, so hard, so mechanical; they have exalted technique above soul." And then Eric showed the good Belshazzar the art of poetry. "It is very simple," said he. "You have only always to begin the lines with a capital letter and to end them with a rhyme, thus: Do not let it grieve you, Because I 'm going to leave you."

When Belshazzar heard this exquisite couplet thrown off impromptu he cast his eyes up to heaven and murmured, "Ah, poetry-making cannot be taught." He could have truthfully said precisely the same thing of tart-making. Then Belshazzar kissed Eric on each cheek and told him to ask for anything which he possessed, even were it the half of his bakery or the hand of his daughter. (He had no daughter. He was unmarried, but these offers are part of the strict etiquette of fairy-tales.) Eric asked for some of the richest court suits of velvet, of cloth-of-gold, of silk and satin and fine cloth, and a helmet, a shirt of chain mail, a breast-plate, gauntlet, greaves, complete armor, and a battle-ax, a sword and a shield. "You will not need all of these for tart-making," said Belshazzar." "I know it," said Eric, "but I wish them."

Then the red-faced, fat fairy hunted up his magic wand behind the counter and waved it three times, and immediately the cash-drawer opened and disclosed tons and tons of gold, and he told Eric to help himself, and thus in a short time he was well furnished as a princely knight. Alas! that ever the days of fairies should cease to be.

When Eric arrived at the royal castle and presented his credentials he was installed as the new Pastry Cook, and then the wicked and envious head cook ordered him to begin work making cream tarts in the open kitchen, where he himself remained to watch the process; but Eric refused to exercise his art unless he were alone in a close cabinet. The wicked cook, glad to wreak his spite on Belshazzar, sent word to the King that the pastry cook had refused to make the cream tarts. The King's royal mouth had been watering royally for tarts for two days and he was so furious at this insult to His Majesty by a common pastry cook, that the veins swelled in his neck and his face turned as purple as his robe. Flying into furious rages about nothing at all is a mark of true greatness. When the King could get his breath he bellowed in a tone that could be heard in the donjon keep, "Order the caitiff before me," and he began to walk about with long strides, throwing the tail of his royal ermine-lined, velvet robe first over one arm and then over the other, and beating his chest with the other hand. He was in that state of royal rage when boiling the vic-

tim in oil is considered one of the first aids to the kingly temper.

Dear little children, I must pause here a moment to tell you how very, very wicked it is to lose your temper unless you are a king. How thankful those of us ought to be who do not have to live with kings.

When Eric appeared, in cook's cap and apron, with a large dab of flour on his left cheek, "Hah, miscreant!" thundered the King. "Forsworn wretch. How dare you refuse your duty to your sovereign and liege lord?" This would certainly have embarrassed many young men, but Eric had been about the court so much delivering cream tarts that he knew exactly what to do, so he dropped upon one knee, saying humbly, "Prithee, my liege, hearken to me. This low-born villain and base churl (that was the cook) would have me exercise mine art in the open public kitchen, before scullions and the filthy common crowd. He would have me expose to flies and germs the royal dough which your sacred Majesty is condescending enough to condescend to digest. Aye," said he, raising his voice, "exposed even to anarchists." At this the King started, and turned pale, for if there is a word which makes kings, editors and other ignorant people tremble it is this same word "anarchist," a word they fasten to every crazy man who tries to kill somebody. The real true anarchist is a poor, peaceable individual, who believes in the common brotherhood of the wretched masses, and only wants Kings and parasites to get off their backs. But Kings, being, as I have said, intensely ignorant, when they hear the word, tremble in their crowns. So the King scowled at the cook and hissed, "Villain! Remember!" The King rolled his r's and his eyes so savagely at this allusion to the cook's former narrow escape that the wretch was overcome with terror. He fell in a dead faint and had to be carried out. Double guards were ordered and secret service men were distributed everywhere as a precaution against anarchists, and the royal carpenter was commanded to build a special kitchen cabinet for the pastry cook to work in. And now I think I will have to leave Eric here, with all his armor and fine clothes in his trunk in his room at the castle, and happy in seeing his beloved Ethelberta nearly every day, and I will go back to Prince Berthold and Hilda, or they may drop out of the story altogether. Besides, I dont know yet what is going to happen to Eric, and until I do there is no use going on with him.

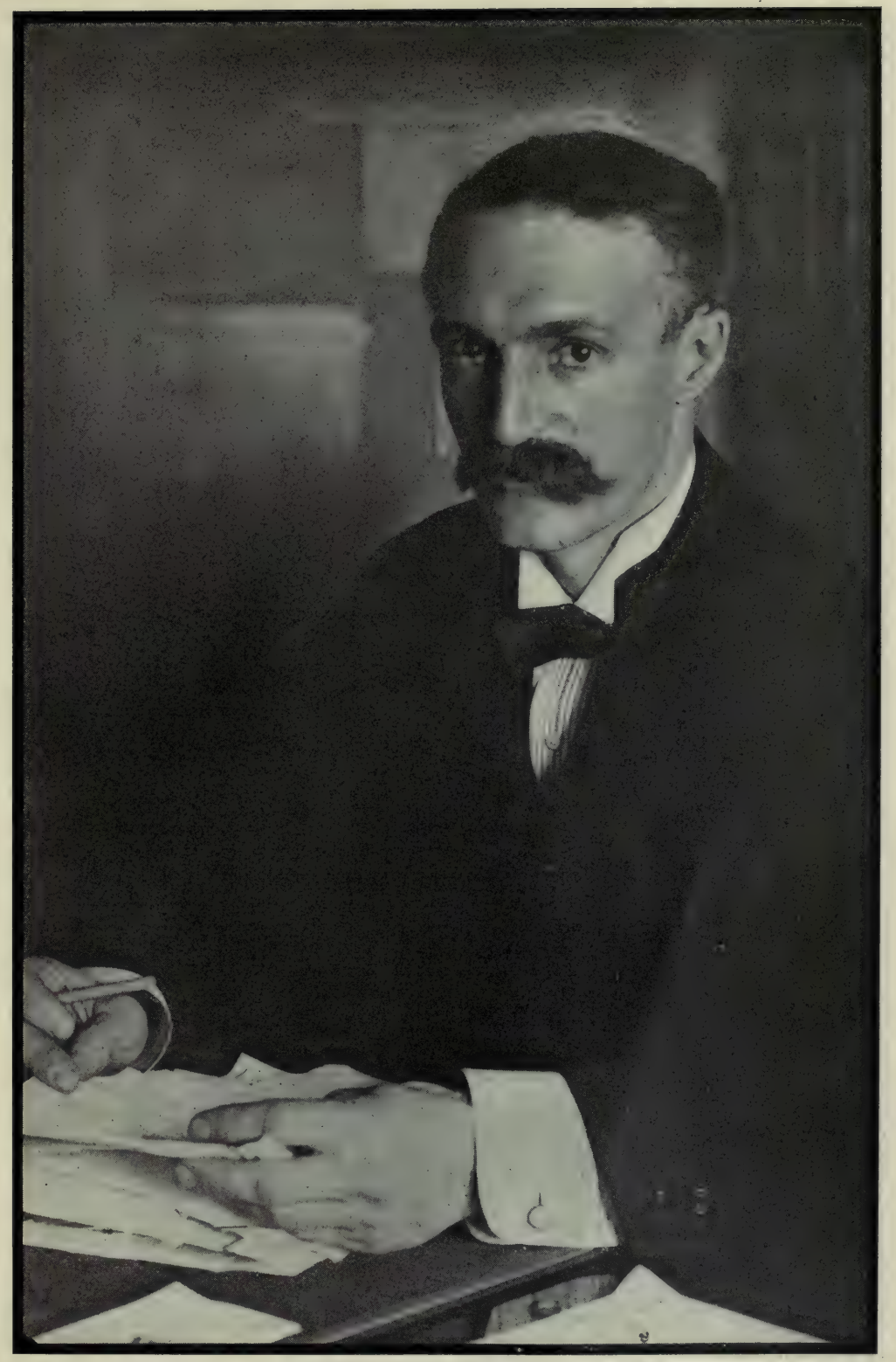
WHEN Prince Berthold, of Borrum, made the natural but almost fatal mistake of kissing the witch Evil Eyes, and was changed into a white fox, of course nobody could possibly know what had become of him, for his clothes were changed into the fox's hide, and there was not spick, nor speck, nor scrap of him to be found anywhere. All the kingdom went into desolation, and the poor Queen was broken-hearted. Special services were held in all the cathedrals and churches, and sermons were preached in which it was said that it had pleased an All-Wise Providence to remove from their midst this most exemplary young man, the hope and dependence of the Nation, but that undoubtedly this was for the best, for God's ways are not as our ways. After a time they really persuaded themselves and everybody but the Queen and Hilda that there was a great stroke of wisdom in the taking off of Prince Berthold. He was given up as dead, and the King and the Queen adopted Hilda as their daughter, and after a time began to think whom they should choose as a husband for her. But as often happens in this complex and contrary world of ours, when Hilda no longer had Prince Berthold with her every day she found that he, and he alone, was necessary to her happiness. She loved him. Therefore she discouraged very much any search for a husband for her, and she and the Queen used to find their greatest happiness in walking alone in the forest or sitting by themselves in the palace and talking over his beauty and his virtues. The unhappy part of it was the poor fox knew that he was not a fox, and used

to try and come home, hoping that in some way he could make them understand, but he never got near the palace at all, because his own hounds would scent him out without fail and chase him through forest and through rivers, up hill and down dale, until his tongue hung out and his tail hung down and he was so exhausted that he could scarcely move one leg before the other. One time, which was very near the last time, he had run till he was weak and breathless. In his ears rang the notes of Dewlips and Longears, his fleetest and truest hounds, whose voices he knew so well and which used to sound so beautiful to him when he rode after them, but which now filled him with terror. He did not have the wisdom and cunning of a real fox, but was only just a stupid man, although in a fox's skin, so he did not understand all the clever tricks which the foxes use to deceive the hounds. At last he crept into some wild blackberry bushes and lay down to be killed. As he lay there a funny little voice said, "Tired, aren't you?" And, looking up, he saw in front of him a little wood elf, with a thin, sharp face, yellow as an oak apple, long arms, crooked legs and a funny fat little body. He was dressed in a stuff like the silvery green lichens of the oak tree. He wore upon his head a pointed hat of some delicate grey fabric like that of a hornet's nest, and his shoes seemed made of the skin of a ripened puff-ball. Who he was I will not yet disclose, for it is a great secret. "Listen to me," said the wood fairy to the fox. "When you are rested you start in this direction (and the little man pointed with his sharp, long finger). Travel all night and until noon of tomorrow and then you will be in the Forest of Borru, and only good shall happen to you. I can do no more for you just now." He started away, but returned and shook his finger gently and reproachfully at the poor fox, who was lying on his side with his tongue lolling out, and said: "No one ever ought to kiss a witch unless he knows her intimately." Then he trotted away across the glade and vanished like a piece of drifting thistledown.

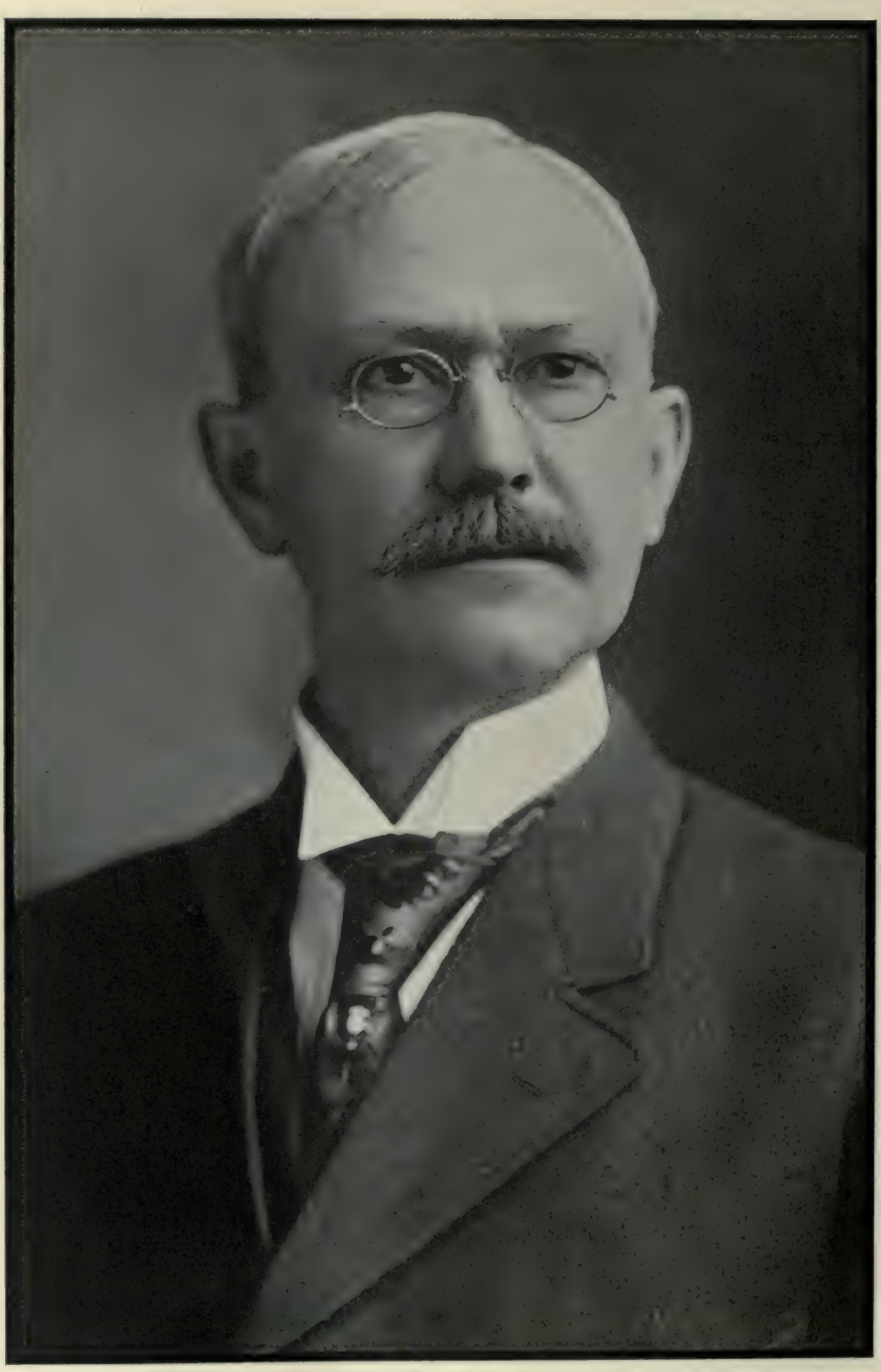
Scarcely had he gone when the whole pack of hounds in full cry swept into the place, and after puzzling for a moment right in front of the miserable and frightened fox, they took the trail of the wood elf, and their baying gradually died away in the depths of the forest.

After he had rested and all sound of the pursuing hounds had ceased, the white fox started in the direction the wood elf had pointed, and with a beating heart and a jump of the nerves every time a twig snapped, and vowing that he nevermore would chase deer or foxes with hounds, he took his way to the Forest of Borru, where an adventure happened to him which the wood elf knew of all the time, and to bring about which he had sent him into this forest, and which you shall learn of in due time.

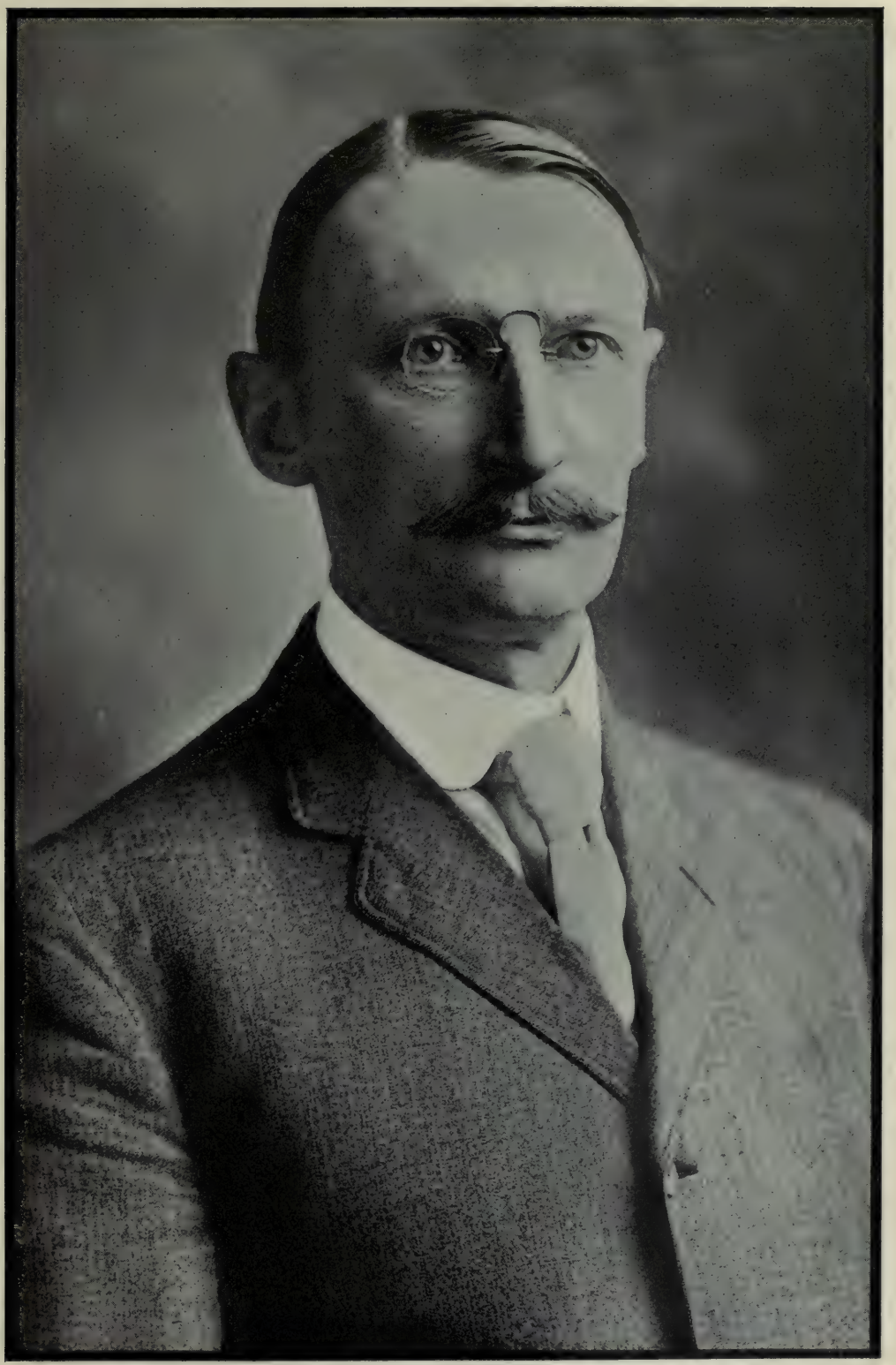
But at this point I want you to close the book, shut your eyes, think hard, and see if you can guess who the little wood elf was.



GIFFORD PINCHOT.
His Achievements and Leadership in the Great Movement for the Conservation of National Resources Assure Him a Lasting Place in American History.



RICHARD A. BALLINGER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.



FRED DENNETT, COMMISSIONER OF THE UNITED STATES GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

"BUGLE CALLS SOUNDED ON EVERY POSSIBLE PROVOCATION."

Riding With The Rurales

By Sidney H. Riesenberg

Illustrations by the Author

IN Mexico pilfering, stealing, highway robbery and the raiding of *haciendas,* to mention them in an ascending scale, have been all of too frequent occurrence in the outlying districts. This condition of disorder resulted in the development of one of the most efficient bodies of mounted police in the world, the Mexican *Rurales.* They were first called into existence in the time of Santa Ana, when General Lagarde organized a troop of *rancheros,* for rural police service, which were popularly known as *Cueraderos.* With the fall of Santa Ana, a period when all Mexico was upset and no honest man could tell where his bread would come from next, the *Cueraderos* took to the road and became successful highwaymen, upholding the best traditions of the gentlemen robbers of the old world. Like Mr. Tom Faggus and his straw-

"THE MOVING SHADOWS CAST BY THE TORCH-BEARERS PRODUCED A SCENE OF RARE FASCINATION."

berry mare Winnie, these bold road agents took great pride in their fleet horses and were such dandies in their dress that they were commonly called *Plateados* (silvered ones). President Comonfort recognized the possibilities of these men, as a force for law and order, and, applying the old adage, "set a thief to catch a thief," it was in his administration that the *Plateados* again came under government control. The *Rurales,* the name given them in the third and present stage of the corps, are the sole safeguard against the bandits and border ruffians, who infest the thinly-populated parts of Mexico. Ranking with the Northwest Mounted Police for ability to ride and shoot, and rivaling the Russian Cossacks in picturesque detail of uniform and equipment, these soldier-cowboys of the Southland challenge our admiration at every turn. For good fellowship in the barracks or rough work on the road they are by far the best of the Mexican forces.

THE AUTHOR, MOUNTED TO JOIN THE RURALES.

On a recent visit to Torreon, Mexico, with a fellow artist, I had ample opportunity to become acquainted with these fearless riders, both in the barracks and on the road. Active enough when in pursuit of evil-doers or answering a call to action, the *patio* of the Torreon barracks at other times presents a tropic picture of slumberous repose; monte games move their weary length in the shadow of the walls, on horse blankets spread over the cobblestone pavement of the court; while back under the arch of the wall, where the horses are stabled, a half-dozen *Rurales,* cleaning equipment, listen to a trooper reading aloud the latest news of the bull fight in the City; these and a sleepy sentry, pacing back and forth at the entrance of the barracks, are all the life stirring. A stone well in the center of the *patio* and several large palm trees give the whole an air of tropical completeness further enhanced by the presence of several sleeping dogs, and some burros lazily snuffling for bits of fodder among the cracks in the flagging.

Presently a clatter of hoofs is heard coming along the road, the monte game comes to a sudden stop and there is stir and action in the *patio.* A company of eight dusty *guardos,* with clanking sabres and steaming horses champing their bits, ride in and dismount. The large silver rolls of their spurs jingle merrily as they step over the stone pavement. Horses in the stalls set up a sympathetic whinney, dogs bark and the lounging groups of troopers chaff the new arrivals. They have returned from an all-night ride after some notorious brigands, who terrorize the country side.

Altogether the scene is one to hold attention; the repose of the moment before has become a study of bright colors and humming activity. The well with its old leathern bucket is sought, cinches are loosed, cartridge belts are thrown off and carbines stacked in the racks, while at the order of a corporal, the men rub down their perspiring mounts. Soon the sergeant in charge returns from the cap-

"THE LEADING RIDER DROPPED LOW IN HIS SADDLE."

"IT WAS A TRIUMPHANT BUT EXCEEDINGLY DIRTY LITTLE CAVALCADE."

tain's quarters, having made his report, and is at once surrounded by a number of *Rurales* eager for the story of the raid.

The service uniform of the *Rurales* is not only good to look at, but extremely practical for riding through cacti and tropic underbrush. Amid the palms and lizzard-infested walls of the sleepy little towns, or set off by the far blue rise of snow-crowned Sierras, the brilliant trappings of men and horses lend a harmonious note. The rifles issued are the Remington military carbine; this and a long, well-balanced cavalry sabre are the standards, but the revolver is left to the personal taste of each individual. Two cartridge belts, both strapped about the hips, hold the ammunition for their heavy battery. Tight-fitting *chaparreros* of tan leather reach down over riding boots heavily spurred. Dinky jackets of gray, rebuttened with silver and bearing grade marks of red are worn over soft white shirts. A bright red necktie loosely knotted under the rolling collar, and a wonderful gray felt *sombrero,* with silver-braided brim and troop numerals, complete the uniform of each man. Altogether the dress of the *Rurales* is one of pleasing color values and comfortable use. With silver-mounted saddle horns, fancy saddle-bags and *traperederos,* their scabbards and buttons flashing brightly, the *Rurales* make a brave show when a troop gallops along in the golden shafts of the Mexican sun.

Bugle calls sound on every possible provocation and serve to liven the otherwise monotonous life at the post. The principal call of the day is to guard mount at noon, when the little garrison of irregular riders turns out for inspection and change of guard. The *Rurales* at guard mount are not at their best, the bow-legged line of troopers looks grotesque, as they stand precariously under their enormous *sombreros,* and the way they slouch through the gun manual would give a United States drill sergeant the blind staggers.

Horse and cattle stealing flourishes with more or less success, depending upon the proximity of the *Rurales,* and the wildness of the region. However, the *Rurales* are often able to ride down the marauders. An attempt to escape is followed by prompt execution, and along the highway are to be seen crosses marking the spots where bandits have met their fate. Allowing a prisoner to escape is one of the approved methods of dispensing justice; for of course only a guilty man will run, at least so reason the *Rurales,* and the Mexican law agrees with them. The rank and file of the corps are all men of Spanish blood,—more or less,—differing from the privates of the regular army, who are mostly Indians and shuffle along barefooted with the stoop-shouldered gait of the *cargador.*

We had the opportunity to ride out with the *Rurales* on an exciting chase; an expedition that loomed large and fearsome to us as we drove our steeds through the night shadows of the forest-clad hills, a veritable man hunt. A *vaquero,* his horse flecked with foam, dashed into Torreon at about eight in the evening and drew rein at the barracks. Raiders from the mountains had attacked an *hacienda.* Burning one of the outlying station houses, they made off with a number of horses and, as we afterward heard, had shot two *peons.*

There was no time lost. Before we realized the full import of the news, the bugles were sounding "boots and saddles," and the troopers were mounting. We got our horses saddled and permission to join the chase, just in time to spur after the flying column of twenty riders that tore through the moon-lit streets of Torreon. The road led through the plaza and past several scattered houses to the outskirts of the town. People everywhere ran to see us and lights hastily lit, flickered in the open doorways. The jangling of harness and the metallic clicking of the scabbards mingled with the rapid drumming of the flying hoofs of our horses. Riding in the rear we took the dust and pebbles thrown from the hoofs of the horses ahead. Suddenly the road made a sharp turn to the left and led over an old bridge, where the men in front rode through a lot of charcoal-laden burros, scattering the little caravan to the right and left; protest-

ing cries from the drivers sounded through the dust and noise.

The moon, then high above the tree-tops in the east, shed its silver light over the hurrying horsemen. Not a word was spoken, and we settled down to the hard task of holding our own with the *Rurales*. After four hours of hard riding the troop came to a stop at the edge of a dense wood that bordered the road, which was then in very poor condition, being little more than a narrow trail. There was a hurried consultation, for the news brought from the *hacienda* had clearly indicated what band of outlaws was responsible for the raid, and our sergeant was planning to steal a march on them and cut off their retreat.

After a too-brief rest the company divided, half continuing along the trail after the bandits by the usual route, namely, to the scene of the outrage, and then dogging their heels to the mountains, while the ten remaining men, including the sergeant with whom we remained, turned their horses into the shadow of the wood. Sabres were drawn, and the men slashed skilfully at the rank growth of underbrush as we rode among the tall cypress trees that grew closely. The darkness in the wood became intense, so the leaders dismounted, and from the twigs at the foot of the trees they bound together rude torches, which when lighted aided us greatly in our ride through the forest. The frightened cries of disturbed wood creatures and the weird moving shadows cast by the torch-bearers produced a scene of rare fascination. After a little distance into the wood the way became clearer, and the early hours of dawn found us dragging wearily through a steep, rocky country. The trees were suddenly sparse and cacti grew in the rock fissures on every hand. The hard ride of all night had placed us in a strategic position, where we could intercept the bandits on their return trail to the mountains. We dismounted, and two men went down a declivity leading to a sort of rough trail, where, in the faint morning light, they carefully examined the ground for hoof-prints, without finding any trace. From our position on the rocks that overlooked the steep-sided little trail, the sergeant divided his force, sending the corporal and four troopers about three hundred yards below, with orders to ambush their horses and remain ready to ride out at them at a moment's notice.

Our tired nags were then taken back behind some rocks, which afforded an excellent place of concealment. The sergeant and his six men crouched behind the natural cover of cacti and boulders that enabled them to command the road. Orders were given not to fire on the robbers until they were abreast of our position, so as to send any fugitives into the hand of the corporal and his squad. Our commander was a man of large caliber, a strategist and a survivor of another such ambush, where the bandits rode ahead, but left a party hidden in the rocks to shoot down the *Rurales*. They were now to get a dose of their own medicine.

Daylight comes quickly in the tropic regions, and before we were comfortably disposed the canyon shone with the glorious morning light reflected from the hilltops. We were as tired a lot of men as ever went without their breakfast, and lay on the rocks shivering with cold, such as one finds only in sunny Mexico. Our clothes were torn and stained with dust and perspiration from the hot gallop of the night before. Most of the men lay prone upon their backs; only the sergeant kept an eagle eye on the place where the trail turned into view around a bend in the hills. When the excitement of going into ambush was over, time began to drag, and we lay, sleepy-eyed, in the cool shadow, when a faint noise, as of men shouting, came to our ears from down the canyon. Like an electric shock the sound sent the five men on the rocks into their positions, and other sounds that followed told us there was no mistake. Two horsemen came around into view, with rifles ready across the pommels of their saddles, the horses hitting up a steady pace. Our party crouched low, and we could hear the vicious click of breech-bolts slipping into place; the man-hunt was nearing finish.

We must admit that the first sight of

two lone riders unconsciously entering that death-trap sent a chill of horror through the two Americans hidden behind the cactus; a chill that was somewhat relieved when two, three, four, and finally five more horses clattered into view. The man behind the nearest rock swore under his breath, calling upon Guadalupe, the patron saint, to witness that there were seven robbers. *"Siete! Siete!"* was whispered in the hoarse tones, as the *Rurales* took aim from among the rocks. However, there were only five men, the two others being horses laden with plunder.

In a moment the horsemen were abreast of us; an instant more and a sharp report to our left opened up the fight. Crack! and a bullet sped out before a tongue of fire. The leading rider dropped low on his saddle, his horse shooting ahead while the man fell backward mortally wounded. Shots followed fast, the horses in the road bunched in confusion, then sprang quickly by us.

A yell down the road was followed by a report and a sharp command. Our men, tumbling down from their cover, rounded up from the rear the three men who were held by the carbines of the corporal's party. Two men lay dead in their tracks in the shadow of the hill, each of the three captives was wounded, and the two pack animals had turned and escaped down the road.

And so another small tragedy was added to the long list of these obscure engagements. We rode back along the road taken by the bandits and met the other party, who had roped the runaway pack-horses.

It was a triumphant, but exceedingly dirty little cavalcade that rode into Torreon with their prisoners late the following day. The dead lie buried under a rude cross in the hills; what became of the prisoners we never learned, as we left Torreon before their fate was decided.

Parent and Child

By Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D.

Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York

IF it be true, as Emerson says, that the boundaries of personal influence it is impossible to fix, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force, does not the same limitation hold peculiarly true with respect to the family influence? Whatever else the influences affecting the life of the normal individual, the largest measure of determining environment is concentrated in his own home. One may escape the influence of an individual, impervious to its evil and untouched by its good, but the atmosphere of the family home is inescapable because all-pervasive.

The relation of parent and child might be summed up in the title,—a study in responsibility,—for responsibility is the keynote to the whole problem, that highly developed sense of responsibility which moves parents seriously to ponder upon the question of child training, and to remember that in the last analysis, while precept may be of some value, parental example is the supreme factor in the working out of the problem.

To the discharge of that task a sense of personal responsibility demands that parents shall give as much care and toil as to the safeguarding of their material interests, to labor not more diligently to enhance their temporal fortunes than to further the eternal souls entrusted to them. Nor are parents free to reject or accept responsibility. Theirs is no liberty of choice. They are parents. The choice of parenthood has fixed the choice of parental responsibility. If parents were only the authors of the lives of their children, such begetting would in itself establish a deep and solemn parental responsibility, but parents are more than the progenitors of their children. In addition, they live with their children as a rule during the years of infancy, childhood and youth. During the years of plasticity and impressionableness, parents are the chief formative influence upon the life of a child. Employing the terms of science, parents are for the most part not only heredity but environment, not only their children's past but their ever-present neighbors and comrades.

The continuity of the stream of influence, which takes its rise in parental environment and pours itself into the life of a child, has been powerfully suggested by Walt Whitman, who tells us that his parents not merely brought him into the world,—

> They gave this child more of themselves than that,
> They gave him afterward every day, they became a part of him."

It has happened that I have found parents fearful of the influence, which non-parental environment might exert upon a son, and eager to shield him from its contaminating touch, and I, in turn, have wished that it might be possible to rescue the child from the environment of the over-solicitous home. Parents sometimes dread the environment of the street for a boy, who is never in greater peril than when he is exposed to the environment of his own home.

Precedent to the possibility of training children must come the training of parents, a training, which, it may be said in passing, must be achieved chiefly through self-discipline. The father is not to be solely the breadwinner, nor the mother the homekeeper, but both together are above all to be guardians and educators of their children. The phrasing, parent and child, seems to conform to the widely cherished notion that children have but

one parent, as if children had only mothers and no fathers. One of the worst incidents of the present industrial system is that the overworked father can at best be little more than a breadwinner, and the mother exclusively the household drudge with neither time nor strength nor grace nor will for aught besides. Nor is the home more happily circumstanced at the other end of the scale in which the father is not even a hard-working breadwinner, but the idle inheritor of the fruit of others' toil, and the mother a more or less impersonal and vicarious administratrix of an establishment instead of the nurturing and sustaining mother.

Before all eugenics, for without it eugenics cannot be, must come the training of men and women for parenthood. The measure of preparation for parenthood in our day seems in inverse proportion to its paramountcy. One reads of preparations for tennis tournaments and golf matches and baseball games and football contests and rowing regattas, which are speedily becoming alike the classics and the humanities of American colleges, but what college or university even hints at the need of the conscious shaping of one's whole life for fatherhood and motherhood? The cursory reading of Spencer on Education is not a wholly adequate preparation for the supreme responsibility of parenthood. Spencer himself has told us that some future archaelogist, coming upon the remains of our civilization, will be prompted to ask whether ours was not a race of bachelors and maidens, seeing that our educational system appeared to be "a curriculum for celibates," "the school course of one of the monastic orders."

We are ashamed to speak of preparation for parenthood to the unwedded as if there were pollution for our sweet and unsophisticated youth in any reference to life's holy of holies, with the result that marriage may yet come to be thought of as legalized sexuality. Defiling and damning is that conception of life, which, by reason of fancied modesty, forbears to remind youth and maiden with becoming earnestness that they are not only the keepers of their own lives, but the guardians of generations by them to be begotten. The attainment of puberty and the acquirement of property are not the only prerequisites of marriage, nor would these be, even if marriage were not the gateway of parenthood. But seeing that marriage means parenthood, poor and empty is that education which does not kindle the souls of our youth with a sense of high and ardent hope touching the elevating joys and ennobling responsibility of parenthood and home-building.

In this as in other phases of education, we invert the fitting order of things. We hope for the training of children by parents who have been left to evolve such a system of training out of their inner consciousness. Instead of shaping every phase or branch of education toward the end of home-building, this, life's largest purpose, is left wholly out of view in every educational system. What ought to be the one object of education is left to shift and scramble for itself amid the multiplicity of subjects taught. This is what is meant in part by those who urge that the training of a child be begun one hundred years before its birth. The training of children is begun hopelessly late unless it has been preceded by the wise training of potential parents, and unless such discipline be followed by the conduct of those who, heeding the counsel of a true educator, "carry on their higher education at the same time that they are educating their children."

Nothing is more needed than to seek to make clear to parents that their responsibilities cannot be shifted from the home to the school. A survival of the old pieties moves us to expect miracles of service from the school. It is not exactly a heartening symptom of democracy to note that parents are so often willing to suffer themselves to be superseded by the school as directing agents of the life of tomorrow, instead of viewing the school as at best an efficient adjunct of the home. Happily, the rule will not work,—the less done by the home the more by the school,—but rather the reverse, namely, the measure of efficiency in the school is in almost exact proportion to the self-sufficingness of the home. Fond-

ly foolish the parents who imagine that the school can repair the deficiencies of the home in the training of children! The office of the school is very different from that of the home. The home may be a school, but the school can never be a home. The parent may do the work of a teacher, but the teacher cannot fulfill the office of a parent. While there are a multitude of schools, the home is *the* school and something more.

If our educational system has broken down, it has been in part because the home has sought to disburden itself of the tasks rightly devolving upon it, and to burden these upon the overweighted shoulders of the teacher. School and home must not strive to shift upon each other but to share with each other the task of child-rearing and state-upbuilding. Home and school must be constant co-operators,—the home the preparatory department of the school, the school the outdoor branch of the home. But it must never be forgotten that it is the home and not the school that must be the centre of the life of the child. Mine is no mean or belittling conception of the school, and I can never bring myself to assent to the thought that the school exists solely to impart knowledge, but it is certain that it is the home which must help the child to *be*. That is the unique office of the home.

Parents are not only the givers of life; they must help the children of their begetting to the rebirth unto the life of the spirit, which alone is life. The school may serve as auxiliary to the home in helping the child to such renewal of life, but the home must be the scene and stimulus of such transfiguration. Is it not this circumstance that solves the mystery which many affect to find in the growth in intellectual stature of a man like Abraham Lincoln, who never enjoyed more than a year of schooling? But we forgot that he was mothered by his own mother and not smothered by a hireling governess or tutor. True, the value of such mothering presupposes a mother worth while. How poor are the children of parents whose wealth entitles them, as they conceive it, to smother their children with governesses and tutors,—the only right which these children are denied being the right to be mothered!

Not long ago I stood at the grave of John Brown in converse with one who, as a youth, had served in the Brown household among the hills that were not high enough to shut out from the gaze of the master the sight of blood-stained sin a thousand miles away,—because his eyes were fixed upon the eternal stars. When I made inquiry concerning the schooling of John Brown's children, the youth in the household of half a century ago, touched to nobleness of thought and speech by the surging memories of that better day, declared: The children had little schooling, but John Brown and his wife trained them to hate the wrong and to do the right.

Reverting for a moment to Abraham Lincoln, one may almost say that no school was suffered to stay or to stem the tide of influence which flowed directly from the great mother-soul into the life of her child. In a sense, the school is an artificial substitute for a phase of parental activity which is falling into abeyance because of the highly specialized character of modern life. Happy the child whose parents are jealous of the encroachments of the school upon their rightful functioning and reluctantly relinquish to it any part of their own tasks and burdens! For one Humphrey Davy who invents a Michael Faraday, there are ten thousand parents who, borrowing Davy's pregnant phrase, invent noble sons and daughters.

The teacher at best can do little more than complete the task inaugurated by the parent. The teacher teaches and his work is done. The parents' work is never done, for the parent is ever present with the child, and the mask which is worn for the world without is pierced by the clear vision of the childish seer. In the home it is even truer than in the pulpit that what we say matters little by the side of what we are. We may say much and it is nothing, but the minutest act of the parental life is everything to the child. This is at one and the same time the peculiar difficulty of the parent and not less truly his unique opportunity. Books, teachers, traveling, experience,

life do much for one, but most is done for good or ill by the home. This deep truth it is that moves Theodore Parker to observe that whenever great and good things are done by man or woman, the fountain of virtue and strength is to be found close to the heart of some noble woman. The contagion of parental example is well-nigh irresistible. It is a high tribute, but not too high, which Ibsen's Master Builder, Halvard Solness, pays his wife, Aline, and it is the glory of motherhood that potentially every woman may be a master-builder, "for building not houses and towers and spires, not such things as I work at,—for building up children's souls in perfect balance and in noble and beautiful forms, for enabling them to soar up into erect and full-grown human souls."

It is the parent that must be the master-builder. When the child-life is not built up into something worthy, it is the parent-builder to whom the blame may oft justly be imputed. Not that the unworthy child is necessarily sprung from unworthy parents, but not unseldom from parents worthy in themselves, but sadly unwise and fatally weak in bringing up their children. The more deeply one delves into the lives of the great and the good whom history pauses to commemorate, the firmer becomes the conviction that back of the lives of most solid worth and noblest tone lies the stimulus of wise parental guidance and the compulsion of lofty parental example.

Garrison, the liberator, is best understood in the light of his mother's letter, written to her youthful son after a period of grave illness: "I have been nursed back to life and health by one who is a slave in the eyes of man, but a free-born soul in the sight of God." Emerson puts into a simple line, "Right thou feelest, rush to do," the lofty counsel, "Always do what you are afraid to do," which his aunt, Mary Moody, had sought to weave into the very fibre of his being. Pestalozzi walks about the street with his uncle as he distributes alms to the poor, and passionately resolves to fight for the poor and oppressed. It is not always the parents who render this supreme service and to whom may be traced the stream of beneficent influence which fructifies and blesses the life of the child. Ofttimes it is one who stands in the parental relation, an elder sister to Renan, an aunt to Emerson, a grandmother to Millet. Not every father has the great good fortune to be memorialized by the prose poem of Carlyle's acknowledgment of indebtedness, but, happily for the race, there are innumerable fathers worthy of such tender panegyric, though there be but few children who can offer it with such consecrated eloquence. It is not given to every mother to be immortalized by the ardent testimony of a Lincoln or a Garibaldi, but, happily again for the children of men, if every man and woman, the bases of whose character have been firmly laid by a loving, benign mother, commanded the resources of grateful recognition, we might have a myriad paeans of praise no less fervid and no less deserved.

The whole duty of parents is to provide a *home* for their children. The home is not an impersonal, lifeless, external thing, made of wood and stone, but a personal, living, inward creation wrought by parent and child. If but mothers and fathers would come to understand that they alone at their best can be the makers of a home, that the home can be planned by nothing less than disciplined intelligence and fashioned by noble purpose and sustained by unwearied zeal, and equipped with lofty ideals! A home is built not by what parents have, but by what they are. Having oft undoes and destroys homes. Being builds homes. All of earth's millions will not suffice to build a home, unless the possessors have something more than millions, that indefinable something of the spirit which is the indispensable element in home-building.

One may order a house of an architect and its interior arrangements and equipment from a decorator, but homes, happily, cannot be made to order. One knows of people who are rich enough to own a dozen houses and withal too poor to possess a single home. Far from money in and of itself making a home, wealth often unmakes the home which was wrought in the sweat of toil and the

tears of sorrow. Nor let parents flatter themselves that their wealth can make their home precious to their children, assuming that theirs be such a laudable purpose. A priceless house is a very different thing from a precious home. Contents make a house; content, however accented, makes a home.

Woe betide the people which belittles its homes! Happy the people which magnifies its homes! Homes are not of set purpose minimized, but, unless they be consciously and purposely magnified, minimized they will become. Belittled and dishonored is the home which is conceived by parents to be a place wherein children are to be housed and fed and clothed and amused, and nothing more. Much to be pitied are children whose parents provide board and lodging for them instead of a home, satisfied to maintain a hotel or feeding-place for their children, starting-point for school, instead of establishing a home. If children needed nothing more than food, clothing and shelter, that might be called a home, which provided these things. But, while these things are needful to life, life is not eating nor drinking nor sleeping. Homes are not so much places fit for children to live in as places in which to fit children for life. Why do multitudes of our youth grow into manhood and womanhood with a mean, ignoble vision of life? Because in their homes they have seen a father absorbed in schemes to get rich instead of being enriched with a scheme of life; because they have been reared by a mother drifting aimlessly upon the tides of comfort and self-complacency instead of being stirred to struggle vigorously with all the changes and chances of life. A home is not made up, it must be understood, of things. A home fits children to sit in the saddle and ride things. Wonder is often expressed that a reprobate should be the offspring of a palatial home and a hero emerge from a hovel. But the reprobate may have been homeless amid the wealth and splendor of his parental roof, and the hero may have been well-mothered and fathered despite every untoward circumstance. There are as many homes in Five Points as on Fifth Avenue in New York.

And the parents who give children everything that the world can give and nothing more naturally crown their folly by striving throughout their days so to arrange their affairs that their children may be spared the hardship of toil and the ignominy of self-support. One sometimes wonders to the redress of which wrong the State should first set itself,—the starving of the bodies of the children of the poor or the starving of the souls of the children of the rich. It may be that the cure of the one will include the healing of the other,—that, if the souls of the "haves" were not starved and shriveled, the poverty that makes for starvation would be relegated to the hideous memories of an inhuman past. One is moved to wonder at the fatuity of seemingly wise fathers who conceive their parental duties to be adequately and honorably discharged if they bequeath large possessions to their children. Such a bequest may often mean the multiplying of life's besetments, whereas the memory of a home, however gaunt and stricken, may be shield and buckler in the hour of moral stress. Of what value were the most precious cargo imaginable if there were no stars by which to steer, no helmsman at the wheel? If the poor are exposed to the ills which are caused by congestion of population, upon the rich is imposed an equally menacing evil, the soul-suffocating congestion of possessions which may stunt a soul as truly as the other stunts a body.

We can never hope that houses can be converted into homes until parents are really mindful of the truth that children are more than bodies, more than stomachs and appetites; that children have moral, mental, spiritual needs, and that these must be met. A man's hunger and thirst must be satisfied or he shall perish. A man's mind and soul need nurture, which, being denied, these shall perish. Nothing save iron circumstance can prevent parents from nourishing the body of their child. Convention, prudence, expediency dictate that the mental requirements of the child shall not be left unsatisfied. But an inconsiderable minority of parents remember that their children have spiritual natures and spiritual crav-

ings, which are left to struggle for themselves as best they may, without the needed fostering and furtherance. In one word, we gorge the bodies of our children; we feed tidbits to their minds; their souls are left to starve.

From time to time the courts deal severely with such parents as neglect the physical well-being of their children. Who can picture the congestion which would arise in the courts if before them were arraigned all parents who commit the cruelty of neglecting the higher nature of their children? If parents wittingly deny food, raiment, shelter to their children, the law summons them for judgment on their misdeeds. Devoutly is it to be wished that parents might be made answerable before the bar of public opinion, if not of legal justice, for the unutterable wrong of suffering the spiritual nature of their children to remain unnurtured and unguarded. Some years ago, I happened to observe troops of children in a European health-resort. It was touching to look upon the solicitude with which the parents watched their offspring in the hope of winning for them relief from the various ailments with which they were afflicted. The question then and there suggested itself: How many parents are as earnestly concerned touching the moral status of their children? How often are the specialists in moral education,—and there are such,—consulted respecting symptoms of serious moral disturbance or spiritual derangement in the young? If sickness overtake a child, the best aid that science can afford is invoked, and nothing that skill can devise or love execute is left undone in order to overcome the dread disease. Is a daughter's inner life of less moment than her fingers, and yet,—the question waits for no reply,—is moral guidance deemed as important by her parents as the care of her hands? Little lads spend days with the orthodontists to overcome some slight dental defect, at heavy cost in time and money. But with what seriousness do parents undertake to straighten out the twists in the characters of their sons,—as if these were self-correcting?

What greater wrong can a parent inflict upon a child than to treat it as if it had no soul? All else that parents may be and do cannot make good this hurt. For, being dealt with as if they were soulless, it shall come to pass that soulless they shall become,—in the words of Carlyle, chattering, grinning, soulless apes. And a special plea ought here be made to mothers touching the upbringing of daughters. I would remove every legal and civil disability under which women rest, but, I conceive, the surest way to perpetuate woman's inferior status is so to rear our daughters that they may measure down to the estimate which assumes their inferiority. It is no less important to rear daughters wisely than to train sons well; if anything, more important, for our daughters of today are to be the mothers of tomorrow. Daughters ought to rebel against mothers who treat them as if they were to be nothing more than "frilled and furbelowed clothes-pegs." One constantly hears of mothers setting out deliberately and solely to make their daughters "thoroughly attractive." One does not hear quite so often of mothers who aim to make their daughters thoroughly fine and worthy. "Thoroughly attractive" means having regard altogether to the opinion of others, to seeming instead of being.

But this is the inevitable sequence of the training which fits women not for life, not for motherhood, not for wifehood, not for marriage, but just for marrying. One hardly knows which is a more saddening sight, men insanely toiling to get money or women spending it in imbecile idleness. But we may be sure that, after taking into account every other predisposing circumstance, the cause is to be found in the home which left sons and daughters without that invigorating purpose and soul-satisfying aim which would have precluded the possibility of sons converting themselves into slightly mobile counting-machines and daughters into less immobile lay-figures.

However much, it must again be insisted, the school is to do for the child, the home must do something else and something more. It is the education of a home which "is to prepare for complete

living." It is the home training which can best meet the test set by Agesilaus, touching what children should learn,—what they should do, being men. And, in view of the demand which is becoming more and more insistent that the school training shall become vocational in character, it is to be expected that the school will content itself with helping men to make a living, while the home must increasingly devote itself to the task of preparing men to fashion aright their lives. For living is the end and a living only a means to that end. However efficient an auxiliary the school may prove, it is the home that must nurture and guide the moral and spiritual life of the child. What has been well styled by Professor Brumbaugh, our intellectualized system of education will not suffice to train men who are more than minds. A curriculum of intellectual truth is important; but not less important than to inform the mind with truth, is to inform the will with motive.

As the cornerstone of the ethical life, I would lay down truth,—that sense of truth which, in relation to others, is sincerity and justness; in relation to self, conscience; in relation to God, holiness; that truth which is to be the grace of the lips because it is the crown of the soul. The great sodden mass of self-seeking and self-centered individualism will not be lessened so long as the home fails to train the child with a view to social living, that is, social duty and social responsibility, to the end that the privileged and legalized and cherished anarchism of our day may cease to be.

It is the home that must, in the word of Milton, train not only the man but the citizen; the man in every sphere of duty, and not least in the sphere of citizenship duties. If society breaks down in the neighborhood relations, in the domestic or intimate relations, in the civic relations, it is because the home has failed to help the child to energize its moral and spiritual potencies into achievements.

The Friendship of Nations

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Peace has been the dream of every age. Can the dream be made true?

IN the days when man fought against man, city against city, and ruler against ruler, when the air was continually shaken with the clamor of war and the rumors of wars, then it was that the war-wearied ones best loved to sit at the feet of the poets and hear of that golden age, long past, when over all the world was peace; when men tended their flocks and reaped their harvest unafraid, and youth watched the golden moon rising over the sweet-smelling orchards; when the ear was not affrighted by the screaming fife and groaning drum, but the night was made precious by the song of the nightingale, and the lark saluted the pale and dewy morn, and the hum of the hive made restful the golden noon.

Peace, then, as always, spoke of gladness, rest, abundance, safety. War then, as always, spoke of hardship, waste, sorrow and death. But the fabled golden age was only a poet's dream. It had never been. Will it ever be?

It will come just so surely as the human heart continues that throbbing which each of us has received through an innumerable chain reaching to the very dawn of creation. Is there any one who will say what has never been can never be? What has never been is what

is sure to be. Cyrus, or Pericles, or Charlemagne, or that bold bastard, William the Conqueror, or even Henry VIII, or Charles, would have said of our civilization, as Kiyomori would have said of New Japan, "These things can never be." Who is there foolish enough to say that the progress of mankind has come to an end? That from this year of grace 1909 we shall go no further?

Man lives by his dreams. His thoughts are the things which endure. All else of man perishes. He has been called a fighting animal. Through all the infinite change of the past the marvelous animal, man, kept himself alive, not by his strength, but by the dawning of what we call mind. In eating, drinking and fighting man is common brother to the brutes. In strength they surpass him. By thought alone he has come thus far, and by thought alone he will progress still farther. Man has but one predominant passion: the will to live; and from this are born his two vital ideals: Freedom and Peace. Man craves freedom that he may live his life in his own way and develop his own individuality after his own desire. Freedom is part of the instinct to live. He craves peace that he may enjoy life and dream those dreams which sooner or later he makes come true. Peace is also part of the instinct to live. In the countless millions of years he has lived, man has never failed in the accomplishment of the ideals which were vital and necessary to him; which were part of his instinct to live; and peace is one of these; and that is why we believe that surely the friendship of nations will come.

Peace is one of the universal hopes of the human heart. It is in every philosophy; in all poetry and in every religion. The heaven of the American savage, or of the fierce Viking, or of the poetic Greek, or the contemplative Buddhist,—every heaven ever born out of the longings of man's heart is an abode of peace. He that thinks man has not struggled very far on the road toward his ideal, knows very little of the history of man. Whether one turn to China, or Japan, or to Europe, one can within the period of history begin with the time when every stranger was an enemy; when every country was held by numerous feudal chiefs engaged in constant warfare; when every city was walled about against the attacks of the rest of the world; when every petty province was hostile to its neighbor; when every man, no matter what else he was, was a soldier, and no man could feel sure of peace from one day to the next. Trade was stagnant; property was insecure; cities were swept out of existence, their inhabitants massacred and sold into slavery; the arts, the sciences, were smothered, or glimmered feebly, and the world was sunk in a barbarism because the world was in a constant state of warfare, and these were truly called the Dark Ages.

Picture that day and this and you will see, without argument, that not only has there been a steady and tremendous insistence on peace, but that the greater advancement of mankind has been wholly due to the greater peace of the world. War is destructive. Peace is constructive. Peace is the period of mental and commercial activity. In peace men accumulate that wealth and knowledge which they waste in war.

If Italy can progress from a time when Milan warred against Venice, Venice against Florence, and Florence against Rome; if France, England and Germany can progress from a period when every Duke in his battlemented tower was a war lord sallying out against his rivals; if Japan can change from her feudal days when there was constant warfare between her *samurai,* why cannot the nations of the world change to a larger peace? If the trial by combat between private individuals has fallen to decay because of its folly, why cannot the trial by combat among nations be abandoned because of its greater folly? General Grant, a great general, only repeated the saying of a great statesman when he said that there has never been any question settled by war which could not have been better settled without it, by the calm intellect of man. The theory of the old trial by combat between individuals was that a just God would not suffer the wrong to triumph. But the God of War is not a God of Justice. He sits on the side of the heaviest battalions; and, if justice is to

be arrived at, some means must be found for the nations, as was found for the individuals, better than the hazard and chance of war.

It is not only the dreamers who expect the Golden Age of the friendship of nations; the men who deal with the hard, practical facts of life are the ones who are sure it will come; more sure, even, than are the dreamers. These men of the almighty dollar can almost put their finger on the hour in the Clock of Time when it will strike Peace.

Molinari, the great French economist, says that though the peace periods have grown longer and larger, the cost of preserving peace has steadily increased, until at the present time the states of Europe are paying for an insurance against war a price so excessive and so out of proportion to the risk that it cannot long be concealed from the masses, who, when they awake to the fact, will abolish the state of war among nations as effectually as the plain people abolished the state of war among feudal chiefs by concentrating their support upon a central power,—the king. His suggestion is that there will be an international tribunal, whose decisions will be supported by an army and navy obedient to its command, and no single nation will desire to keep, or be permitted to keep, more than its quota to the general international police force. He says that no single nation will be able to defy all the others united, but, more than that, the relief from war will be so great that no nation will wish to defy the edict of the tribunal, and a calmer moral sense will prevail among nations which will be stronger than force. He does not expect this great moral reform from any growth of morality, or any ethical sense among the nations, but purely because of the economic pressure, the dollars-and-cents question; and he cites that the war debt of the principal European states is twenty-six billions of dollars, a sum the burden of which cannot even be imagined. Two-thirds of the annual budgets of the European nations go to the support of this fund. The annual budget of France for all war purposes is $800,000,000; her annual conscription of men is 160,000; the armies of these same European states on a peace footing number 4,000,000 of men; on a war footing, 12,000,000. That notwithstanding the larger peace areas and longer peace periods, the preparations against war have increased during the last century nearly five hundred per cent in both the financial drain and the blood drain. Thus, even in time of peace, war is consuming the people. On the other hand, industrial production and addition to population are both beginning to flag. He also shows that in actual warfare not only are the nations' resources of wealth squandered, but the resources of the future generations are pledged in a national debt, and the future generations themselves are imperiled by the blood-drain, it being the youth and flower of the nation who are sacrificed in war. Some nations have passed into extinction because of this blood-drain annihilating the best blood of the population, as Athens, Rome, and witness the terrible blow given to France by the Napoleonic wars. To which may be added the costly blood-drain from the South during our Civil War.

Lord Lansdowne said, at the close of the Russo-Japanese War, that this latest instance of the cost and drain of warfare made it still clearer that at no very distant day economic reasons would compel nations to find some other means of settling their disputes than war.

Molinari says sadly: "Nowhere has the press been known to act as a curb on governmental tendency to lavish expenditures for war purposes."

What a noble mission is here open to the press, if instead of inflaming passion and prejudice, letting loose the ignorance of the masses for the cheap profit, or cheaper sensation of an hour, it would take its place as one of the instructors and benefactors of mankind and strive to allay passion, to overcome prejudice and to bring about a universal brotherhood of nations!

Molinari concludes one of his chapters in these words: "The saving to be effected by the cessation of a state of war will be apparent, however cursory has been our glance at the consequences it entails. The grinding costs under which nations labor, and the losses directly or

indirectly originated by it. But this economy in blood and treasure will be no more than an incident of the benefits accompanying the advent of a state of peace."

Nations are only aggregations of individuals, and what is essentially good for the individual is good for the nation, and what is essentially bad for the average individual is bad for the nation, and as fighting and waste of property and debt are admittedly bad for the individual, they must also be bad for the nations, and the only question is one of time when the nations will find a cheaper, more effective and more sensible method of settling their disputes than by war. In fact, at the end of every war, the disputes are finally settled by a conference, anyhow.

A battleship costs about ten millions of dollars. Who can doubt that this money would be better spent in constructing a railroad through Central Oregon, or elsewhere? In deepening channels; in founding a college; in reclamation of arid land; in development of water power. Indeed, there is nothing on the constructive and peaceable side which is not a better expenditure than anything on the destructive or warlike side. All expenditure in war is pure waste, except as it guarantees peace, or protects from invasion. And if these same ends can be accomplished without war, war becomes absolutely an economic folly.

The Spanish-Philippine War cost us, in round numbers, $1,000,000,000. It would have paid the national debt. It would have net-worked this country with railroads and automobile roads and wagon roads; built canals, drained marshes, irrigated lands. It is difficult to assign a limit to what it would not have done. Yet it is true, as Molinari says, that the saving in treasure and life is but a mere incident of the benefits which will come when there is friendship among the nations and a universal peace. Think of the bodies and brains that will be let loose for the welfare of mankind when the fear of war shall have ceased; of the freedom of intercourse and commerce when every flag of every land shall be welcome in every port! Think of the advances in government when that which is now the principal cause of government shall have passed away, leaving man free to solve other problems!

The friendship of the nations means the uplift of the masses; it means that burdens and shackles will fall from those who are weary and oppressed. It means that the human hive, undisturbed, will hum with industry, investigation, and a wholly new impetus will be given to the life of man. New dreams will arise within him. There will be other and greater poets. Other and greater heroes and a higher uplift toward the true godhood in man. Nation will join hand with nation until the world will be circled by the nations, each finding what is best in each, until there will be such an acceleration of human progress that no imagination can picture the outcome.

With the countless ages yet before him, with his race just begun, with the leaden fetters of war and destruction taken from his feet; with all the world mingling in amity and striving in peaceful rivalry; with all the powers of Nature subdued to his bidding and palaces like visions of heaven and fields like fairyland arising under his touch, man will be indeed a god, and life to all men beautiful.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD.

"Slumber not in the tents of your fathers. The world is advancing. Advance with it."—Mazzini.

(Note: Individuals, organizations and the various State and Federal Departments are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL.

Need of More Funds for Reclamation Projects.

Officials of the Reclamation Service have expressed the opinion that very few if any new reclamation projects can be undertaken in the West at the present time, because of the lack of available funds. In fact the funds available this year will be far short of the amount needed to push the work actually begun. This condition is partially due to the fact that everywhere there is impatience on the part of the would-be settlers on Government projects and an insistence that work be hastened. For example, the Yakima project in Washington, involving a total expenditure of between fifteen and twenty millions, and covering a period of fifteen or twenty years in all of its units, as planned by the Reclamation Service, is asked to be completed as rapidly as possible. The fact is that the reclamation idea is growing much faster in the West than the available funds. To the present time about fifty millions of dollars have been expended on the Government projects that will ultimately cost several hundred millions of dollars, when everything planned is completed.

The fund is increasing at the rate of about seven million dollars a year from the sale of public lands, and each year will see the increase from the one-tenth payment that is required from those who have purchased the reclaimed lands. During the past year about a million dollars has been added from this latter source.

The great scramble for reclamation funds by the different sections in the West, not only proves the success of the reclamation idea, but would seem to demand that the fund be supplemented in some manner. In the words of Director Newell of the Reclamation Service: "If we had many times more money to spend than we have we could find a place for all of it." "As a matter of fact," he continues in a recent Western interview, "by working night and day we have done just twice as much in the past two years as we expected to do. As the result of work done by the Government and private investors, 14,000,000 acres of land are now under irrigation, and this has been brought about by an investment of fully $500,000,000. The Government is this year operating irrigation ditches which, if placed in one line, would extend as far as the distance from Spokane to Boston."

As a practical step towards the completion of the projects already started, a bond issue has been suggested. It is further suggested that this bond issue could be later liquidated from the public-land funds, thus requiring no payment from the public treasury direct. It is argued that such a bond issue would be a good business move since it would enable the segregated tracts to be settled years ahead of the present scheduled plan, under the small funds available. This would not only be a great convenience to the settlers who are awaiting the completion of the projects, but would increase property values in a geometric ratio.

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It will cost you equally as much to install a cheap tub as a good one. There is *no* saving in the cost of installation. The difference in the purchase price between a good bath tub and a cheap one is relatively small, especially when you distribute the cost over the many years faithful service a good bath tub will give you. Then consider—is the "cheap" tub cheap?

It is not necessary for you to go beyond your means to purchase a guaranteed bath tub. The two classifications of "Standard" Guaranteed Baths place a genuine Guaranteed "Standard" Bath within reach of every home owner.

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State Responsibility in Conservation.

Regardless of what Congress may do towards the advancement of the so-called national conservation movement, large responsibility will still remain with each State in the preservation of its own resources. Indeed, if the individual States do not possess a strong enough sentiment to be able to do something for themselves it is not to be expected that Congress will do anything, for Congress does not lead public sentiment, but rather follows. It will be remembered that Congress at the last regular session blocked all of the suggested plans of the Conservation Commission, defeating all forms of appropriations and creating conservation committees in a large degree unfavorable to the central purpose of the movement. Conservation has been much agitated since that time and it is thought that Congressmen will be given an opportunity at the next session of Congress to take a definite stand for or against the movement. It is well that the movement has both its loyal self-sacrificing friends and its bitter money-powerful enemies. It requires both the radical and the conservative to define a new movement. It is unthinkable, however, that the will of the people will not finally prevail. And it would be a contradiction of terms to say that the people are not for conservation, not determined to preserve what is already theirs.

Vast Areas Open Under Dry-Farming Act.

The Secretary of Interior has issued a statement designating a total area of almost 65,000,000 acres of Western land as open to entry under the new 320-acre homestead law. This large amount of land open to settlement under the new law, supplements another total area of more than 175,000,000 acres of similar land, that was designated by the Department of Interior several months ago. Under the terms of the law these lands must be non-irrigable and without minerals or timber. They constitute the greater part of the land that is still open in the West to the homesteader, and a part of which is equally as good as the thousands of claims that have been taken during the past few years under the old homestead law. While a good part of the designated land will never be suitable for any other use than for grazing, other parts will become valuable wheat land with the extension of branch railroad lines further to the interior. The law requires that residence be established on the land within six months from the date of filing, and continued through a five-year period, accom-

panied by cultivation and improvement of the land.

The area of land in acres designated in each State under the two late proclamations as open to entry under the 320-acre dry-farming law is as follows: Arizona, 26,650,-280; Colorado, 40,410,000; Montana, 45,664,-640; Nevada, 49,512,960; New Mexico, 15,-884,560; Oregon, 8,304,160; Washington, 4,-076,960; Wyoming, 21,121,760; Utah, 7,044,-480.

All Nations Meet in Dry-Farming Congress.

The last call to the Dry-Farming Congress, which meets at Billings, Montana, October 26-28, states that this will be strictly an agricultural and a development congress, and that the world's best experimental authorities and actual commercial farmers are expected to be present. In addition to invitations being extended to foreign nations, and all national agricultural, commercial and scientific bodies that would likely be interested, over 30,000 farmers and other individuals have received special invitations. The objects of the Congress are outlined in the call as follows:

"To discuss and compare methods by which the great area of arid land can be profitably utilized under thorough tillage by which the natural rainfall can be conserved.

"To encourage the use of methods by which, in districts where rainfall is slight, or irrigation water is limited, the actual productive acreage can be increased.

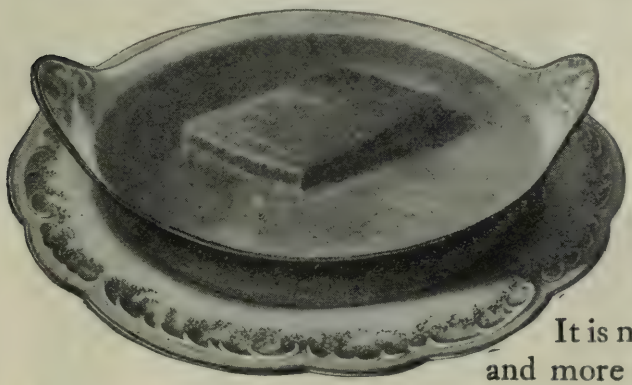
"To create closer co-operation between the Government and state experts in charge of dry farming experimental work and the actual farmers of the arid districts.

"To enlarge the plans for carrying on a great educational propaganda by which, eventually, the arid districts of the entire world can be populated by prosperous and contented agriculturalists.

"To encourage legislation looking to increased federal and state appropriations for the establishment of more experimental stations, the employment of more field experts and the actual co-operation of all these stations in fixing and maintaining a certain recognized standard of methods for obtaining results from the operation of farms in the arid districts.

"To study methods and results of dry-farming operations in the various Western States and in foreign countries which are represented in the Congress.

"To establish a better understanding of the value of agricultural education in the public schools of the West.



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New Era in Railroad Building in the West.

Everything seems to point to a coming period of unexcelled railroad building in the West, and especially in the Northwest. It is predicted that at least three new transcontinental lines will be completed to the Coast within the next five years, these in addition to the transcontinental line just completed. Up to the present time railroad construction in the West has been largely a matter of building main lines, and the fighting among the rival railroad builders has been a contest for through traffic between the terminal points. After the perfection of these main arteries, and the coming of additional systems, railroad construction must take another turn. The time will then have come for the pushing out of branch lines and the develpment of new traffic, just as was done in the Middle Western States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and others. Then will the West see greater development than it has ever known before. With the coming of this time there will be a railroad rush towards the great areas that have remained dormant from lack of markets, and modern means of transportation.

The public notes the present gigantic fight between the Hill and the Harriman railroad systems for the possession of Central Oregon. Also the new Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road that has just been extended to the Coast, and which parallels the Hill railroad system, facts which would seem to indicate that the Far West is on the eve of a period of railroad development such as it has never seen before.

Wealth of the West Lies in Its Water Supply.

A prominent Government official who knows the West, as well as the East, has expressed the opinion that the future of the West does not depend upon its mines and forests, but on irrigation and the conservation of its water power. There may come a time when the forests and range are destroyed and the minerals all mined, but the deep volcanic soil and the waters are practically permanent. In the line of development, then, it may be expected that the time will come when all of the streams of the West that are not essential to navigation will be absorbed by the deserts. Examples might be taken from the Snake River and the Upper Columbia. It is interesting to note also that irrigation tends to conserve rather than destroy the soil, which fact is well stated in the following quoted words of the official:

"There seems to be a common idea among Easterners that water in the West is scarce. This is not true; the methods of getting it simply are different. The people of the East get the rains; we will get our water in ditches. Their heavy, dashing rains wash the best of the soils down into the rivers; our ditches will bring the water, when and how we want it, making the soil remain fertile under intensive cultivation for years after Eastern soil is worn out."

Need of Factories in the West.

The first need towards developing the West is population; the second, capital. People are needed to absorb the land opportunities, and to create raw material; capital and manufactories are needed to utilize these raw materials. And until such needs are filled there will be great economic loss, since at present the larger part of the raw material of the West goes to the Eastern and Middle Western manufacturing town, to be turned into the finished product and then largely shipped back to the West for use. This condition applies especially to lumber and hides. As a local argument, too, it should be remembered that the smallest profits are always to be had in the transfer of the raw product rather than the finished. As an explanation, in part, for the lack of capital in the West, it may be said that the very wealth of the West is its hindrance. Abundant capital is flowing this way, but as long as it can be made to earn its ten per cent in land-development schemes it is not to be expected that it will be turned into a four-per-cent factory.

OREGON.

Plan to Irrigate 12,000 Acres in Umatilla County.

A project is reported under way near Weston, Umatilla County, in the northeastern corner of the State, which when completed will irrigate 12,000 acres of rich land. The plan of the Umatilla County capitalists is to construct a large dam across Pine Creek a few miles above Weston and create a storage reservoir that will contain enough water to irrigate 18,000 acres. The dam will reach across a narrow, rocky canyon and will be about two hundred feet high, and perhaps a thousand feet broad at the base, the plan being to have a central concrete core and sloping gravel and earthen sides. A power-station will also be constructed at the site, it is announced. The main canal will be about eight miles long and will reach some very rich land in the vicinity of Weston and Athena. With water for irrigation, the land will be transformed from wheat land into

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fruit-growing and diversified farming tracts, increasing in value from a hundred dollars to perhaps five hundred dollars an acre. The estimated cost of the storage dam and the canals is $250,000.

Oregon's Vast Timber Resources.

It is estimated that with proper conservation the timber lands of Oregon can be made to produce a perpetual annual income of $100,000,000. These figures are based upon a conservative estimate that the State has at present 350,000,000,000 feet of standing timber within its borders. That Oregon does not now lead all of the States of the Union in the production and sale of lumber is due to the fact that her timber wealth is at present scarcely touched, chiefly because of lack of transportation facilities. This timber resource of Oregon constitutes a larger visible natural wealth than is possessed by any other State of the Union. The known coal wealth of Pennsylvania is smaller, and the production of any of the gold districts of the world are almost insignificant in comparison. The condition is not without its responsibility, however, for timber is capable of being destroyed more rapidly than any other natural resource of the nation. The great forests cannot be insured, and with their destruction either by fire or reckless cutting, other losses follow. It is a generally accepted theory that timber conserves the water flow, and a stable water flow is necessary to all forms of irrigation enterprises and the growth of crops. Gifford Pinchot has said that no State offers better opportunities than Oregon for the practical application of forestry conservation principles. A number of reforms are necessary, however, before reforestation and conservation can be practiced. Two of these might be mentioned: —change in the manner of timber taxation, and a heightened public sentiment, with better laws for the prevention of forest fires. Heavy annual taxation, tends to compel the timber-owner to cut his tree-crop before it matures, and also gives no encouragement towards re-forestation. It would seem also that it is a public duty for the State to take active and stringent means for the prevention of forest fires, and the checking of the loss of the billion feet of timber that is annually burned within its borders.

Plan Irrigation of Malheur Lake Lands.

If initial experiments prove successful, a large tract of land in the vicinity of Malheur Lake, Harney County, will be reclaimed by means of pumping water from the several lakes of this section. The experiment is being conducted on a 320-acre ranch on Mud Lake, and an irrigation system is being constructed that will reclaim this tract and furnish water to nearby neighbors. The plan is to take the water from the lake by means of a gasoline pump, and if this proves an efficient method the system will be extended to supply water to about two townships, or 25,000 acres of land in the irrigable section.

This is the first attempt ever made, it is said, to take water to these lands, which are only one unit of the thousands of acres of land in Harney County capable of irrigation. At the present time Harney County is far from the railroad, but it is on the line of several proposed railroad extensions east and west through Central Oregon.

Success of Co-operative Irrigation Scheme at Grants Pass.

The largest high-pressure pump in the world, with a daily capacity of thirteen million gallons of water, is one of the features of the co-operative reclamation scheme that is irrigating 16,000 acres of formerly barren land along the Rogue River near Grants Pass. The scheme of lifting water three hundred and fifty feet for the irrigation of the bench lands was begun several years ago by Grants Pass farmers, and the result will be a vast section of formerly almost worthless land used for grape-growing and intensive agriculture. The power for operating the immense pump is furnished by a large power-dam in the river, capable of developing 6,000 horse-power. The water is furnished to the users at five dollars an acre. The whole scheme is one of great promise as a practical and profitable enterprise, and in affording opportunity for new settlers. Above all, it is likely a forerunner of other irrigation schemes for this rich Southern Oregon section.

Railroad Talk in Oregon.

In addition to the actual building of at least one railroad, and possibly two up the Deschutes River into Central Oregon, there are a number of other railroad projects being promoted that propose to open up the railroadless central area of the State. One of the latest of these schemes is the incorporation of the Central Oregon & Pacific Railroad, which has announced that it proposes to build a railroad from Albany, in the center of the Willamette Valley, across the State east to Ontario. This route would closely follow the old Corvallis & Eastern road, which has been halting for years near the summit of the mountains overlooking Central Oregon. There are rumors also from the Coos Bay section to the effect that large terminal purchases have been made, with the possible indication that this, one of the ports of the Pacific Coast within our border, is to become the terminus of some railroad system. Another indication of promise for the railroad development of the State is the evident fact that the Hill interests intend to build further south after having passed up through the Deschutes Canyon into Central Oregon. In the first two, notable court decisions of the contested rights-of-way up the Deschutes Canyon, the Hill interests gained victory over

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the Harriman interests, and now seem to have no obstacle in the way of a road into any part of the "bottled-up" section. The Hill interests have further purchased surveys that lead to Bend, Crook County, in the center of the irrigated district of the Deschutes. All this, together with the fact that the rival system has also evidently determined upon active construction in Eastern Oregon, indicates a lively future there.

General Oregon Notes.

What is claimed to be the most complete box factory on the Coast has just been established at Klamath Falls, in South Central Oregon. Indeed, the business men are even more ambitious than this, for they are working to make their city the center of the box-making industry of the Pacific Coast. This new industry is made possible by the recent completion of the railroad to this section, and the greater dreams of the boosters are brought within the realm of the possible by the fact that the new railroad has tapped a great area of timber that has, as yet, practically been untouched. One box factory with a capacity of 40,000 boxes a day has just been completed, and others are planned for construction during the winter.

The United States Government has sent to Vale, Malheur County, in extreme Eastern Oregon, for its supply of alfalfa seed for introducing alfalfa into the farming of the Isthmus of Panama. The request for the Oregon seed came to the Oregon Agricultural College, through one of the agricultural experts who accompanied President Taft's party on its recent trip to the Isthmus. In making the request for the alfalfa seed, the Government expert says: "I have been informed that Oregon is a great producer of the plant (alfalfa). Will you kindly advise me as to where I can secure the seed?"

As an indication of the awakening of the fruit industry in the Willamette Valley may be taken the orchard development in the vicinity of Monroe, Benton County. Here three tracts, totaling 1,400 acres, have been set to apples, mostly the Yellow Newtown variety. This variety of fruit has been proved to attain remarkable perfection here.

WASHINGTON.

Will Complete Klickitat Irrigation Project.

Announcement is made that Eastern and foreign capital to the amount of $2,000,000 has been secured for the work of completing, during the next two years, an irrigation scheme in Eastern Washington that will reclaim 200,000 acres of land. The land to be reclaimed is under what is known as the Klickitat project, which was at one time considered by the Government Reclamation Service. It is announced also that the company will ultimately increase its working capital to $5,000,000, and expects to then increase its irrigated land to at least 500,000 acres. The promoting corporation for the vast scheme is composed of Seattle men, and the constructing engineer for the project is a well-known railroad engineer and contractor of the West. The water for the irrigation of the 200,000 acres that are promised to be reclaimed within the next two years will be secured by the construction of storage reservoirs at the headwaters of the Klickitat River, near the base of Mt. Adams. These reservoirs will be at an elevation of 3,000 feet, and will permit the construction of a large power plant further down the diverting ditches. From these reservoirs the water will be carried through ninety-one miles of canals and pipe lines to a point near Mabton. Steel penstokes will here provide 30,000 electrical horse-power, which will be used for the diversion of some of the water to the Horse Heaven country, where are located vast areas of land that will become very valuable with the addition of water for irrigation. From this main power plant it is said that transmission lines will be extended to Pasco and to Blalock Island, in the Columbia River. At Pasco water will be pumped from the Columbia for the irrigation of 1,000 acres of land, and water is to be pumped for more than 7,500 acres of land at Blalock Island, in the Columbia. It is reported that contracts have already been signed with the Klickitat landowners whereby 200,000 acres are to be reclaimed by the main ditches of the system.

Farmers Plan to Irrigate 550,000 Acres of Land.

Preliminary work has been begun for the irrigation of a large tract of land in Eastern Washington, by means of a pipe line to be built from the Columbia River at Marcus to the Crab Creek Valley, so it is announced. The project is a vast one, calling for an estimated expenditure of $5,000,000, but the result will be the irrigation of 550,000 acres of land which at the present time is of little value. A small acreage assessment has already been made for the thorough investigation of the proposed reclamation scheme, and it is the plan of the promoting farmers to bond the lands under the ditch for a sufficient sum to construct the system. The system, when completed, will be one of the largest gravity irrigation schemes in the world, since the main pipe line will run for a hundred miles before reaching the nearest land to be irrigated.

Large Areas of Government Land Restored to Entry.

It is reported that the United States Land Office at North Yakima has received notification of the restoration to entry of about

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4,000 acres of Government land under the Sunnyside Government reclamation canals in the Lower Yakima Valley. Claims to this land may be filed with the land officials after November 20, but the area is not open to entry until December 20. On the recent visit of the Reclamation Committee of Congress, assurance is said to have been given by Chairman Carter that the highland canal, assuring this restored section of plenty of water, will be completed within a few years. The order from the Interior Department actually restored about 40,000 acres of land, formerly withdrawn in connection with the project, but of this amount all but about 4,000 acres are State and railroad land.

Notice has also been given of the restoration to entry of a large body of land that joins the Tieton Government reclamation project. The total amount restored in this case is announced at 33,000 acres, which, unless otherwise appropriated, is subject to entry on or after November 9, and to filing or selection on and after December 9. Local papers of the section announce that only 2,000 acres of this restored area is open to public selection, each entryman being entitled to the regular 160 acres. The land is classed as very valuable, it being irrigable by means of a pumping system from the Columbia. It is also thought that it will be possible to make arrangement with the Government for the irrigation of this district.

Wenatchee Landowners Plan to Irrigate 10,000 Acres.

Wenatchee landowners propose to undertake a large reclamation scheme, which will, when completed, greatly increase the importance of this well-known section as a fruit belt. Several plans have been considered for the irrigation of about 10,000 acres of dry land above the East Wenatchee ditch, and the landowners of the district affected have organized for the purpose of pushing one of these schemes to completion. It is proposed that water or power be taken from the Wenatchee River, or that a two-mile canal be built at Rock Island, which, it is asserted, will develop enough power for the pumping of sufficient water for irrigation. As a result of a mass meeting of the interested landholders under the proposed project, resolutions were signed which provide that one-half of the land benefited be given for the irrigation of the other half of the land, or that one-half of the land be sold to provide capital for the construction of the system. It is thought that there will be no trouble in financing the project, and it is expected that actual work will be begun next spring.

Big Irrigation Scheme in Washtucna Valley.

An irrigation scheme that will have recovered 4,000 acres by the end of next year, and that has for its ultimate aim the irrigation of between 70,000 and 80,000 acres, is under way in the Washtucna Valley, eighty miles southwest of Spokane. The irrigation scheme was at one time considered by the Reclamation Service, the Government engineers having determined that the construction of a thirty-seven-foot dam across the outlet of Rock Lake, the source of the Palouse River, would provide enough water for the irrigation of between 70,000 and 80,000 acres of land of the Washtucna Valley and the valley of the Snake River. The engineering features of the scheme are pronounced very simple, merely the construction of a dam thirty-seven feet high and about seventy feet long. The lake is described as an ideal reservoir site, it being a huge rock cavity, with precipitous sides. The promoting company also plans to begin next year on its work of harnessing the Palouse waterfalls, the water at this point falling 198 feet, and providing between 15,000 and 20,000 horse-power. The Washtucna Valley is spoken of as a promising winter-apple section, and it is the plan of large property-holders of the section to specialize in the growing of this fruit.

Growth of Seattle in Twenty Years.

Twenty years ago fire swept away almost the entire business section of Seattle, the total area of the city at that time being twenty square miles. Today the city has an area of fifty-five square miles, which represents one of the most wonderful growths in the history of the world's city-building. In the year 1888 the population of Seattle was 28,000; by 1890 this number had increased to 47,000, and the population of Seattle today is estimated at 310,000. During the same twenty-year period the assessed wealth of Seattle has increased more than eleven fold, the present assessed valuation being $178,136,718. Perhaps the greatest item in this remarkable growth is represented in the increase in the foreign trade of the Sound City, it having grown from practically nothing twenty years ago to a total of $104,784,239 for exports and imports during the year 1908. The total incoming and outgoing tonnage of the city is now about 4,000,000 tons yearly. The business with Alaska alone is estimated to be worth $30,000,000 a year, while trade with the Orient and the islands of the Pacific is rapidly growing. Another important indication of healthy growth comes in the manufacturing that has developed the past twenty years. Its output is now worth $60,000,000 a year, affording employment for 20,000 persons.

Development Notes From Different Sections.

The remarkable crops of wild hazel-nuts of Clark County, in Southwestern Washington, gave a suggestion that is resulting in large profits to the growers of the cultivated hazel-nut, or the filbert. The climate

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PHILADELPHIA

New York San Francisco Chicago

seems ideal for the growing of this nut, the filbert trees yielding a small crop the first year that they are planted. The crop increases gradually until, with the tenth year, the trees yield about ten pounds of the nuts. Figured at a market value of fifteen cents per pound, and 300 trees to the acre, the profits in growing filberts total the sum of $450 per acre, the crop being almost absolutely certain.

It is estimated that Touchet Valley, in the vicinity of Dayton, Eastern Washington, will support ten times its present population. To the end of securing these extra nine-tenths of the possible inhabitants, some vast colonization schemes are being proposed and undertaken in the valley. The success of these schemes will be encouraged by the promised extension of an electric road from Dayton to Wallulu in time for next year's crops, and by the planting of at least 100,000 more fruit trees this fall. Towards the promotion of the colonization scheme a group of individuals has secured option on a large part of the land in the Valley, with the idea of dividing it into small tracts and then placing it on the market for homeseekers.

Cattlemen are being driven from their last stand in Washington by the orchardists. Such is the announcement that comes from Methow Valley, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, and in the north central part of the State. This valley of 30,000 acres of fine, level land was considered, until a couple of years ago, a stronghold of the grower of fine stock. With the discovery, however, that the alfalfa lands became the best of fruit lands, the cattle baron saw his doom. Since that time a large part of the valley has been platted into small orchard tracts, and about 800 acres have already been set to winter apples. It is expected that 2,000 acres of apple trees will be added during 1909 and 1910.

IDAHO.

Irrigate 30,000 Acres in Canyon County.

Announcement is made that the Homedale irrigation project has passed into new hands; that it has been financed, and that work will begin at once on the reservoirs planned. Large reservoirs will enable the collection of the flood waters of Succor, Jordan, Jump and Cow Creeks, which, it is said, will afford abundant water for the irrigation of 30,000 acres of as fine fruit and agricultural land as may be found in the west central part of Idaho, where the project is located. Enough water is already had for the irrigation of a part of the land until midsummer. Some of the land has been under cultivation for a number of years. These tests have proved that immense crops will be possible with the completion of the storage irrigation system. It is also said that there has never been known a fruit crop failure, and, most important of all, that the lands of the valley have been found to mature their crops earlier than in some of the famous near-by valleys. The 30,000-acre project is located on the banks of the Snake River, at and near the town of Homedale, and but thirteen miles from Caldwell. The lands will be crossed by the promised extensions of two railroad lines that are building in that direction.

Completion of 320,000-Acre Dubois Project Assured.

There is seeming assurance of the completion of the old Dubois project, in Southeastern Idaho, and the creation of one of the largest single bodies of irrigated land in the world. The land under the project was withdrawn from entry by the Reclamation Service in 1903, but after several years of investigation, the Government was forced to abandon the reclamation scheme because of lack of funds. The great amount of capital necessary to carry the project to completion has forced private capital to neglect it since that time. The announcement now comes that Eastern capital has been secured for the $6,000,000 project, and that work will be begun this fall. The original Dubois project of 300,000 acres has been enlarged to 320,000 acres of extremely level land, located in Fremont and Bingham Counties. The irrigation canal will carry water from storage reservoirs on the north fork of the Snake River, above St. Anthony, through an immense lava bed, and for forty miles to the first diverting lateral. It is the immense cost of cutting the canal through the lava beds that has formed the prohibitive feature in the past, and it is estimated that this part of the construction will require an expendiure of $2,000,000. The body of land to be reclaimed is one of the largest and best in the State, its extreme levelness being explained by calling it the bed of a former lake. It is said that there is enough good land in the selection to provide 6,750 farms, and allowing an average of five persons to the farm, would mean an increase in the population of the county of 33,750, with the completion of the project and its settlement.

Lost River Irrigation Project Opened to Settlement.

Arco is the name of a new Idaho town that is expected to have a brilliant future in the history of the State. Its principal claim is that it is the center of the 80,000-acre Lost River project that was opened to public entry September 14. The promoters of the Carey-Act project speak of the place as "another Twin Falls," since the land, climate, and water facilities are classed equally good. It is claimed, also, that the section has other features which were not

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What will appeal to her budding love of beauty so charmingly as a little piece of cut glass for the toilet table?

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Libbey "THE WORLD'S BEST"

And this will inevitably lead you to insist that the glass you choose shall have the name Libbey 'graven in the glass.

Because Libbey Cut Glass is in very fact "the world's best"

One store in each city sells Libbey cut glass, and no other.

The Libbey Glass Company

Toledo, Ohio

ready for the settlers of the older project. It already has railroad facilities; a part of the land is already under irrigation, proving the nature of the soil; school districts are organized and buildings constructed. Land-cruising is claimed to be a simple matter, since there is very little choice of selections, the lava being all decomposed and there being no rock spots. The soil is classed as uniformly the same, varying in depth from fifteen to sixty feet, underneath of which is a bed of gravel in which water can be secured on any part of the tract. The drawing on September 14 consisted in alloting numbers to the applicants for the 2,000 farms of forty acres each, the drawing being conducted under the direction of the State Land Board. This drawing designated the order in which the applicants should select their land. It is expected that the segregations of land will rapidly be taken by settlers, and that the section will become one of the most thickly populated of the West, and a worthy addition to those immense irrigated tracts that have given Idaho an unique place among the states of the Union.

An Eastener's Impressions of Idaho.

Perhaps few persons would be more competent to pass an opinion upon the relative merits of different sections of the country than William E. Curtis, representative of a Chicago paper, and classed as one of the best-known journalists of the nation. In a recent trip through the West he expresses the following opinions concerning Idaho: "Idaho is recognized throughout the country as being the most progressive State in the West in reclaiming the vast arid wastes, and from what I have seen I am convinced that this recognition is due to Idaho. The way the country is opening up is surprising to the outsiders. The towns are composed of a class of people that does things, and, unlike other towns, they do not go through the infantile stages, but build their churches, schools and banks first and the saloon comes last. This is so unlike many towns which have the saloon, and rows of them, as soon as the townsite is decided on. Idaho is no longer a frontier State."

Camas Prairie, Bread Basket of Southern Idaho.

To have 300,000 acres taken up by the homesteader during the past four years and changed from grazing lands to prosperous grain fields, is the history of Camas Valley, in Southern Idaho. This large grain area, which annually produces a million bushels, and which total would be tremendously increased with the bringing of better railroad communication, has gained for the section the title of "bread basket of the South." Previous to the year 1905 there were few settlers in this beautiful valley, that reaches out thirty miles from its chief market center, Soldier. Beginning with that year there was a great rush of settlers, resulting in the larger part of the 300,000 acres of the valley being now under homestead selection, and devoted chiefly to the production of grain and hay. It is said that there are a number of promising reservoir sites that would reclaim large areas of the valley, affording opportunities for the capitalist. Also, there are a number of hot springs in the valley, which some day will be sought by the tourist. All in all, Nature seems to have done her part towards providing homes for at least 100,000 persons on Camas Prairie.

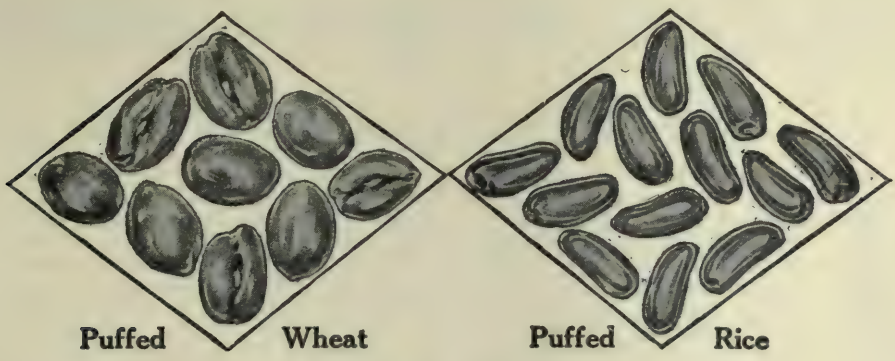
Fifty Thousand Acres Added to Twin Falls Country.

With the opening of the Goose Creek, or Oakley project, in Cassia County, in South Central Idaho, on September 20, another 50,000 acres was added to the reclaimed land of the State of Idaho. This section of rich land, reclaimed under the Carey Act and opened under the direction of the State Board of Land Commissioners, may be properly classed as a part of the Twin Falls country, since the services of a surveyor will be required to separate the two tracts. This section was cut off from the Twin Falls country with the creation of Twin Falls County, the Goose Creek project remaining in Cassia County. The fact of location, then, would seem to insure that the newly opened 50,000-acre tract is fully as promising land as the now-famous Twin Falls section, which has been under irrigation long enough to afford a thorough test of soil possibilities. The drawing for the land was held at Milner, on the railroad, in place of Oakley, as first planned. The land under the Goose Creek project has been proved to be especially adapted to the production of sugar beets, and arrangements are said to have been already made for the erection of a number of beet-sugar factories to handle the product of the tract. The soil is also adapted to fruit-growing and other forms of intensive agriculture. With the addition of the water, which is guaranteed as sufficient for reclamation by the State, the land will become a part of the richest lands of the section, and it is expected that the segregation will be speedily settled and cultivated.

CALIFORNIA.

Plan Large Irrigation Project in Riverside County.

To undertake one of the largest engineering schemes ever attempted in Riverside County, which will be the means of irrigating large tracts of land and the development of great motive power, is the plan of a company recently incorporated for $1,000,000. The plan of the company is to build a large dike across Elsinore



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Lake, restricting its area by about three square miles, and transforming it into a large storage reservoir. The dike will be about 7,000 feet long, and twenty feet wide at the top, and it is estimated that with this reduction in the size of the lake the capacity will be increased to 100,000 acre-feet of water. In addition to providing enough water for the irrigation of a large body of land, a valuable power-site will be obtained, and, above all, 1,500 acres of very rich land will be uncovered. At present the lake is two miles in width and seven miles long, with a maximum depth of thirty-eight feet. The construction of the diverting canal will be begun near Elsinore, and will be some thirty miles in length. The same scheme is said to have been planned fifteen years ago, but was abandoned because it was decided that there was too much mineral in the water.

Irrigation From Wel's in Glenn County.

Glenn County, California, is affording many practical examples of the forms of irrigation that must have the greatest development in the future in the West, namely, the use of small pumping plants to take water from streams and artificial wells. The man who is called the father of this form of irrigation in the county reports that it costs him just fifteen cents an acre for each time that his crop is irrigated. His plan is to place water on the land four times during the season, with the result of five crops of alfalfa. A gasoline engine is used for motive power, and the water in this case is pumped from a stream. Another irrigationist in the section reports that a six-inch pump run by electricity will flood his land at a cost of eight cents an acre, while still another man says that it costs him on an average of fifteen cents an acre for irrigation.

Los Angeles Plans for Big Growth.

Not satisfied with an increase in population from 102,000 in 1900 to an estimated population of 305,000 early this year, Los Angeles is planning for still greater growth. One of the commercial needs of Los Angeles during the past has been adequate harbor facilities. This matter was happily settled, however, in the decision to annex San Pedro to the city. With the assurance of one of the best harbors on the Coast, Los Angeles will now be in a position to actively compete for Oriental trade. Besides being an important gateway to the Orient, Los Angeles is also the doorway to the great Southwest. The development of American markets in South America and Mexico, and the rapid development of the States and Territories on the mainland, make Los Angeles an inevitable great trading center. There are other facts, however, besides trade and climate that have entered into the growth of Los Angeles. The city is now famous as the center of one of the best citrus fruit belts of the world. This industry is of comparatively recent growth, since it was in 1874 that the Government imported the first two seedless orange trees. Of other probable new industries, two important ones may be mentioned. Experiments seem to have demonstrated that the Imperial Valley can successfully grow cotton, and it is expected that this may lead to a large industry. This would naturally lead to the manufacture of cotton goods in Los Angeles, since a cheap motive power is assured, both in fuel and water power. Likewise, Los Angeles may become a great wool-manufacturing center, with the growth of the foreign markets, since the city is a natural draining point for the sheep ranges of the Southwest and West.

MONTANA.

Settlers on Dry-Farm Lands in Montana.

A summary of the reports from the various land offices in Montana is said to indicate that at least 5,000 homestead entries have been made during the first six months of 1909. Many of the settlers represented have taken advantage of the 320-acre homestead law, so the total filings represent about 1,000,000 acres of land, or an average of two hundred acres to the homestead. Since there will be an average of from three to five persons to each homestead entry, the total of 5,000 entries will represent a considerable increase in the population of the State. It happens that a large part of the land taken is in what is classed as the dry-farming belt of the State, which, however, is far from being totally absorbed, according to recent estimates made by the Secretary of the Interior. In a statement coming from the head of the Government Land Department, 26,000,000 acres of land in Montana are designated as subject to entry under the "Enlarged-Homestead" Act. Even this large amount of designated open land only partially absorbs the grand total, for there are at present approximately 45,000,000 acres of unappropriated land in Montana. Dry-farming land necessarily presumes a less intensive degree of agriculture, and the production of hay and grain chiefly. This sort of cultivation is fast being reduced to a science, however, with the effect of rendering profitable the farming of much of the arid and semi-arid land that was previously classed as worthless. As a practical example of the persistence and helpfulness of the dry-farming experts and enthusiasts, may be taken certain of the plans of the officials of the Dry-Farming Congress, which is to hold its fourth national session in Billings, Montana, October 26-28, 1909. These officials are making special efforts to have as many as possible of the near-by farmers attend the sessions and profit from contact with the experts who

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Appropriations Made for Government Irrigation Projects.

It is announced by the Supervising Engineer of the United States Reclamation Service that no new projects will be undertaken by the Government in Montana this season. The further announcement comes, however, that appropriations have been made for work on the projects already under construction, and that these will be rushed to completion as fast as possible. This action and policy, as stated, followed a recent conference between Secretary of Interior Ballinger and his sub-chiefs in Portland. It was announced at that time that the future policy of the service would be to complete the present projects under way rather than to scatter the small available fund among the old and added new projects. The Secretary thought "it more expedient to confine activities to a smaller scope and obtain quick results, rather than to cover a broader scope and secure slower results." As to the status of the Montana projects, Supervising Engineer H. N. Savage is quoted as saying that "the allotment of funds for projects in this State has been made, and work is to be pushed on the Milk River project; construction is to be continued on the St. Mary's Canal and the St. Mary's Lake project toward the Milk River country; the Huntley allotment is sufficient to make all betterments and minor extensions for that project. The canals and ditches of the Lower Yellowstone will be completed as well as the Lower Yellowstone dam, work on which is being progressed. A sufficient allotment has been

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made on the Sun River project for the completion of the lateral canals and the distributing system for the first unit, as well as to carry the Willow Creek dam up to a sufficient height to provide ample storage for all lands open to entry."

Development Notes From Twin Bridges.

Having a location in the center of 100,000 acres of fertile, irrigable land is one of the chief claims for future greatness made by the boosters of Twin Bridges, Madison County, in the southwestern part of Montana. It is reported that only one-tenth of this amount of tributary land is at present cultivated, though the total amount can be irrigated. The town is on a branch line of the railroad which terminates a short distance south of Twin Bridges. Due to the large amounts of open lands in this part of Montana, the pressure of the homeseeker has not yet become great enough to turn this district from stock-raising to the intensive agriculture that will come later. The section is said to offer excellent opportunities to the homeseeker, the products being in general the same as those of the Middle States. As a defense against the supposed rigorous climate of Montana, it is reported that there has not been enough snowfall during the past fifteen years to permit a single day's sleighing, and a case of prostration by summer heat has never been known.

PHILIPPINES.

American Capital Needed in the Philippines.

That the chief need of the Philippine Islands is American capital, was the declaration of James F. Smith, Governor-General of the Islands, during a recent tour of the Pacific Coast. "Our great present task is to subdue the land," he adds, in explanation. "We must measure up with our efforts to its productiveness. White people are not essential to its development. The natives themselves can do a great deal if they have the money—most of them have n't the money." The Governor-General also asserts that we must not expect the highest civilization to prevail in a few months or a few years. "Remember, please, that the natives there were for many years under the dominion of another power. They were taught different methods of living and working. We of the United States must be content to work slowly and surely. We must first of all make these people our friends. They must believe in us and our good intentions. But we must not presume that they know nothing, and that we must teach them everything. They can give us pointers in many ways. They can show us methods of accomplishing results that we have never grown up to."

Four Chief Products of the Philippines.

It is said that a detailed list of all of the crops that would grow in the Philippine Islands must needs be in the form of a cat-

alogue of all of the possible products of all of the tropical and semi-tropical countries. However, the chief products of the islands at the present time are usually spoken of as rice, hemp, tobacco and sugar. The valleys of the Philippines rival in richness those of most famous sections of the earth, but at the present time they are utilized only to a small per centage of their real value, due to the primitive methods of agriculture practiced by the natives. A striking example of the need of capital and science in the further development of agriculture may be taken from the production of sugar. Here the old methods that largely prevail in the plantations allow from fifty to sixty per cent of the sugar-sap to be entirely lost. Also, all of the sugar that is produced on the islands must be sent to a foreign country to be refined and then returned for home use. The most important of the four chief industries of the islands is hemp, the second in value being sugar, the third tobacco, with rice fourth. Japan and Formosa have a combined area of 147,655 square miles, and a population of about 50,000,000. Less than twenty per cent of this total area is tillable. In contrast, the Philippine Islands have 127,853 square miles, while their population is only about 8,000,000, or less than a sixth of that of Japan. In further contrast, nearly the whole of the Philippine Islands is said to be a garden spot, capable of a high state of cultivation.

NEW MEXICO.

Coal Production in New Mexico.

That the coal deposits represent one of the great natural resources of New Mexico and that coal production is a substantial industry of the State, is proved by statistics which have lately been collected by the United States Geological Survey. These figures show that the total coal production of the State for 1908 was 2,467,937 short tons, representing a total value of $3,368,-753. The stability of the industry is shown in the fact that the falling off in the production, due to the hard times, was only a little more than six per cent. On the other hand, the production of coke shows a gain of several per cent over the previous year.

ALASKA.

Land for Homesteaders in Alaska.

A special agent for the Department of Agriculture, who has been superintending recent land surveys, makes the statement that there are, in his opinion, 1,000 square miles in Alaska that are suitable for the successful growing of forage and root crops. It is significant, also, that this announcement was made during the session of the first farmers' institute that was ever

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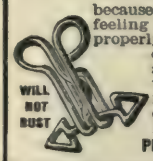

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held in the northern territory, the recent session at Seward. The farmers' meeting was a pronounced success, being attended by the farmers of the districts around, who reported exceptional crops for the year. While the claim has never been made that the open agricultural lands of Alaska excel in possibilities the choice lands of the further-south Territories and States, still they have some large points in their favor.

NEXT MONTH'S DEVELOPMENT NEWS.

Among the important items listed are the following:

General.

Concerning Attacks Upon the United States Reclamation Service.

Great Water Powers of the Northwest.

President Taft on Conservation.

Oregon.

Move to Create Mount Hood a National Park.

Portland as a Prospective Educational Center.

Irrigate 30,000 Acres near Vale.

Bend, Central Oregon, and its Tributary Resources.

Plan Electric Road to Coos Bay.

Set 3,000 Acres to Fruit near Albany.

Astoria's Building Boom.

Columbia County and its Possibilities.

Progress of Goose Lake 200,000-Acre Irrigation Project.

Notes from Oregon Reclamation Projects.

Buy 15,000-Acre Harney County Ranch for $300,000.

Washington.

Tacoma Makes a New Building Record.

Will Irrigate Camas Prairie, Klickitat County.

Irrigate and Colonize Large Tract near Wenatchee.

Pasco Irrigation Scheme to Reclaim 15,000 Acres.

Destroying Timber at Bristol to Raise Fruit.

Settlers Would Aid Tieton Project.

Largest Duck Farm in West for Birmingham.

Yakitat and Luzon, New Washington Towns.

Idaho.

The Wonderful Snake River.

Irrigate 30,000 Acres in Council Valley.

Immense Capital for Development of Southern Idaho.

16,000 Acres of Timber Land Restored to Entry.

Plan Great Power Project at Salmon River.

Fortunes From Lewiston Valley Irrigated Lands.

California.

Promise of Tobacco Culture in Southern California.

Alaska.

Coal Wealth of Alaska.

Be cleansed with the millions of bubbles that are *all* bubbles—no sediment. They cleanse, but wash entirely away.

Soaps made with animal fats have fats in the lather. You only rinse off what does not stay in your pores. That excess causes blemishes to come and color to go.

Avoid all opaque or medicated soaps. Keep your *pores pure* with the soft liquid bubbles from Jap Rose Soap. It is made from vegetable oils—not animal fats. It is ***transparent***—not solid. It dissolves ***entirely***—not partly. It removes the ***cause***—doesn't treat the condition. Nature does the rest.

Blemishes go away when irritations are removed. Color comes when the pores can breathe. Jap Rose *helps* Nature—doesn't hinder her!

Give Nature a Chance with

JAP ROSE

"The Bubble Bath Soap"

Made by Kirk

Refuse imitations. Look for the Jap girl on every package

James S. Kirk & Co., 366 N. Water Street, Chicago

Special Trial Offer: *We will send a fifty piece puzzle picture and sample cake of Jap Rose Soap, for the name of your dealer and ten cents in stamps.*

"Two Sides of A Story"

The Houses on the "Left"

are occupied by people who are "left" behind in the march of progress, who still use Old Fashioned, Extravagant, Inferior Methods of Lighting, resulting in dim, cheerless rooms, and large lighting bills.

The Houses on the "Right"

are occupied by people who are abreast with the times, and use the "right" method of lighting—the newest and most economical home light: the **WELSBACH JUNIOR.** Burns 5 hours for 1 cent's worth of gas. Result—bright, cheerful rooms, and greatly reduced lighting bills.

BUY ONE

Welsbach Junior

PRICE 35 CENTS

AND TEST IT

Then you'll equip your entire home and save 80% of your lighting bills.

The Welsbach Junior Light is a further step in advance of electricity than gas light was in advance of the candle. It can be attached in a minute to any gas fixture, used with any design electric or gas globe, and is hidden from view by the globe, the same as an electric bulb.

A wide range of artistic effect appropriate to each room in the home is possible.

Burns Five Hours for One Cent's Worth of Gas

Price, Boxed Complete—Burner, Mantle and Chimney—35 Cents

Sold Everywhere by Gas Companies and Dealers

Manufactured by the

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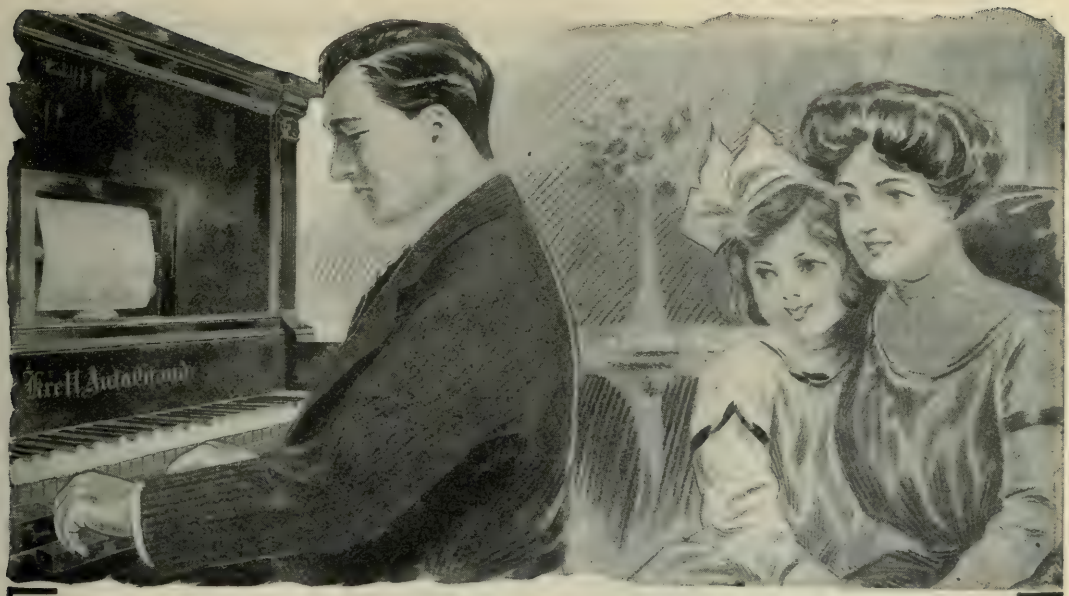
—the original and largest manufacturers of incandescent gas lights and mantles in the world.

Beware of imitations. All genuine Welsbach goods have our trade mark—the Shield of Quality—on the box. It is our guarantee and your protection.

Our illustrated booklet—"The History of Light"—mailed free on request. Address Dept. H Welsbach Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



For Those Who Have Music In Their Souls

You who love music, but are unable to produce it—who appreciate harmony, but are untrained to express it—You can satisfy, at pleasure, your musical cravings. The world's musical geniuses, past and present, will render for you their choicest creations—through the

Krell Auto-Grand
Player-Piano

The only player-piano which reproduces the **human touch**—the delicate effects in time and tone, which characterize the playing of great pianists. The only player-piano which enables the performer to bring out the melody clearly and distinctly, and at the same time **increase or decrease the volume of the accompaniment.** The only player-piano in which the **pneumatic action for each separate note can be quickly and easily removed, independently of all the others,** for examination, cleaning or repair.

The only player-piano in which the bellows are placed in the back, instead of being crowded into the lower front part of the instrument. Result: Increased capacity to the air reservoir, and consequently **greater volume of music, without any change in tempo.**

In short, the only player-piano you should purchase if you want the ***best.*** Let us tell you ***why.***

To aid in deciding this important question write for a copy of booklet, "How to Select a Player-Piano," which contains much valuable information.

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Company

Dept. 40, Connersville, Indiana

Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

The Perfect Floor Covering

Rixdorfer Parkett Floor Covering owes its pre-eminence to its unique natural hardwood designs. So realistic you can scarcely detect the difference between this covering and a real hardwood floor. Makes a perfect setting for rugs. Vastly superior to carpets and other coverings—and much less expensive.

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(It comes in rolls 78 inches wide)

is strictly sanitary, easy to clean and will practically never wear out. All you have to do to keep its appearance perfect is to wax it occasionally just like a hardwood floor. Made in patterns suitable for reception halls, parlors, living rooms or any other room in your house.

Look for the name "RIXDORFER" stamped on every yard.

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IT'S SO DIFFERENT!

Hawaiian Pineapple

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Send for booklet of recipes

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Canned Right

Sliced, Crushed or Grated

1136 Tribune Building, New York

The Baldwin Piano

"*Note by note a noble sweep of sound*"—SAINT-SAENS

To the people in the chairs the dazzling technique of the concert-pianist is interesting and impressive. Yet it is not through the glittering treble nor by way of the sonorous bass that a musician gets *into the tone:*

In the *middle* register lies the soul of the instrument, from which composers draw their inspiration. Extreme octaves serve for brilliancy, to color a harmony, to glorify a climax.

Turn, with this truth in mind, to *the Baldwin Piano.* Let yourself go! Depth, imagination, *soul* in abundance respond to you. And what liquid flow of tone as it soars to Alpine C or thunders eighty-seven notes below *without the slightest break!* Here, you will say, are tone-quality and tone-*transmission* in classic perfection.

The powerful organization that makes the Baldwin the greatest piano in the world, facilitates also the convenience with which it may be heard and opens the way to *possession* by the music-loving masses. A request to the nearest agent will bring you the catalogue and full information at once.

The Baldwin Company

142 W. Fourth Street
CINCINNATI

Chicago 262 Wabash Ave.	New York 8 E. 34th Street	St. Louis 1013 Olive Street	San Francisco 310 Sutter Street
Indianapolis 18 N. Penn'a St.	Louisville 425 S. Fourth Ave.	Boston 40 Huntington Ave.	Denver 1[illegible] California St.

Insist on a Player Piano That Really Accents

The ordinary player-piano can merely give a tame, colorless rendering of a piece of music, for it lacks the marvelous accenting device found in the

MELVILLE CLARK
SOLO APOLLO
PLAYER 88-Note PIANO

The wonderful invention **emphasizes the melody without impairing the symmetry of the accompaniment** as is done in other so-called accenting players. By its use you have the power to **accent exactly as a great pianist would accent in playing a composition.** You can play a brilliant selection, bringing out the individual notes, the strong passages or the subtle shading **precisely as the composer intended. The APPOLO Player Pianos have no equal for durability, delicacy in action, attractiveness in case.**

The value of a player piano is **in proportion to its effectiveness in reproducing the intent of the composer.** The SOLO-APOLLO accents one or several notes in a chord struck simultaneously; one note or any number of notes in a chromatic run, single, double or treble; any number of notes in the most intricate passages with a crescendo while accenting; also trilled notes or runs that may be transposed into different keys.

Other exclusive features of the SOLO-APOLLO and the APOLLO Player Pianos are: **The adjusting and transposing device** by which you can change instantly to five or more different keys by the touch of a finger; **the self-acting motor,** which regulates the power and distributes it equally, preventing sudden changes in tempo by unconscious hard pedaling. It also rewinds the music roll, saving you extra effort.

The marvelous human expression of all the APOLLO players is secured by the DOWNWARD stroke of the pneumatic fingers on the piano key in front, exactly as in manual playing.

The Melville Clark Piano in which the APOLLO action is placed is a CRYSTALLIZATION OF THE HIGHEST TYPE OF PIANO ARTISTRY. Write for free illustrated catalog which explains all about the Melville Clark SOLO-APOLLO and APOLLO Player Pianos. (4)

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO CO., 423 Steinway Bldg., Chicago

TRY THIS ON YOUR

Apply a few drops of "3 in One" oil to cloth wrung out in cold water. Wipe piano case carefully, removing dust, dirt, soil, stains, etc. As cloth becomes soiled, wash out, wring, apply a few more drops of "3 in One" and continue. After cleaning thoroughly, wipe dry with soft woolen cloth or cheese cloth. This restores original lustre and produces a clean, bright, lasting finish.

"3 in One" oil cleans and polishes and preserves all fine furniture, veneered or varnished surface, quicker, easier and better than any furniture polish on earth. Contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. Easy to apply, dries quickly and has no disagreeable varnish odor.

FREE Write at once, give name of your dealer, get sample bottle and valuable booklet—both free.

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Better Light — Cheaper Light

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SAVE 50%

Hollow Wire Systems
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The best kerosine mantle lamp at one-half price. Mantles and supplies. We are manufacturers. Send us your old gasoline lamps to be repaired. We make them as good as new.

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7% Guaranteed

Now Paying 2% Quarterly

One of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY'S advertisers—an established, well-rated manufacturer making a nationally known brand of a staple, big-selling product—a house with branches in many cities, salesmen covering the entire country—a house whose advertising has appeared for years in the leading magazines—is in **this** issue of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY—a business of vast proportions and unlimited possibilities—preparing to take advantage of bigger opportunities by the establishment of more branches and an enlargement of the present factory, offers a portion of its Preferred Stock (7 per cent guaranteed, secured by assets of half a million dollars) in blocks of from $100 up, payable 25 per cent down, balance in easy payments.

A man whose home is in an interior Illinois town, who at the age of 42 is worth several hundred thousand dollars, starting from nothing, who has never "speculated" in fluctuating stocks, who spends about half the year looking after his investments and the balance of the time traveling and enjoying life—this man said recently to a young New York advertising man, who expressed a wonder at his success: "It is easy for a careful, level-headed man. As the story-books say, save part of what you earn. But if that is **all** you do, you'll never be rich. The secret is to make every hundred dollars you save turn in and make the next hundred come faster. When you have a hundred dollars, don't hug it. Buy a share of good stock,—preferably in a sound manufacturing concern. When you get another hundred, buy another share of stock. Then take your two shares to a banker and borrow enough on them to buy a third share. I don't mean always buying in one company, but buy in **any** good concern that offers you the chance. Use your savings and your dividends to pay up the bank, then do the same thing over again. Your operations will gradually keep growing—from 1, 2 or 5 shares to 10, 50 and a hundred shares.

"If you are careful, and stick to manufacturing stocks, you are almost certain. Unlisted stocks are usually best—they pay 5, 6 and 7 per cent, and you can usually get them without the big premiums that stocks listed on the exchange command through stock-brokers' speculation."

Because the opportunity we offer is of almost as much importance to the man who is building up his riches on present small savings, as to the man with large sums to invest, we quote the above words, than which no truer words were ever spoken.

The stock offered is as safe as a savings bank—back of it is half a million dollars of assets—not mere property but **thriving, growing** property—and back of this to **keep** it thriving and keep it **growing** in value, is a trade-name and a trade-reputation, that even though they stood alone unsupported by tangible property, would be worth thousands and thousands of dollars.

But linked together—a great trade-mark on a great product, with substantial manufacturing property and safe, shrewd management—a steady, widespread consumer-demand, and a settled trade with jobbers and retailers across the country—a modern, growing business in every sense of the word, this is an investment that will make a corner-stone for your operations.

There are no get-rich-quick possibilites in this proposition. The product is staple, yielding a clean, fair manufacturing profit. It offers no enormous possibilities, but neither does it hold the risks which mere speculation business involves.

At the present time it pays 2 per cent dividend quarterly. The terms of issue of the Preferred Stock guarantee 7 per cent. For several years we have exceeded this guarantee, and with the enlargements now ripe for us to make, we can increase this excess.

The plans we contemplate, and for which we desire additional capital, are not speculative—are not an invasion of new and untried fields. They are plans to **squeeze tighter** the fields we already cover—to equip ourselves for handling faster and better the trade already in our grasp.

We have always moved cautiously. This business started from a one-man shop. It has grown slowly to a large plant with many branches. Not a step forward was ever taken until we were absolutely secure in what we already had.

And today, while our opportunities for growth are alluring, and our plans for the future are big, we are not willing to put one pound of overload on our **present** sound condition, to lose one inch of grip on our present dividend-rate, but are making our forward step on **additional** capital.

Therefore, you step into a business which is **assured** and partake both of the profits built up and secured by past policy, and the profits to come from the future enlargements.

Every detail that you may desire to know will be gladly supplied. Every facility possible will be extended you to make a close, careful investigation.

Whatever your financial facilities are, there is profit for you in our offer. The nature of our plans permits us to make the investment easy for you to handle—and absolutely secure.
Write today for the full particulars about this unusual opportunity

"OPPORTUNITY"

Care The Pacific Monthly Magazine, 337 Marquette Building, Chicago

The Boy, The Beast, and The Jungle

THE trouble started originally with the boy,—just a grimy, unattractive little street urchin, such as you could pick up anywhere. But because he tried to rub that ugly look off the faces of the boy and his mates, JUDGE LINDSEY became involved in a fight that has set all his state ringing.

We are spending fifty thousand dollars in advertising Judge Lindsey's story, in a little less than fifty days. That's over one thousand dollars a day. **What's the Object?** It's to get you, and every man and woman like you in the country, interested in what Judge Lindsey is saying. Not because it's such a fine bit of literature, although you'll find it great reading at that. Not because it's an exposure, though no story in years has so utterly stripped the mask from the powers that prey.

But just because BEN B. LINDSEY, the man, has poured his whole soul into this effort to show precisely what the politician and the judge are up against if they try to "stay straight," and because his story brings home to you for the first time the facts on which a new and finer municipal, state, and national life may be builded.

You'll find it just beginning now in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Get It and Read It.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, *PUBLISHERS*

UNION SQUARE **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

FREE to carry in your pocket for 10 days

Free for you to test it your way—to prove its adaptability and labor-saving utility in *your* work. Get one from a dealer—test it for 10 days—let it prove itself useful in your work, convenient in your pocket—efficient and cleanly always. If the pen doesn't sell itself, there's no sale. That's the most I ask.

Geo. S. Parker

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

The Lucky Curve — that's what makes the Parker *cleanly—the exception* among fountain pens.

Either a fountain pen has a straight feed, or, if it is a Parker, a curved feed—the Lucky Curve.

Straight feeds hold the ink after you return the pen to your pocket, until the air expanded in the reservoir by the heat of your body, forces it out into the cap. But the Lucky Curve is self-draining—expanding air has free passage—no ink in the cap to soil your fingers—no need to wipe off the barrel before you write. Because of the Lucky Curve, the Parker is *cleanly*, ready to write without preliminaries or coaxing, and efficient always.

The Lucky Curve

Standard, Self-filling or Safety from $1.50 up. The New Parker Jack-knife Safety Pen can be carried in any position in your vest-pocket, grip or lady's hand-bag without leaking.

Get a Parker for 10 days' Free Trial from any dealer, or write me the name of your stationer, druggist or jeweler, and I will arrange for you to select from a representative assortment.

Special 1909 Proposition to Dealers

To the first 1500 new dealers, I will offer a proposition unusually attractive—a highest class, plate glass show-case, in keeping with the best outfitted store and a splendid assortment of Parker Pens, on terms that will make it easy to carry this beautiful assortment. Write today.

PARKER PEN COMPANY

Geo. S. Parker, Pres.

116 Mill Street **Janesville, Wis.**

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Complete plans, specifications, details and bill of material for this 5-room bungalow only $10. Send 25 cents in silver for my 100-page book of bungalow, cottage and house plans. This book gives you the size of the building, size of room, height of ceiling, etc. Remember, we furnish a complete bill of material, giving amount of lumber, hardware, lath, plaster, etc., with every set of plans in this book.

V. W. VOORHEES, *Architect*, 22-25 Eitel Building, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

PLANS OF THIS COZY BUNGALOW

Everything complete $12—Cost to erect $2,000 to $2,200. My Portfolio contains 100 designs, floor plans, descriptions, etc; model bungalows and beautiful homes. PRICE ONE DOLLAR. My homes have that individuality which is artistic, practical and sensible. They have no superiors—Others copy my work. Why?

THOMAS L. WEST, Architect, Dept. C, 911-912 White Bldg., SEATTLE, WASH

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FOR $1.00

The California Bungalow is a "Home to Live In"—a comfortable economical dwelling. Its graceful lines are being adopted by people of artistic taste everywhere. They are suited to all climates and surroundings. If you intend to build a "Home to Live In" now or later, get "Home Builders" collection of 100 homes (not houses) including floor plans and elevations, exterior and interior views. Get them direct from California builders and they will be authentic. This book of beautiful bungalow homes gives more ideas about building 1, 1½ and 2-story bungalows and furnishing them than any other work published. Plans together with full specifications can be purchased of "Home Builders" at low cost. This collection shows how we live in California—you can have a "Home to Live In," just like our homes. 100 plans post paid for $1.00.

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IF you are thinking o building soon or some day, you will get a lot of most valuable suggestions from **"BUNGALOWCRAFT"** the new book of **Bungalow Plans.** It is the latest, most comprehensive, most practical. Copiously illustrated with photographic and line cuts of REAL BUNGALOWS from BUNGALOW LAND; large, clear floor plans never before published; mantels, buffets, lighting fixtures, front doors, windows, interiors, etc. 212 illustrations. Nothing just like it ever published before. Price $1 00 postpaid, which amount is rebated when plans are purchased. Sample pages 10 cents.

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Best Revolver and Gun Oil

Unless your revolver is in smooth working order ***when you want it,*** you will be likely to regret that fact as long as you live. **NYOIL** contains ***no acid, prevents rust, will not gum or chill.*** Put your weapon away in **NYOIL** and you can catch it up a year later in perfect confidence. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer for **NYOIL.** Large bottle (cheaper to buy) 25c.; trial size, 10c. Take it with you when you go ***gunning, fishing, bicycling, motoring.***

WM. F. NYE
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White Sewing Machine Co., San Francisco, Agents

water reflections

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there is one kind of an aperient water that is muddy-looking, bad-tasting, warm, flat, tastes like an Italian tenement looks, and won't touch your liver

reflection number 2

the other kind, clear, pleasant-tasting, cold and sparkling, and acts instantly upon the liver

reflection number 3

which would you take?

Red Raven is clear, pleasant-tasting, cold and sparkling, and acts instantly upon the liver

it

clears the head
cools the blood
puts you right

Red Raven
Acts in a perfectly natural way

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Mitchell Bulletin

Climax to Six Years of Unexampled Accomplishment

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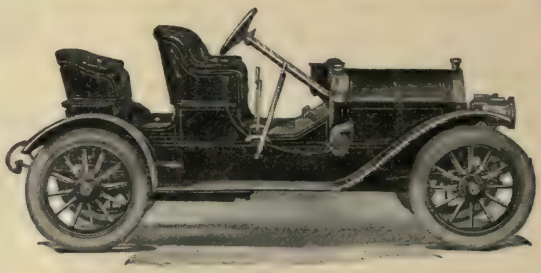
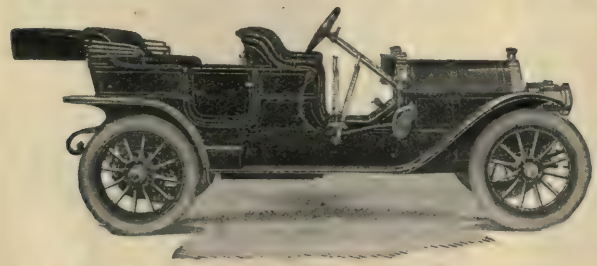
Mitchell Roadster, 4 cylinders, 30-35 horse power, 3 passengers, 100-inch wheel base.

SILENT AS THE FOOT OF TIME



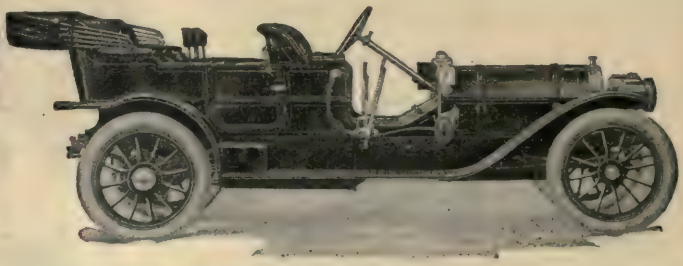


$1350.00

Mitchell five passenger touring car, 4 cylinders, 30-35 horse power, 112-inch wheel base.

$2000.00

Mitchell 6-cylinder touring car, seven passengers, 50-horse power, 130-inch wheel base.



Sensational Features for 1910

Absolute elimination of all noise, so that all the *Mitchells* will run as silently as the most silent car that's made.

Complete transformation of the *Mitchell style* and wonderful development from the mediocre to the beautiful.

Complete change in spring suspension which promotes tenfold the easy riding qualities of the car.

Standardization and interchangeability of the cylinders in all models as well as all parts above the crank case.

More interchangeable parts in the *Mitchell* line than in any other line of cars built.

Magneto equipment on all models without extra charge.

Height of body and frame lowered, without changing clearance, giving car a low, rakish appearance.

The car you ought to have at the price you ought to pay

Surprising development of the *Mitchell* five-passenger touring car, which is greater at its new price of $1,350 than it was at its old price of $1,500.

Creation of the *Mitchell* Big Six-Cylinder car of 50-horse power, seven passengers and 130-inch wheel base at the same price as the car of 1909—$2,000.

Wheel sizes increased—32-inch wheel for the *Roadster*, 34 inches for five-passenger touring car, and 36-inch wheels for the *Mitchell Six*.

Double the output of 1909, or 6,012 cars, all of which have been contracted for by our agents within the last 30 days.

With each model we furnish metal tool and battery boxes, also oil lamps, jack and horn equipment.

F. O. B. RACINE, WIS.

Mitchell Motor Car Co.

Racine, Wis. U. S. A.

For That Hand Rubbed Finish

WHAT kind of luck do you have trying to get fine results from varnish or shellac? Did you ever get hold of a varnish that would dry hard in half an hour and wouldn't show scratches and heel prints?

Did you ever see a shellac that wouldn't lap, pull or crawl before you could get it spread?

Varnish is too long at it. Everything has a chance to stick to it and spoil all hope of a fine polish.

Shellac—spite of all you can do—dries too quick. Gets a mottled look, considerably worse than no finish. But *try Under-Lac.*

You'll have a finish that will do your heart good. Brilliant, lasting—all the fine effect of expensive, hand-rubbed work, with little cost and no trouble.

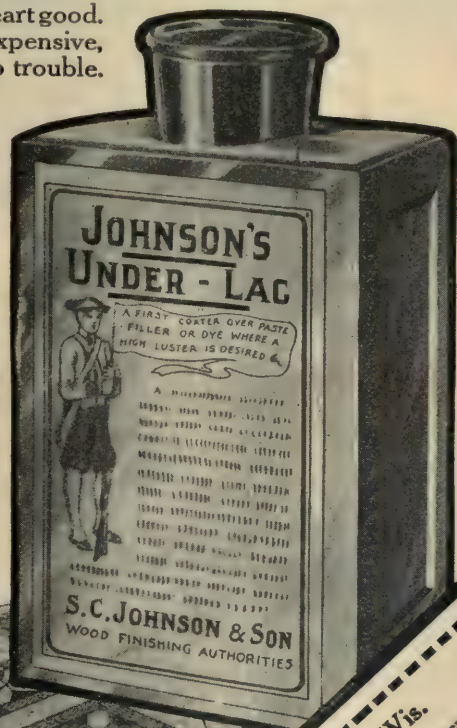
Under-Lac

is made from pure gums and denatured alcohol.

Is easily and quickly applied with no lapping, pulling or crawling. Dries *hard* in a half hour and won't show marks.

Use it whenever you would use shellac or varnish. With more artistic effect and at *less expense.* Over stain, dye, filler or on bare wood.

And it has absolutely no equal for preserving and beautifying linoleum, oil cloth, etc.



A Test Package Free

Send this coupon for a free sample of Under-Lac. Prove what we say *at our expense.* Once use it and we know nothing can ever take its place for you. We are sure of the outcome if you just accept our free-test offer. Don't you think it's worth a two-cent stamp and a minute's time right now? Here's the coupon.

S. C. Johnson & Son
Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.

I accept your offer of a sample of Johnson's Under-Lac, better than varnish or shellac, also book edition P. C. 10. I agree to test the sample and report results to my paint dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

You Owe Yourself

a Box of Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

PAY the debt. And you'll understand why Sororities have such a *fast hold* on candy-lovers everywhere;—Why their success is growing every minute.

One taste reveals the reason—proves how much the "Taylor-Made" way of purity and perfection means in candy-making.

We set out to make Sororities the best chocolates offered anywhere at any price—regardless of extra cost, extra pains, extra labor. We age, mill and blend our own chocolate from the four choicest cocoa beans.

We use only the best grade of refined sugar;—

That's what makes the centers so smooth and creamy.

All flavors in Sorority Chocolates must be

Nature's Own Flavors

When your teeth pierce an Orange-flavored Sorority Chocolate, you are delighted with the true flavor of the real, luscious fruit.

Sorority Raspberry flavor—reminds you of grandfather's berry-patch back home, where reddest, ripest fruit came from.

Our Vanilla flavor we make, ourselves, from thoroughly aged and ripened Mexican and Vanilla beans.

Sorority Maple is the first run of the sap—from the best trees in Old Vermont.

Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

Are in Demand By

Lovers of Good Candy Everywhere

THEY are the Candy-hit of the decade. Named for the Sorority Girl, and instantly adopted by her as her chosen sweets;—they have spread out to reach "her sisters and her cousins and her aunts"—

Everybody who delights in good candy.

We want you to try them and to learn just how delicious and different are the chocolates which bear the Sorority name.

Because of their enormous demand, Sororities are sold at a *popular price*—at the best candy-places.

Special Offer Sorority Spoons

In every pound box of Sorority Chocolates is a certificate, good for one Sterling pattern, 20-year-guaranteed Art Spoon, when mailed to us with ten two-cent stamps, or free on receipt of six certificates. These spoons are the reigning fad among Sorority girls. The certificate shows the set of six. Choose the design you want.

If you cannot buy Sororities in your neighborhood, write us, giving name of dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

Taylor Brothers Company

379 Taylor Building **Battle Creek, Michigan**

The PACIFIC MONTHLY'S

Money-Saving Clubbing Lists

FOR 1909 AND 1910

BELOW we give for the benefit of our readers a splendid list of clubbing offers. We have secured unusually favorable clubbing combinations with the leading magazines this year and can heartily recommend the following special clubbing offers. Remit by express, draft or money order to The Pacific Monthly Company, Portland, Oregon

Remember these prices are good only in the United States and its insular possessions

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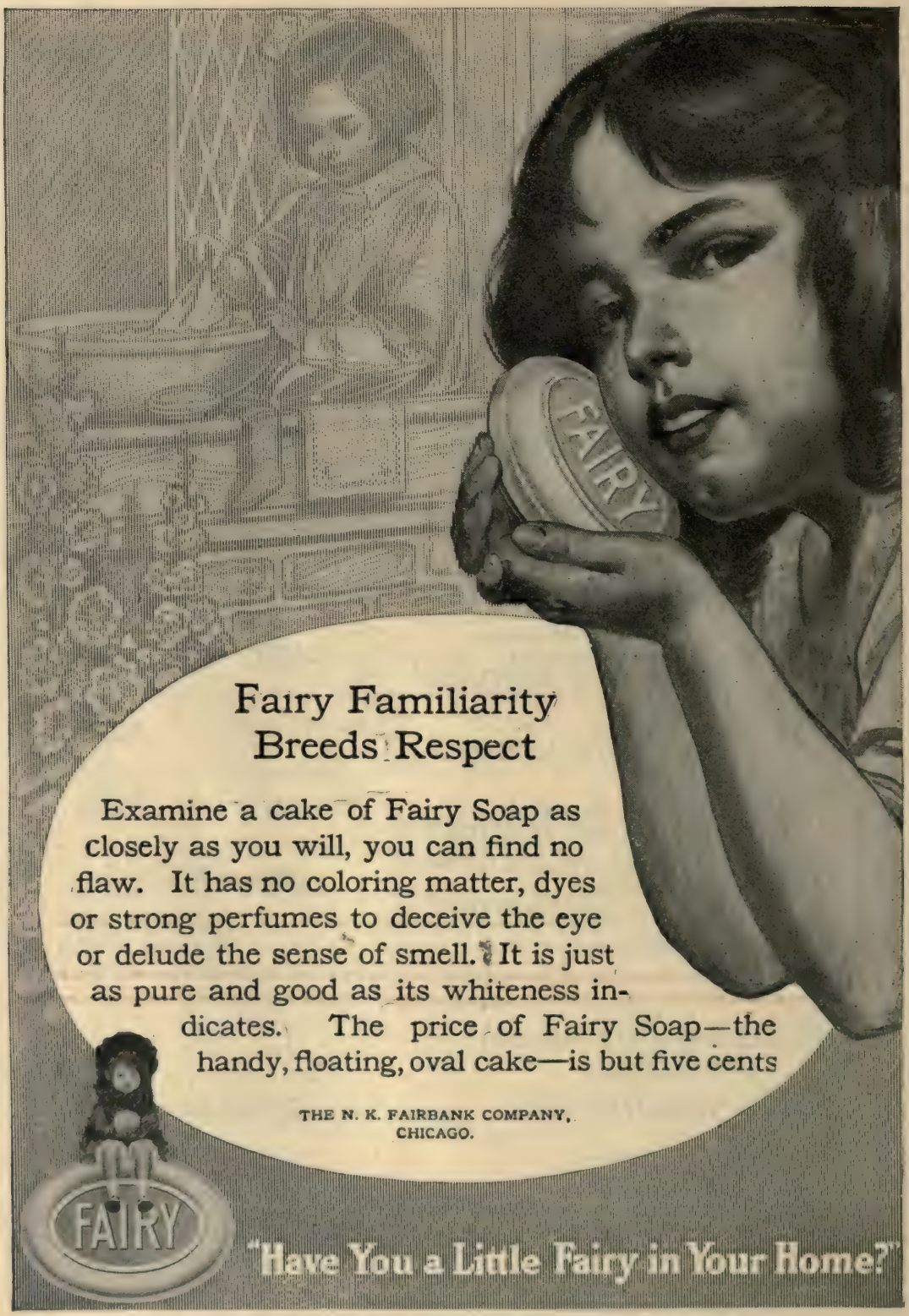
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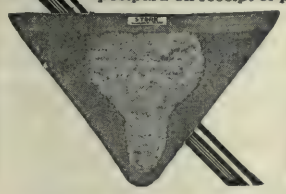

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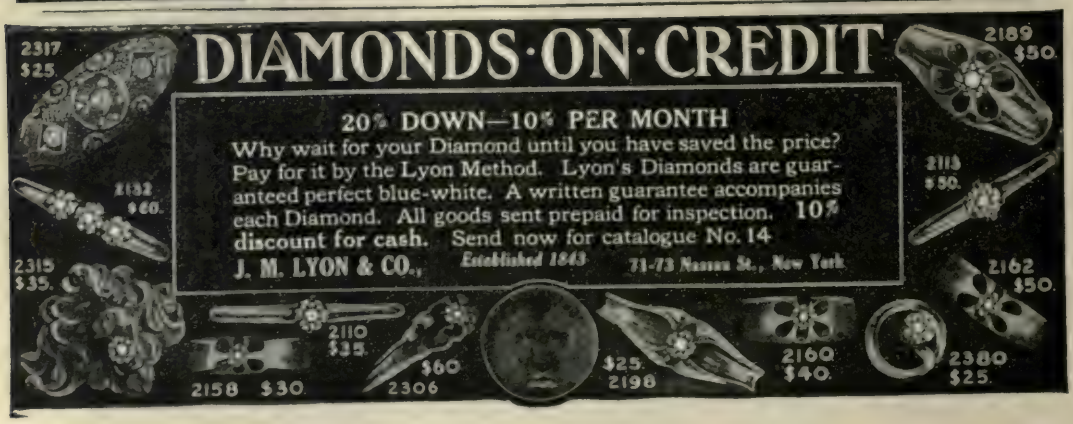

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It acts by suction. Simply rocking the lever of the little machine to and fro produces an irresistible suction at the nozzle end of a long, pliable hose. Wherever the nozzle touches it cleans. Carpets, rugs, drapery, furniture, clothing, book-cases, radiators, moldings, become absolutely cleansed of dirt, dust, germs, moth eggs. Everything that should not be there is instantly sucked up into the machine. Cleans all of these without moving them from position, without the least injury or wear.

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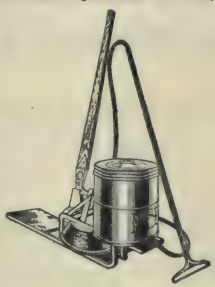

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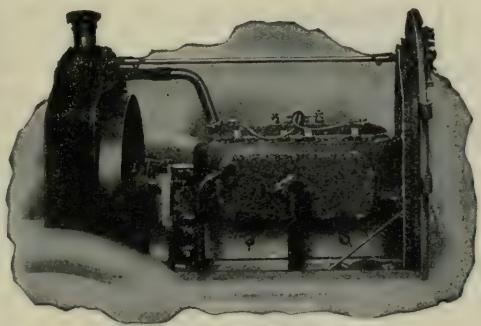
Is in a Class by Itself



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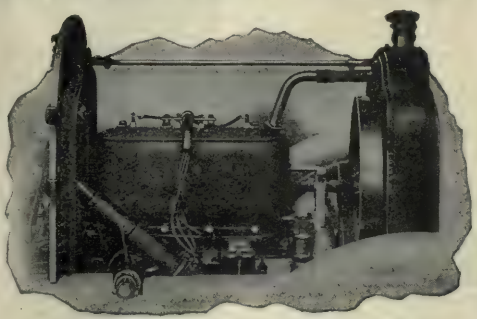

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Not an imitation.
The best Pad manufactured.
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All Pads and Mats bear our trade mark, "Star."

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Be One of the Thousand

Last year only 500 people were fortunate enough to get the exclusive Rauch & Lang.

Three hundred who wanted these cars last year were forced to wait 'til now. For we couldn't turn out 300 more cars than arranged for last year and turn them out satisfactorily.

We couldn't, in less time, give each car the Rauch & Lang finish and style—the perfect motors, the silent drive.

This year we will make 1,000 cars. If you act soon you can be one of the lucky thousand owners.

Three Months to Finish Each Individual Body

Each Rauch & Lang body represents the work of one craftsman for 90 days. For every detail, even the most minute, is treated as if it were the most important part of the car.

We have been carriage makers for over 57 years. No one knows better what refined people want.

The seats are wide, deep and soft.

The upholstering is imported broadcloth or leather in any color to match the body.

The exteriors are like the finest pianos.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

The Best of Approved Construction

There is nothing startling about this car—nothing that smacks of sensation.

Our mechanical features are practical—many are exclusive with us.

We use a unique control. You cannot start the car until the control is first in the neutral position—it can never start accidently.

Yet all power can be shut off instantly in any position.

The One Perfect Electric Brake

Our electric brake never fails to work, and in no wise injures the motor.

The foot brake is strong, extra large and durable. The car answers these brakes at once and the weakest woman has plenty of strength to stop instantly.

We use a Corbin key in the control handle to lock the power connection. No one can steal the car by using a nail or wire.

We use Exide batteries of enormous capacity and extreme ruggedness.

You can ride in a Rauch & Lang Car as far as you'll want to go in a day.

This is the only car giving unqualified service in hilly cities.

We have spared no expense to make this car the very utmost in electrics. Other cars may be cheaper at first, but Rauch & Lang owners spend practically nothing at all for repairs. We have dealers in most of the principal cities.

Cut out the memo below and mail it to us today for the catalog.

[7]

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.

2205 West 25th Street

Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your catalog and name of your local agent.

Name _____

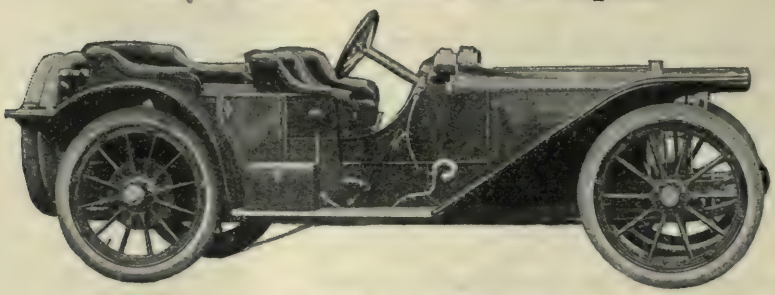
Address _____

City _____

Of the 1910 American we can only say what has been repeatedly said by every owner of a 1909 American and every other model which has preceded it:—

The car that never encounters a superior

–and rarely meets an equal



THE AMERICAN

"A car for the discriminating few"

The American is bought by men who take personal pride in owning a car which will never yield precedence to any other.

It is built for those who seek the ultimate in motor car construction.

The American owner who drives to his country club or other rendezvous where he will encounter many cars of the highest repute, feels serenely sure that his "American" will do him honor, no matter what the company.

Knowing the resources of his magnificent 5⅝x5½ engine, he is cheerfully certain that its power supply will enable his American "to show its heels" to the speediest and most powerful car he meets.

He knows that in that excellent test of a car's rightness and efficiency—a "get-a-way" free from grinding noise, fuss and hesitation—the instantaneous responsiveness of the American will shine by contrast.

That characteristic of the American, by the way—the way in which it eats up the ground the instant the engine starts—is one you will not find developed to the same point of perfection in any other car.

Let the American start side by side with the best and most costly car known to you—and watch the results.

While the other fine car is trembling and groaning in **preparation**—the American, without a sign or a sound, has shot like an arrow from a bow and is half-way down the block.

And you have a fair criterion, in the superiority of this **starting quality,** if we can call it so, of the behavior and construction of the American throughout.

In every community you will find it in the hands of men who can afford to pick and choose—who are not restrained by price from owning the finest of the fine.

Wherever it is driven by these men it never encounters a superior, and seldom meets an equal.

For the coming year the American line will consist of five models—the most splendid examples of motor car construction that this plant has ever produced.

These models are:—

The Traveler, the Roadster, and the Speedster, equipped with the famous American underslung frame; the Tourist, seven passenger, and the Limousine, seven passenger.

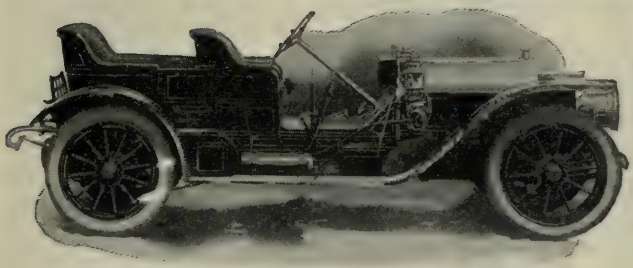
Cylinder bore, 5⅝ in.; stroke, 5½ in., on all models, save the Speedster, with bore of 5¾ in. All models but the Speedster, 50 H. P.; Speedster, 60 H. P. Double ignition system—Bosch high tension magneto and single unit coil. Tires—Traveler, 40x4 in., front and rear; Roadster, 40x4 in. front and rear; Tourist, 36x4 in. front, 36x5 in. rear; Limousine, 36x4 in. front, 36x5 in. rear; Speedster, 36x4 in. front, 36x4½ in. rear. Two inch spokes used in all wheels; and the car is equipped with F. & S. imported ball bearings throughout.

If you are interested in a car of the sort the American is, get in touch with the factory for the details of the 1910 models.

American Motor Car Company, Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.

Every Stearns Owner A Convert



30-60 H. P. Chassis with Toy Tonneau Body
Either shaft or side chain drive

In most every case the man you see in a Stearns Motor Car is a post graduate motorist.

He has a wide knowledge of motor cars gained through experience with several makes.

He has "come up" through low priced cars to the Stearns at last as the ultimate motor car value.

He at first thought cars costing less were as good.

He Simply Didn't Know

For nine-tenths of the cost of the Stearns is in parts he couldn't see—parts that mean strength, durability, power—parts that are ground and finished at ten times common costs, to get a perfect, harmonious whole.

He bought a new car every season before he finally came to the Stearns.

He then figured cost of upkeep by the month.

30-60 H. P. Chassis with Limousine Body

He figures it now by the year and finds that the Stearns is the more economical.

He is using still (in most cases) the first Stearns that he bought.

He can't wear it out. Its second year was better than its first—its third, fourth and fifth as good as its second.

It doesn't deteriorate.

He calls it a masterpiece—which it is.

And every Stearns is the same as his.

He is converted for all time.

The Stearns
The Ultimate Car

Once a Stearns owner always a Stearns owner. It's been that way for the past 13 years.

The Stearns as made today represents about the utmost that we can ever hope for.

But we spend $40,000 a year to maintain an experiment department.

When we develop a real improvement it is added at once to the car.

So every Stearns, no matter when bought, is the very latest car on the market.

You will profit by reading our catalog before you pay less for a car.

Clip out the memo and write us today.

A Reminder

THE F. B. STEARNS CO.
(Member A. L. A. M.)
Cleveland, Ohio

Please mail me Catalog 52

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"The White Line Radiator belongs to the Stearns"

Don't forget to mention The Pacific Monthly when dealing with advertisers. It will be appreciated.

CUTS—

That's something other choppers will *not* do. The "ENTERPRISE" Meat and Food Chopper really *CUTS*. That's because of the four-bladed steel cutting knife which revolves against the inside surface of the perforated steel plate. The

"Enterprise" Meat and Food Chopper

cuts meat, vegetables, fish, fruit, bread, etc.,—does not grind nor tear—does not injure the meat nor impair flavor. Simplest and best chopper made. Cannot rust. Won't break. Cannot be classed with the ordinary food choppers offered at small prices.

Made in 45 sizes and styles for hand, steam and electric power. No. 5, Small Family Size, $1.75; No. 10, Large Family Size, $2.50.

For Sale by Hardware Dealers, Housefurnishing and General Stores

Other famous "ENTERPRISE" specialties are Coffee Mills, Raisin Seeders, Fruit, Wine and Jelly Presses, Cherry Stoners, Cold Handle Sad Irons, etc.

OUR FAMOUS RECIPE BOOK

—the "Enterprising Housekeeper"—will be sent to anyone for 4 cents in stamps. Contains over 200 recipes and kitchen helps.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA.
Dept. 12, Philadelphia, Pa.

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SMALL FRUITS
ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS

NOW is the time to plant your roses, berry plants *and* shrubs. Our stock is grown *and* acclimated HERE *and* will give you the best results

SEND FOR CATALOG

Send us your name *and* address *and* we'll mail you free, post-paid, our beautiful illustrated catalog, with complete cultural directions

THE CHAS. H. LILLY CO.
Portland *and* Seattle

LILLY'S BEST SEEDS

GET THIS RIFE Hydraulic Ram

if there is a stream, spring or pond near by and have running water wherever you want it.

PUMPS WATER WITH WATER

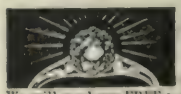
works continuously without attention. No expense for power, nothing to get out of order. Raises water 30 feet for each foot of fall. For Home, Farm, Irrigation, and all purposes. Over 7,000 in use. Free Plans and Estimates furnished. Write today.

RIFE ENGINE CO., 2155 Trinity Bldg., NEW YORK

GINSENG

The most valuable crop in the world. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars worth. Roots and Seeds for sale. Send 4c for postage and get our booklet A-B telling all about it.

McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.



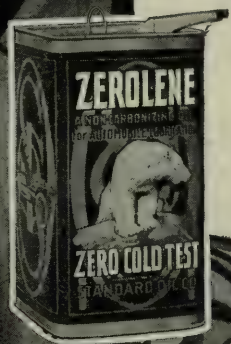
Arizona Ruby FREE
To introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with Illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. SPECIAL OFFER. For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either ½ or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Agents wanted. Catalogue FREE.
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. DMS, LAS CRUCES, N.M.

Choose Your Oil As You Would Your Car

Imperfect lubrication causes more trouble, more expense, more break-downs than anything else about your car. There'll be no carbon-deposit to foul the the cylinders and spark-slugs, no friction, no oil-troubles if you get

ZEROLENE Auto Lubricating Oil



You can count on perfect lubrication at all times, under all conditions, entire freedom from trouble with carbon deposits, and increased power from your engine.

Zerolene is made in ***one grade only, for all types*** of cylinders and bearings. Produced in only one place in the world. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that cannot be refilled. Also in barrels for garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for booklet, "21,000 Miles With Zerolene" Free.

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PLAYING CARDS
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NEW DESIGNS
90 Picture Backs
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50 Cents per Pack.

BICYCLE

PLAYING CARDS
The Most Durable
25¢ Card Made.
More Sold Than All Others Combined.
LARGE INDEXES

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES, HOYLE UP TO DATE.
SENT FOR 15 C. IN STAMPS, OR 3 SEALS FROM CONGRESS WRAPPERS, OR 6 FLAP ENDS OF BICYCLE CASES. DEPT 11 THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

Sanitary-Germ Proof

WILL YOU ACCEPT ONE

Prove for yourself the many good points of the Featheredge Rubber Sponge. We will send you one at our expense.

Featheredge TRADE MARK **Rubber Sponge**

Superior to any rubber sponge on the market and infinitely better than the ordinary natural sponge. Soft as silk, no grit, no scratching. Cleanses the skin and acts as a gentle massage. Sanitary, germ-proof, cleans itself, satisfying, cleansing, invigorating. Wears four times as long as the ordinary. All sizes for every purpose of the Toilet and Bath, for men women and children. Do you know what they will do? Let us show you.

For sale by dealers everywhere

FREE If 4c in stamps is enclosed for packing and postage we will send you without cost a perfect Featheredge sponge and our interesting booklet. Write today.

The N. Tire Rubber Sponge Company
463 E. Indiana Street, Chicago, Ill.

JOSH BILLINGS said that "the only thing some underwear is good for is to make a fellow scratch and forget his other troubles."

THAT WAS BEFORE THE DAY OF

Wright's Health Underwear

It is the fleece of comfort and can't scratch

Keeping out the cold and keeping in the bodily heat is only the beginning of the good work of **Wright's Health Underwear.** It stands guard over the sensitive skin, preventing that sudden closing of the pores which causes colds, coughs, and congestion in various parts of the body. **Wright's Health Underwear,** made by a recent process, of selected high-grade wool, is the best on the market. Yet it is in reach of people of moderate means. Not a fad nor gimcrack. Just a sensible "loopknit" woolen garment, lined with the fleece of comfort.

Wright's Ribbed Spring Needle Underwear

Is a product bassed upon the need of an underwear with an unusually wide range of elasticity. It is knit on patent improved Spring Needle Knitting Machines, which produce a fabric of wonderful elastic properties. This makes a garment that positively keeps its shape under all conditions of extreme hard usage. It is so constructed that it stretches to fit perfectly any form, and when taken off the body resumes its normal shape and size. It is this permanently springy effect which characterizes it as unique among underwear. Made in beautiful fabrics of cotton, also wool.

Inquire at your dealer's for Wright's Underwear and always look for the woven label trade mark.

Union suits and two-piece garments

Mighty Health Underwear

"Dressing for Health" a valuable booklet, free.

WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY

48 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK

Plymouth Furs

(Trade Mark)

There is no mystery about the value of "Plymouth Furs."

Rip aside the lining and interlining of any "Plymouth Fur" and you will see the wonderful furriers' work which shows on the backs of the pelts. You will be surprised to find so much work that is hidden. But that is the only way to get quality in furs. "Plymouth Furs" are distinctly furs of quality.

Style Book M, Sent Free on Request

Our new 64 page Style Book, printed in colors is the only complete Fur Book ever published. It shows over 200 styles of furs for Men, Women and Children, in prices from $5 to $8,000. The experience of 27 years in the Northwest (America's greatest Fur Market) guarantees the worth of "Plymouth Furs."

Repairs and renovation of furs are done at reasonable prices. We also tan, cure and make up pelts.

The Plymouth Fur Company
Dept. M, Minneapolis, Minn.

CHRISTMAS Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

IN SINGLE PAIR BOXES 50¢

Why not buy him a pair of

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS *for* CHRISTMAS

in a beautiful Gift Box

PRACTICAL GIFTS APPEAL ESPECIALLY TO MEN

That's why, as the holiday season approaches, there is such a demand for Bull Dog Suspenders in handsome embossed single pair boxes. Just the thing to give father, brother, or someone else's brother. Order from your dealer NOW and have a few pairs ready to put on the tree. You will find them in many beautiful colors and designs, with leather ends to match and gold gilt metal trimmings. Light or heavy weight and extra long at same price.

A sensible, pleasing, and inexpensive gift for 50 cents

They also contain More and Better Rubber, which means more and better service, and Bull Dog Suspenders are positively guaranteed to

OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

For your own protection refuse substitutes. Look for "Bull Dog" on the buckle and box. ***50 cents*** at your dealer's or by mail postpaid if he will not supply you.

HEWES & POTTER

Dept 896 — 87 Lincoln Street — BOSTON, MASS.

Auto Masseur REDUCES

40 DAY FREE TRIAL Both Sexes

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeliness speedily returning, I know you will buy it. **Try it at my expense. Write today.**

PROF. BURNS, 1300Y, BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Taxidermy Book FREE

Mount Birds

We teach you by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Game Heads. Also to tan skins and make rugs. Be your own taxidermist. Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies, or increase your income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly learned in spare time, by men and women. Highest endorsements by thousands of students. Write today for our great free book "How to Mount Birds and Animals." Free—write today. **N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY,** 1328 Elwood Bldg., OMAHA, NEB.

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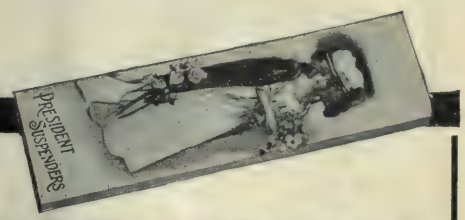
Sells on Sight

Big territory. $25 to $75 a week. We pay freight. Sample 25c

PACIFIC PINLESS CLOTHES LINE

Sales Dept. 501 Lumber Ex. Bldg., Portland, Oregon



PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The Ideal Holiday Gift

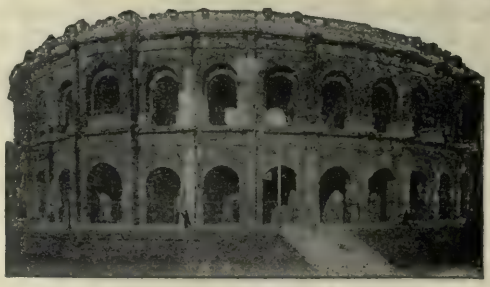
is a pair of President Suspenders—in one of our strikingly handsome holiday boxes. Three dainty cover designs—"Fair Rosamond"—"Bachelor Girl"—"Lady in Yellow". **50 cents**

President Suspenders completely solve your Christmas present problem. Made in light or medium weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Every pair guaranteed. Buy now. At all good dealers. *Or order from us direct. We mail to any address enclosing your presentation card, if you wish.*

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
712 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

Our beautiful 1910 Calendar has all three box cover designs. Very decorative. Ready Nov. 15. Send for it. 25 cents.

A Trip 'round the World For $1.50



AN invitation is extended to you by the Editor of THE TRAVEL MAGAZINE, to join him in a "Fireside" Trip 'round the World, starting in January and extending through the year 1910. The important sections of many countries will be covered on this "Fireside" Trip, and each section will be described and explained by a traveler who has recently visited it. Every description will be profusely illustrated. This "Fireside" Trip 'round the World will prove very interesting to you, and it will also be highly instructive to the whole family. Your entire expense will be limited to $1.50, which covers the twelve numbers of THE TRAVEL MAGAZINE during the year 1910. If you wish to see a few numbers of THE TRAVEL MAGAZINE before accepting our Editor's invitation, we will mail you three recent issues (which sell for 45 cents) upon receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps.

Please Use Coupon

The Travel Magazine

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TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TODAY WITH 25 CENTS

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The Travel Magazine
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Dear Sir:—I am interested in your "Fireside" Trip 'round the World for $1.50. Please send me three recent issues, as per special offer, for which I enclose 25 cents.

Name _____

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Better than ever—and still the best

Shawknit TRADE MARK.

SOCKS IN A CHRISTMAS BOX

which contains 6 pairs of our famous soft and silky cotton socks.

The colors are of rich, plain and popular shades, such as will please the most fastidious man—for whom this box will make a most acceptable gift.

Think now of those whom you would like to remember—our Christmas Box makes a big show and costs but a trifle.

Send us the names, addresses, purchase price and sizes. We will ship a box in time for Christmas and prepay the delivery charges ourselves.

We make no extra charge for the beautiful box, which is a work of art, lithographed in dainty colors, and the socks themselves are warranted fast color, seamless, and for durability and style are without an equal.

Our special Christmas package contains 2 pairs each

Snow Black
Navy Blue
Ox Blood

known as special assortment No. 35BCR

Sold at a uniform price of $1.50 (box included), by leading retailers who carry the Shawknit line.

We prefer that you ask your dealer for Shawknit Socks before ordering direct from the mill.

But when ordering direct be sure to specify size desired. These socks are made in sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive.

A Word to the Retailer

If you have not placed your order through your nearest jobber for the above Shawknit holiday package do so at once.

It sells on sight, makes a great display in windows and show cases and has proven itself to be a popular and profitable package to handle.

Our extensive advertising has created a universal demand for our goods.

Shawknit goods have been on the market for over 32 years and are without a doubt the most reliable socks made.

For further particulars ask your jobber or write to us.

Our colored catalogue is a beauty and so useful that we want you to have a copy of it. Sent free for the asking.

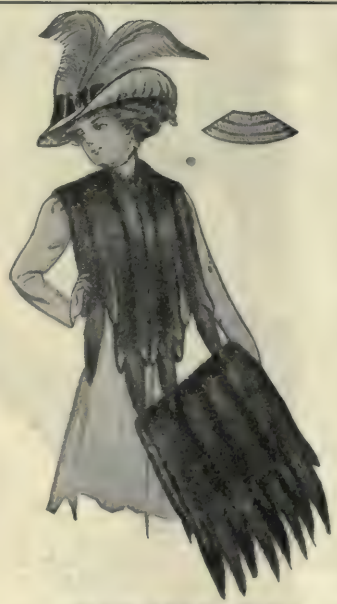
SHAW STOCKING COMPANY
27 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

Arrange your hair in the style most becoming, but keep it beautiful, healthy and luxuriant by faithful use of

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

(Eau de Quinine)

Price 50¢ and $1.00 per bottle
All dealers. Send 4¢ for a liberal sample
PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
ED. PINAUD BLDG. NEW YORK



BROOK MINK SET

$14.75

Price for separate Scarf $8.00 Price for separate Muff $8.00

Express Prepaid at Our Risk

Made of the very finest grade of rich brown River Mink, trimmed with solid fox tails and paws and lined with Skinner's guaranteed satin. This is one of the best and most popular models of the season, exactly like illustration.

The habits of the Brook Mink are similar to those of the beaver, and, as in the case of most water animals, the fur is soft and thick and wears exceedingly well.

Guarantee We positively guarantee these Furs and will replace them free of charge should they prove defective within one year from date of purchase

We make this unusual offer to draw attention to our system of selling Furs direct from manufacturer to wearer.

Furs are usually handled by three middlemen before they reach the wearer—the sales agent, the wholesaler and the retailer. *These add no value,* but each adds his expenses and his profits, and all are included in the retail price to be paid by *you.*

Remember, if these furs are not perfectly satisfactory on receipt, return them at once at our expense and we will refund your money.

Our complete Fur Catalogue, giving description, wearing quality, etc., of all the most popular furs—free upon request. If you contemplate buying furs, you should send for our catalogue before purchasing.

SIMPSON, HALE & COMPANY

Reference: 1st National Bank of Cleveland

64 PUBLIC SQUARE CLEVELAND, OHIO

1847 ROGERS BROS.

MERIDEN B. COMPANY

X S TRIPLE

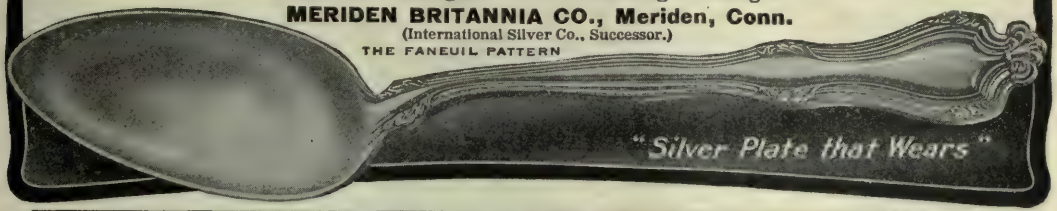
For sale by leading dealers everywhere

Send for Catalogue " L-21 " showing all designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

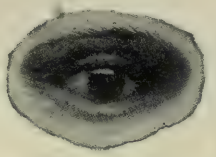
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

THE FANEUIL PATTERN



CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

2 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes! · Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee! · By Grocers Everywhere!



If your Eyes are weak

we can make them strong — and we will prove it without cost to you

If you wear glasses — if your eyes smart or burn—if you suffer from headache—if your eyes are strained—if your eyes become dim—we will be glad to send you the **IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER on ten days' trial.** If you return it, there will be no charge whatever for its ten days' use—that's how sure we are that it will benefit you quickly. It is perfectly safe, as it does not come in direct contact with the eyes, and five minutes manipulation at home, twice a day, is sufficient to counteract eyestrain, and headache, and finally make eyeglasses useless. If you want to prove it at our expense, write today for instructive booklet, testimonials **and 10 days' test to**

The Ideal Company

144L West 65th Street, New York

VOSE

VOSE PIANOS

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing** qualities of the **Vose** Piano are only explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **Vose** is an ideal piano for the home. Over 65,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

168 Boylston Street **BOSTON, MASS.**

YOU can have a flood of beautiful, healthful Electric Light at 1/2 the old cost by using

General Electric TUNGSTEN LAMPS

The last argument of gas and oil is gone. They can no longer offer even the claim of economy. With G. E. Tungsten lamps electric light becomes at once a greater luxury and also much cheaper. The new filament in this lamp—its distinctive feature—produces a wealth of beautiful, clear, white light with less than half the electricity required by old style incandescent lamps of equal candlepower.

An International Achievement

The G. E. Tungsten lamp represents the combined achievement of European and American genius.

The General Electric Company secures for users of all its products the best that science and skill can produce by acquiring the rights and processes for the United States of the foremost inventors, both in America and Europe.

Recognizing the revolution that the G. E. Tungsten lamp would create in lighting, the Company has secured all foreign processes of merit which would improve these lamps.

Some Questions Answered

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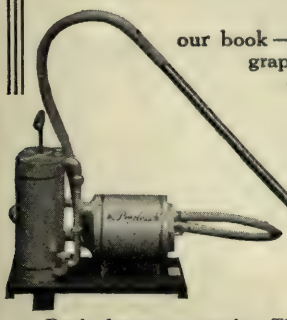

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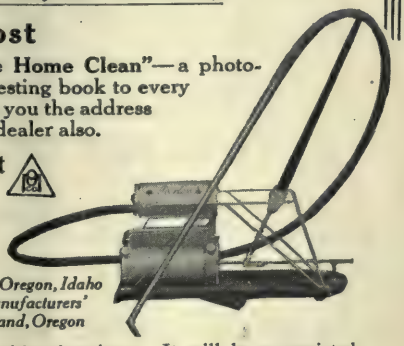

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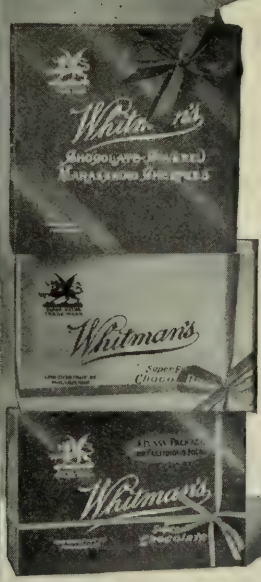

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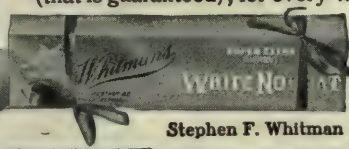

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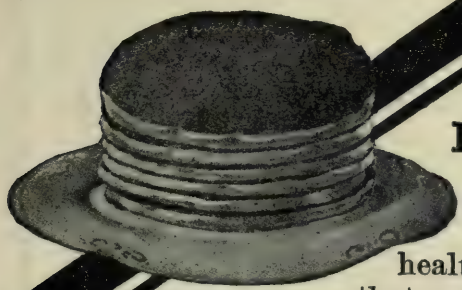

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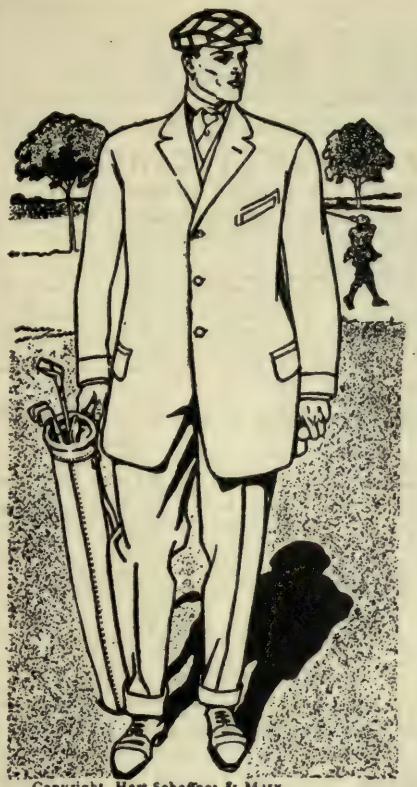

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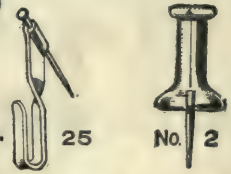

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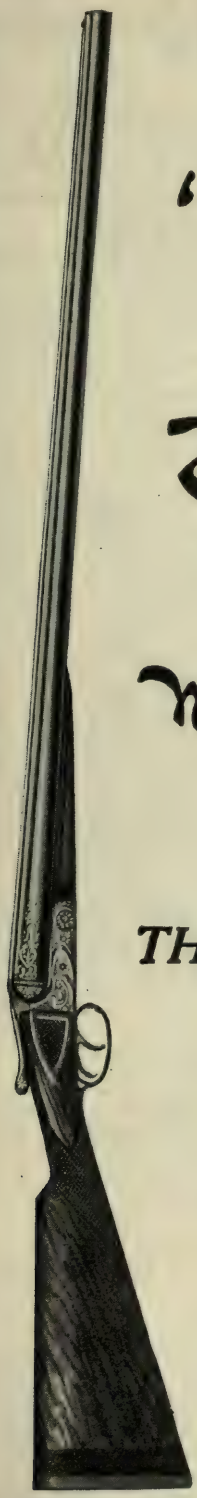

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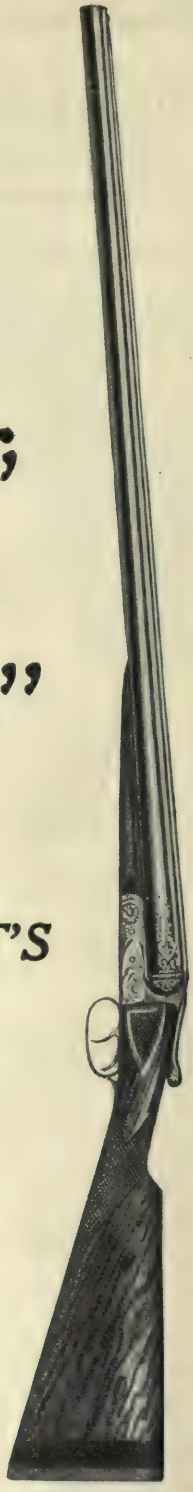

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87 Merry Widow Selection.....*Lehar*
88 Monastery Bells.....*Wely*
89 Music Box, Caprice.....*Liebich*
90 Moonbeams on the Lake...*Fitzpatrick*
91 Moment Musicale.....*Schubert*
92 Mountain Belle, Schottische...*Kinkel*
93 My Old Kentucky Home.....*Lerman*
94 National Airs.....*Keiser*
95 National Echoes.....*Ellis*
96 Old Black Joe.....*Meacham*
97 Old Folks at Home.....*Meacham*
98 Old Oaken Bucket.....*Anguera*
99 Orange Blossoms, Waltz.....*Ludovic*
100 Orvetta, Waltz.....*Spencer*
101 Over the Waves, Waltz.....*Rosas*
102 Palms, The.....*Faure*
103 Pearly Dew Drops, Mazurka..*Birbeck*
104 Plantation Airs.....*Keiser*
105 Plantation Medley.....*Snow*
106 Placida (Tone Poem).....*Keiser*
107 Peacemaker, March.....*Sturtevant*
108 Polish Dance, op. 3, No. 1.*Scharwenka*
109 Precious Moments.....*Hickman*
110 Princess Patches.....*Rose*
111 Pure as Snow, Edelweiss.....*Lange*
112 Remember Me, Far Away.*Brinkmann*
113 Rippling Waves.....*Mallward*
114 Rustic Dance.....*Howell*
115 Sack Waltz.....*Metcalf*
116 Scarf Dance.....*Chaminade*
117 Scotch Airs.....*Keiser*
118 Schubert's Serenade.....*Schubert*
119 Silvery Waves, Reverie.....*Wyman*
120 Simple Confession.....*Thome*
121 Simple Life, Waltz.....*Bainesford*
122 Shepherd Boy, Nocturne.....*Wilson*
123 Spray of Gold.....*Braunbach*
124 Spring Song.....*Mendelssohn*
125 Storm, The.....*Weber*
126 Star of Hope.....*Kennedy*
127 Spring's Awakening.....*Bach*
128 Shepherd's Song.....*Spindler*
129 Sweet Meditations.....*Kay*
130 Tam O' Shanter.....*Warren*
131 Thine Own.....*Lange*
132 Traumerei and Romance..*Schumann*
133 Twentieth Century Woman....*Norris*
134 Under the Double Eagle.....*Wagner*
135 Up in a Swing.....*Montaine*
136 Valse Bleue.....*Margis*
137 Valse in E flat.....*Durand*
138 Waltz Dream.....*Strauss*
139 Waves of the Ocean.....*Blake*
140 Waves of the Danube.....*Ivanovics*
141 Warblings at Eve.....*Richards*
142 Weber's Last Waltz.....
143 Whisperings of Love.....*Kinkel*
144 Wine, Woman and Song.....*Strauss*
145 You and I Waltz.....*Claribel*

VOCAL

146 Afterwards.....*Mullen*
147 Alone (G Medium).....*Fitzgibbon*
148 Anchored.....*Watson*
149 Ave Maria.....*Mascagni*
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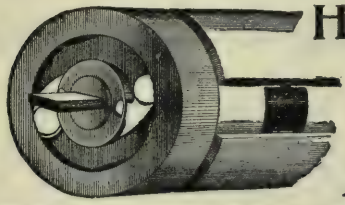

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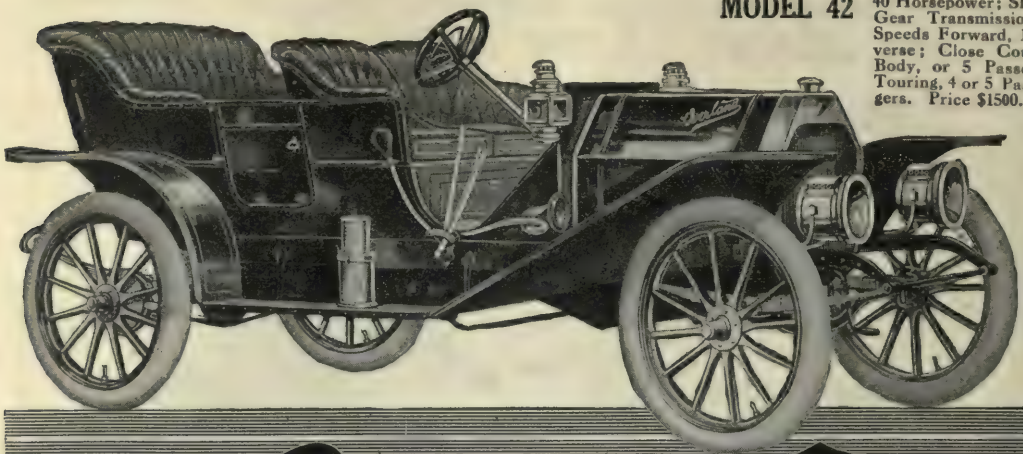

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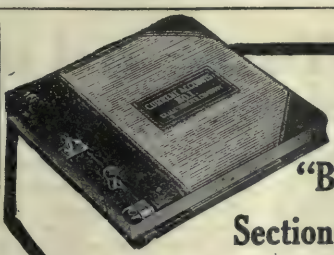

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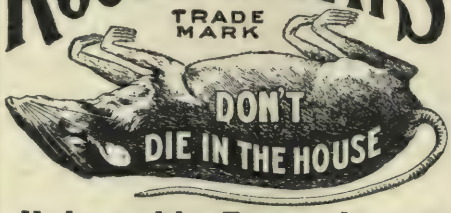

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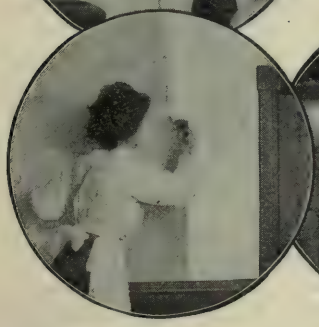

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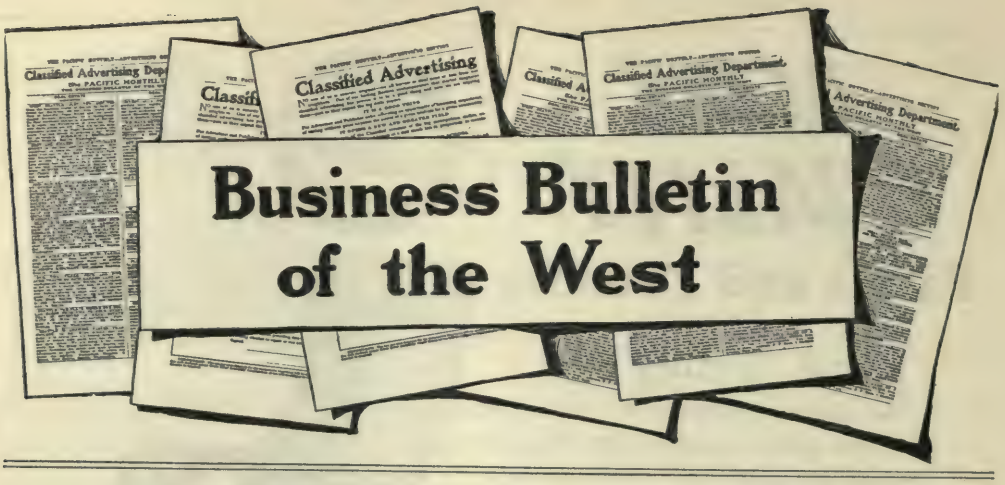

Business Bulletin of the West

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OREGON

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REAL ESTATE
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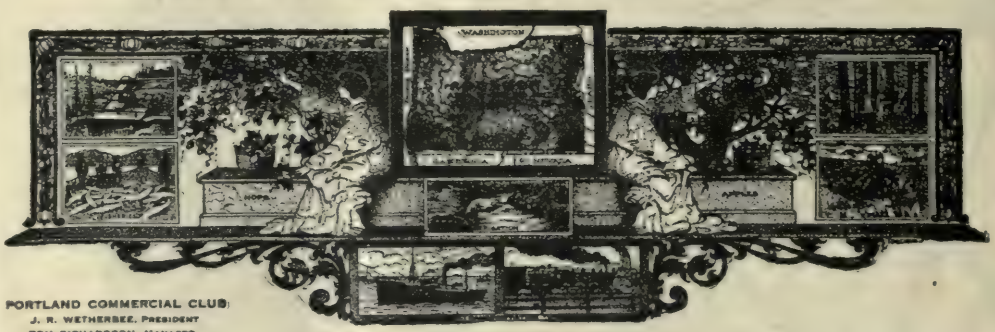
OREGON DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE



PORTLAND COMMERCIAL CLUB
J. R. WETHERBEE, PRESIDENT
TOM RICHARDSON, MANAGER

PORTLAND, OREGON, July 13, 1909.

Pacific Monthly,

Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen,-

We are receiving a high grade of inquiry as a result of our page advertisement in the Pacific Monthly, and the cost per inquiry is very much less than in the better established magazines of the East.

Inquiries coming from readers of the Pacific Monthly, who are already familiar to a large extent with this part of the United States, show that they know what to ask for, and for that reason we consider the advertisement a splendid investment.

Sincerely yours,

Portland Commercial Club,

Per Tom Richardson
Manager.

A LESSON IN FINANCE

Your Son's Future is Assured if He Owns a 10-Acre Orchard Tract in the Famous Umpqua Valley

If one of our leading banks said, "Mr. Jones, if you will deposit a few hundred dollars and then make us a regular monthly payment aggregating a few thousand dollars, we will commence paying to you dividends in three years, and in 10 years we will pay you every year a sum equal to or more than your total investment," would you accept the proposition? Of course you would, if you were sane. We make you practically the same proposition, except that ours is a better and a safer one. Banks may fail, but orchards in the famous **UMPQUA VALLEY** never fail, and will always increase in value.

Oregon produces the best apples in the world, and the **UMPQUA VALLEY** produces apples unsurpassed in color, size and flavor.

You Love Your Son

And like most parents you will try to give him as good a start in life as your means will afford. One of our orchard tracts will make him independent for life.

If he is now 12 years old, when he arrives at manhood his orchard would be full bearing, **and his net annual income would be about $500 per acre.** These figures are not overestimated; they are based on actual results.

We make a business of platting, planting and selling Umpqua Valley orchard lands in 10-acre tracts. We care for the orchard for three or more years as desired. We have a fully paid up capital of $50,000, and inquiry at any of the city banks will establish our responsibility.

The fame of Oregon apples is being sung in all parts of the East, and all good land will be picked up rapidly, so if you intend to purchase while prices are extremely low, write or call on us at once. We prefer to have purchasers select their own tracts, but if this is impossible we will do it for you and will guarantee you the fairest treatment, as every purchaser usually brings others.

TERMS—A cash payment, then monthly, quarterly or semi-annual installments.

W. C. Harding Land Company

Offices: Board of Trade Building, PORTLAND *and* ROSEBURG, ORE.

DON'T FREEZE : DON'T ROAST : DON'T BLOW AWAY

COME TO ALBANY LINN COUNTY, OREGON, WHERE IT NEVER GETS TOO HOT, OR TOO COLD

A City of Over 6,000 People, Electric Lights, Fine Water, Cement Walks, Railroads in Six Directions, 24 Passenger Trains Daily, Farm Land Splendidly Adapted to Fruit — Apples, Pears, Cherries and all other fruit and berries grow to perfection — AN IDEAL DAIRY SECTION, AND CLOSE TO GOOD MARKETS. This locality has as rich soil, and at a CHEAPER PRICE, than in any section of the beautiful Willamette Valley.

FOR FULL INFORMATION WRITE TO THE

LINN & BENTON REAL ESTATE COMPANY : ALBANY, OREGON

HOOD RIVER LANDS

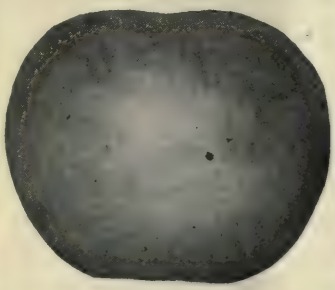
HAVE abundant water, perfect drainage. PRODUCE the finest apples and strawberries in the world
We also have lands for sale in White Salmon and Mosier Districts. **Twenty Years Residence in Hood River**

W. J. BAKER & CO., HOOD RIVER, ORE.

OREGON TIMBER

Safe and Sure Investment Millions have been invested in Oregon timber during the last five years, every dollar of which shows great profit. The lumber industry here is yet in its infancy and values will increase immensely without risk to the investor. ¶ This timber is being gathered into larger bodies held by stronger men, so that values naturally go up. In a very short time timber in this section can only be had at a large advance over present prices, as was the case in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where the timber is now nearly exhausted. ¶ We have for years made a study of the timber situation in the West and from our positive knowledge can advise clients to their best advantage. If you have either large or small amounts, we can place them for you to your best interest. ¶ Bank and other references furnished as to our reliability.

FRED A. KRIBS Third Floor Chamber of Commerce PORTLAND : OREGON



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An ideal fruit belt, mild climate, wonderful scenery, pure water, an abundance of fuel, a productive and inexhaustible soil, assuring large and unfailing crops, a ready market and unsurpassed transportation facilities. Land values as yet very reasonable. Write for beautifully illustrated booklet, ***free.***

ADDRESS

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The best fruit land section in Oregon. Five to ten acres will yield, when in full bearing, a handsome income. In many cases, from $500 to $1,200 per acre, according to price and quality of fruit. We are selling these fruit lands, near Oakland, Douglas County, Oregon, for a short time, for $275 to $300 per acre, 10 per cent or more cash, balance on easy payments. This includes planting to fruit trees and caring for same for three years. This is a much safer investment than stocks and bonds. It means an independent home and support for you. Send for descriptive circular.

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At GOODING, IDAHO

You will find the best investment in Irrigated Lands—or Town Property in Irrigated Districts—Unequaled opportunities for the man looking for a location or an investment. It's Our Business to handle this property. Write us or call.

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The Crack Train of the Northwest and the First Exclusive Sleeping Car Train between the North Pacific Coast and—Minneapolis St. Paul—Chicago

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We Will Plant and Care for An Apple Orchard for You Until It Begins to Bear—Meantime You Make Small Monthly Payments

¶ As the largest orchard operators in the Spokane country we invite you to become interested with us and in a way entirely within your means. I will gladly submit full data, price of tracts, terms and other information of value upon request. Just request our booklet "The Commercial Orchard," and say you want to know more. A postal will do.

Vice President

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First and Stevens, Spokane, Washington

Owners of MEADOW LAKE FARMS. Ten miles southwest of Spokane on the Cheney Electric Line. Five and Ten-Acre Tracts. $150.00 to $200.00 an acre. Your own terms

YAKIMA RED APPLES

¶ Are famous the world over because of their rare quality and the big profits they bring.
¶ We sell **Red Mountain Orchards** and pay 8% dividends on the full purchase price while the trees are maturing. Absolutely bona fide.

¶ Salaried persons and others will find here a "nest-egg," bringing independence in the days to come. A scientific orchard, planted and cared for until bearing. No taxes. No fluming. No water charges.
¶ Our references: Bradstreet's, Dun's and any bank or business house in Seattle.
¶ Send for Booklet 8.

CALHOUN, DENNY & EWING

Alaska Building, Seattle, U. S. A.

Offices also in North Yakima, Granger, Grandview and Chicago

Opportunity Knocks in Columbia County Acreage

We have 3,000 acres of land in Columbia County that is within one hour's ride of Portland that we are offering at prices and terms that should appeal to investors as well as to homeseekers. The tract consists of beaverdam and low and rolling foothills, ideal for apple culture. The soil is very rich and capable of producing fruit, berries and vegetables in abundance. Transportation facilities are to be had by rail and water, which competition creates a low freight rate and makes the market easily accessible.

$20 to $40 Per Acre—Easy Terms

The above prices will not last long. Property in this vicinity has been advancing steadily in the past few years. With the rapidity in which this country is being settled and the development which is sure to follow it will not be long, for those who buy now, till **this** property will double in value. Get in ahead of the developments and you will be the one to reap the largest gain.

DO NOT DELAY—INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY

Columbia County Investment Co.
1018 Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, Or
Please send me further information in regard to your Columbia County acreage.
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Columbia County Investment Co.

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If we Sold you a Bond - A LOWNSDALE ORCHARD BOND

IT WOULD MEAN

That you would receive

6 per cent. interest guaranteed and your share in the profits of one of the best paying orchards in all the State of Oregon

Lownsdale Orchards are noted for the quality of their fruits

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Where Perfect Apples Grow

Alfalfa

ONTARIO : OREGON

One hundred thousand acres of the finest land in the Northwest, under government irrigation, all of which will grow to perfection: Alfalfa, Apples, and all kinds of Fruits and Berries. THE IDEAL DAIRY COUNTRY. Illustrated booklet on request to

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APPLE ORCHARDS ALFALFA TRACTS

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND ALL INFORMATION, INCLUDING ORIGINAL MAPS, WRITE

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Dealers in Fruit Tracts, Homestead Locations, Relinquishments, Timber Lands and Mining Properties

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WESTWARD, EVER WESTWARD — the human race has continued to travel

The Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon

THE IDEAL HOME LAND — CLIMATE UNEXCELLED — NO WIND — NO STORMS — NO WINTERS. Produces choicest fruits. Home of the Tokay Grape, the Big Red Apple and the delicious Peach and Pear. Non-Irrigated and Irrigated Lands. Prices within your means. Write us for literature, prices, cte.

RIGGS LAND COMPANY : GRANTS PASS, OREGON

BOISE VALLEY THE VALLEY OF SUNSHINE AND HOMES

We have the finest bearing orchards (on the electric car line) in the United States, in tracts of 5 acres up to 160. We also have fruit land, as level as a floor, with a good water right, under the U. S. Government Ditch, at $75.00 per acre. We have 3,500 acres to sell on easy payments. Write us for catalogue.

ROBERTS & CLARK : First National Bank Building : BOISE, IDAHO

THE DALLES NURSERIES

Successors to R. H. WEBER

Growers of choice nursery stock which we sell direct to the planter, making *Commercial Orchards a Specialty.* Address all correspondence to our main office.

THE DALLES NURSERIES

122½ Grand Avenue : : PORTLAND, OREGON

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"The Western Empire," California's leading industrial journal is paramount authority on Eucalyptus Hardwood culture, fruit growing, western investments, and all topics for homeseekers. Established 22 years. Introductory trial subscription, three months for 10 cents. Address

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202 Times Block LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Growing Turkish Tobacco in California Pays a Profit of $750 to $1000 an Acre and Pays it the First and Every Year

The Crop never fails. It sells for $1.00 to $3.00 a pound. The market is unlimited. It cannot be grown in any other state and will bring more wealth to its growers than any crop ever grown or now grown in California.

To Increase the acreage to an adequate supply we are inviting outside capital to participate in the profits. The experimental stage is passed; the future magnitude of the business is limited only to the amount of capital employed. The management is in the hands of competent, experienced men, who will make the industry one of the prides of California.

Our Plan of investment does not necessitate giving up present business or occupation unless you desire to take possession of your land and realize a profit of $750 to $1000 an acre yearly.

Our System of cultivation for non-residents enables them to have their land cultivated, crop harvested and marketed and large profits assured and realized without personal attention.

The Opportunity and investment is the safest and most equitable ever devised. It creates a life income. Independence and Competence.

The Money you invest is paid into the Merchants Bank and Trust Company of Los Angeles and is paid out only for *things done*, not *things promised*. You can invest $100 to $10000 and the income is guaranteed.

Our Booklets containing more than a score of photographic views of our lands and growing crop tell the story of this wonderfully profitable crop and gives our investment plan in detail. Write or call for them. They are **free. Our terms are made to suit.**

TURKISH AMERICAN TOBACCO CORPORATION

Suite D, 505 Central Building, corner Sixth and Main Streets Los Angeles, California

YAKIMA VALLEY LANDS MAKE IDEAL HOMES

ROBINSON'S CHOICE FRUIT LANDS

SITUATED in the famous Yakima Valley in Kittitas County, within three miles of Ellensburg, which is the best district in the Northwest for the production of winter apples—each acre netting from $500.00 to $1500.00 yearly. This land is owned by me and I plant it with the best varieties of winter apples or pears, and take care of it until the orchards are bearing, after which time they will pay a handsome profit to the purchasers. My terms are so easy, and the time so long, that the land will pay for itself several times before the time for final payment. We, also, have a limited amount of choice unimproved fruit land under the new proposed Government high line ditch, which we are selling in ten acre tracts at reasonable prices and terms. Write for illustrated booklets and further information.

THE W. W. ROBINSON LAND COMPANY

394 ARCADE ANNEX **SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

at Grants Pass, Rogue River Valley, Southern Oregon, where irrigation ditches are now being completed.

no further as opportunities are plentiful here. Land may now be bought at but a fraction of what it is sure to be worth within two years.

to no one who offers you high priced land without water.

For further particulars and free booklet, address

The Best-Fuller Realty Co., Grants Pass, Oregon

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You have a friend or relative who wants to know more about the West. You can't tell it all in a letter. Let us help you. Send 25 cents and your friend or relative's name and we will forward three recent numbers of The Pacific Monthly, containing a fund of valuable information concerning the West Fill out this coupon.

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We would not invite you to

Come To The North Pole

but to come to a place where roses bloom and strawberries ripen from May to January; where **a fruitful soil and a faultless climate** combine to insure health and a good living; where sparkling, trout-filled mountain streams provide both water and power; where you will have ideal surroundings for your family, excellent schools, strong churches and Chatauqua Assembly and all in the midst of the greatest fruit belt in the West. In short come to the

Ideal Home Town

ASHLAND

The metropolis of the Rogue River Valley, whose peaches win prizes wherever shown and whose apples and pears are famed in New York and London.

For full information write to the

Ashland Commercial Club

Ashland, Oregon

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Is preëminently the land of opportunity. It has nearly 62,000,000 acres of land, with less than 4,000,000 acres in cultivation. The Willamette Valley alone will support 2,000,000 people. The farmer can find in Oregon the best opportunity for carrying on his favorite line of cultivation, whether it be grain, stock, poultry, dairying or the raising of any kind of fruit or nuts. He can cultivate broad acres, or be an intense farmer of a few acres. He can succeed with industry.

PORTLAND

on the Willamette, twelve miles above where it flows into the great Columbia, which drains a region of 250,000 square miles, is the natural outlet of all this vast empire. Portland has 150 schools, 135 churches, 26,000 members of fraternal organizations. Four of its principal clubs own their own buildings, one valued at $400,000. It has 23 banking institutions, 2,000 factories with a capital of $30,000,000 employing 25,000 people. The best water supply in the world, coming from the base of Mt. Hood, costing $4,250,000 and an additional $3,000,000 will be spent for another pipe line. Its jobbing trade in 1908 was $225,000,000. Why enumerate further; come and see for yourself.

Write the party below handling the proposition you may be interested in.

ANGELES TRUST CO., LOS, 326½ Washington St., Improved Farms, Oyster, Cranberry and Colony Lands.

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CHAPIN & HERLOW, 332 Cham. of Com., 5 and 10 Acre Tracts of Fruit Lands.

DONNELL & PARBERRY, 338 Cham. of Com., 1 to 10 Acre Tracts of Fruit Lands in Umpqua Valley, Planted and Cared For.

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J. O. ELROD, 519 Corbett Bldg., Wheat Lands and Close-In Acreage.

KAUFMAN & MOORE, 324 Lumber Exchange, Oregon Farms and City Property.

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Portland Commercial Club

It Will Pay You to Read About the

wonderful growth of **Seattle** in the development news section of this issue of The Pacific Monthly—that is if you intend locating anywhere on the Pacific Coast. After you read all about **Seattle** remember

Earlington Heights

is located just one mile and a half by two electric lines and two steam roads from **Seattle.**

Residence Lots :: Business Lots Tracts of Land

can be secured for $25 down and $10 monthly. Remember *Earlington Heights* has besides abundant transportation, electricity, telephones, splendid public schools and **city advantages,** but what is best, **much lower taxes than Seattle. Write and we will send illustrated booklet.**

The Jones-Thompson Investment Company

407 Union Street
Ground Floor White Building
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1,300,000 Acres

OF THE FINEST IRRIGATED LAND IN THE UNITED STATES

THIS fine tract of land lies in Eastern Idaho in the famous Upper Snake River Valley. It is watered by the most complete canal system to be found on the continent. It has the first, oldest and cheapest water rights on the great Snake River.

IDAHO FALLS

is a rapidly growing city of 7,000, located in the center of this great irrigated empire. It is the largest shipping point in Idaho. It will soon be the largest city in the state.

This valley is the home of the famous Idaho potato and red clover, which yields seed from 5 to 12 bushels to the acre. In it are located **three large sugar factories** from which over 50,000,000 pounds of sugar is manufactured annually. Sugar beets yield from 15 to 25 tons. Its soil and climate especially adapt it to the raising of all grains, grasses, clover, alfalfa, potatoes and beets, and is an ideal stock country with abundance of free range.

OUR CLIMATE IS IDEAL

and the great west is being rapidly settled. If you have not secured a piece of irrigated land, you should. Come to the Upper Snake River Valley where crops never fail and where you can make investments that are safe and sure to bring you big returns.

¶ **Write today for our beautiful illustrated pamphlet**

IDAHO FALLS DEVELOPMENT CO.

IDAHO FALLS : IDAHO

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Is the place for you to locate, because it is situated in the most favored section of the great proposed *Malheur Government Irrigation Proposition.* You can learn everything about great producing qualities of *Vale* lands by writing for illustrated booklet. Please address

***Secretary* VALE COMMERCIAL CLUB**
VALE : OREGON

Are You Interested in Something Attractive to the Man Who Wants a Home?

Do You Desire to Better Your Condition?

Then live in a climate where you can work in comfort out of doors more than 300 days each year; where they grow the finest fruits, vegetables, grains and hay in the United States; where one crop of alfalfa seed will pay for an acre of land; where all kinds of stock and poultry mature to perfection; where you always have a good market for your crops. Then come to the **beautiful Malheur Valley in Southeastern Oregon.** To **Vale,** the **County Seat** of **Malheur County,** where they grow these crops and do these things. We have these productive acres for sale in quantities and prices to suit.

WRITE US AND WE WILL TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THIS FERTILE VALLEY. ADDRESS **C. O. Thomas Co., Vale, Oregon**

PRESENT unbounded opportunities and resources. Soil whose fertility is unsurpassed, millions in lumber and mineral wealth and wonderful possibilities in all lines of industry. Beautiful natural scenes, climate which is hard to equal, and every favorable condition for home, field and shop.

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The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co.

and

Southern Pacific Company

(*Lines in Oregon*)

with their numerous agencies throughout the Eastern States are co-operating with the community organizations of the great Northwest in issuing and distributing attractive colonization literature.

You, as an individual citizen, are requested to send in the names of your Eastern friends who are interested in the West. We will be glad to send them full, accurate and dependable information. Address any local agent, or

WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

ARCADIA IRRIGATED ORCHARDS

Arcadia the Land of Sunshine

LOCATION—Arcadia Valley is located twenty-two miles from Spokane, directly on railroad.

WATER—Water free and an abundant supply by gravity system through open ditches—no water tax.

SOIL—Soil a fine sandy loam, especially adapted for fruit growing.

CLIMATE—Climate ideal—average summer temperature 62 degrees; average winter temperature 36 degrees,

ARCADIA *is* **the home of the *Big Winter Apple,* where size and flavor go hand in hand**

OUR OFFER—We are selling this land in ***5 and 10-Acre Tracts***—we clear, plant, cultivate, prune, spray, irrigate, pay taxes and care for your orchard for four years, and turn the property over to you a paying investment. You may remain at your present occupation or move onto the land. Eight years in which to pay for your land. Send for literature.

Arcadia Orchards Company [HYDE BLOCK] **Spokane, Wash.**

SIX TO EIGHT CROPS OF ALFALFA YEARLY AND A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

OUR NEW PLAN BOOK tells how you can secure 5 to 40 acres of Southern California's most *fertile irrigated* valley land. IT TELLS how you can have the same put under cultivation for little money. How *big profits* are made *annually* upon your investment without moving or giving up present business until ready.

$1,500 PER ACRE is being made from these rich valley lands growing fruit. YOU can do the same. BY OUR PLAN you get a BIG PROFIT from your investment the second year and it increases yearly. *Nothing like it ever offered before.*

WRITE TO-DAY for our new plan book, and the NATIONAL HOMESTEAD the *best homeseekers publication* in California. DO IT NOW.

NATIONAL HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION Dept. Z. 644 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Lorane Apple and Pear Orchards

The character of our Apple and Pear plantings place them in the same class with our English Walnut properties. We are the largest planters on the Pacific Coast. Investigation will bring you no question as to character of property and reliability of our dealings. **$100 cash, $15.00 per month for each five acre tract.** Catalogue on application.

CHURCHILL-MATTHEWS CO., Inc., Lumber Exchange Bldg., Portland, Oregon

$3,000 YEARLY INCOME
FOR LIFE FROM A SMALL INVESTMENT

Anyone who can afford $5 to $50 per month can obtain independence and a life income. ¶ Growing Eucalyptus-Mahogany for market is an immensely profitable enterprise because this species of hardwood matures quickly and creates a yearly income. ¶ This is an absolutely safe investment for absentee owners because—the U. S. Government, the State of California, the University of Californiaand the Forestry Society are behind the statements made in our bulletins; a leading bank handles your money and makes the deed; the purchase agreement guarantees the return of your money if there is any shortage of trees. ¶ Write today for our literature which covers the whole situation and outlines the method by which a five to one hundred acre tract of this valuable timber can be secured at a nominal cost while the trees are young, This is *the* greatest *opportunity* of this century. Ten acres will create new wealth at the rate of $3000.00 yearly. *Do you want it?* Then write us for United States Government proofs.

CITIZENS' INVESTMENT COMPANY
402 Bradbury Building, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Start a 5 or 10 acre Eucalyptus Grove

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A small sum down and small sums monthly will mean a permanent income for them a little later on. $200 invested today will produce a grove worth $25,000 at 10 years. 5 years to complete payments. No interest, no taxes, no expense to you. We plant and c re for the grove. You run no risk. Get our booklet "B".

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211 Mercantile Place
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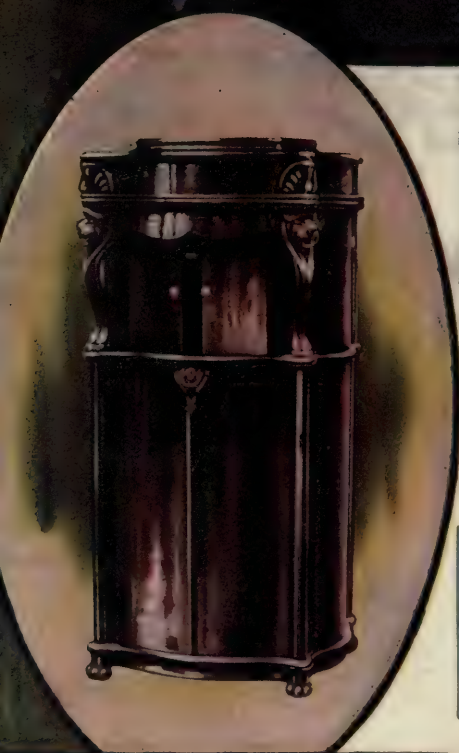

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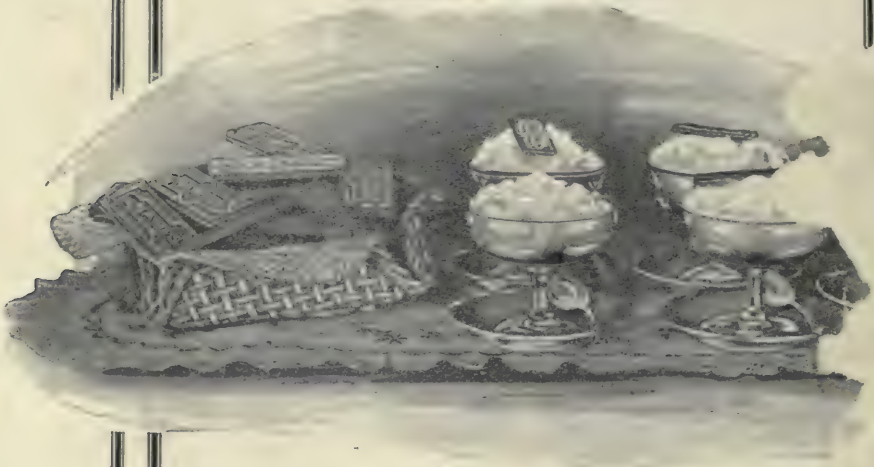

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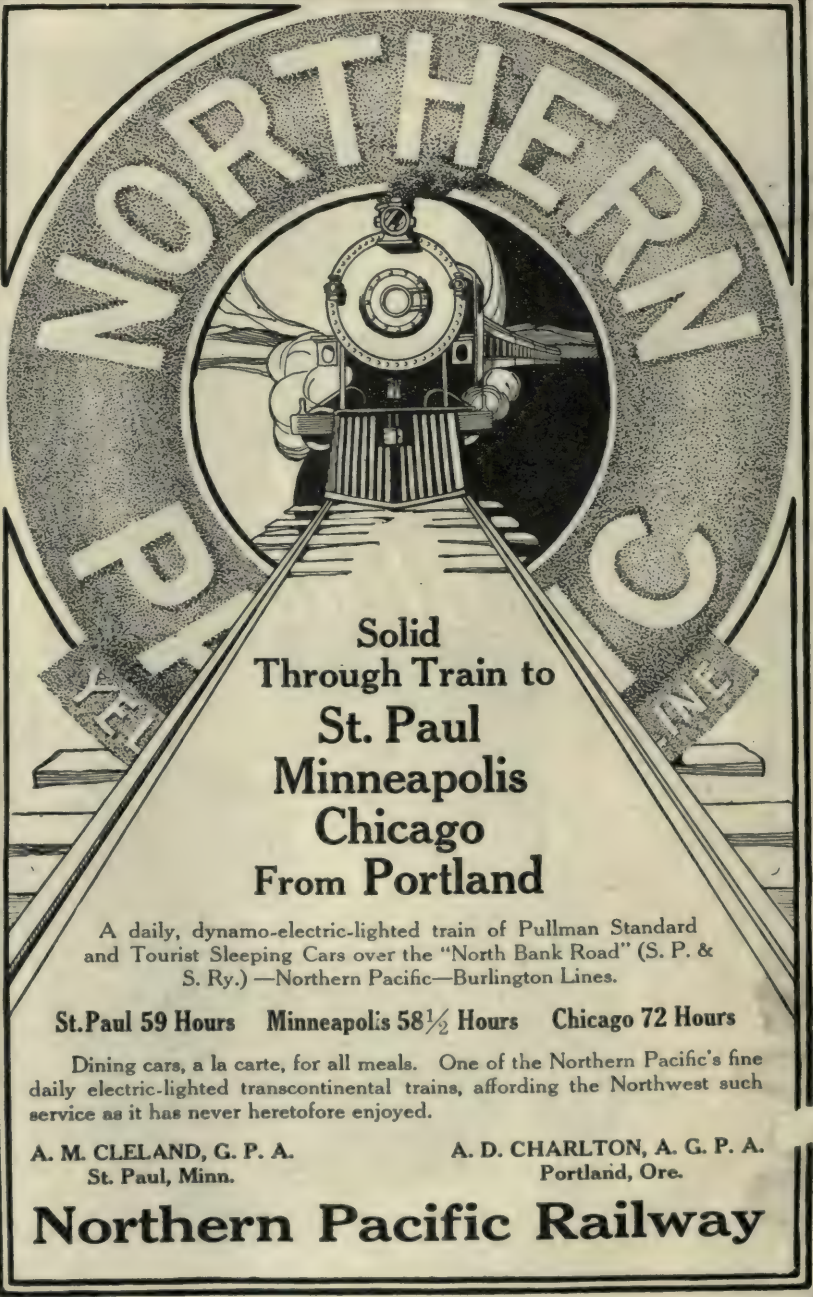

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169 HANSON BLOCK **LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY**

The Pacific Monthly's Offering for 1910

THIS magazine is closing the most successful year in its history. It has long since demonstrated that the West can maintain a permanent, independent and high-class monthly. It has cost a great deal of effort and money to do this, money most generously contributed for no other than this end. And the publication is now soundly established; a vigorous and growing institution, recognized everywhere as one of the most noteworthy factors in the upbuilding of the West and in making known to the world that the West can produce not only unlimited material wealth, but a distinctive and powerful literature.

Are you interested in the Western States, where a thousand splendid valleys are calling to the enterprising and the ambitious to come to their lands and enjoy the fullness thereof? Dont you want to keep in touch with the West and its great thriving communities? You can find no better means for this than by keeping The Pacific Monthly at your elbow.

You like strong, wholesome fiction, virile poetry, brilliant special articles on a wide variety of topics relating to Western America and the farther lands of the vast Pacific, the regions to which the attention of the world is being drawn as never before? Then you may count on finding enjoyment and profit in this magazine, which we want you to make **yours** throughout another year.

A Great Series of Travel Sketches

While Peary and Cook will doubtless be supreme in the pages of our Eastern contemporaries, and there will be a surfeit of controversy and pictures of Eskimo and heroes of the ice, THE PACIFIC MONTHLY publishers are nevertheless jubilant at having secured the most remarkable series of travel sketches, for literary quality and interest, that has appeared in a long time,—**JACK LONDON'S** Adventures with the **Snark** in the South Pacific.

Each of the articles is complete in itself. The whole series will give the reader a truer picture of the South Sea Islands than perhaps has ever been presented heretofore. That no little hardship attended the long cruise of the tiny vessel goes without saying, but throughout the manuscripts there runs an undercurrent of delightful humor. Even in the last of the series—**"AN AMATEUR M. D."**—which describes almost incredible conditions and experiences that finally necessitated the abandonment by Mr. London of his plan to continue the voyage around the world—runs the same careless, half-chaffing spirit.

"THE AMATEUR NAVIGATOR," a diverting account of the experiences of Mr. London as navigator of his own craft. Sun nor compass would stay "put," but he did n't "lose" an island, nevertheless.

"CRUISING IN THE SOLOMONS" is full of adventure—experiences with the sinister natives, head-hunting bushmen of that poisonous wilderness. Here the author was wrecked, but the vessel was finally rescued with the help of timely-arriving white men; a nervy missionary baffling the desire of the natives to capture the vessel, or failing which, to get at least one head. Some of the South Sea regions, long touted as veritable Gardens of Eden, Mr. London found to be in reality the abode of death. He saw hideous wrecks of dying tribes, where leprosy, elephantiasis, tuberculosis, and "yaws" flourish unchecked; where conditions are practically intolerable to white men. What are "yaws"? Let Mr. London describe them.

In the account of **"A PACIFIC TRAVERSE"** we have one of the most striking articles of the series. It is a description of a four-thousand-mile journey "across the trades," to make the two thousand miles between the Hawaiian Islands and the Marquesas, and involving tribulations in the "variables" and the doldrums; not a glimpse of land nor sight of sail for the entire distance. This is the Sahara of the seas, where the Londons ran short of water and encountered

dangerous squalls, and watched, day after day, the chase of flying fish by bonitas and dolphins. Vividness is perhaps most conspicuous among the fine qualities of the style of London's travel sketches, and in this article you seem to be positively lifted in spirit to that remote and tiny speck of a vessel on the vast ocean solitude, and are carried along with its tossing and meanderings.

In the Marquesas Mr. London found **"TYPEE."** "When I was a small boy," he says, "I read a book, Herman Melville's 'Typee,' and many long hours I dreamt over its pages until I resolved mightily I should one day see it." But it had changed mightily since Melville's day, though vast stone ruins remain to indicate something of the quality of that noble and warlike tribe unanimously described by early voyagers as physically the most perfect race of human beings on earth. Though these islands are still a terrestrial paradise in outward appearances, the toxic influences of contact with the whites has left but a ghastly remnant of the one time splendid people. The author suggests here a number of very interesting thoughts upon the causes of the survival and supremacy of the white race in the world at large.

In the **"HOUSE OF THE SUN"** the voyager describes with all his power of language and splendor of style, an ascent to the summit of the monster mountain of Maui, where are to be seen almost daily the most wonderful cloud effects in all the world.

Another fascinating article is **"STONE FISHING AT BORA BORA,"** in the Society Islands. The crew of the **Snark** were here greeted with the utmost cordiality by the natives, who celebrated the arrival of the strangers, at the same time entertaining the latter, by engaging in a grand fish drive, a sport with features strikingly similar to those of our famous Western "rabbit drives" and "coyote drives."

Notable among the South Sea tales by Mr. London are **"KOOLAU, THE LEPER,"** and **"THE HOUSE OF PRIDE."** The former story appears in this number. It is practically a transcript of fact, being based on the history of an extraordinary Hawaiian—an indomitable soul.

"THE HOUSE OF PRIDE," which will be published some time during 1910, depicts the character of a cad whose exalted pride rested on the slightest foundation, yet blinded him to considerations of humanity. The story involves one of the social problems peculiar to the South Seas, wherein an early white arrival married a native woman and afterwards married a daughter of his own race.

Development Articles

Besides our regular monthly section of ten or fifteen pages giving the latest actual news items of land development in every important section of the West, we have arranged for a number of important special articles which will appear next year. Among them are the following:

"Pacific Coast Versus Canada For the Homeseeker."

"Following the Colonists." (An account of the great semi-annual westward movement of homeseekers.)

"The 'Booster' Movement in the Pacific States."

"Some Famous Old California Ranches."

"Present Opportunities in Eastern Oregon." (The land hitherto famous as the largest railroadless area in the United States.)

"Money From Vineyards in the Northwest."

"Conditions the Homeseeker Must Face in Alaska."

"Grain-and-Grass Growing Versus Fruit."

"What the Philippines Have to Offer American Homeseekers."

"The Agricultural College on Wheels." (The special farming demonstration trains.)

"Great Government Reclamation and Carey Act Projects in 1910."

"Experiences of a Government Land Seeker."

"Stories of Men That Have Found Fortunes in the West in Recent Years."

"Stories of Women Who Have 'Taken Up Land.'"

Other Features in Store for 1910

Readers of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for the past several months have noted the series of powerful essays on topics of interest and importance to everybody, by **DR. STEPHEN S. WISE, Ph. D.** The broad thought, the unusually sane and wholesome viewpoint and the fearless and independent attitude displayed in these essays have attracted wide attention, passages from them being reprinted in many other periodicals of the country. Dr. Wise's articles form a strong feature and he has promised to continue them during the coming months.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD, philosopher, poet,—all-around critic and acknowledged literary celebrity of Oregon—will contribute sonnets and other verse and will also furnish an occasional article, to the gratification of his very wide circle of readers.

D. E. DERMODY,
Author of "Key to the Bulls-Eye," "Admirals All," "The Ricochet Shot," and Other Strong Naval Stories.

The work of **JOHN FLEMING WILSON** (formerly editor of this magazine) is already familiar to readers of leading Eastern magazines as well as of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, as the author of short stories of marked originality and fine literary form and quality. Mr. Wilson is now engaged exclusively in authorship. His two latest stories, in the October and November numbers, are precursers of several more promised for next year. Mr. Wilson has adopted a definite aim in his creative work, namely to present the vital problems of life, and without preaching or pointedly obtruding a moral, yet endeavoring to impress some big thought upon the mind of his reader while entertaining him.

CHARLES B. CLARK, JR., contents himself with carving a single gem—one poem—each month, which appears in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. The popularity of this young bard of the West has grown until the demand for the first volume of his poems has become insistent. It has been planned to publish such a volume soon and we hope to see it materialize within the coming year.

WILLIAM MAXWELL is another creator of Western song, whose work has charmed our readers from time to time during the past two years. He will continue to contribute during the coming months. Mr. Maxwell's verse is full of the spirit of the old West, the West of his stirring and romantic youth.

Another writer that has become familiar to our readers during the past twelve months is **D. E. DERMODY**, the author of a number of the best naval stories we have seen. Mr. Dermody is himself a sailor on an American battleship, a yeoman in rank, but we predict that after the expiration of his enlistment he will devote himself more exclusively to literature, perhaps continuing to take for his field, life in the American Navy. We shall have several stories from him in 1910.

"Who is **HARVEY WICKHAM?**" wrote James Hopper to us recently; "he is a wonder; that 'Cork Jacket' of his published in your May number is a great story." A more recent story of Mr. Wickham's, "**Worth While Things,**" is attracting even wider attention, and has been reprinted by permission by several publications. Mr. Wickham is a San Francisco newspaper man, who besides attention to his daily newspaper work, is devoting time to perfecting his literary style, in the exercise of an imagination of rare quality. More of his stories will appear in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY in 1910.

A series of articles of unusual fascination, though in the nature of "twice-

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY'S OFFERING FOR 1910

HARVEY WICKHAM,
Author of "The Cork Jacket," "The Worth While Things," and Other Stories of Fine Literary Quality.

told tales," will be John L. Cowan's "**How the World's Great Mines Were Discovered.**" Mr. Cowan has delved into the histories of the most famous gold mines, silver mines, and diamond mines, and naturally has found therein a world of romance, sufficient, if given fully, to fill a long row of bookshelves with thrilling stories. It is astonishing to note how nearly every great find has been due to some lucky accident. It would seem that the proper time for a prospector to strike it rich is when he is lown to his last handful of beans, or his ast drop of water; then he stubs his toe over a piece of rock just above a bonanza, or his mule falls into gulch full of nuggets. The series will be illustrated from a large number of photographs of the most celebrated mining camps and mines of the world.

Among other brilliant writers whose work will appear in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY during 1910 are:

WILLIAM WINTER, with more of his fine, independent reviews of the New York stage and the drama in general.

MAX NORDAU, the celebrated German savant—(did you read his "A Dangerous Game" in the September and October numbers?)

GEORGES d'ESPARBES, the celebrated French author (read his "The Cry From the Abyss" in the December number, translated by Mary J. Safford.)

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q"), the famous English writer, has a story, "My Christmas Burglary," in the December number.

S. BARING-GOULD, also famous among modern English writers, contributes a fine bit of fiction, "The Winstanley Hunt."

PATRICK VAUX, whose naval stories have given him international renown, will contribute during the year. "**The Convincing of Captain Arklow,**" by Mr. Vaux, appears in this number.

GEORGE STERLING, newly famous among American poets, will have a number of brilliant poems, including "**Three Sonnets of the Night Skies.**"

FRED R. BECHDOLT, who sprang into fame last year as joint author with James Hopper of "9009," and whose shorter fiction and special articles have since increased his reputation, will have a number of stories in this magazine during the coming months, including "**Things Inanimate,**" a remarkable character study.

LEWIS R. FREEMAN, another new California writer, is an occasional contributor. His ballad, "**The Saving of the Cora Andrews,**" which appears this month, we venture to say will be considered a very notable production of its kind.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER, WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK, WILLIAM R. BENET, ALAN BRACKINREED, AGNES DEANS CAMERON, FRED LOCKLEY, LIONEL JOSEPHARE, GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, DON MARQUIS, FLORENCE HARDIMAN MILLER, ELIZABETH LAMBERT WOOD, EDWARD ALLISON GALE, K. K. KAWAKAMI, and **R. M. WOOLLEY** are among the contributors for 1910.

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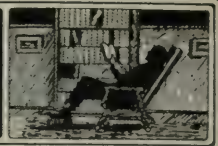

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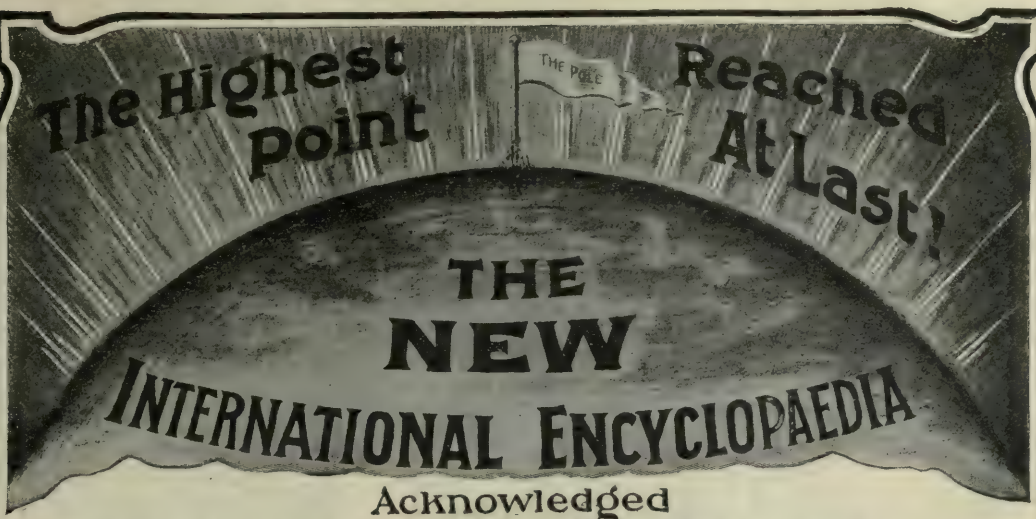

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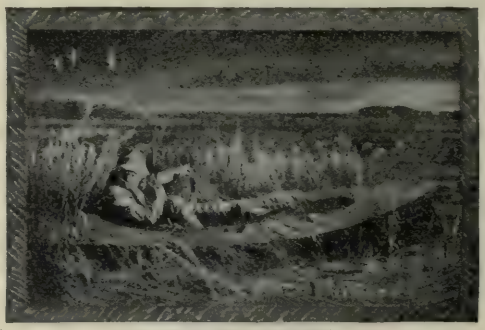

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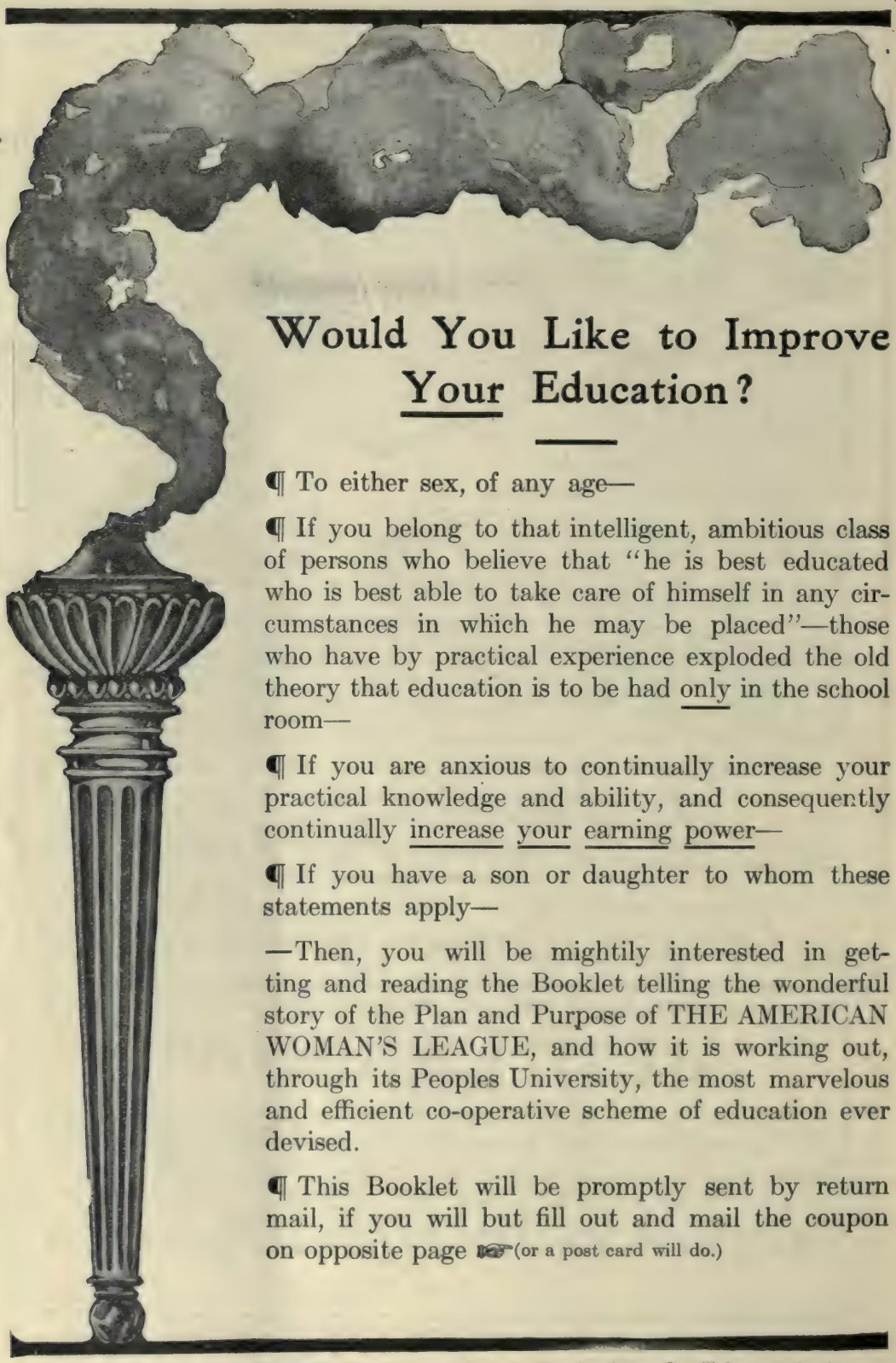

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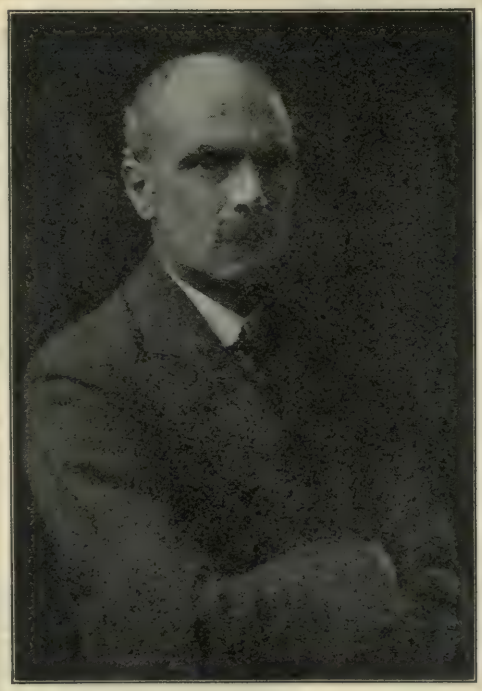

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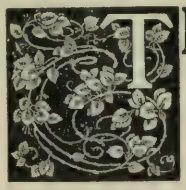

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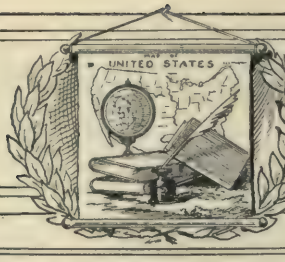

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The same number of OUTING contains twelve other articles that no lover of the outdoors dare ignore.

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To Our Readers

The Pacific Monthly for January

WITH the opening of the winter session of Congress, the great problems of conservation are taking so large a part of public attention, that we have arranged for a number of special articles next month on this subject. "SENTIMENT VERSUS UTILITY," by H. M. Chittenden, Lieutenant-Colonel Corps Engineers, U. S. Army, and a member of the commission that examined the Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park, to report upon the advisability of its use as a reservoir site for San Francisco's water supply. His article presents the arguments of those who believe utilization of all our water-power resources is bound to be the policy of the future. The author, while recognizing the value of splendid National parks kept open as playgrounds for all the people, is yet inclined to favor such uses of any great natural resources therein as San Francisco desires to make of the Hetch Hetchy.

The views of those "nature lovers," like members of the Sierra Club and others who are more or less radically opposed to any invasion of the National parks, either by water-power companies or by reservoir-builders for any purpose, are outlined by Mr. Rodney L. Glisan, who made a remarkably interesting 200-mile trip last summer through the High Sierras, winding up with the Hetch Hetchy and Yosemite.

Mr. R. R. Howard, in an article entitled "THE WATER PROBLEMS OF THE NORTHWEST," describes other important phases of the conservation movement, and problems involved, which will be of interest to all readers.

All three of the foregoing articles are copiously illustrated from fine photographs of waterfalls and valley and mountain scenes.

The "HOUSE OF THE SUN" is the first of Jack London's brilliant series of Pacific U. S. Navy. A certain officer proves to be the exception among his fellows by falling far travel sketches. It is an example of word-painting that we believe to be hardly excelled in the language. Illustrated from numerous photographs by Mr. London.

A "NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY," by William T. Prosser, gives the interesting story of the new Puget Sound Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—the trans-continental line which will have so important a part in the rapid development of hitherto more-or-less inaccessible territory in the Northwest. Illustrated from interesting photographs along the railway line.

Professor James R. Kendall contributes the third and last of his remarkable series of papers on "THEORY OF ORGANIC LIFE," which have appeared intermittently. Readers interested in metaphysical subjects will recall his former discussions of "Right and Left-handedness," "The Negative and Positive Phases of Energy," "Waking and Sleeping," etc.

William Winter will be welcomed again next month, with a brilliant article: "A CENTURY OF THE NEW YORK STAGE." "We are," remarks Mr. Winter in a letter, "in New York, at the beginning of what is proclaimed to be an 'epoch' in our theatrical history. To me it seems like the 'epoch' will prove to be only the opening of one more theater,—an exceedingly handsome one. That, however, will appear in the coming on of time. Meanwhile, a good feature with which to begin the year seems to be a glance at the century's accomplishments on the local stage and some consideration of the prospects."

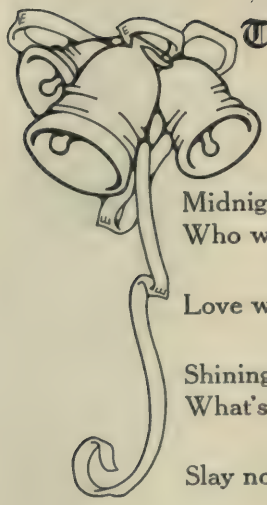
SOME OF THE JANUARY STORIES.

A new Western writer, Thomas C. Galbreath, appears in the PACIFIC MONTHLY next month with a powerful tale, "COMP'NY FOR EACH OTHER," the story of a homicide fleeing from the law to a remote spot in the wilderness, where he meets another fugitive, upon whom also is the brand of Cain. Mutual suspicions and opposite characteristics work sinister effects, and the story is brought to a highly dramatic conclusion. Illustrated by C. S. Price.

"THE CLAIM JUMPERS," by Charles U. Becker, is a very diverting account of a precious pair of rascals who attempt to rob a miner of his fortune and get themselves involved in a ridiculous plight. The author cleverly shows the natural process of thieves falling out because of excessive greed, to their final undoing.

"THE RICOCHET SHOT" is another of D. E. Dermody's fascinating tales of the U. S. Navy. A certain officer proves to be the exception among his fellows in falling far short of the "officer-and-gentleman" standard.

"THINGS INANIMATE," by Fred R. Bechdolt, author of "9009," "The Prospector," etc., is a powerful delineation of a certain type of badman. A soul steeped in evil,—a degenerate—receives something akin to a cold shower bath, from an unexpected encounter with the pure and wholesome.



The Star and the Child

A Christmas Hymn

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

CHILD.

Midnight star, eternal, say
Who was born this blessed day?

STAR.

Love was born, to live alway.

CHILD.

Shining guardian of the night,
What's the message of thy light?

STAR.

Slay no more—for Right is Might.

CHILD.

World beyond my feeble ken
Sing that song the stars sang then.

STAR.

Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men.

CHILD.

Tell me, star of morning—tell
Who on earth this day did dwell?

STAR.

On this happy Christmas morn
Jesus Christ, the mild, was born;
All the veil of Hate was torn.
From the glittering, radiant skies
Sang the stars in sweet replies,
Which through ages shall not cease,
Love on earth and heavenly peace;
Christ, who died upon the cross,
Saves us all from bitter loss.
Hark! This psalm sounds from above
All the world is saved by Love.

Glory, Glory, Glory
Hallelujah!—Amen,
Hail the Blessed Story
Hallelujah!—Amen.

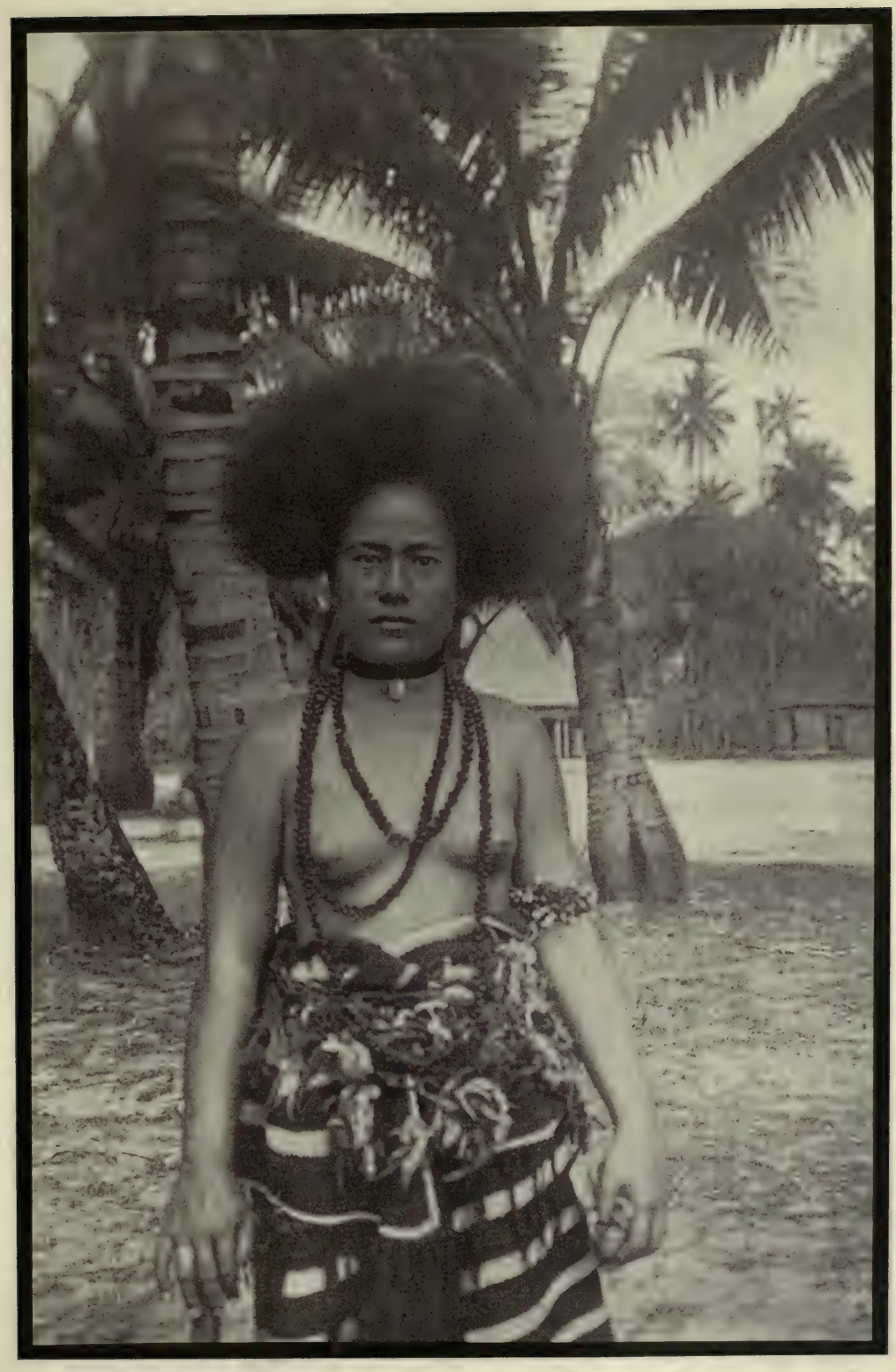


Photo by Jack London. (See page 567.)

A SOUTH SEA ISLAND BELLE.

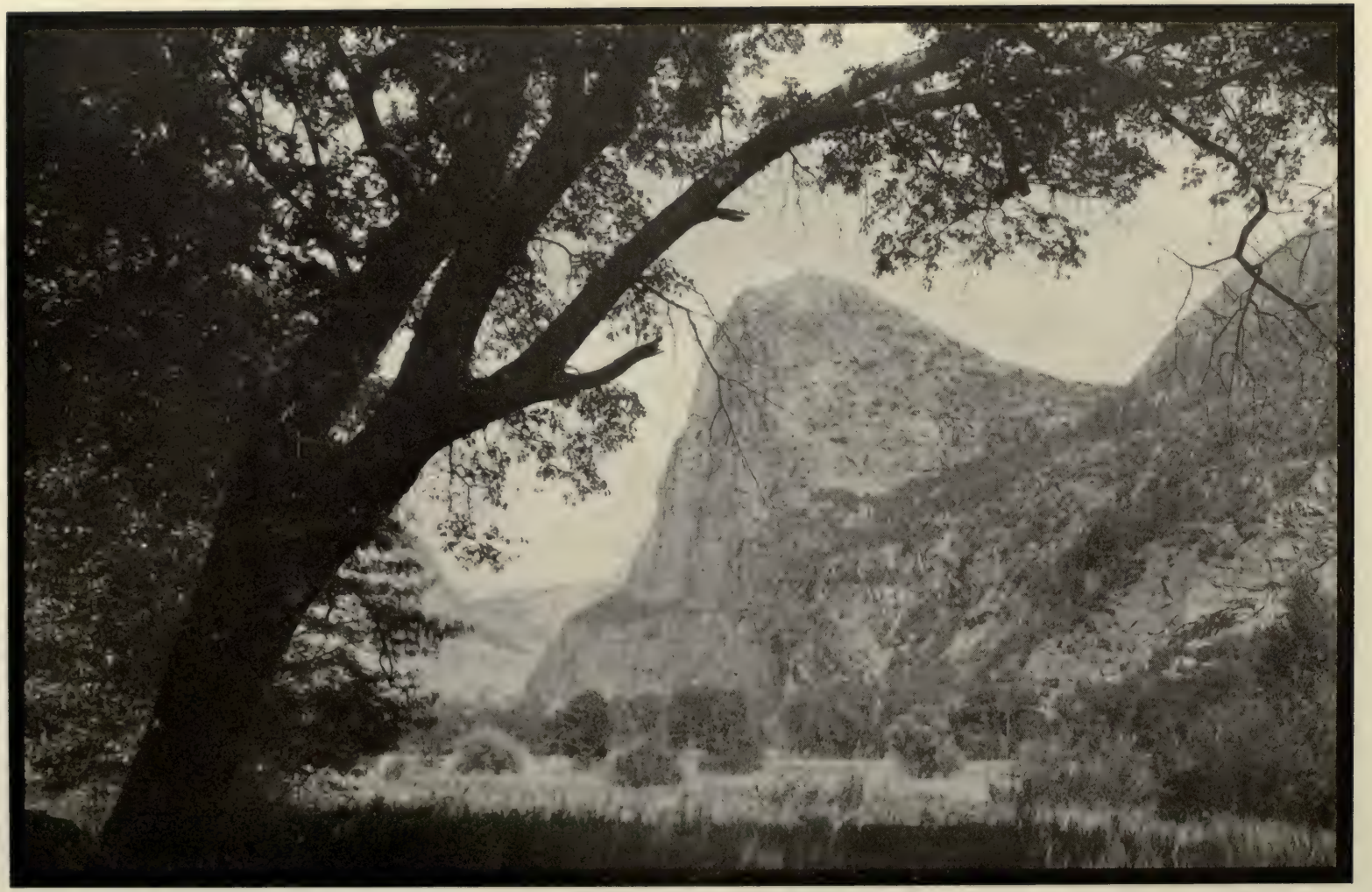


Photo by J. N. LeConte, July, 1908.

IN A FRAME OF OAK, HETCH HETCHY VALLEY, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Photograph by William S. Rice.

THE LE CONTE OAK; CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

VOL. XXII DECEMBER, 1909 No. 6

The Crow We Had to Pick

By Brigadier-General J. P. Farley, U. S. A.

(Formerly Colonel of Ordnance)

Illustrated from Wartime Photographs by Haas & Peale, owned by General Farley.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—General Farley's contribution to Civil-War literature, though the subject is remote from what has come to be considered the field of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, is too valuable, historically, and interesting in connection with the present-day discussion of big-gun, big-battleship development, not to be very generally welcomed.

AFTER reading Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoody's admirable article in the PACIFIC MONTHLY some months ago, entitled "Our National Scarecrow," I have come to think that the photographs I have preserved since 1863, and which I had taken on the spot at the time of the great siege of Charleston, South Carolina, should, if accompanied by a brief recital of facts not generally known to the public, form a fitting sequel to the lieutenant's essay—and argument.

As one of the old school and yet whose days have been prolonged to admit of his constructing the sixteen-inch rifle, as his last exploit in ordnance, what I may have to offer should show that our dependence in the Civil War did not alone rest on the *smooth-bore* gun.

We are all of us more or less familiar with details of the contest in Hampton Roads, Virginia, in the early spring of 1863, but few there were, even in earlier days, who kept pace with the developments in ironclad construction — the sequence of the engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac,* which so far as it went was no crucial test of the merits of the vessels engaged.

On April 7, 1863, and here the writer should add some sixty days before I joined the army in the department of the South, a fleet consisting of eight monitors of approved construction and the *New Ironsides,* the latter a vessel of

modern construction for its day, appeared off Charleston Harbor in readiness for the long premeditated attack upon Fort Sumter.

Commodore S. M. Du Pont, U. S. N., who had been so successful in his enterprise against the forts of Port Royal Harbor in the fall of 1862, was given command of this new and as yet untried squadron, his orders being couched in terms well calculated to stimulate the enterprise.

"The glorious achievement of our navy," so the secretary writes, "inaugurated by yourself, gives every reason to hope for a successful issue." In fact, it may be said that at no time during our civil strife did the people of both sections of the country await with such anxiety the issue of the struggle for the possession of Fort Sumter. The officers and men of the fleet well knew the consequences of failure, and that the new-born squadron was for the first time on trial before the world. Had Sumter fallen—had the contest resulted in favor of our fleet, its details would have been noised abroad, and it would be but a work of supererogation to discuss that contest at the present hour, but expediency and diplomacy enjoined silence at that time, and the world at large, for many years thereafter, was not accurately informed regarding the defective workings of the new ironclad system in the action of April 7, 1863.

CHART SHOWING ATTACK OF MONITORS UPON FORT SUMTER.

There is no question but the threatened recognition by England and France of the Southern Confederacy would have realized, had our real weakness on the sea been advertised broadcast. In confirmation of such statement let us see what actually transpired on the day the new squadron engaged the land batteries off Charleston Harbor.

A single file of pigmy crafts, with the *New Ironsides* standing out like a monster midway the line and flying the commodore's flag, made directly for their objective and took stand under Sumter's frowning columbiads. In twenty minutes after the first shot was fired the entire fleet became engaged, the scene being one, as the Confederates described it, "of unparalleled grandeur." The eighty guns on Sumter's wall were more than a match for something less than half this number on the fleet, although the disparity in point of weight of metal was by no means so great.*

Of the details of this contest here let me speak, as well as of the mortification and disappointment of the captains of

* For those who may not know, I will state that Fort Sumter was pentagonal in form and of no great size, as the dimensions given will show. It was built upon an artificial island, which was ten years in course of construction, and which cost for this foundation alone $1,000,000. The granite blocks were all brought from Northern quarries, and embedded in sand and mud. The walls of the fort were of brick and concrete masonry of the highest possible grade; eighty feet in height, and in thickness varying between five and twelve feet. Four sides of the fort averaged 200 feet in length, and the fifth, or gorge wall, was nearly 350 feet long. The engineers charged with its original construction, of course, did not contemplate that this work was to be assailed by those whom it was intended to defend, or that eight and ten-inch rifle guns from shore batteries would be brought to bear upon its weakest front,—the gorge wall or land side. On this side the guns were in single tier, and *en barbette*, whereas on all other sides they were in three tiers, two in casemate and one *en barbette*.

FIRST GUN FIRED ON SUMTER.
"The Swamp Angel Was a Similar Gun to This. Its Battery of Sand Bags Was Built Much Further Out in the Swamp, and the Gun Was Fired Seventeen Times Into Charleston Before It Burst."

the fleet, of whom none were more emphatic in expression than the commander himself. Here are his own words in reporting upon the monitors: "They are miserable failures so far, where forts are concerned; the longest was one hour and the shortest forty-five minutes under fire, and five of them either wholly or partially disabled."

The tide taken at the ebb before the attack, proved particularly unfortunate for the *New Ironsides,* which, striking

RATHER BATTERED HEADQUARTERS, BEACON HOUSE, MORRIS ISLAND, NEAR FORT WAGNER.

her bow first on one and then on the other side, rendered her, under slow speed, almost, if not entirely, unmanageable, and this formidable ironclad, from which so much had been expected, drifted out of fighting range and almost stranded under the guns of the shore batteries.

The *Weehawken* and *Patapsco* had their turrets jammed and were *hors de combat* after nine shots fired, each having received four hits in the time they jointly delivered but a single shot. The *Nahant* fared as badly as had the *Weehawken* and *Patapsco,* while the *Passaic's* rifled gun was silenced. Early in the fight the *Nahant* was crippled and the *Keokuk* with her double (stationery) turrets "fought to a finish." The *Montauk* and the *Catskill* were, in fact, the only monitors of the fleet, "as it passed in solemn procession past the flagship," on withdrawal from the fight, in condition to renew the attack.

Not less than one hundred guns, from all the harbor batteries, had rained down shot and shell upon the armored turrets and decks of our little monitors during the two or more hours of the engagement. Two thousand shots had been fired from the forts with 450 resultant hits, while the entire fleet had returned this fire with little if any damaging effect. From the pen of a Confederate authority (Johnson) we learn that:

"The fort as a whole had scarcely lost any of its fighting capacity or real efficiency in an action lasting two hours and twenty minutes.

"The fleet went at the fort it had come to attack, paying no attention whatever to the other batteries in the harbor. Upwards of one hundred guns, the heaviest cannon of all descriptions were flashing and thundering together, shooting their balls, their shells and their fiery bolts with sound, and shocks of powerful impact, that surpassed all previous experience of war.

"The smoke of battle, brightened by the sun in snowy clouds, seemed to the distant observer to entirely envelope the small objects on the water which were causing all the trouble. Only when the light breeze availed to lift, or part and roll away slowly the heavy masses, could a glimpse be had of the squadron. The water all around the ships was seen, on closer view, to be constantly cut, ploughed and splashed with every form of disturbance, from the light dip of the ricochet shot to the plunge of the point-blank missile; from the pattering of broken pieces of shot falling back

A SAND-BAG FORTIFICATION.
Lieutenant Wilson's Battery. A Regular Officer, Who Did Most Excellent Service in Mounting Guard, and Always Under Fire.

FORT WALKER, SOUTH CAROLINA.
The Author Is Seated Upon the Right Wheel of the Siege-Gun Limber, Wearing a Straw Hat.

from the impenetrable turrets, to the sudden spurt of spray sent up by a chance mortar shell exploding just beneath the surface of the water.

"Twenty minutes of action had been full of incident. It then became only too evident that the defensive advantages of the armored vessels had been attained at the expense of their offensive power.

"There was chagrin and mortification at the defects felt by its (the fleet's) officers, and at the storm of national displeasure raised by the Northern papers. The commander of the squadron, to use his own words, reported to General David Hunter that *'in attempting to take the bull by the horns he was too much for us.'*"

Du Pont, in determining not to renew the attack, says: "In my judgment it would have converted a failure into a

"REGULAR BUSTER."
The Rifle of the '60s Was Sometimes as Dangerous to Friends as to the Enemy.

disaster," and in describing the action he adds: "It was fierce and obstinate, and the gallantry of the officers and men of the vessels engaged was conspicuous."

The Confederates did not, however, learn for months after how severely the squadron had suffered, but that it had failed to meet expectations was only too evident from its retirement, five days after the engagement, to Port Royal Harbor.*

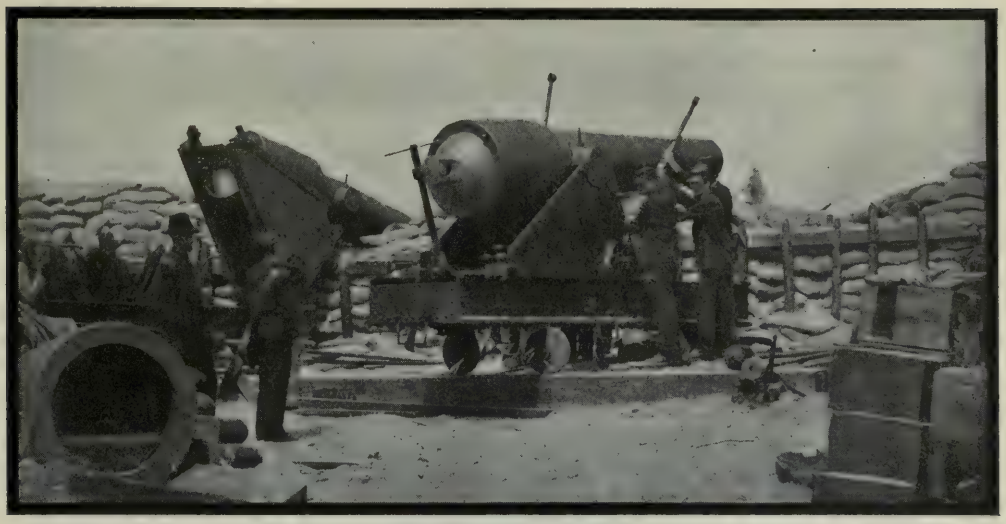
It would be invidious to refer to one more than another of the gallant captains of the fleet, but no less than three men of the same distinguished lineage were there to aid in the effort to recapture Fort Sumter. "Old John Rodgers" was there, the man who put to sea on a wild southeast gale, full-grown, and out for business, to see if that "new fangled cheese-box-on-a-raft," as we were wont to call it, would stand it. If so, a new departure, a fresh page of history. If not, his life and those of a whole man-of-war's crew would be well bestowed in settling this question of *first-class warfare.* George Washington Rodgers was there, and his *Catskill,* which fared so well in the early fight, was yet preserved to bear him to a sailor's grave.

Before Wagner, on an August day of this same year, the *Catskill's* flag dropped to half mast in token of her loss, and this, too, in the very front of battle. The writer in witnessing this incident was as much impressed and at a loss to understand it, as were all other spectators of the contest. A messenger of death from the Confederate batteries, a ten-inch columbiad shell, sheared out a section from the roof of the pilot-house on top of the turret, and driving it in, killed the captain and his pilot at their post.

The cheers from the exultant Confed-

BUILDING TRENCHES.

* When the fleet retired to Port Royal, the *Keokuk* was not entirely submerged, and the Confederates came out of their stronghold, and by the most skillful methods succeeded in removing the *Monitor's* two eleven-inch Dahlgrens, and placing them in the salients of Fort Sumter. Commodore Du Pont was much censured for his neglect in not providing against such contingency, or, better, it may be said, the *achievement* of the Confederates.



BREECH BLOWN OFF THE 200-POUNDER AT THE LEFT.
Of Frequent Occurrence With the Parrott Rifles.

erates, when they saw the *Catskill's* flag lowered to half-mast, led to an order that such signal of distress must not again be set when vessels were in action.

The name of Rodgers is linked with deeds of valor in the annals of naval warfare, but it remained for Colhoun and not her former commander, Rodgers, to take the *Weehawken* into Charleston Harbor on a later day, and to strand her under the very guns of Moultrie.*

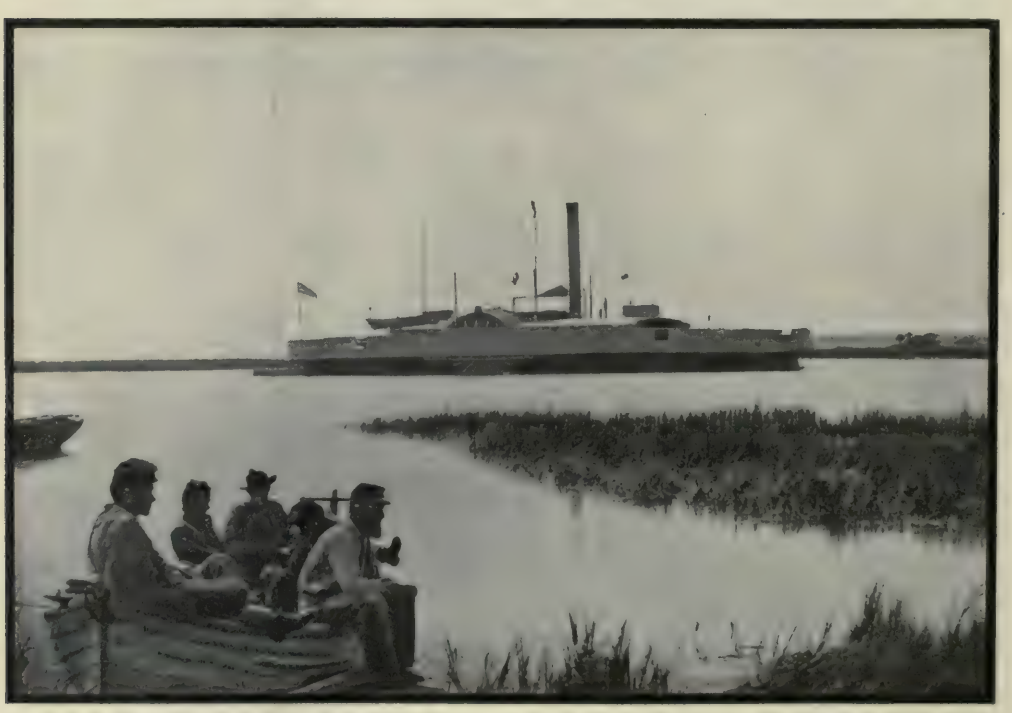
There she lay, exposed "between wind

A 200-POUNDER SHELL WEDGED, BLOWING BREECH OFF.
Officer: "How much does your gun recoil?" Maine Soldier: "A leetle for'ard, if anything."

* The admiral has said, in speaking of Colhoun: "He compensated his misfortune in the handsome manner in which he retorted upon the adversary and defended the glorious flag which floated above him." And thus it was that the *Weehawken* was saved to float away with the rising of the tide.

A 100-POUNDER BATTERY.

and water," but "giving as good as she took," and one of her eighty well-placed shots made short work of Moultrie's magazines. The *New Ironsides* came to her aid and silenced Moultrie's guns, but not before Colhoun had read the signal from the flagship, "Well done, *Weehawken!* Dont give up the ship!"



WAR CALM.

A Peaceful Day for the Soldier Boys of Nearly Half-a-Century Ago

and not before the *Lehigh's* selected crew, with Longshore at the helm, had volunteered the bold and desperate venture to carry a hawser to the sister ship —a hawser three times cut, and in a sea lashed by the missiles of a score of guns. "Well done, *Weehawken!* Well done, *Lehigh!*" say we.

The failure of Du Pont to capture Fort Sumter was followed by his relief from command, and the appointment of Admiral Dahlgren as his successor. It was also clear to the administration that the possession of Charleston Harbor and Sumter as well, could not be accomplished without the aid of a co-operating land force. Morris Island, one of the belt of islands along the coast of South Carolina, and immediately south of Fort Sumter, was admirably fortified by the Confederates, but they were completely surprised by our sudden descent upon its south end which resulted in the capture of some ten batteries of heavy guns; but still they were left in full possession of Batteries Wagner and Gregg, on the north end of the island. It was the writer's good fortune to command four of our batteries on July 10, 1863, the day we effected a lodgment on Morris Island, and to thereafter serve as aide to General Truman Seymour until after the general was wounded in the night assault upon Fort Wagner, on the 18th of July following. As I have before described the contest of April 7, 1863, between the monitors and Sumter, and this, much to the disparagement of this class of vessels, it may now become me to speak of actions in which they gave a far better account of themselves —that is as relates more particularly to the mechanical workings of our little "cheese-boxes-on-a-raft." The valor of our sailors is so well established that it goes without saying, but the strait they found themselves in when engaging Sumter was one well calculated to elicit sympathy. Blocked and jammed turrets, without power or ability to return an adversary's fire, was far from an enviable condition. The action here discussed opened on the morning of July 18, three months and five days after the reputation of the monitors, in naval circles, had been so much tainted.

The bombardment of Fort Wagner by land batteries and fleet of ironclads and gunboats was, indeed, the most beautiful land-and-naval contest I have ever witnessed. The Union batteries consisted of fifty siege guns, many of them twenty and thirty-pounder Parrott rifles, all within easy range of Fort Wagner. These batteries poured upon Wagner a constant hail of shot and shell through the day, while the monitors and *New Ironsides,* circulating around on the waterfront, delivered an effective fire from their fifteen and eleven-inch smooth-bore Dahlgrens and from their eight-inch rifles; each vessel, in turn, firing as it arrived at the point nearest the fort, and employing for their round shot a ricochet fire. There were five monitors together, with the *New Ironsides* moving on the inner and a number of wooden gunboats on the outer circle. Direct fire against the sides of the fort instead of weakening rather strengthened it, revetting its sand front with iron, and hence the ricochet fire was most effective and so well timed as to lodge many projectiles on the *terre pleine* of the fort.

The return fire from Fort Wagner was very desultory during the latter part of the day, and it seemed as if the defenders of the fort must have taken refuge on their inner line at Battery Gregg.

Preparations were next in order to assault the fort after dark, the fire of the batteries and the fleet being persistently maintained until the assaulting column arrived at an indicated point, after which a signal rocket admonished the Union batteries, as well as the guns of the fleet, to cease firing.

As I rode along the head of the column with General Seymour, when his brigade was drawn up on the beach forming for the assault, I marked with grave concern the expression on the faces of the men of the leading company, and was inspired with a certain compassionate regard for those who were, in my judgment, destined to encounter certain death within a few

hours. This view, however, was not entertained by others, as it was thought that the fort might be readily captured and therefore it was that Shaw's regiment of Massachusetts colored troops was later advanced to the post of honor. It is now understood what colored troops can do in action, as shown by their conduct at Santiago, and by their previous good work on the plains, but these were thoroughly disciplined troops, whereas Shaw's men were not seasoned, although at the time the best of the kind in the service, and here was an opportunity for them to establish a reputation.

What actually transpired was this: During the day when the fire was the hottest the garrison of the fort, about 1,300 strong, retired to the bomb proof in perfect security or sheltered themselves behind merlons and traverses where they were almost secure against our terrific fire, for certain it is that no rain or hail of iron could have been more incessant than that poured upon the fort that day. The Union guns and mortars, both ashore and afloat, sixty-four in number, were answered by the guns of Wagner, Sumter, Moultrie, Gregg, Johnson and the minor batteries on James Island, some forty or more Confederate guns, making a grand total, in action, of about one hundred of the most efficient weapons of their day.

The Confederates had cleverly closed their embrasures during the day with sand bags on the land side of the fort, and had protected their lighter guns in the same manner. They had also taken with them into the bomb proof several twelve-pound Howitzers, well knowing what was to be expected after the bombardment, as the stereotyped formula of the Union generals was: First, bombard and then assault—and the Confederates always laid low for the assault. And to make matters worse in the particular case described, the enemy had deciphered the signal dispatches between the land and naval forces of Gilmore and Dahlgren. The engineer officer, as well as the two ordnance officers of Seymour's staff, of which the writer was one, were denied the privilege of accompanying the general with the assaulting column, for the reason, as he said, that he had greater use for us after the battle than at any other time, so that we all three climbed the lookout tower and witnessed the night contest of July 18 from a most favorable point of view.

The assaulting column, some 6,000 strong, moved slowly up the beach in order not to arrive at the narrow neck of land in front of Wagner until after dark. The enemy noticed the advance, and preserved a dire and ominous silence in the fort. From out of the darkness a rocket shot up from the shore batteries, and this was answered by another from the fleet. On the instant every gun ceased firing, and the silence became ominous—a silence broken only by the surf upon the beach. It was like the moment that precedes the earthquake shock. The column had dragged its serpentine length along and sunk into the shades of dusk; the head of the column had reached the glacis of the fort, and the whole body of 6,000 men was packed like sardines on the narrow neck in front of Wagner, and just where the enemy wanted them. On the instant the parapet of this bastion fort was illuminated with flash of musketry and artillery. What before, and in the daylight, had appeared an ungainly mass of misshapen sand now showed up what it really was—an admirably designed bastion fort. More than 1,000 infantry, with four field guns as accessory, concentrated their fire upon a solid mass of humanity blocked in its movements, and enveloped in darkness — a darkness broken only by a stream of fire from the parapet of the fort, which it was useless to return.

At this juncture Lieutenant Peter C. Michie, of the engineers, was so much moved by the sight and the certain knowledge of defeat, that he said he could stand it no longer, and descended from the lookout. For myself I can only say that my sensations simulated those experienced during the San Francisco earthquake of April 18, 1906, save in this: that the agony was more prolonged in one case than in the other. Shaw's

colored regiment, 6,000 strong, went forward on the double quick, but broke in the ditch under a withering fire. A few of the men followed their leader, the gallant Shaw, and fell with him on the crest of the parapet.

From the lookout tower some 2,000 yards from Fort Wagner, the night being black with thunder clouds and unrelieved even by the light of the stars, I could only surmise as to what was actually taking place in our column of assault. Hay and Nicolay in their *History of Lincoln* have this to say:

> "The colored regiment in the advance led by the flower of Massachusetts' loyalty, did all that could be asked of them. They melted away rapidly in the darkness, but pushed forward, dashing through the water of the ditch and climbed the parapet of the fort. Their heroic young colonel fell, shot dead among the foremost men, and the decimated regiment streamed back to the rear, carrying some confusion into the ranks of those following."

From all that I could gather the retreat carried great confusion into the ranks of Putnam's New Hampshire brigade, which, in the first place, had the place of honor, but now were compelled to pass over the bodies of the dead or demoralized men of the leading regiment. At least seventy-five per cent of the entire assaulting column were driven from the field, or lay dead or wounded where they fell. Strong, Shaw and Chatfield had fallen, mortally wounded, and it devolved on Putnam with his brigade to go forward over the abatis and ditch and up into the salient of the fort, which had been abandoned for the moment by the enemy. Here it was that this young officer and his brave followers made a desperate stand, Putnam encouraging his men with the expectation of reinforcements which, unfortunately, did not arrive, and the Confederates seeing this had them at a great disadvantage. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict took place in the fort, and for Putnam and his gallant men no quarter was asked or given. The presence of some members of the colored regiment, and the desperate situation of the garrison of the fort, in case of defeat, made the fight a fight to the finish.

From Confederate sources it was learned that the dead were piled three deep in the sand of the fort, and there lay at the bottom of the heap Colonel Haldiman Sumner Putnam, lieutenant of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, U. S. A., and colonel of the New Hampshire brigade. The back portion of his head was blown off, but "still the remarkable beauty of his form and face evoked from his victorious foe a sigh of pity."

Colonel Putnam and General Strong (the latter dying from wounds received in this contest) were each in turn captains of their class in the battalion of cadets at West Point. Both were young men of great promise, and both fell at the head of their regiments in this desperate contest. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, my parting with these, my comrades. Some dozen or more of us were chatting over a campfire in our batteries an hour or so after midnight on the morning of the day of our descent upon Morris Island. We had, by way of refreshments, coffee and hardtack, and to better keep up our spirits and reinforce our courage, a drop of something a little stronger—the far-famed "rot-gut" of the army—a so-called whiskey which could be had for the moderate sum of one dollar per gallon, something well adapted for the painter and for jobs in his line. In other words, the stuff was nothing more than pure alcohol, but it served its purpose well when used as a beverage in the army. I have always found it hard to realize that the good-bye, hearty handshake and well wishes of that night were the last for these gallant young soldiers.

The repulse of the assaulting column on the night of July 18 was complete, and our troops were so demoralized that all organization was lost in the darkness. If a small body of the enemy had come out of their entrenchments, and followed up their success, they could have captured the whole of the assaulting column, or driven it into the sea. General Seymour, who commanded, was badly wounded, one of his aides killed and another wounded, while the general him-

self was obliged to leave the field for the North, to recuperate from the effects of the climate and his wound. This separated me from his personal staff, and I was assigned to the command of the ordnance depot of the department of the South, during the following seven months.

The success of the Confederates was due in large measure to the wise provision of Colonel A. D. Harris of the Confederate engineers, who had planned and constructed the forts and batteries on Morris Island in anticipation of just such bombardments and assaults as the one described. The loss to the Confederates did not exceed 174 killed and wounded, while our loss in the two hours of this night's engagement, July 18, was placed at not less than 2,000 killed and wounded, thirty-three per cent of the whole number engaged, or about equal that of the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, where the same percentage was killed or wounded.*

General Gilmore, in no wise discouraged, began the construction of batteries for large-caliber siege guns—eight and ten-inch rifles—the range of which enabled him to bombard Sumter while ignoring the Confederate outworks, Wagner and Gregg. The range from our line of battery to Fort Sumter did not exceed four or five thousand yards, at which distance the rifles were very effective, though oftentimes giving way at the breech and requiring that they should be fired with long lanyards, while the gun detachments took shelter behind the traverses. This first systematic bombardment of Sumter commenced on August 17, and in seven days the fort was scarcely to be recognized as other than a mass of debris, though still resisting and with its flag still flying, planted and replanted time and again, as it was shot away from the parapet of the fort. The gorge wall of Sumter, of brick and but five feet thick, was so readily penetrated by our rifle projectiles that the Confederates strengthened that face with sand bags and wet cotton bales, which were brought to the fort by harbor steamers. Notwithstanding that half of the original armament of Sumter had been transferred to shore batteries when the bombardment commenced, it had still remaining thirty-five to forty guns of large caliber. From this it will be seen that at the date of the first bombardment, which continued for sixteen days, Sumter was not ill-prepared for a formidable resistance. Six thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight shots were fired against the fort in the period mentioned, though but fifty-two of its garrison were killed or wounded, a small number of casualties in proportion to the damage done the fort, showing that the work of the projectiles was expended more upon the masonry than upon animate objects.

With the termination of this bombardment and the almost entire destruction of Sumter, General Gilmore concentrated his fire upon Fort Wagner, and in this he was supported by the powerful broadside batteries of the *New Ironside* and other vessels of the squadron. Four thousand shots were fired in forty-two hours, and on the night of September 6 the garrison of Wagner, 900 strong, evacuated the fort after a sturdy and determined resistance of fifty-eight days. The total casualties sustained by the Confederates, not included in the assaults of July 11 and 18, were 318 killed and wounded.

On September 8 the surrender of Fort Sumter was demanded by Admiral Dahlgren, who co-operated with our land force throughout the siege. Whatever there may have been to reflect on the mechanical action of the monitors on April 7, 1863, was more than retrieved in these later contests.

The assault made by Dahlgren on the night following the refusal of the Confederates to surrender was a boat attack, which was unsuccessful and resulted in a loss of two large barges and the taking of 150 Union prisoners. A few

* After protracted siege operations, the saps having been run to the very "sally-port" of Wagner, by Lieutenant Peter C. Michie, of the engineers, it was found, when the fort was evacuated in December, that the parapet and all of its outworks had been used as a cemetery for the dead, the burning sun of midsummer rendering it necessary to cover up the bodies on the spot, and with the greatest possible despatch.

bricks from Sumter were captured, and this gave a rather ludicrous turn to this most serious affair. A sutler's schooner left Port Royal for the North *"laden with bricks from Sumter,"* which sold on the streets of New York City for five dollars each—gold bricks, indeed, were these, though paid for in depreciated currency.

After enduring two great, and eight minor, bombardments and suffering the injuries of an exploded magazine, with disastrous burning of quarters, Fort Sumter was reduced to a mass of ruins, but with its flag still flying. After months of labor it was again transformed into a shapely and formidable earthwork, mounting five heavy guns in casemate, and was thoroughly protected against assault. Nothing brought down the Confederate flag until Sherman knocked at the back door of Charleston and demanded the surrender of the city in the month of February, 1865.

* * *

"Though the sounds of war had died away around the harbor through all the winter of 1864-65, and the flag of Sumter had been lowered with the saluting of the evening gun, the time was drawing near for the termination of its defense, and the furling of that flag forever. It had silenced the very guns which once had silenced it. * * * As evening advanced the entire garrison was formed, ready to move; the roll was called, the lines were cast off. Fort Sumter loomed grandly before their lingering eyes for a few moments longer,—then the dark night enveloped it and they saw it no more.*

* * *

Count the stripes on the flag—we weave into one
The tears and the sighs for the lives that are done,
But out of the shadows of each setting sun
Shine the stars on the flag.—*T. H. H.*

* This quotation is from Confederate sources. On the 14th of April, 1865, as the bells on the ships in Charleston Harbor struck the hour of noon, Major, now Brigadier-General Robert Anderson, with his own hands siezed the halyard, and hoisted to its place the flag which he had seen lowered just four years before.

The Cry From the Abyss

By Georges d'Esparbes

Translated from the French for The Pacific Monthly

By Mary J. Safford

THE English occupied the crest of the mountain of Alcoba, between the monastery of Busaco and the pass, which dominated the camp of the French. Their position appeared impregnable. yet it was necessary to attack it.

On the twenty-seventh of September Ney ordered the trumpets to blare and the drums to beat.

At the end of an hour, without imagining what gigantic wings had borne four thousand men so high, the marshal and two regiments of grenadiers appeared within twenty paces of the English!

Instantly the throats of the cannon opened, and the red grape-shot flew toward the French columns. Panting for breath, Ney and his troops dashed upon the gun carriages, were crushed by the firing, melted away in the smoke, rushed forward, crumbled and surged on again. During the assault, 300 men were killed. They fell in heavy clusters, but behind them others ran, filled the gap, and made way for others—At last the cannon were silenced; the enemy's line quivered. and the red gunners, the tall English carabineers fled.

"Forward!" shouted the marshal.

The pursuit was begun along the plateau, but suddenly the earth trembled. A large patch of ground split and bearing an enormous mass of men, 1000 of whom were English and 400 French, fell headlong into a terrible gulf! The combatants who remained, heard nothing

but a tremendous uproar, a fleeting, dying, distant wail—then nothing was caught on the mountain except a sort of echo of a dull shouting—only terror, silence, the retreat of the astounded troops remained.

Toward three o'clock an English flag of truce was borne down, and the messenger, inquiring the way to Marshal Ney's quarters, informed Ney that Wellington wished to speak to him about the catastrophe of the morning.

Then for the first time, Ney appeared to wake. Ever since the battle he had been in a sort of stupor of hallucinations, and his servant, stationed in front of the tent, would allow no one to enter. At last he rose and sent for the commander of the second corps.

"Reynier, you will go with me. Order a captain and a company."

The general bowed, and a moment after the troop was climbing the mountain.

Wellington, still pale with emotion, surrounded by his officers, was waiting on the height.

"Monsieur le Maréchal," he said quickly, "you must be as much interested as I in the lives of the brave men who fell into the abyss this morning. There are no longer enemies, in this hour, only sufferers."

Ney went forward and the two commanders clasped hands.

"We must give them our aid at once."

"We ought to have done so sooner," replied the marshal, "but horror paralyzed my ideas; this is the first time in my life that I have felt fear."

While exchanging these words, the generals and their suites had stopped before the abyss. A funnel of rocks, whose opening the sun was scorching, yawned like an immense mouth in the surface of the plateau and, hollowing the mountain, sank straight into the earth, intensely dark. Ney, Wellington and the officers leaned over. From this horrible mouth, always open, motionless, unfeeling, swept a gust of cold air. Their faces were lashed by it.

"Some one must go down," said the marshal simply.

Wellington shuddered. and several faces among the group of English officers paled.

Ney, a man of action, turned. "Ropes," he ordered. "Captain, have you a man?"

"Yes, marshal."

"Let him come."

The captain "looked" at his troop, and a grenadier stepped forward.

"He will do his best; he is a Basque," said the officer, presenting him.

The soldier took off his uniform, made his captain a swift salute, and the rope began to uncoil. He was seen for a moment descending the declivity with a stout stick in his hand, and at the end of a minute he disappeared in the darkness. Then they shouted:

"Is everything right?"

"Yes; let out the rope."

Then an Englishman wanted to go down, too.

"No," said the Marshal, "your man might strike against mine on the way. The fellow who has gone down might profit by it to attack him, and our two soldiers would fight, suspended by our ropes over the gulf. Instead of having information, we should bring back two corpses."

Wellington made no reply. The descent was becoming difficult; the rope slackened.

"Trees and rocks are stopping him," said an officer.

Some one shouted:

"Whoo-o-op!"

The rope tightened, and a voice, already distant, rose from the abyss. "I see nothing—lower me."

A mysterious tremor shook the cord. Four officers ranged in line were paying it out from time to time. It did not move quickly. The man below could see only with his hands, and was doubtless swinging in total darkness.

"Whoo-o-op! Holloa!" shouted the grenadiers.

Fainter and fainter, like a deadened echo of a bell, a sound breathed from the gulf:

"Agai-ain, low-er."

There was another stop. Without any weight at the bottom, the rope floated in curves, then grew taut again.

Several more yards were let out, but Wellington turned impatiently:

"Let some one go for the monk."

A major left the group and returned followed by a Minim.

"Monsieur le Maréchal," said Wellington, "here is a monk who might be able to tell us whether on any of the slopes of the Alcoba, there is a passage which we could use to save our men more quickly."

"Question him," said Ney.

"Father," asked Wellington at once, "do you speak French?"

The Minim answered "yes" by a sign. He had bent his neck forward, and his thin face, bald head and cavernous eyes gave him the semblance of a griffon.

"You are a native of this country; you must know the Alcoba mountain."

"Yes."

At that moment the soldiers holding the rope felt no strain on their arms. The man's weight was no longer there.

"Whoo-o-oop! Ho-o-oo!" shouted twenty throats.

There was silence, then a thread of a voice, which intent ears could barely catch, reached the mouth of the hole:

"Lo-ow-e-e-er. A-gaa-i-in."

The monk had heard nothing. Wellington then said to him:

"Father, an accident has happened. This morning 4000 men were fighting on the spot where you now stand. Suddenly the ground on which these brave soldiers were struggling crumbled under their feet, and a throng of them were hurled down this abyss."

"Four hundred of my men," said Ney.

"A thousand of ours," added Wellington. "Is there any way of finding them, of saving any?"

With the same movement each general flung up his head as if he wanted to monopolize, each for his own men, the reassuring reply of the monk, but they saw with horror the Minim's figure sink down, and in the ample folds of his robe, kneeling on the ground, he was *already* praying, praying and mourning in silence, bent half double, gasping with horror, his head buried on his clasped hands, his eyes cast downward, fixed upon the darkest part of the gulf.

"So there is no hope," murmured an officer.

Ney shuddered, turned on his heel, and made a sign. Fifty voices shouted in the same breath:

"Whoo-o-oo, the-e-ere!"

They had let down 400 yards of rope, and there was only one package more—ten yards at the utmost. All listened, and at the end of an instant, five or six words reached the upper air.

"I hear — no-oo-w — Lower the ro-o-ope."

Several yards were lowered, then there was another stop. The men above fairly held their breath, and other words, from the depths of the earth, faintly reached the edge of the plateau:

"—hear—men's voices—but far-ar—far-ar—a cry; the same cry alwa-ays—Lower a-ga-ain."

The last yards of rope were paid out, and the cable was fastened to a post; then every throat was parched; the voice, after more than a minute, rose:

"—impossible to go farther—again hear the cry—They are shou-ou-outing."

A gust of wind cut off the voice. The man's tones were mingled with the wailing of some unknown voice, that of the darkness, the void. Ney bent forward, roaring:

"Grenadier! What are they shouting? What do you hear?"

A hundred voices repeated like a peal of thunder:

"WHAT DO YOU HEAR?"

The tremendous tempest of sound sank into the gulf. The walls flung it to and fro, caught the echoes as it passed, hurled it downward. Then there was silence; every form was bowed around the praying monk, as in the cathedrals when the priest raises the host. The reply which would rise from the abyss was the answer of the eternal, the *inexpressible,* and, in truth the man hanging below undoubtedly heard, for after having listened a long time, his spectral voice, a breath of frozen air, so far away that it had lost all intonation, sent from the depths of the chasm these words:

"I hear—I hear the cry, 'Vive l'Empereur.'"

The Re-Establishment of Hell

(Legend)

By Count L. N. Tolstoy

Translated for The Pacific Monthly by Irvin M. Grodin

(God does not favor the strong, but the righteous.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Probably nothing that Tolstoy has written more definitely and graphically defines his philosophy, or rather attitude, toward present-day beliefs and conditions, than does this "Legend." This translation is from a pamphlet which, with a series of others, had been kept unpublished in Switzerland until 1905, the original manuscript being suppressed in Russia by the press censor. The pamphlets began to appear in St. Petersburg about the time of the creation of the Douma, when the press of Russia was given somewhat greater freedom. Now, however, these pamphlets again have been suppressed, and are, in consequence, becoming very rare and hard to obtain. "In this translation," writes Mr. Grodin, "I have adhered as nearly as possible to the exact text of the original, and have, I believe, succeeded in securing a translation as nearly literal as possible."

What of Tolstoy's teaching? Apparently he would have mankind revert to conditions as "When Adam delved and Eve span"; to be "As little children," with minds uncultivated, and with but the Golden Rule for guidance. Are we, then, to believe that the long, long fight against ignorance is wrong; that the knowledge which has enabled men to overcome the beasts of the forest with something better than a stone axe; "to inherit the earth" with a gang-plow instead of a mattock, a freight-car rather than a back-pack; to communicate a thousand miles with the speed of light; to forecast a hurricane; to prevent a plague; to make such use of the faculties given us, that we shall live somewhat above the vile hut of the barbarian; in short, that all progress is folly—the invention of the devil to subvert the teachings of Christ? Rather it would seem folly to suppose a Creator that would expect mankind to "revert." The evils that have accompanied progress, further progress—guided by the teachings of Christ—must be depended upon to overcome.

IT was in that time when Christ expounded His doctrine to the people. This doctrine was so clear and so easy to follow, and set people free from evil so evidently that it was impossible not to accept it, and nothing could stop its propagation.

Beelzebub, father and master of all the devils, was alarmed. He saw clearly that his power over the people would end forever, unless Christ should renounce his preaching. He was alarmed, but was not downcast and he stirred up his obedient Pharisees and book-learned men to offend and torment Christ as severely as possible, and he advised Christ's followers to run away and leave him alone. He hoped that this sentence of a shameful execution, insult, desertion of his followers, and at last, the suffering itself, and the punishment would cause Christ in the last minute to renounce his doctrine, and that the renunciation would destroy the whole power of the doctrine.

The affair ended on the cross. And when Christ pronounced in a loud voice: "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me!" Beelzebub gave himself up to joy. He seized the chains which had been prepared for Christ, and putting them on his own feet, he adjusted them so that they could not be torn off when they should be put on Christ.

But suddenly the words on the cross were heard: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And after that Christ pronounced in a loud voice: "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.

Beelzebub now understood that for him everything was lost. He wanted to take the chains off his feet and escape, but he could not move from the spot. The chains grew thicker and held his feet. He wanted to rise upon his wings, but he could not straighten them. And Beelzebub saw how Christ in his bright glory stopped at the gates of hell, saw how the sinners from Adam to Judah went out from hell, saw how all the devils ran away, saw how the walls of hell themselves fell suddenly to pieces in all directions. He could not endure it any longer, began to shriek, and fell through the rent earth into hell.

THERE passed one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years.

Beelzebub did not count the time. Around him there was black darkness

and dead silence. He was lying immovable and tried not to think of what had happened, and still he thought, and impotently hated the causer of his ruin.

But suddenly—he did not remember and did not know how many years had passed—he heard above him sounds similar to the tramping of feet, groans, cries, grinding of teeth.

Beelzebub lifted his head and began to listen.

That hell could be re-established after Christ's victory, Beelzebub could not believe, and in the meantime trampling, sighs, cries and grinding of teeth—all of them grew louder and louder.

Beelzebub lifted up his body, drew up under him his shaggy feet, grown into hoofs, (the chains, to his surprise, came off by themselves), and shaking out freely his opened wings, began to whistle the old call by which he in the former times brought to him his servants and helpers.

He could hardly fetch his breath, when a trap door above his head was opened, red fire sparkled, and a crowd of devils jostling each other poured out through the opening into hell, and like ravens around carrion sat down comfortably around Beelzebub.

The devils were big and small ones, stout and skinny ones, with long and short tails and sharp-pointed, straight and crooked horns.

One of the devils, in a cassock thrown over his shoulders, all naked and glossy black, with a round, hairless face and with a monstrous distorted form, sat down on his heels before the face of Beelzebub, and rolling in and out his eyes of fire, unceasingly smiled and kept time by swinging his long thin tail from side to side.

"WHAT does this uproar mean?" Beelzebub, said, pointing upward. "What is there?"

"Just the same as it was always," the glossy devil in the cassock answered.

"Are there any sinners?" Beelzebub asked.

"Many," answered the glossy one.

"And how is the doctrine of the One whom I do not want to name?" Beelzebub asked.

The devil in the cassock showed his sharp teeth, and suppressed laughter was heard among all the devils.

"This doctrine does not disturb us. They do not believe in it," said the devil in the cassock.

"Well, but his doctrine clearly saves them from us, and he testified to it with his death," Beelzebub said.

"I changed it," said the devil in the cassock, beating his tail swiftly on the floor.

"How did you change it?"

"I changed it so that the people do not believe in his doctrine, but in mine, which they call by his name."

"How did you accomplish that?" Beelzebub asked.

"It happened of itself. I only helped it."

"Tell me briefly," said Beelzebub.

The devil in the cassock, lowering his head, kept silence, as if taking time to consider, and then began:

"When the frightful cause occurred of the ruin of hell, and our father and master left us, I went to those places where the same doctrine was preached which almost ruined us. I wished to see how people who follow that teaching live, and I saw that people who live according to their doctrine were perfectly happy and unapproachable by us. They did not get angry with one another; they did not give themselves up to the fascination of women, and either they did not marry at all, or if they did marry, had only one wife; they had no property — they counted everything in common; they did not defend themselves from those that attacked them, and they rendered good for evil. And their life was so good that the other people were more and more attracted to them. Seeing this, I thought that it was all over with me, and I wanted to leave at once. But here a circumstance occurred, in itself nothing, but it seemed to me it was worth attention, and I remained. It happened that among those people some thought that it was necessary for all to be circumcised, and that one should not eat of sacrifices to idols; and others thought that this was not necessary, and that one could eat everything and not be circumcised. I began to whisper to this one and

that one that this difference of opinion was very important and that neither side should give in, because the matter concerned the service of God. They trusted in me and the quarrel became obdurate. These and the others began to grow angry with each other, and then I began to suggest to both sides that they could prove the truth of their doctrine by miracles. However, it was evident that miracles could not prove the truth of the doctrine, but still they so wished to be right that they trusted in me, and I invented miracles for them. To invent them was not difficult. They believed in everything that they wanted to believe.

"Some said that tongues of fire had come down upon them; others said that they had seen the dead Master himself, and many other things. They invented that which never was, and in the name of the One that called us liars, lied as badly as we, not noticing it themselves. One said about the other: 'Your miracles are not real; ours are.' And the others said about these: 'No, yours are not real, but ours are.'

"The business went on well, but I was afraid that they might perceive the too evident cheat, and I invented them 'A CHURCH.' When they trusted in the church I was calmed; I knew that we were saved, and hell was re-established."

"WHAT does 'church' mean?" Beelzebub asked severely, not willing to believe that his servants could be wiser than he.

"To prevent a false interpretation of the law He taught, He chose certain people, who, together with others chosen by them, could correctly interpret it. And so people that call themselves the church think that they are in the right, not because what they preach is truth, but because they think they are the only lawful heirs of the disciples, of the disciples of the disciples of the disciples, also at last, of the disciples of God, the Master himself. In this matter there was the same inconvenience as in the miracles; namely, that everybody at the same time could assert each for himself that he was a member of the only true church (the one that always was), but the advantage of this was that as soon as people said that about themselves that they were the church and based their doctrines upon this assertion, then they could not renounce what they said, no matter how foolishly it was said, and no matter what others might say about it."

"But why did the church misinterpret the doctrine in our interest?" Beelzebub asked.

"Well, they did it for this reason," the devil in the cassock continued, "that acknowledging themselves the only interpreters of the law of God and convincing others of this, these people became the disposers of the fate of other people, and they obtained therefore power over them. Obtaining this power, they of course got puffed up and for the most part they became depraved, and by this they provoked indignation against themselves, and the people's hatred. Not having any other instrument for fighting their enemies except violence, they began to oppress, execute, burn all those that did not acknowledge their authority. And as a result of this situation they were forced to misinterpret the doctrine in such a way that it should justify both their evil life, and those cruelties which they used against their enemies. And so they did."

"BUT the doctrine was so simple and clear," Beelzebub said, still not willing to believe that his servants could do that which he never expected to do, "that it is impossible to misinterpret His: 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you';—how, then, misinterpret this?"

"For this, according to my advice, they used different methods," the devil in the cassock said. "There is a story told of how a kind magician, in order to save a man from a wicked sorcerer, changed him into a grain of millet, and how the wicked sorcerer, changing himself into a cock, was on the point of picking up this grain, but the kind magician poured upon it a whole measure of grain. And the wicked sorcerer could not eat up all the grain, and he could not find the one he wanted. They

did the same by my advice with the doctrine of Him who taught that the whole law is in doing unto others as you would they should do unto you. They acknowledged as holy and as an exposition of the law of God, forty-nine books, and in these books they acknowledged each word the work of God, the Holy Ghost. They poured out upon an easily understood truth such a heap of imaginary truths that it became impossible either to accept them all or to find amongst them the one that was needed by the people. This is the first method. The second method, which they used successfully more than a thousand years, consists of this: that they simply killed and burned all those that wished to make the truth known. Now this method is getting out of use; they do not destroy such men, but though they do not burn people who are attempting to make the truth known, they slander them so and torment their lives so that only a very few rare people dare teach the truth. This is the second method. The third method is that, because they think themselves the church and that consequently they are infallible, they preach openly when it is necessary the contrary of that which is said in the scripture, leaving their disciples to extricate themselves from these contradictions when they wish and as they can. Or, for instance, it is said in the scripture: 'But be not ye called teacher, for one is your teacher, even Christ. And call no man your father on the earth, for one is your father even he who is in heaven. Neither be ye called master, for one is your master even the Christ!' And they say: 'We are the only fathers and teachers of the people.' Or it is said: 'If you wish to pray, pray alone and secretly and God will hear you,' and they preach that it is necessary to pray in churches all together, with songs and music. Or, it is said in scripture 'swear not at all,' and they preach that one must swear an absolute obedience to the powers that be, no matter what these powers should require. Or, it is said: 'Do not kill,' and they preach that one can and must kill in war and by legal procedure. Or, it is said: 'My teaching is the spirit and life; live by it as by bread.' And they preach that if one should put small pieces of bread in wine and say certain words over those small pieces, the bread then would become the body of Christ and the wine His blood, and that to eat this bread and drink this wine is very necessary to salvation. People believe in it, eat this porridge eagerly, and then, falling into our hands, are astonished that the porridge did not help them." The devil in the cassock concluded. He turned up his eye-balls and grinned to the tips of his ears.

"This is very well," Beelzebub said, and smiled. And all the devils burst into loud laughter.

"IS it possible that there are among you, as there used to be, fornicators, robbers, murderers?" Beelzebub asked, becoming cheerful. The devils also grew lively, began to speak all together, wishing to tell Beelzebub what they knew.

"Not as they used to be, but more than before," cried out one.

"The present day robbers are worse than the old ones," squealed another.

"We cannot get wood enough to roast the murderers," bellowed a third one.

"Dont all speak at once, but let that one answer whom I ask. Come out and tell me, how do you manage it now with the disciples of the One who prohibited divorce and said that one must not look at a woman to lust after her? Who administers this matter?"

"I," answered an effeminate brown devil, crawling backwards up to Beelzebub. He had a wrinkled face and ceaselessly chewed and slobbered. This devil crept out in front of the others, sat down on his heels, bent his head on one side, and, pushing the brush of his tail between his legs and shaking it, he began with a melodious voice to speak the following:

"We do this both according to the old method taught by you, our father and master, when you were still in paradise, and gave up the whole human race into our power; and also according to the new church method. The new church method is this: we make people believe that the real marriage consists, not in what it really is, that is, in the union of

a man with a woman, but in some such ceremony as this: that one has to dress himself in his best clothes to go to a big building specified for this purpose, and there, putting on one's head a peculiar cap specially prepared for this occasion, to go three times around a small table. We make people think that this is the real marriage. And people being convinced of this consequently think that aside from these conditions, the union of a man with a woman is a simple affair, which does not bind them to anything, and therefore with no hesitation they give themselves up to it."

The effeminate devil bent his shriveled head on the other side and kept silence, as if waiting for the effect of his words upon Beelzebub.

Beelzebub nodded his head as a sign of approval, and the effeminate devil continued:

"By this method, retaining at the same time also the former method, used in paradise, of the forbidden fruit and curiosity," he continued, evidently willing to flatter Beelzebub, "we get the best results. Imagining that they can arrange for themselves an honest church marriage also after the union with many women, people have hundreds of wives, and so, by this, they get so accustomed to a dissolute life, that they live the same way after the church marriage. If any inconvenience arises from the church marriage, they arrange to walk around the small table all over again, and then consider that the first marriage does not count."

The effeminate devil kept silence, and, wiping his mouth with the end of his tail, he turned his head on the other side and silently faced Beelzebub.

"SIMPLE and good," Beelzebub said. I approve it. Who has charge of the robbers?"

"I," answered a strapping devil with large crooked horns, with moustache turned up like the German Emperor's, and with huge, splay feet.

This devil, crawling out in front like the former ones and giving a military salute, and twirling his moustache with both paws, waited for a question.

"The One who ruined hell," Beelzebub said, "taught people to live like birds of heaven and bade, when anyone asks for a shirt, to give him a coat, too, and he said that in order to save oneself one must give away one's property. How, then, do you involve in robbery the people who heard this?"

"Well, we do this," the devil with the moustache said majestically, tossing his head, "exactly the same as our father and master did in the election of Saul to the kingdom. In the same manner as it was suggested then, we suggest to the people that instead of no longer robbing each other, it would be more profitable for them to permit one person to rob them, giving him full authority over themselves. Only this is new in our method: that to sanctify the rights of robbery of this single person, we lead him into a temple, put a special cap on his head, set him in a great armchair, give him a stick and a little ball, grease him with vegetable oil, and in the name of God and His Son we proclaim the head that is greased with this oil—sacred. So that robbery performed by this individual who is thought to be sacred cannot be then limited by anything. And these sacred individuals and their assistants' assistants' assistants, all of them, ceaselessly rob the people in peace and safety. By this method they arrange laws and ordinances, by which, also without any anointing, the lazy minority can always rob the working majority. So that of late in some countries the robbery is continued without an anointed sovereign, the same as in those countries where they are. As our father and master sees, the method used by us is fundamentally an old one. The only thing new in it is that we made this method more universal, more indirect, and spread it out over a wider space and longer time, and established it more firmly. We made this method more universal in that the people formerly submitted themselves of their own free will to the one whom they elected; but we've fixed it so now that they submit with no will of their own in the matter, not to men whom they have elected, but to anyone as it happens. More indirect and concealed, we made this method: that now those that are robbed, thanks to

the invention of taxes and especially indirect ones, do not see their robbers. We have spread it out in space after the following method:—so-called Christian nations not being satisfied with robbing themselves, under various most queer pretences, especially under the pretence of spreading Christianity, rob all those foreign nations who have something of which to be robbed. In time this method is extended more than before, thanks to the invention of bonded indebtedness, so that now not only the present, but the future generations are robbed. We established this system more solidly making the chief robbers consider themselves sacred persons, and people do not dare to resist them. It is only necessary for a man to be anointed, and then he can rob undisturbed anyone and as much as he wishes. So, at one time in Russia, I, as an experiment, placed on the throne, one after another, the most abominable women, stupid, ignorant, dissolute, and who had no right to the throne according to their own laws. As to the last one, she was not only a harlot, but was also a criminal who killed her husband and her lawful heir. And the people, merely because she was anointed, did not cut off her nose nor flog her as they did women who killed their husbands, but during thirty years they submitted, allowing her and her innumerable lovers to rob them, not only of their property, but also of their freedom. And so nowadays open robberies,—for instance, like taking away by force a purse, a horse, a dress,—constitute hardly one millionth part of all those legal robberies which are committed constantly by people that have the license. Nowadays, by illegal robberies, by indirect robberies, and by the machinery of the state robbery, it is brought about that the main object in life of almost everybody is robbery which is only checked by the fighting of the robbers among themselves."

"WELL, this is very good, indeed," Beelzebub said, "but the murders? Who has charge of the murders?"

"I," answered a blood-red devil, stepping out from the crowd. He had tusks projecting from his mouth, sharp-pointed horns, and a big tail held stiffly up in the air.

"How, then, do you force into murder the disciples of the One who said: 'Do not render evil for evil; love your enemies?' How do you make murderers out of these people?"

"We do also this according to the old method," the red devil answered in a voice that made the windows rattle, "awakening in people greed, anger, hate, revenge, pride; and also according to the old method we suggest to the rulers of the people that the best way to prevent people from murder consists in this: that the masters themselves should publicly murder those that committed murder. This method does not so much give us murderers as prepare them for us. The new doctrine of the infallibility of the church, of Christian marriage, and of Christian equality has given us, and still gives us most of them. The doctrine of the infallibility of the church used to give us the greatest number of murderers. People that considered themselves members of the infallible church thought that to allow the false interpretors of the doctrine to corrupt people was a crime, and therefore the killing of such people was a sacred and religious duty. And they killed whole populations, burned at the stake hundreds of thousands of people. But the laughable part of it is that the people who were burned and otherwise put to death were really those who were beginning to see the truth, and were therefore thought dangerous by our servants; by the servants, I mean, of devils. And the ones who put them to death in the name of God, and thought themselves holy, were really our obedient servants. That is the good old way. At present the doctrine of Christian marriage and equality gives us a multitude of murderers. The doctrine of marriage, in the first place, gives us husbands and wives who kill each other, and mothers who kill their children. Husbands and wives kill each other when some legal-requirement, church-marriage custom seems to them inconvenient. As to the mothers, they generally kill their children, when the unions from which the children come are not legalized marriage. Such murders

take place constantly. Now, the murders caused by the Christian doctrine of equality occur from time to time; but when they do occur, they are murder on a large scale. According to this doctrine, it is suggested to the people they are all equal in the eyes of the law. But the people that are robbed feel that this is not true. They see that this equality before the law consists only in this: that for the robbers it is as convenient to continue to rob, as for them it is inconvenient to be robbed, and they revolt, and attack their robbers. And then mutual killings begin, which give us sometimes tens of thousands of murderers at a time."

"BUT how are the killings in war? How do you draw into war the disciples of the One who told people that they were children of one Father and bade them love their enemies?"

The red devil showed his teeth, let out a stream of fire and smoke and gleefully thumped himself on the back with his fat tail.

"We follow this plan: We suggest to each nation that it is the best of all in the world—*Deutschland Uber Alles* (Germany above all), France, England, Russia, etc.—*Uber Alles*—and that this nation must prevail over all the others. And since we suggest the same to all the nations, they, feeling themselves constantly in danger from their neighbors' ambition, are always arming for defense, and getting angry with each other. And the more one side arms for defense and gets angry with its neighbors, the more all the rest arm for defense and get angry with each other. Therefore the people that embraced the doctrine of the One who called us murderers, all continually and above all else are busied with preparations for slaughter and with slaughter itself."

"WELL, now, this is clever," Beelzebub said, after a long silence. "But how is it that honest and learned men failed to understand that the church perverted the doctrine, and did not restore it?"

"Oh, no! They cannot do that!" It was a very self-confident devil who said this, a dead-black rascal, with a forehead villainously low, skinny arms and legs, and cocked-up ears. He crept forward, wearing a cloak.

"Why so?" said Beelzebub, sourly, nowise pleased by the self-confident manner of the cloaked devil.

Not at all abashed by the voice of Beelzebub, the devil in the cloak, taking his time quietly, did not sit down on his heels, as the others had, but according to the Eastern custom, scraped with his fleshless feet, and began to speak unhesitatingly, with a soft, monotonous voice: "They cannot do that for this reason, that I always distract their attention from that which they could and ought to know, and fasten it upon that which they ought not to know and can never find out."

"Well, how did you do that?"

"That varies from time to time," the devil in the cloak answered. "In old times I suggested to the people that the most important thing for them was to know in detail the inter-relationships of the Trinity, the incarnation of Christ, of His nature or substance, of the nature of God, and so on. And they had long and angry disputes about these things. And these theories and disputes interested them so much that they did not think at all about how they ought to live. And as they never thought about how they ought to live, they never inquired what the Master had said about it.

"Then, when they had already tangled themselves up in their arguments so that they no longer knew what they were talking about, I suggested to some of them that the most important thing for them to do was to study and explain all that a man named Aristotle wrote, a man who lived over two thousand years ago in Greece; to others I suggested that the most serious thing for them to do was to discover a stone, by which one could make gold, and an elixir, by which one could cure all diseases and make people immortal. And the most wise and learned men directed all their mental powers to that object.

"As to those that were not interested in this, I suggested that the most im-

portant thing for them was to know whether the earth turns around the sun or the sun around the earth. And when they found out that the earth was turning, and not the sun, and determined how many millions of miles it was from the sun to the earth, they were then very glad and from that time on they have studied the distances of the stars more zealously than before, although they also knew that there is no end to these distances and cannot be, either, and that the stars are numberless, and that to know them is not necessary for them at all. Besides this, I suggested also to them that it was very important for them to know the origin of all animals, insects and plants. And, though this also they do not need to know, and it is perfectly clear that to find it out is impossible because the number of the beasts is as endless as that of the stars, they nevertheless put all their mental powers upon these and similar investigations of the phenomena of the material universe, and it surprises them greatly that whatever they find out about that which they ought not to know, they still do not understand it. Now it is evident that the more they investigate the vaster becomes the range of that which remains to be investigated, the more complicated the objects to be investigated, and as to the sciences created by them, these become more and more inapplicable to life. However, this does not disturb them in the least. Fully convinced of the importance of their activities, they continue to study, preach, write, translate from all languages, and print their discoveries. Nearly all these researches and speculations are useless, and even when from time to time some application to life is found for them, it is only to make life enjoyable for the rich and harder for the poor.

"Now, that they may never guess that the only important thing for them is to live according to the commands of Christ, I suggest to them that they can never know anything about spiritual things, and that all religions, including Christ's, are superstitions;—that they can best find out how to live from a new science I have invented for them, called Sociology, which consists in finding out the different varieties of bad social custons under which people have lived. Hence, instead of trying to live well and according to the laws of Christ, they think they need only study how people have lived, deduce thence the general laws of all life, and then in order to live rightly conform themselves to these biological laws.

"Now, in order to confirm them further in the delusion, I have put into their heads an idea somewhat similar to the church idea, namely, that there is an organization of all knowledge, known as Science, and that Science, like the Church, is infallible.

"And as soon as those who think themselves scientific men are convinced of the infallibility of science, then, of course, they not only promulgate as certain truths the most useless and absurd doctrines, but are unable to admit error in what they have said.

"Well, now, as I say, as long as I put into their heads a slavish admiration for that science I have invented for them, they will never understand that Christian doctrine which came so near being our ruin."

"Well done! Thanks!" Beelzebub said, his face beaming. "You deserve reward, and shall have it accordingly."

"You are forgetting us," squealed the multi-colored, little and big, bandy-legged, fat and lean devils remaining, in their diverse voices.

"What are you doing?" asked Beelzebub.

"I am the devil of improved machinery!"

"I, of division of labor!"

"I, of roads and communications!"

"I, of the printing-press!"

"I, of art!"

"I, of medicine!"

"I, of culture!"

"I, of forming men's minds!"

"I, of *re*forming men's minds!"

"I, of foolish actions!"

"I, of charity!"

"I, of socialism!"

"I, of woman's rights!"

They all said these things at the same time, crowding up under Beelzebub's eye.

"One at a time, and be brief," said Beelzebub. "You first," addressing the

devil of improved machinery, "What are you doing?"

"I suggest to people that the more things they make and the faster they make them, the better off they will be, And people spoil their lives in production of things which are not needed by those who control the work, nor accessible when made to those who made them."

"Fine! Now you," said Beelzebub to the devil of division of labor.

"Oh! I suggest to everyone that since things are made faster by machines than by men, it is necessary to make men themselves into machines. And the men who are made into machines hate those who make them so."

"That is good, too!. And you"—Beelzebub addressed the devil of roads and communications.

"I suggest that it is essential to get quickly from one place to another, and hence, instead of bettering their lives where they are, they spend it in going from one place to another. And they are very proud of being able to go sixty miles an hour."

Beelzebub approved this also.

Out stepped the newspaper devil. His business, as he explained, was to communicate to as many people as possible all the nasty and stupid things that were done, said, and written in the world.

The artist-devil explained that he, under the pretense of soothing men and stimulating them to lofty and noble sentiments, confirmed them in their vices, by representing vice in its most attractive aspects.

The devil of medicine said that his business was to suggest to people that the most important thing for them was to take care of their bodies. This is an endless task, and those who devote themselves to it forgot others, and even forgot to live, themselves.

The culture-devil said that he made people think that the mastering of all those things which the devils of improved machinery, of division of labor, of roads and communications, of the press, of art, and of medicine have invented is a meritorious thing in itself, and that the man who is acquainted with it all can afford to be well pleased with himself.

The pedagogical devil said he made people believe that, while living badly themselves, and not even knowing what a good life was, they could nevertheless teach children the right way to live.

The reformatory devil said his specialty was persuading men that, though depraved themselves, they could correct depravity in others.

The devil of foolish actions said he taught people that instead of trying to escape the pains of a bad life and to live righteously, it is better to drown care in wine, opium, tobacco and morphine.

The charity devil said his specialty was to make people consider themselves virtuous because, after robbing the poor of all they had, they gave them old clothes and the scraps from their tables. This idea, he said, made them quite impervious to the truth.

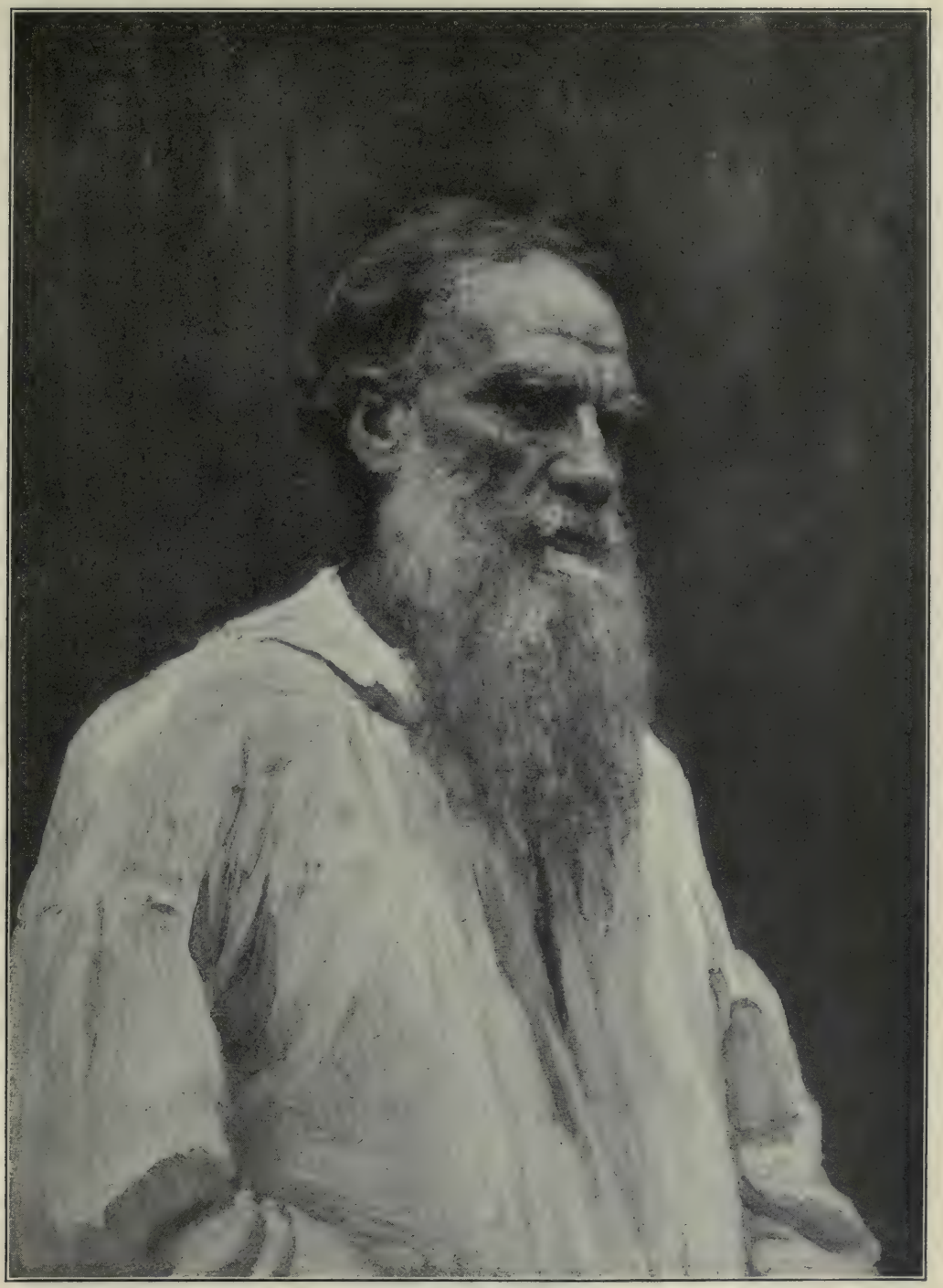
The devil of socialism boasted that in the name of the welfare of all, he bred hatred between classes.

The woman's rights devil claimed that in the name of progress he added to the hostility between classes, hostility between the sexes.

"I am Comfort!"—"I am Fashion!" squealed yet other devils crawling toward Beelzebub.

"Do you really think I am so old and foolish that I do not understand how, as long as the theory of life is wrong, everything that might have hurt us is going to help us?" exclaimed Beelzebub, laughing. "It 's enough! I thank all of you!" and spreading his wings, he sprang to his feet. The devils formed a ring around Beelzebub. One end of their line was the devil in the cassock who had invented the church, and at the other end the devil in the cloak who had invented science. These siezed each other's paws and closed the circle.

Then all the devils, guffawing, squealing, whistling, and bellowing, began to dance round and round Beelzebub. He, too, stretching out and shaking his wings, danced in the midst of them, kicking up his heels. But beyond were heard weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.



From a painting by Repin.

TOLSTOY.

MR. JACK LONDON AND CHARMIAN, HIS WIFE, ON BOARD THE "SNARK."

THE "SNARK" AT APIA, SAMOA.

Through the South Seas With Jack London

Jack London is home from his long cruise on the *Snark* in the remote South Seas, bringing with him a collection of wonderful South Pacific stories and unique descriptions of adventure incident to the most extraordinary voyage ever undertaken by a literary man. He has placed with us, for serial publication during 1910, all the manuscripts, together with a great number of interesting and unusual photographs. (The crew of the *Snark* were well supplied with cameras.) We feel justified in saying that no travel articles of the year will hold interest more effectively, and that none will charm so completely as Mr. London's South Sea sketches. The reading world has long been expecting them; in fact, several publications have announced they were going to get them; however, we *have* them.

Each of the articles is complete in itself. The whole series will give the reader a truer picture of the South Sea Islands than perhaps has ever been presented heretofore. That no little hardship attended the long cruise of the tiny vessel goes without saying, but throughout the articles there runs an undercurrent of delightful humor. Even in the last of the series—which describes almost incredible conditions and experiences that necessitated the abandonment by Mr. London of his plan to continue the voyage around the world—runs the same careless, half-jesting spirit.

Photo by Jack London.

A VALLEY OF ENCHANTMENT IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Koolau the Leper

By Jack London

"BECAUSE we are sick, they take away our liberty. We have obeyed the law. We have done no wrong. And yet they would put us in prison. Molokai is a prison. That you know. Niuli, there, his sister was sent to Molokai seven years ago. He has not seen her since. Nor will he ever see her. She must stay there until she dies. This is not her will. It is not Niuli's will. It is the will of the white men who rule the land. And who are these white men?

"We know. We have it from our fathers and our fathers' fathers. They came like lambs, speaking softly. Well might they speak softly, for we were many and strong, and all the islands were ours. As I say, they spoke softly. They were of two kinds. The one kind asked our permission, our gracious permission, to preach to us the word of God. The other kind asked our permission, our gracious permission, to trade with us. That was the beginning. Today all the islands are theirs, all the land, all the cattle—everything is theirs. They that preached the word of God and they that preached the word of Rum have foregathered and become great chiefs. They live like kings in houses of many rooms, with multitudes of servants to care for them. They who had nothing have everything, and if you, or I, or any Kanaka be hungry, they sneer and say, 'Well, why dont you work? There are the plantations.'"

Koolau paused. He raised one hand and with gnarled and twisted fingers lifted up the blazing wreath of hibiscus that crowned his black hair. The moonlight bathed the scene in silver. It was a night of peace, though those who sat about him and listened had all the seeming of battle-wrecks. Their faces were leonine. Here a space yawned in a face where should have been a nose, and there an arm-stump showed where a hand had rotted off. They were men and women beyond the pale, the thirty of them, for upon them had been placed the mark of the beast.

They sat, flower-garlanded, in the perfumed, luminous night, and their lips made uncouth noises and their throats rasped approval of Koolau's speech. They were creatures who once had been men and women. But they were men and women no longer. They were monsters—in face and form grotesque caricatures of everything human. They were hideously maimed and distorted, and had the seeming of creatures that had been racked in milleniums of hell. Their hands, when they possessed them, were like harpy-claws. Their faces were the misfits and slips, crushed and bruised by some mad god at play in the machinery of life. Here and there were features which the mad god had smeared half away, and one woman wept scalding tears from twin pits of horror, where her eyes once had been. Some were in pain and groaned from their chests. Others coughed, making sounds like the tearing of tissue. Two were idiots, more like huge apes marred in the making, until even an ape were an angel. They mowed and gibbered in the moonlight, under crowns of drooping, golden blossoms. One, whose bloated ear-lobe flapped like a fan upon his shoulder, caught up a gorgeous flower of orange and scarlet and with it decorated the monstrous ear that flip-flapped with his every movement.

And over these things Koolau was king. And this was his kingdom—a flower-throttled gorge, with beetling cliffs and crags, from which floated the blattings of wild goats. On three sides the grim walls rose, festooned in fantastic draperies of tropic vegetation and pierced by cave-entrances—the rocky

lairs of Koolau's subjects. On the fourth side the earth fell away into a tremendous abyss, and, far below, could be seen the summits of lesser peaks and crags, at whose bases foamed and rumbled the Pacific surge. In fine weather a boat could land on the rocky beach that marked the entrance of Kalalau Valley, but the weather must be very fine. And a cool-headed mountaineer might climb from the beach to the head of Kalalau Valley, to this pocket among the peaks where Koolau ruled; but such a mountaineer must be very cool of head, and he must know the wild-goat trails as well. The marvel was that the mass of human wreckage that constituted Koolau's people should have been able to drag its helpless misery over the giddy goat-trails to this inaccessible spot.

"Brothers," Koolau began.

But one of the mowing, ape-like travesties emitted a wild shriek of madness, and Koolau waited while the shrill cachination was tossed back and forth among the rocky walls and echoed distantly through the pulseless night.

"Brothers, is it not strange? Ours was the land, and behold, the land is not ours. What did these preachers of the word of God and the word of Rum give us for the land? Have you received one dollar, as much as one dollar, any one of you, for the land? Yet it is theirs, and in return they tell us we can go to work on the land, their land, and that what we produce by our toil shall be theirs. Yet in the old days we did not have to work. Also, when we are sick, they take away our freedom."

"Who brought the sickness, Koolau?" demanded Kiloliana, a lean and wiry man with a face so like a laughing faun's that one might expect to see the cloven hoofs under him. They were cloven, it was true, but the cleavages were great ulcers and livid putrefactions. Yet this was Kiloliana, the most daring climber of them all, the man who knew every goat-trail and who had led Koolau and his wretched followers into the recesses of Kalalau.

"Ay, well questioned," Koolau answered. "Because we would not work the miles of sugar-cane where once our horses pastured, they brought the Chinese slaves from overseas. And with them came the Chinese sickness—that which we suffer from and because of which they would imprison us on Molokai. We were born on Kauai. We have been to the other islands, some here and some there, to Oahu, to Maui, to Hawaii, to Honolulu. Yet always did we come back to Kauai. Why did we come back? There must be a reason. Because we love Kauai. We were born here. Here we have lived. And here shall we die—unless—unless—there be weak hearts amongst us. Such we do not want. They are fit for Molokai. And if there be such, let them not remain. Tomorrow the soldiers land on the shore. Let the weak hearts go down to them. They will be sent swiftly to Molokai. As for us, we shall stay and fight. But know that we will not die. We have rifles. You know the narrow trails where men must creep, one by one. I, alone, Koolau, who was once a cowboy on Niihau, can hold the trail against a thousand men. Here is Kapalei, who was once a judge over men and a man with honor, but who is now a hunted rat, like you and me. Hear him. He is wise."

Kapalei arose. Once he had been a judge. He had gone to college at Punahou. He had sat at meat with lords and chiefs and the high representatives of alien powers which protected the interests of traders and missionaries. Such had been Kapalei. But now, as Koolau had said, he was a hunted rat, a creature outside the law, sunk so deep in the mire of human horror that he was above the law as well as beneath it. His face was featureless, save for gaping orifices and for the lidless eyes that burned under hairless brows.

"Let us not make trouble," he began. "We ask to be left alone. But if they do not leave us alone, then is the trouble theirs, and the penalty. My fingers are gone, as you see." He held up his stumps of hands that all might see. "Yet have I the joint of one thumb left, and it can pull a trigger as firmly as did its lost neighbor in the old days. We love Kauai. Let us live here, or die here, but do not let us go to the prison of Molokai. The sickness is not ours. We have not sinned. The men who preached the word

"THE NEXT MOMENT THE KNIFE-EDGE WAS VACANT."

of God and the word of Rum brought the sickness with the coolie slaves who work the stolen land. I have been a judge. I know the law and the justice; and I say to you it is unjust to steal a man's land, to make that man sick with the Chinese sickness, and then to put that man in prison for life."

"THEY EMPTIED THEIR RIFLES AT HIM AS HE LIMPED AND CLIMBED ALONG HIS DIZZY WAY."

"Life is short, and the days are filled with pain," said Koolau. "Let us drink and dance and be happy as we can."

From one of the rocky lairs calabashes were produced and passed around. The calabashes were filled with the fierce distillation of the root of the *ti*-plant; and as the liquid fire coursed through them and mounted to their brains, they forgot that they had once been men and women, for they were men and women once more. The woman who wept scalding tears from open eye-pits, was indeed a woman apulse with life as she plucked the strings of an *ukulele* and lifted her voice in a barbaric love-call such as might have come from the dark forest-depths of the primeval world. The air tingled with her cry, softly imperious and seductive. Upon a mat, timing his rhythm to the woman's song, Kiloliana danced. It was unmistakable. Love danced in all his movements, and, next, dancing with him on the mat, was a

woman, whose heavy hips and generous breast gave the lie to her disease-corroded face. It was a dance of the living dead, for in their disintegrating bodies life still loved and longed. Ever the woman whose sightless eyes ran scalding tears chanted her love-cry, ever the dancers danced of love in the warm night, and ever the calabashes went around till in all their brains were maggots crawling of memory and desire. And with the woman on the mat danced a slender maid whose face was beautiful and unmarred, but whose twisted arms that rose and fell marked the disease's ravage. And the two idiots, gibbering and mouthing strange noises, danced apart, grotesque, fantastic, travestying love as they themselves had been travestied by life.

But the woman's love-cry broke midway, the calabashes were lowered, and the dancers ceased, as all gazed into the abyss above the sea, where a rocket flared like a wan phantom through the moonlit air.

"It is the soldiers," said Koolau. "Tomorrow there will be fighting. It is well to sleep and be prepared."

The lepers obeyed, crawling away to their lairs in the cliff, until only Koolau remained, sitting motionless in the moonlight, a statue, his rifle across his knees, as he gazed far down to the boats landing on the beach.

The far head of Kalalau Valley had been well chosen as a refuge. Except Kiloliana, who knew back-trails up the precipitous walls, no man could win to the gorge save by advancing across a knife-edged ridge. This passage was a hundred yards in length. At best, it was a scant twelve inches wide. On either side yawned the abyss. A slip, and to right or left the man would fall to his death. But once across he would find himself in an earthly paradise. A sea of vegetation laved the landscape, pouring its green billows from wall to wall, dripping from the cliff-lips in great vine-masses and flinging a spray of ferns and air-plants into the multitudinous crevices. During the many months of Koolau's rule, he and his followers had fought with this vegetable sea. The choking jungle, with its riot of blossoms, had been driven back from the bananas, oranges and mangoes that grew wild. In little clearings grew the wild arrow-root; on stone terraces, filled with soil-scrapings, were the *taro*-patches and the melons; and in every open space where the sunshine penetrated, were *papaia*-trees burdened with their golden fruit.

Koolau had been driven to this refuge from the lower valley by the beach. And if he were driven from it in turn, he knew of gorges among the jumbled peaks of the inner fastnesses where he could lead his subjects and live. And now he lay with his rifle beside him, peering down through a tangled screen of foliage at the soldiers on the beach. He noted that they had large guns with them, from which the sunshine flashed as from mirrors. The knife-edged passage lay directly before him. Crawling upward along the trail that led to it, he could see tiny specks of men. He knew they were not the soldiers but the police. When they failed, then the soldiers would enter the game.

He affectionately rubbed a twisted hand along his rifle-barrel and made sure that the sights were clean. He had learned to shoot as a wild-cattle hunter on Niihau, and on that island his skill as a marksman was unforgotten. As the toiling specks of men grew nearer and larger, he estimated the range, judged the deflection of the wind that swept at right-angles across the line of fire, and calculated the chances of overshooting marks that were so far below his level. But he did not shoot. Not until they reached the beginning of the passage did he make his presence known. He did not disclose himself, but spoke from the thicket.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"We want Koolau, the leper," answered the man who led the native police, himself a blue-eyed American.

"You must go back," Koolau said.

He knew the man, a deputy sheriff, for it was by him that he had been harried out of Niihau, across Kauai, to Kalalau Valley, and out of the valley to the gorge.

"Who are you?" the sheriff asked.

"I am Koolau, the leper," was the reply.

"Then come out. We want you. Dead or alive, there is a thousand dollars on

your head. You cannot escape."

Koolau laughed aloud in the thicket.

"Come out!" the sheriff commanded, and was answered by silence.

He conferred with the police, and Koolau saw that they were preparing to rush him.

"Koolau," the sheriff called. "Koolau, I am coming across to get you."

"Then look first and well about you at the sun and sea and sky, for it will be the last time you behold them."

"That 's all right, Koolau," the sheriff said soothingly. "I know you 're a dead shot. But you wont shoot me. I have never done you any wrong."

Koolau grunted in the thicket.

"I say, you know, I 've never done you any wrong, have I?" the sheriff persisted.

"You do me wrong when you try to put me in prison," was the reply. "And you do me wrong when you try for the thousand dollars on my head. If you will live, stay where you are."

"I 've got to come across and get you. I'm sorry. But it is my duty."

"You will die before you get across."

The sheriff was no coward. Yet was he undecided. He gazed into the gulf on either side and ran his eyes along the knife-edge he must travel. Then he made up his mind.

"Koolau," he called.

But the thicket remained silent.

"Koolau, dont shoot. I am coming."

The sheriff turned, gave some orders to the police, then started on his perilous way. He advanced slowly. It was like walking a tight-rope. He had nothing to lean upon but the air. The lava-rock crumbled under his feet, and on either side the dislodged fragments pitched downward through the depths. The sun blazed upon him, and his face was wet with sweat. Still he advanced, until the half-way point was reached.

"Stop!" Koolau commanded from the thicket. "One more step and I shoot."

The sheriff halted, swaying for balance as he stood poised above the void. His face was pale, but his eyes were determined. He licked his dry lips before he spoke.

"Koolau, you wont shoot me. I know you wont."

He started once more. The bullet whirled him half-about. On his face was an expression of querulous surprise as he reeled to the fall. He tried to save himself by throwing his body across the knife-edge; but at that moment he knew death. The next moment the knife-edge was vacant. Then came the rush, five policemen, in single file, with superb steadiness, running along the knife-edge. At the same instant the rest of the posse opened fire on the thicket. It was madness. Five times Koolau pulled the trigger, so rapidly that his shots constituted a rattle. Changing his position and crouching low under the bullets that were biting and singing through the bushes, he peered out. Four of the police had followed the sheriff. The fifth lay across the knife-edge, still alive. On the farther side, no longer firing, were the surviving police. On the naked rock there was no hope for them. Before they could clamber down Koolau could have picked off the last man. But he did not fire, and, after a conference, one of them took off a white undershirt and waved it as a flag. Followed by another, he advanced along the knife-edge to their wounded comrade. Koolau gave no sign, but watched them slowly withdraw and become specks as they descended into the lower valley.

Two hours later, from another thicket, Koolau watched a body of police trying to make the ascent from the opposite side of the valley. He saw the wild goats flee before them as they climbed higher and higher, until he doubted his judgment and sent for Kiloliana who crawled in beside him.

"No, there is no way," said Kiloliana.

"The goats?" Koolau questioned.

"They come over from the next valley, but they cannot pass to this. There is no way. Those men are not wiser than goats. They may fall to their deaths. Let us watch."

"They are brave men," said Koolau. Let us watch."

Side by side they lay among the morning-glories, with the yellow blossoms of the *hau* dropping upon them from overhead, watching the motes of men toil upward, till the thing happened, and three of them, slipping, rolling,

sliding, dashed over a cliff-lip and fell sheer half a thousand feet.

Kiloliana chuckled.

"We will be bothered no more," he said.

"They have war-guns," Koolau made answer. "The soldiers have not yet spoken."

In the drowsy afternoon, most of the lepers lay in their rock dens asleep. Koolau, his rifle on his knees, fresh-cleaned and ready, dozed in the entrance to his own den. The maid with the twisted arm lay below in the thicket and kept watch on the knife-edge passage. Suddenly Koolau was startled wide awake by the sound of an explosion on the beach. The next instant the atmosphere was incredibly rent asunder. The terrible sound frightened him. It was as if all the gods had caught the envelope of the sky in their hands and were ripping it apart as a woman rips apart a sheet of cotton cloth. But it was such an immense ripping, growing swiftly nearer. Koolau glanced up apprehensively, as if expecting to see the thing. Then high up on the cliff overhead the shell burst in a fountain of black smoke. The rock was shattered, the fragments falling to the foot of the cliff.

Koolau passed his hand across his sweaty brow. He was terribly shaken. He had had no experience with shell-fire, and this was more dreadful than anything he had imagined.

"One," said Kapahei, suddenly bethinking himself to keep count.

A second and a third shell flew screaming over the top of the wall, bursting beyond view. Kapahei methodically kept the count. The lepers crowded into the open space before the caves. At first they were frightened, but as the shells continued their flight overhead the leper folk became reassured and began to admire the spectacle. The two idiots shrieked with delight, prancing wild antics as each air-tormenting shell went by. Koolau began to recover his confidence. No damage was being done. Evidently they could not aim such large missiles at such long range with the precision of a rifle.

But a change came over the situation. The shells began to fall short. One burst below in the thicket by the knife-edge. Koolau remembered the maid who lay there on watch, and ran down to see. The smoke was still rising from the bushes when he crawled in. He was astounded. The branches were splintered and broken. Where the girl had lain was a hole in the ground. The girl herself was in shattered fragments. The shell had burst right on her.

First peering out to make sure no soldiers were attempting the passage. Koolau started back on the run for the caves. All the time the shells were moaning, whining, screaming by, and the valley was rumbling and reverberating with the explosions. As he came in sight of the caves, he saw the two idiots cavorting about, clutching each other's hands with their stumps of fingers. Even as he ran, Koolau saw a spout of black smoke rise from the ground, near to the idiots. They were flung apart bodily by the explosion. One lay motionless, but the other was dragging himself by his hands toward the cave. His legs trailed out helplessly behind him, while the blood was pouring from his body. He seemed bathed in blood, and as he crawled he cried like a little dog. The rest of the lepers, with the exception of Kapahei, had fled into the caves.

"Seventeen," said Kapahei. "Eighteen," he added.

This last shell had fairly entered into one of the caves. The explosion caused all the caves to empty. But from the particular cave no one emerged. Koolau crept in through the pungent, acrid smoke. Four bodies, frightfully mangled, lay about. One of them was the sightless woman whose tears till now had never ceased.

Outside, Koolau found his people in a panic and already beginning to climb the goat-trail that led out of the gorge and on among the jumbled heights and chasms. The wounded idiot, whining feebly and dragging himself along on the ground by his hands, was trying to follow. But at the first pitch of the wall his helplessness overcame him and he fell back.

"It would be better to kill him," said Koolau to Kapahei, who still sat in the same place.

"Twenty-two," Kapahei answered. "Yes, it would be a wise thing to kill him. Twenty-three—twenty-four."

The idiot whined sharply when he saw the rifle leveled at him. Koolau hesitated, then lowered the gun.

"It is a hard thing to do," he said.

"You are a fool, twenty-six, twenty-seven," said Kapahei. "Let me show you."

He arose and, with a heavy fragment of rock in his hand, approached the wounded thing. As he lifted his arm to strike, a shell burst full upon him, relieving him of the necessity of the act and at the same time putting an end to his count.

Koolau was alone in the gorge. He watched the last of his people drag their crippled bodies over the brow of the height and disappear. Then he turned and went down to the thicket where the maid had been killed. The shell-fire still continued, but he remained; for far below he could see the soldiers climbing up. A shell burst twenty feet away. Flattening himself into the earth, he heard the rush of the fragments above his body. A shower of *hau* blossoms rained upon him. He lifted his head to peer down the trail, and sighed. He was very much afraid. Bullets from rifles would not have worried him, but this shell-fire was abominable. Each time a shell shrieked by, he shivered and crouched; but each time he lifted his head again to watch the trail.

At last the shells ceased. This, he reasoned, was because the soldiers were drawing near. They crept along the trail in single file, and he tried to count them until he lost track. At any rate, there were a hundred or so of them—all come after Koolau the leper. He felt a fleeting prod of pride. With war-guns and rifles, police and soldiers, they came for him, and he was only one man, a crippled wreck of a man at that. They offered a thousand dollars for him, dead or alive. In all his life he had never possessed that much money. The thought was a bitter one. Kapahei had been right. He, Koolau, had done no wrong. Because the *haoles* wanted labor with which to work the stolen land, they had brought in the Chinese coolies, and with them had come the sickness. And now, because he had caught the sickness, he was worth a thousand dollars—but not to himself. It was his worthless carcass, rotten with disease or dead from a bursting shell, that was worth all that money.

When the soldiers reached the knife-edged passage, he was prompted to warn them. But his gaze fell upon the body of the murdered maid, and he kept silent. When six had ventured on the knife-edge, he opened fire.. Nor did he cease when the knife-edge was bare. He emptied his magazine, reloaded, and emptied it again. He kept on shooting. All his wrongs were blazing in his brain, and he was in a fury of vengeance. All down the goat-trail the soldiers were firing, and though they lay flat and sought to shelter themselves in the shallow inequalities of the surface, they were exposed marks to him. Bullets whistled and thudded about him, and an occasional ricochet sang sharply through the air. One bullet plowed a crease through his scalp, and a second burned across his shoulder-blade without breaking the skin.

It was a massacre, in which one man did the killing. The soldiers began to retreat, helping along their wounded. As Koolau picked them off he became aware of the smell of burnt meat. He glanced about him at first, and then discovered that it was his own hands. The heat of the rifle was doing it. The leprosy had destroyed most of the nerves in his hands. Though his flesh burned and he smelled it, there was no sensation.

He lay in the thicket, smiling, until he remembered the war-guns. Without doubt they would open up on him again, and this time upon the very thicket from which he had inflicted the damage. Scarcely had he changed his position to a nook behind a small shoulder of the wall where he had noted that no shells fell, than the bombardment recommenced. He counted the shells. Sixty more were thrown into the gorge before the war-guns ceased. The tiny area was pitted with their explosions, until it seemed impossible that any creature could have survived. So the soldiers thought, for, under the burning afternoon sun, they

climbed the goat-trail again. And again the knife-edged passage was disputed, and again they fell back to the beach.

For two days longer Koolau held the passage, though the soldiers contented themselves with flinging shells into his retreat. Then Pahau, a leper boy, came to the top of the wall at the back of the gorge and shouted down to him that Kiloliana, hunting goats that they might eat, had been killed by a fall, and that the women were frightened and knew not what to do. Koolau called the boy down and left him with a spare gun with which to guard the passage. Koolau found his people disheartened. The majority of them were too helpless to forage food for themselves under such forbidding circumstances, and all were starving. He selected two women and a man who were not too far gone with the disease, and sent them back to the gorge to bring up food and mats. The rest he cheered and consoled until even the weakest took a hand in building rough shelters for themselves.

But those he had dispatched for food did not return, and he started back for the gorge. As he came out on the brow of the wall, half a dozen rifles cracked. A bullet tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder, and his cheek was cut by a sliver of rock where a second bullet smashed against the cliff. In the moment that this happened, and as he leaped back, he saw that the gorge was alive with soldiers. His own people had betrayed him. The shell-fire had been too terrible, and they had preferred the prison of Molokai.

Koolau dropped back and unslung one of his heavy cartridge-belts. Lying among the rocks, he allowed the head and shoulders of the first soldier to rise clearly into view before pulling trigger. Twice this happened, and then, after some delay, in place of a head and shoulders a white flag was thrust above the edge of the wall.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want you, if you are Koolau the leper," came the answer.

Koolau forgot where he was, forgot everything, as he lay and marveled at the strange persistence of these *haoles* who would have their will though the sky fell in. Ay, they would have their will over all men and all things, even though they died in getting it. He could not but admire them, too, what of that will in them that was stronger than life and that bent all things to their bidding. He was convinced of the hopelessness of his struggle. There was no gainsaying that terrible will of the *haoles*. Though he killed a thousand, yet would they rise like the sands of the sea and come upon him, ever more and more. They never knew when they were beaten. That was their fault and their virtue. It was where his own kind lacked. He could see, now, how the handful of the preachers of God and the preachers of Rum had conquered the land. It was because—

"Well, what have you got to say?" Will you come with me?"

It was the voice of the invisible man under the white flag. There he was, like any *haole*, driving straight toward the end determined.

"Let us talk," said Koolau.

The man's head and shoulders arose, then his whole body. He was a smooth-faced, blue-eyed youngster of twenty-five, slender and natty in his captain's uniform. He advanced until halted, then seated himself a dozen feet away:

"You are a brave man," said Koolau wonderingly. "I could kill you like a fly."

"No you could n't," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"Because you are a man, Koolau, though a bad one. I know your story. You kill fairly."

Koolau grunted, but was secretly pleased.

"What have you done with my people?" he demanded. "The boy, the two women, and the man?"

"They gave themselves up, as I have now come for you to do."

Koolau laughed incredulously.

"I am a free man," he announced. "I have done no wrong. All I ask is to be left alone. I have lived free, and I shall die free. I will never give myself up."

"Then your people are wiser than you," answered the young captain. "Look—they are coming now."

Koolau turned and watched the rem-

nant of his band approach. Groaning and sighing, a ghastly procession, it dragged its wretchedness past. It was given to Koolau to taste a deeper bitterness, for they hurled imprecations and insults at him as they went by; and the panting hag who brought up the rear, halted, and, with skinny, harpy-claws extended, shaking her snarling death's head from side to side, she laid a curse upon him. One by one they dropped over the lip-edge and surrendered to the hiding soldiers.

"You can go now," said Koolau to the captain. "I will never give myself up. That is my last word. Goodbye."

The captain slipped over the cliff to his soldiers. The next moment, and without a flag of truce, he hoisted his hat on his scabbard, and Koolau's bullet tore through it. That afternoon they shelled him out from the beach, and as he retreated into the high inaccessible pockets beyond, the soldiers followed him.

For six weeks they hunted him from pocket to pocket, over the volcanic peaks and along the goat-trails. When he hid in the Lantana jungle, they formed lines of beaters, and through Lantana jungle and guava scrub they drove him like a rabbit. But ever he turned and doubled and eluded. There was no cornering him. When pressed too closely, his sure rifle held them back and they carried their wounded down the goat-trails to the beach. There were times when they did the shooting as his brown body showed for a moment through the underbrush. Once, five of them caught him on an exposed goat-trail between pockets. They emptied their rifles at him as he limped and climbed along his dizzy way. Afterward they found blood-stains and knew that he was wounded. At the end of six weeks they gave up. The soldiers and police returned to Honolulu, and Kalalau Valley was left to him for his own, though head-hunters ventured after him from time to time and to their own undoing.

Two years later, and for the last time, Koolau crawled into a thicket and lay down among the *ti*-leaves and wild-ginger blossoms. Free he had lived, and free he was dying. A slight drizzle of rain began to fall, and he drew a ragged blanket about the distorted wreck of his limbs. His body was covered with an oilskin coat. Across his chest he laid his Mauser rifle, lingering affectionately for a moment to wipe the dampness from the barrel. The hand with which he wiped had no fingers left upon it with which to pull the trigger.

He closed his eyes, for, from the weakness in his body and the fuzzy turmoil in his brain, he knew that his end was near. Like a wild animal he had crept into hiding to die. Half-conscious, aimless and wandering, he lived back in his life to his early manhood on Niihau. As life faded and the drip of the rain grew dim in his ears, it seemed to him that he was once more in the thick of the horse-breaking, with raw colts rearing and bucking under him, his stirrups tied together beneath, or charging madly about the breaking-corral and driving the helping cowboys over the rails. The next instant, and with seeming naturalness, he found himself pursuing the wild bulls of the upland pastures, roping them and leading them down to the valleys. Again the sweat and dust of the branding pen stung his eyes and bit his nostrils.

All his lusty, whole-bodied youth was his, until the sharp pangs of impending dissolution brought him back. He lifted his monstrous hands and gazed at them in wonder. But how? Why? Why should the wholeness of that wild youth of his change to this? Then he remembered, and once again, and for a moment, he was Koolau, the leper. His eyelids fluttered wearily down and the drip of the rain ceased in his ears. A prolonged trembling set up in his body. This, too, ceased. He half-lifted his head, but it fell back. Then his eyes opened, and did not close. His last thought was of his Mauser, and he pressed it against his chest with his folded, fingerless hands. So passed Koolau, the leper.

My Christmas Burglary

By "Q"
(A. T. Quiller-Couch)
Author of "Dead Man's Rock," etc.

I HAD come with high expectations; for Mr. Felix, a bachelor of sixty-five, was reputed to have made for thirty years this particular cabinet his idol. Any nabob or millionaire can collect. Mr. Felix, being moderately well-to-do, had selected. He would have none but the best; and the best lay stored delicately on cotton-wool, ticketed with the tiniest handwriting, in a nest of drawers I could have unlocked with a hair-pin.

The topmost drawer contained scarabs (of which I am no connoisseur); the second some two dozen intaglios, and of these by the light of my bull's-eye lantern, I examined five or six before sweeping the lot into my bag—Europe and the Bull, Ganymede in the eagle's claw, Agare carrying the head of Pentheus, Icarus with relaxed wing dropping headlong to a sea represented by one wavy line; each and all priceless. In the third drawer lay an unset emerald, worth a king's ransom, a clasp of two amethysts, and a necklace of black pearls graduated to a hair's breadth; these only, and (as I guessed) because they disdained the company of inferior gems. By this time I could see—I read it even in the exquisite parsimony of the collection—that I had to deal with an artist, and sighed that in this world artists should prey upon one another. The fourth drawer was reserved for miniatures, the most of them circleted with diamonds; the fifth for snuff-boxes—gold snuff-boxes bearing royal cyphers, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell and gold, snuff-boxes of blue enamel set with diamonds. A couple of these chinked together as they dropped into the bag. The sound startled me, and I paused for a moment to look over my shoulder.

The window stood open as I left it. Outside, in the windless frosty night, the snow on the house-roofs sparkled under a wintering moon now near the close of her first quarter. But though the night was windless, a current of air poured into the room, and had set a little flame dancing in the fireplace where, three minutes ago, the sea coals had held but a feeble glow, half sullen. Down stairs, in some distant apartment, fiddles were busy with a waltz tune, and a violoncello kept the heat with a low thudding pizzicato. For Mr. Felix was giving a Christmas party.

I turned from this hasty glance to pick up another snuff-box. As my fingers closed on it the music suddenly grew louder, and I looked up as the door opened, and a man stood on the threshold—a short, square-set man, dressed in black.

"Eh?" He gave a little start of surprise. "No, no, excuse me, my friend, but you are seeking in the wrong cabinet."

Before I could pull myself together, he had stepped to the window and closed it. "You had best keep quite still," he said; "and then we can talk. There are servants on the stairs below and should you attempt the way you came, there are three constables just around the corner. I hired them to regulate the carriage traffic, but now that the last guest has arrived, they will be cooling their heels for a spell, and I have a whistle. I have also a pistol." With a turn of his hand he flung open a door in a dark armoire beside the window,

dived a hand into its recesses, and produced the weapon. "And it is loaded," he added, still in the same business-like voice, in which, after his first brief exclamation, my ear detected no tremor.

"By all means let us talk," I said.

He was crossing to the fireplace, but wheeled about sharply at the sound of my voice. "Eh? An educated man, apparently!" Laying the pistol on the mantel-shelf, he plucked a twisted spill of paper from a vase hard by, stooped, ignited it from the flame dancing in the sea-coals, and proceeded to light the candles in an old-fashioned girandole that overhung the fireplace. There were five candles, and he lit them all.

They revealed him a clean-shaven, white-haired man, meticulously dressed in black—black swallow-tail coat, open waistcoat, and frilled shirt-front, on which his laundress must have spent hours of labor; closely fitting black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, black polished shoes. They silhouetted, too, in the moment before he swung round on me, an enormous nose, like a punchinello's, and the outline of a shapely head, sufficiently massive to counterbalance and save it from caricature. The size of the head again would have suggested deformity, but for the broad shoulders that carried it. As he faced me squarely with his back to the hearth, his chest and shoulders narrowing to the hips of a runner, and still narrowing (though he stood astraddle) to ankles and feet that would not have disgraced a lady, he put me in mind of a matador I had seen years before, facing his bull in the ring at Seville. The firelight behind them emphasized the neat outline of his legs. He carried a black cloak on his left arm, and in his left hand an opera-hat, pressed flat against his left side. In closing the window, in finding and producing the pistol, and again in lighting the candles, he had used his right hand only.

"A gentleman?" he asked, contracting his brows and eyeing me.

"Well," said I, with an uncomfortable, nervous laugh, that itself accused my breeding, so inferior it was to the situation, "possibly you are one of those who mix up the name with moral conduct—"

"To some extent," he answered, without seeming to interrupt. "Everyone does, I fancy."

"At any rate I wont challenge it," said I. "But you may, if you will, call me a man of some education. I was at Magdalen once, but left Oxford without taking my degree."

"Ah!" He inclined his head a little to one side. "Cards?"

"Certainly not," I answered with heat. "I own that appearances are against me, but I was never that kind of a man. As a matter of fact, it happened over a horse."

He nodded. "So you, too, though you wont challenge the name, have to mix up moral conduct with your disposition. We draw the line variously, but everyone draws it somewhere—Magdalen, hey? If I mistake not, the foundationers of Magdalen—including, perhaps, some who were undergraduates with you—are assembled in the college hall at this moment to celebrate Christmas, and hear the choir sing Pergolesi's 'Gloria.'"

"The reminder hurts me," said I, "—if that be any gratification to you."

"A sentimentalist?" Mr. Felix's eyes twinkled. "Better and better! I have the very job for you—but we will discuss that by-and-by. Only let me say that you must have dropped on me, just now, from heaven—you really must. But please dont make a practice of it! I have invested too much in my curios; and others have invested more—That snuff-box, for instance, which you were handling a moment ago—at one time in its history it cost—ay, and fetched—close on two hundred millions of money."

I began to have hopes that I was dealing with a madman.

"Or rather," he corrected himself, "the money was paid for a pinch of the snuff it contains. Open it, carefully, if you please!—and you will behold the genuine rappee, the very particles over which France fought with Austria. What says Virgil? *'Hi motus animorum atque heac certamina tanta Pulveris exigui jactu'*—yes, but in this instance, you see,

the pinch of dust was the exciting cause. Sir, the Austrian ambassador, one fatal afternoon, refused to take from the box in your hand that which, three weeks later, and all too late, he would gladly have purchased with many millions. Observe the imperial crown on the lid, with the bees around it, as if to illustrate Virgil's warning. I bought the thing myself, sir, for six napoleons, off a dealer in the Rue du Fouaire; but the price will rise again. Yes, certainly, I count on its fetching 300 pounds at least when I have departed this life, and 300 pounds will go some little way towards my monument."

"Your monument?" I echoed.

He nodded again. "In good time, my friend, you shall hear about it; for you make, I perceive, a good listener. You have gifts, though you do less than justice to them. Suffice it to say that I am a sentimentalist, like yourself. I never married nor begat children; and I have but a shaky belief in the future state; but my sentimentality hankers after—you may even say it postulates—some kind of continuity. I cannot discuss this here and now, for by the sound of the violins, the dance is coming to an end, and my guests will be growing impatient. But you remember Samson's riddle? Well, out of my corpse (I trust) shall come forth honey; whereas out of yours, unless you employ your talents better—" He broke off, and stepped close up to me. "Ah, but excuse me," he said, and, reaching out a hand, caught me suddenly by the collar.

The arrest—I made sure it was an arrest—took me unprepared, and threw me off my balance. I broke away a pace, drawing back my fist to strike; and in that moment I felt his hand relax with a curious fluttering movement as though his fingers drummed on the back of my neck. I heard him laugh, too, and before I could hit out he sprang back, holding in his hand a white rabbit!

"An old trick—eh?—and a simple one." He pressed out the spring of his opera hat, dropped the rabbit inside, dived his hand after it, and drew out two white rabbits by the ears. "But it will amuse my young friends downstairs, and I practice this kind of thing at odd whiles."

He set the rabbits on the floor, where they gave themselves a shake, and hopped off towards the shelter of the window-curtains.

"Now you are the very man I wanted," said he, "and I am going to make you sing for your supper." He stepped to the armoire, and drew out a long cloak of scarlet, furred with ermine. "I had meant to wear this myself," he went on, but stopped all of a sudden at sight of my face, and began to laugh quietly, in a way that made me long to take him by the throat. "Dear me, dear me! I understand! Association of ideas—Court of Assize, eh? But this is no judicial robe, my friend; it belongs to Father Christmas. Here 's his wig now—quite another sort of wig, you perceive—with a holly wreath around it. And here 's his beard, beautifully frosted with silver." He held wig and beard towards the window, and let the moonlight play over them. "On with them, quick! —And the boots." Again he dived into the armoire, and produced a pair of Bluchers, the long ankle leathers gummed over with cotton-wool, to represent snow. "It 's lucky they reach a good way up the leg, seeing the cloak is a trifle short for a man of your inches." He stepped back a pace and surveyed me as I fitted on the beard.

"There are punishments and punishments," said I. "And I hope, whatever your game may be, you will remember that there 's punishment in dressing up like a tom-fool."

"Ah, but you 'll catch the spirit of it!" he assured me, and then, rubbing his hands, he appeared to muse for a moment. "I ought," said he, with a glance towards the fireplace, "I really ought to send Father Christmas down by way of the chimney. The flue opens just above here, and I believe it would accommodate you, but I am not very sure if my housekeeper had it swept last spring. No," he decided, "the music has ceased, and we must lose no time. I will spare you the chimney."

He called to his rabbits, picked them up as they came hopping from behind the curtains, popped them into his hat, shut it with a snap, and, lo! they had vanished.

"You 'll excuse me," I ventured, as he stepped to the door, "but—but the—the few articles here in the bag—"

"Oh, bring them along with you; bring them along by all means! We may have a present or two to make, down below."

From the head of the staircase we looked down into a hall gaily lit with paper lanterns. Holly and ivy wreathed the broad balustrade, and the old pictures around the walls. A bunch of mistletoe hung from a great chandelier that sparkled with hundreds of glass prisms, and under it a couple of footmen in gilt liveries and powder crossed at that moment with trays of jellies and syllabubs.

They were well trained footmen, too, for at sight of me descending the stairs in my idiotic outfit they betrayed no surprise at all. One of them set his tray down on a table, stepped neatly ahead as Mr. Felix reached the lowest stair, and opened a door for us on the right. I found myself at a stand on the threshold, blinking at a blaze of light, and staring up a perspective of waxed floor at a miniature stage which filled the far end of the room. Light, as everyone knows, travels farther than sound; were it not so, I should say that almost ahead of the blaze there broke on us a din of voices—of happy children's voices. Certainly it stunned my ears before I had time to blink.

The room was lined with children—scores of children; and some of them were gathered in little groups, and some of them, panting and laughing from their dance, had dropped into the chairs ranged along the walls. But these were the minority. The most of the guests lay in cots, or sat with crutches beside them, or with hands dropped in their laps. These last were the blind ones. I do not set up to be a lover of children; but the discovery that the most of these small guests were crippled hit me with a kind of pitiful awe; and right on top of it came a second and worse shock, to note how many of them were blind.

To me these blind eyes were the only merciful ones, as Mr. Felix beckoned Father Christmas to follow him up to the stage between the two lines of curious gazers. "O—oh!" had been their first cry, as they caught sight of me in the doorway, and "O—oh!" I heard them murmuring, child after child, in long-drawn fugue, as we made our way up the long length of the room that winked detection from every candle, every reflector, every foot of its polished floor.

We gained the stair together by a short stairway draped with flags. Mr. Felix with a wave of his opera-hat, called on the orchestra to strike up "A Fine Old English Gentleman" (meaning me, or, if you like it, Father Christmas, and I leave you to picture the fool I looked). Then, stepping to the footlights, he introduced me, explaining that he had met me wandering upstairs, rifling his most secret drawers to fill my bag with seasonable presents for them. Five or six times he interrupted his patter to pluck a cracker or a bon-bon out of my beard, and toss it down to his audience. The children gasped at first, and stared at the magic spoil on the floor. By-and-by one adventurous little girl crept forward, and picked up a cracker, and her cry of delight as she discovered that it was real, gave the signal for a general scramble. Mr. Felix continued his patter without seeming to heed it; but his hand went up faster and faster to my beard and wig, and soon the crackers were falling in showers. I saw children snatch them off the floor and carry them to their blind brothers and sisters, pressing them between the wondering, groping hands with assurance that they were real—Mr. Felix saw it, too, and his flow of words ceased with a gulp, as though a flowing spring gurgled suddenly, and withdrew itself underground. "I am a sentimentalist," he said to me quickly, in a pause which nobody heeded; for by this time crackers were banging to right and left,

and the children shouting together. Their shouts rose to one yell of laughter as, recovering himself, he dived at my neck, and produced the two struggling rabbits. His opera-hat opened with a snap, and in they went. A second later it shut flat again, and they were gone, into thin air. He opened the hat with a puzzled frown, plunged a hand, and dragged forth yard upon yard of ribbon —red, green, white, blue, yellow ribbon —mixed up with packs of playing cards that, with a turn of the hand he sent spinning into air, to fall thick as leaves in Vall 'ombrosa.

"Your turn!" he panted, as, at the end of the ribbon he lugged out an enormous cabbage, and trundled it down the room. Catching my bag from me, he shook his cloak over it once, and returned it to my hands, bulging, stuffed full to the brim with toys—dolls, tops, whips, trumpets, boxes of animals, boxes of tin soldiers—

"Father Christmas, now! Make way for Father Christmas!"

The infection took me, and stumbling down from the stage by the stairway, I fell to distributing the largesse left and right. The first bagful carried me less than a third of the way down the room, for I gave with both hands, and, when a blind child fumbled long with a toy dropped it at his feet, and tried another, and yet another till his smile suited me. The dropped toys lay where tney had fallen. The spirit of the game had made me reckless; and I halted with a cold shiver as my fingers touched the gems at the bottom of the bag, and, looking down the room, I was aware that my store was exhausted, and as yet two-thirds of the children had received no gift. I turned—all in a cold shiver—to retrace my steps and pick up the toys at the blind children's feet, and as I did so, felt myself a bungler past pardon. But in the act of turning, I cast a look back at the stage, and there stood Mr. Felix, nodding approval and beckoning. So, as in a dream, I went back. "Capital!" was his only comment. Taking my bag, he passed his cloak over it again, and again handed it to me, stuffed to the brim.

Thrice I returned to him, but the third refill was a scanty one, since by this time there lacked but half a score of the taller children to be satisfied. To these, too, I distributed their gifts, and when every eager pair of hands had been laden, I wheeled about for the next word of command.

But Mr. Felix had skipped down from the stage, letting the curtain fall behind him. He stood with his back to me, waving both arms to the orchestra, and as the musicians plunged at the opening bars of the Toy Symphony, the curtain rose, almost as soon as it had dropped, and rose upon a scene representing a street with shops decked for Christmas, and snow upon their eaves and window ledges.

Then, still to the strains of the Toy Symphony, a Harlequin ran in, with a Columbine, whom he twisted upon his bent knee, and tossed lightly through the upper window of a baker's shop, himself diving a moment later, with a slap of his wand, through the flap of the fishmonger's door, hard by. Next, as on a frozen slide, came the clown, with red-hot poker, the Pantaloon tripping over his stick, and two Constables wreathed in strings of sausages. The Clown boxed the Pantaloon's ears; the Pantaloon passed on the buffet to the Constables, and all plunged together into the fishmonger's. The Clown emerged running with a stolen plaice, passed it into the hands of the Pantaloon, who followed, and was in turn pursued off the scene by the Constables; but the fishmonger, issuing last in chase, ran into the Clown, who caught up a barrel of red herrings and bonnetted him. The fishmonger extricated himself, and the two began to pelt each other with herrings, while the children screamed with laughter—

It was a famous harlequinade; and, as usual, it concluded the entertainment. For after a harlequinade, what can stand between a child and happy dreams?—especially if he go to them with his arms full of Christmas presents. Five minutes after the curtain had fallen I found myself standing beside Mr. Felix in the hall, while he bade good-night to his guests. Carriages of his hiring had

arrived for them, and the coachmen apparently had received their orders. A dozen well-trained nurses moved about the hall, and, having dressed the little ones—who by this time were almost too drowsy with pleasure to thank their entertainer—carried them out into the portico, where the liveried footmen stood by the carriage doors. Slam! went the doors, and one after another—with scarcely a word of command—the carriages bowled off over the thick snow.

When the last guest had gone, Mr. Felix turned to me.

"The play is over," said he. "When I am gone, it will be repeated year after year at Christmas, at the Cripples' Hospital. My will provides for that; and that will be my monument. But for a few years to come I hope to hold the entertainment here, in my own house. Come, you may take off your robe and wig and go in peace. I would fain have a talk with you, but I am tired, as perhaps you may guess. Go, then—and go in peace!"

Motioning the footman to fall back, he walked out with me and down the steps of the portico; but halted on the lowest step by the edge of the frozen snow, and with a wave of the hand dismissed me into the night.

I had gained the end of the street, and the bridge that there spans the river before it occurred to me that I was carrying my bag, and—with a shock—that my bag still held the stolen jewels.

By the second lamp on the bridge I halted, lifted the bag on to the snow-covered parapet, thrust in a hand, and drew forth—a herring!

Herrings—red herrings—filled to the brim. I dragged them forth, and rained handful after handful overboard into the black water. Still, below them, I had hopes to find the jewels. But the jewels were gone. At least, I supposed that all were gone, when—having jettisoned the last herring—I groped around the bottom of the bag.

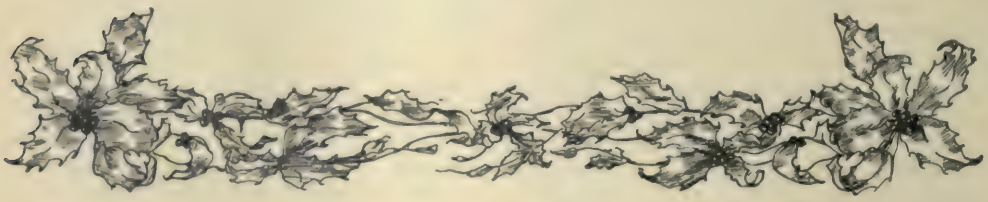
Something pricked my finger. I drew it out and held it under the lamp-light. It was a small turquoise brooch, set around with diamonds.

For at least two minutes I stared at it, there, under the lamp; had slipped it half-way into my waistcoat pocket, but suddenly took a new resolve, and walked back along the street to the house.

Mr. Felix yet stood on the lower step of the portico. Above him, still as a statue, a footman waited at the great house-door, until it should please his master to re-enter.

"Excuse me, sir—" I began, and held up the brooch.

"I meant it for you," said Mr. Felix quietly, affably. "I gave precisely five pounds for it, at an auction, and I warn you that it is worth just thrice that sum. Still, if you would prefer ready money, as in your circumstances I daresay you do"—he felt in his breeches pocket—"here are the five sovereigns, and—once more—go in peace."



The Convincing of Captain Arklow

By Patrick Vaux

Author of "The Shock of Battle," etc.

THE commanding officer of the United States battleship *Philadelphia* stood in his cabin in the attitude of suddenly strained attention. His head was inclined to port, and the cup of hot coffee arrested half-way to his lips. He was giving ear to the hooting that had broken out from the next astern.

A suggestion of suspense stood on his grey face. Impatiently he twitched his bushy eyebrows, making the fog-beads run together into blobs of moisture.

Worry and weariness lay graven on his bluff cheek and chin.

"Huh! The *Pensacola* sheering away again," he grunted in a voice of disgust. "Thank God, I dont command her. She 's as erratic as an old sow!"

Hastily Captain Arklow gulped down the bracer of coffee. Then, winding a shawl round his throat, he left for the bridge again, and the night with its baffling fog.

As he turned to go his eye rested on the bureau, where lay his answer to Senator Carrell, sealed and addressed for the mail-bag. And again did his self-esteem rise in indignant protestation.

Kitty had done wrong.

Her fears, that his illness last year had undermined his robustness for service afloat, she ought not to have communicated to her brother. Though it was kind, yes, very kind, of the Senator to offer to procure his appointment to a suitable post vacant some time ahead in the politician's "little orphan of a navy-yard down South."

It was good of Carrell. Yet it was officious.

After all—so Captain Arklow told himself as he made for the bridge—he himself was to blame in making mention to Kitty of that feeling of fatigue and nervous strain now sometimes overtaking him. He was, most unquestionably, hale and hearty enough for the remaining two years' active service, up to the age-limit. Yet there ran before his memory's eye that scathing indictment set forth in President Roosevelt's special message to Congress, 1907: "Under the present archaic system of promotion, without parallel in the navy of any other first-class power, our captains are commissioned at the average age of fifty-six." The commanding officer grimaced unconsciously in his resentment.

On deck, Captain Arklow could hardly see a yard about him.

For a few seconds he listened to the muffled droning away to starboard from a liner, startled to find herself in the neighborhood of so many dangers as indicated by the United States' Atlantic fleet's numerous sirens. Then he groped his way to the forebridge.

At the top of the ladder he was greeted by a series of blasts from his own vessel; third unit in the column ahead at intervals. The sounds, gigantic, despairing, as from a Titan in pain, seemed to be directed into his particular ear.

The commanding officer frowned; it was in the knowledge that deafening hooting was unheard ten cables away. For six and thirty hours dense fog had cloaked the Atlantic waters.

At the top of the ladder he saw the dim figure of the officer of the watch, who peered into his face as he stepped onto the bridge.

"Yes," he said in answer to the lieutenant, "I heard her—a big steamer off the starboard quarter. There she is

again—is n't she panicky? Hope she stands away all right," as they listened to the liner's repeated wails. "The *Pensacola*—she 's swung into station again."

"Yes, into station again," replied the officer of the watch. "A pity, sir, she 's not anywhere but astern of us. She is not to be trusted."

"Trusted? I guess not," rejoined Captain Arklow. "She is always in the wrong place. Her crankiness breaks the heart of every good seaman that has to do with her—You have posted extra lookouts?"

"Yes. Cant always see the *Virginia's* fog-buoy, just under our bows; but the bow lookouts hear the wash of it. They 're to report the instant it draws ahead."

"Very good, Newbright. But, the next astern we must mind as well. D—n the *Pensacola!*"

"Old Man Arklow 's getting rattled," muttered Lieutenant Newbright, winding shawl and muffler higher and tighter round his throat, as the commanding officer moved away. "I reckon he has had enough of this muck—like the rest of us! Been on the bridge all the time, and 'fleet exercises' previously, too!"

Slowly the battleship's captain stepped inside his pilot-house. Every sense in him was alert and searching. Feeling their tyranny, he asked himself if they portended disaster.

All was dark inside the pilot-house. except where the binnacle light illumed the compass and card. Above its bowl hung the faces of the quartermaster and wheel, their attention fixed on keeping the *Philadelphia* unerringly on her course. Alongside them, men stood at the telegraphs; and, by the chart-table, was a bulky figure which Arklow recognized as the executive officer.

"Turned out again, Ditson," he ejaculated in a gratified voice; "I am with you in that. Only a young head can sleep with all this cotton wool round us, eh."

"I could n't get a wink of sleep if I tried," remarked the lieutenant-commander, straightening himself; "it is the thickest fog I 've ever seen, and reminds me of when the Italian liner ran amuck amongst us in the spring manoeuvers. You remember—the poor devils went down almost under our bows, and not a scrap of her to be seen. Could just hear her siren, and that was all."

"Yes, it was almost as thick as this—the *Pensacola* it was, too, that sank her. She 's a death-ship."

Both officers uttered exclamations of disgust as they moved out on to the bridge again, and gazed uselessly astern.

"I reckon all hands are about fed up with these fog 'practices,'" observed Ditson. "Only ourselves and the British play at this sort of game; there 'll be a thundering big disaster some day. Sort of weather that makes a man almost pray for a billet ashore, leastways, when one is married and has a family. This is not all apple-pie—something tooting away to port now."

"Yes, a damn-fool thing!" exclaimed Captain Arklow in a worried voice. "Sailing ship, I think, eh."

He listened for a minute to the intermittent, wailing of the windjammer's hand-bellows foghorn, then turned back into the pilot-house.

Tired in mind and body, he leaned against the chart-table, and thoughts, not exclusively professional, insisted on recognition. From the *Pensacola* they fled to navy-yards and the snug billet offered him down South.

Yes! He was glad, honestly glad—he had to admit—he had just two years' more service. In business ashore one was old at forty, nowadays—but in the navy that age was considered comparatively youthful. Ah, the folly of it would be all too forcibly realized when the awful day of Armageddon came along.

Captain Arklow wondered, in especial, if Kitty had correctly summed up the gist of her talk with Carrell and Doctor Chadwick about him and his illness last year. But she had, aye, pleaded for him to send in his papers—Roosevelt had undoubted right on his side in that message to the Congress; he had—Kit? —She and the children would be sound

asleep, safe in that great white house of his childhood, away down in Kentucky, with its high pillars reaching to the roof, and the great wings stretching away on either side. She would be in the bedroom next the nursery that looked on the high hedge of box, which mingled its delicate odor with that of the roses crowding over its edge in all the glory of their pink and white and red and yellow blooms. He could almost smell their aromatic fragrance, and fancy himself in the garden.

He saw the stretch of quiet woodland, the stately old place, and the garden, all misty with memories.

Surely that was Kitty, and baby, too, coming down the broad sweep of driveway—Yes, it was—.

Then everything went in the rending crash, in the clangor and screech of breaking, twisting steel.

Lieutenant-Commander Ditson leaped to his side.

"*Pensacola* has collided twice, and jabbed us badly. Reports are coming up at once. All watertight doors closed and the crew at collision stations. The mat is being placed over the leakage. —*Pensacola* backed away, out of line—"

She had done it at last then. This was the refrain in Arklow's mind. Confounded and heartstricken as he was, he was conscious of feeling something akin to relief.

"How has it happened?" He wondered at his curiously calm voice. "The killed and injured?"

"None. All jumped clear of her bows," answered the officer of the watch, who by his voice felt his position in the matter most acutely. "She forged ahead inside of us; rammed us on the starboard beam, and then right aft. By God, she 's in trouble, too. Listen to her hooting."

Sirens everywhere were whining, and droning and belching forth yaps short and long. But to Arklow the roaring of his and the *Pensacola's* horns palpitated with horror and anguish.

Vainly he stared aft, but there the mist-filled gloom hid everything, blurring even the voices and giving them the effect of being far distant. Yet it came home to him there was no excitement. The men were cool and active. just as if it was all make-believe. And a thrill of satisfaction, of pride, heartened him.

Ditson sprang up the bridge ladder.

"Steering-engine room and stores are full and she is settling by the stern. Must be stove in aft. Boiler-room and starboard bunkers filling."

"Inform the flagship. Ring off the engines. All hands to fall in on deck for the boats."

"The other vessels 'll be getting theirs away, too. At any rate, most of the crew 'll be saved one way and another."

The lieutenant-commander's parting words as he disappeared down the bridge ladder, smart, collected as ever, brought to the *Philadelphia's* C. O. an intolerable pang of agony. It was impossible to embark the battleship's 810 men in time. He charged himself with criminal neglect of duty.

Kitty and the children—the ranks of bluejackets and other ratings on the deck below, awaiting in grim immobility their death or rescue—all flashed before him when the *Philadelphia* gave a heavy, toppling lurch.

She was going down stern first.

"Save yourself, Newbright." Arklow jerked out, the words strangling in his throat; "save yourself."

But the officer of the watch shook his head.

"No! I stick by you and the ship, sir," he shot out gustily; "guess we all do—Not leaving you, by God, no!"

Gratitude, intense dismay, too, swelled the commanding officer's heart. Silently he wrung his subordinate's hand.

A moan burst from him; his eye resting on Lieutenant-Commander Ditson, who was stepping for the last time to his side; the navigating and gunnery officers behind him. Yes! They were standing by with him, supporting him even in death's awful portals.

Ah, their hearts were of nickel steel not proven in vain.

"Back, back." Arklow commanded, his voice harsh with his mental throes.

"Save yourselves. I order you. This is mad—"

But the hull beneath suddenly tilted, and he was precipitated on the bridge.

Captain Arklow recovered himself. He looked around in astonishment and perplexity.

Lieutenant-Commander Ditson was holding a sticky handkerchief to his brows, mopping up a trickle of blood there; and the officer of the watch was supporting him under the shoulders. The siren of the next astern blared out monontonously. Steadily the *Philadelphia* slugged along ahead of her, just as if the two cables' interval was as great a safeguard as existed on land or sea. Quietness lay along the decks beneath, broken only by the sounds of early morning routine. Ahead and astern consorts moaned out less frequently.

"Him doze off? I just think not—no, not him," the commanding officer heard Ditson say in reply to Lieutenant Newbright. "It must have been that d—d sextant falling off the shelf there, when the swell took her; just knocked him stupid. Ah—that's better!—How d'ye feel?"

"Almost stunned me—it did," said Captain Arklow, pointing to the sextant lying on the deck at his feet. "Some one stowed it away in a d—d careless fashion. The fog is lifting?"

"Yes, lifting. Breeze coming up astern, too. We should see daylight now."

But Captain Arklow was hardly aware of the answer.

It had come to him that Kitty and Doctor Chadwick were right after all. Even his stubborn nature could not but bow to this—the declaration of Mother Nature herself. He certainly had dozed for a second or two.

The commanding officer of the *Philadelphia* felt he could never look his officers honorably in the face again—never encounter the gaze of their frank eyes.

"I'll hold back that reply to Carrell," he mumbled to himself as he held the handkerchief pad against his flesh wound, "till I have had a thorough medical overhaul. Getting too old for sea service. Good God, to be done down with just six hours of battle and thirty-six of fog 'exercises'—all in a string—The idea — preposterous! — Dead-beat with carrying on for just forty-two hours on the bridge."

The officers near by wondered what he was muttering about.

The Christmas Trail

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

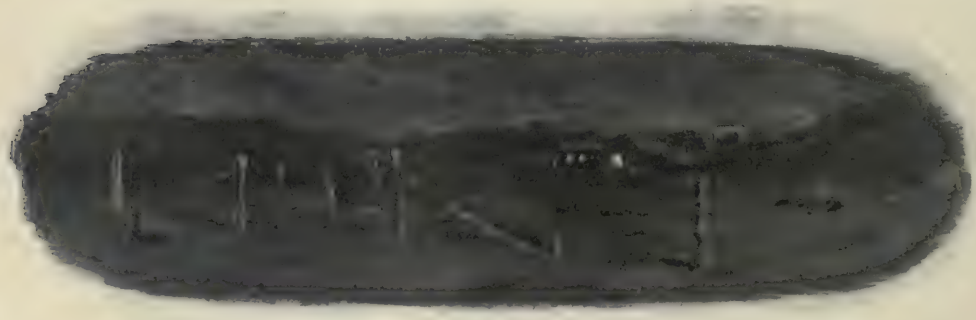
The wind is blowin' cold down the mountain tips of snow
  And 'cross the ranges, layin' brown and dead;
It's cryin' through the valley trees that wear the mistletoe
  And mournin' with the grey clouds overhead.
Yet its sweet, with the beat of my little hawse's feet,
  And I whistle like the sky was warm and blue,
  For I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you,
        Old folks,
  I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you.

Oh, mebbe it was good when the whinny of the spring
  Had wheedled me to hoppin' of the bars,
And livin' in the shelter of a sailin' buzzard's wing
  And restin' underneath a roof of stars;
But the bright campfire light only dances for a night
  While the home-fire burns forever clear and true,
  So 'round the year I circle back to you,
        Old folks,
  'Round the rovin' year I circle back to you.

Oh, mebbe it was good, when the reckless summer sun
  Had shot a charge of fire through my veins,
And I milled around the whisky and the fightin' and the fun
  'Mong the other mav'ricks drifted from the plains.
Ay! the pot bubbled hot, while you reckoned I'd forgot,
  And the devil smacked the young blood in his stew,
  Yet I'm lovin' every mile that's nearer you,
    Good folks,
  Lovin' every blessed mile that's nearer you.

Oh, mebbe it was good at the round-up in the fall,
  When the storms of bawlin' dust before us ran,
And the pride of rope and saddle was a-drivin' of us all
  To a stretch of nerve and muscle, man and man.
But the pride sort of died when the man got weary-eyed;
  'Twas a sleepy boy that rode the night guard through,
  And he dreamed himse'f along a trail to you,
    Old folks,
  Dreamed himse'f along a happy trail to you.

The coyote's winter howl cuts the dusk behind the hill,
  But the ranch's shinin' window I kin see,
And, though I don't deserve it and, I reckon, never will,
  There'll be room beside the fire kep' for me.
Skimp my plate 'cause I'm late; let me hit the old, kid gait,
  For tonight I'm stumblin'-tired of the new
  And I am ridin' up the Christmas trail to you,
    Old folks,
  I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you.



A TYPICAL "BUNCH," ENJOYING FULL FREEDOM.

Buying Buffalo on the Hoof

By Agnes Deans Cameron

IN the year 1873, Walking Coyote, a Pend d'Oreille on the Flathead Reservation, building wiser than he knew, founded a herd of pure-bred buffalo. In 1907-9 the Canadian Government gathered up the 600 splendid specimens which were the resultant of the Flathead's enterprise, entrained them, and took them bodily into Canada, the world's biggest bargain in buffalo.

When the pussy-willows were budding in the spring, thirty-six years ago, Walking Coyote with his squaw and stepson found himself on the Milk River close to the invisible parallel of forty-nine, and near to where the town of Buffalo now stands. They had been wintering with the Peigan Indians, but now the old spring-fret come o'er them, and they joined the first buffalo-hunt of the new year.

During the hunt four baby buffalo were made orphans. Leaving their dead mothers, the little calves, hungry and lonely, ran mooing after the horses of the hunters. The heart of Mrs. Walking Coyote was touched, and she persuaded her lord to annex the orphans to their family group of dogs, bronchos and babies. So back to St. Ignatius Mission in the heart of the Flathead Reservation the two young buffalo bulls and the two little heifers trotted, fol-

lowing the ponies right across the Rockies, the unwitting ancestors of the world's last and largest herd of prairie bison.

The baby buffalo at once became pets among those who went and came to the Mission of St. Ignatius, and when they were four years old each of the heifers gave birth to a calf. Slowly the herd increased in number, and when ten years had passed Walking Coyote found himself the possessor of thirteen head of full-blood buffalo. With his nomadic propensities, the bunch grew to be somewhat of a white elephant on his hands; the thirteen grown-ups were a different story to the first little calves; they refused to resolve themselves into Wemmick's "portable property" when the Red Gods made their medicine in the spring; so Walking Coyote did not repel the advances of a would-be purchaser.

Origin of the Big Herd.

The men who saw the possibilities of profit in annexing the handful of pure-bred survivors of a dying race were two ranchers on the Flathead Reservation, C. A. Allard and Michel Pablo, who offered Coyote $250 apiece for his best ten specimens.

The buffalo were driven down to the side of a stream and the transfer took place. Walking Coyote had no use for cashier's checks or clearing-house certificates; he must see and handle the cash. So the money was counted out into twenty-five piles of a hundred dollars each, each pile being held down by a stone. Just as the buffalo-bullion transaction was about finished, a mink ran across the trail, and both vendor and purchaser left the counting of greenbacks to follow the instinct of the chase, strong in both. Half the afternoon was gone before they returned to their grazing buffalo and counted greenbacks, and coming into the open they found an old Indian on guard. He, literally, had left every stone unturned, and was contenting himself with gazing. It would have been as well for Walking Coyote if the

Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.

MICHEL PABLO AND SON—KEEPERS OF THE PABLO HERD—SEARCHING THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION FOR BUFFALO.

Photo by Sumner W. Matteson.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK HERD.
Brought From the Flathead Indian Reserve, Montana. "Theo. Roosevelt," King of the Herd, in Center.

A SOD HOUSE ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE.
Buffalo Bones From an Old Slaughter Are Piled in the Foreground.

wind had blown his bank-bills away that sweet spring day; for, taking his twenty-five hundred dollars with him into the saloons of Missoula, he somewhat reversed the other prodigal story by turning his fatted buffalo into bad whisky, from the effects of which he was found dead under a bridge a few weeks after.

Coyote drank himself to death, but his little herd of buffalo, now 600 strong, is a lasting memorial to his enterprise and love of animals; for it was not hope of gain which away back in 1873 prompted the Indian and his wife to give fostering care to those lonely little buffalo babies. It is from this herd that the buffalo in the Yellowstone Park, as well as most of those in traveling shows today, were procured.

About the time that Walking Coyote saved his four calves from slaughter, up in Canada the late Honorable James McKay, Provincial Secretary of Manitoba, was laying the foundation of another herd. Mr. McKay sold his buffalo brands-from-the-burning to Colonel Benson, warden of the penitentiary at Stonewall, who, in his turn, disposed of most of them to one Buffalo Jones. Part of this herd, however, was purchased by Lord Strathcona when he was Sir Donald Smith, and by him presented to the Government of Canada. Of the generous gift of Lord Strathcona, four animals are retained by the city of Winnipeg, while the rest form one of the most appreciated attractions of Canada's National Park at Banff.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NORTHWESTERN MOUNTED POLICE.
Marching Through a Prairie Town (Edmonton). These Men Assisted in Rounding Up the Buffalo.

In 1893, Michel Pablo and Allard added to their Walking Coyote stock all the animals that Buffalo Jones possessed, twenty-six pure-bred buffalo and eighteen half-breeds. So, as far as these animals and their issue are concerned, in their recent purchase the Canadian Government was only securing in perpetuity for that country the possession of what had originally been theirs.

In turning over the remnant of his Omaha herd to Allard and Pablo fifteen years ago, Jones contracted to deliver

A MOOSE, YOKED.
"And gave him dominion over all the beasts of the field."—The Canadian Pioneer Conquers the Prairie, Turns Rivers Into Traction-Powers, Pastures His Cattle in the Old Buffalo-Wallows, and, in This Instance, Has Made the Moose His Ready Servant.

the animals in person at Butte, Montana. He arrived with his buffalo goods late on a Sunday afternoon, and, like Walking Coyote before him, demanded strict C. O. D. Allard had to borrow some cash in order to complete the pur-

COWBOYS ON THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP OF BIG BUFFALO.

chase, and in his difficulty applied to his one-time ranch cook, Joseph A. Clark, the copper king. Clark, like his brother, Senator Clark (who in his time had been a mail-carrier) was no aristocrat, and bore no resentment to a reminder from Allard of his days of blue-jeans and cooking kettles. He obligingly advanced the money, and Buffalo Jones turned over the herd.

Allard and Pablo treated the people of Butte to an impromptu Wild West show with their new purchase, and then drove the animals across to their ranch beyond Ravelli, where they gave themselves up seriously to the business of breeding buffalo.

The crossing of the old herd with the new infused new blood into the strain, but Buffalo Jones' experiment of producing hybrid stock by mating buffalo with domestic cattle was at once pronounced a failure. The "cattalo" or mongrels exhibited the weaknesses of both parent stocks, and the good qualities of neither, and were rigorously separated from the pure-bred buffalo.

After the division of the sheep from the goats, the full-blood bison were put on range near the Big Butte, where the Mud empties into the Pend d'Oreille River, and in almost ideal conditions they roamed and ranged and increased after their kind. The animals were the pride and personal care of Mr. Allard, and, while he lived, were comparatively tame and easily handled by horsemen.

A FEW OF THE MIGHTY BULLS TAKING A STAND IN THE ROCKIES.

In 1896 Mr. Allard died, and his partner, Michel Pablo, lost much of his interest in the propagation and perpetuation of the shaggy lords of the prairie.

The Herd Disintegrates.

By the Allard will the total herd of 300 buffalo was evenly divided, 150 head reverting to Michel Pablo, while the other 150 were inherited by the widow and children of Mr. Allard, who subdivided and sold their shares. It meant the disintegration of the herd.

Almost at once Pablo began to sell; by ones and twos and in little groups the animals were cut out and found their way into menageries, parks, and traveling shows. There was scarcely an Eastern zoo or private game preserve that could not show at least one descendant of the motherless calves of poor old Walking Coyote. The buffalo were disposed of chiefly through the agency of Howard Eaton, a hunter expert of Wolf, Wyoming.

Mrs. Allard sold her buffalo bequest to Konrad of Kalispell; Judge Woodrow of Missoula bought the share of one son, turning them over to the "101 Ranch"; Howard Eaton himself became the possessor of the remaining animals of the Allard estate. Then were heard rumors of the throwing open to settlement of the Flathead Reservation, and with the impending loss of the free range, Michel Pablo sought a purchaser who would take the rest of his herd intact.

Pablo through his representative first offered the buffalo to the United States Government. He next tried to interest the American Bison Association. As a last resort, the Canadian Government was approached, with the result that the noble herd of over 500 buffalo passed into the hands of Canada at a purchase price of $130,000.

The Last Range Round-Up.

The ghosts of the old buffalo hunters and the shaggy shades of bygone bison, if still to be touched by earthly issues, looked on in impotent pathos while the last vedette of the prairies was rounded up like range cattle and dumped and prodded into freight cars. It was the passing of the buffalo, the curtain-drop to all the old romance of the free mesas. "The pity of it! O, Iago, the pity of it!"

At first glance it may seem a simple thing to round up and entrain 500 buffalo; but those who undertook the task found it anything but an end-summer's pleasure jaunt. We must remember that these mammoth brutes were enjoying the free life of the range; they were not the tamed pets that once fed out of the hands of St. Ignatius priests or rubbed wet muzzles on the brown shoulders of the babies of the Walking Coyote.

The first round-up of the Canadian-bought buffalo was made in April-May, 1907, and resulted in the capture and successful entraining of over 200.

The riders anticipated no particular difficulty in securing the rest of the herd in September. But they reckoned without their hosts; evidently there had been buffalo councils among the ravines of the Pend d'Oreille after the May hunt, with many resolves not to be tamely taken from the ancestral hunting-ground.

The autumn hunt was lush with experience for both hunters and hunted. The theater of the strife was the Flathead Reservation in the Mission Valley among the rugged peaks of Western Montana; this reserve is a natural enclosure sixty-five miles long with giant mountains for barbed boundary and buttes for fence-posts.

Unsniffing danger, the herd was scattered over the range of a hundred square miles, grazing in little bunches of fifteen and twenty, with here a family group of three, and there a solitary bull. Thirty-five bull-punchers each with his two spare horses matched wits and endurance with the ponderous but agile lords of the mesa; it was a contest to the finish and every inch was fought for.

Bounce of the Baby Bison.

When the buffalo at last realize that it is a determined effort to capture, and not idle curiosity that they are up against, there is one long snort of indignation and a mad, impetuous rush. Through the narrow gulches, across the stream, up the open valley go the frenzied herd, up one side of the Pend d'Oreille Mountains and down the other. A buffalo seems to negotiate hills as readily as if they were the rolling reaches of the prairie, and the astonishing part of it is that the calves keep up their end with no apparent effort.

As we watch the stampede of the herd, we see a whole kindergarten of baby bison on the dead run, well abreast of their elders and each intent on individual salvation. When the bunch

reaches a river there is no hesitancy at the brink; each yearling and two-months' calf takes the water and is again, before we realize it, a yellow streak on the green stretch beyond, making for the hillside. He who hesitates is lost. One little buffalo calf, not four weeks old, ran forty miles in the first drive and swam the Pend d'Oreille. He was following his mother, who made her escape from the round-up. But the plucky baby was lassoed and tied to a tree, as if he were some ignominious felon. Next day trussed like any tame Hereford the wobbly scion of the magerfu' lords of the mesa was trundled into civilization in a buckboard, and is being brought up on the bottle.

Grandmothers, Too.

The hunt abounded in spectacular features. What would we think in these effete days of pink teas and bridge-whist of a grandmother hunting buffalo, and hunting them to a finish, too? The heroine of the big round-up was a lady of seventy-five, Mrs. Irvine, who joined the chase simply because she could n't keep away.

A sister-in-law of the late C. A. Allard, this erect horsewoman is a link between this last of buffalo-hunts and the days of the long-ago. Riding in to the exciting meet during the first days of the skirmishing, Mrs. Irvine proved herself one of the most expert of the whole bunch of buffalo hunters, and each who crossed saddle in this battle-royal was a picked cow-puncher.

The lady who had exceeded the Bible-span of life by five years, and who chased buffalo for amusement, was accompanied on the hunt by her grand-daughters (the Misses Marion of Lethbridge), her son, and her daughter-in-law. The family had been hunting wolves in the valley of the Bitter Root, hunting with hounds. They arrived on the scene at a critical moment, and the courage of the wolf-hounds and the verve of the superb horsewoman turned the despair of a stampede to a brilliant victory.

A giant bull had broken from the herd and was in mid flight down the mountain when Mrs. Irvine gave chase and did what the tired cow-punchers had been unable to accomplish. She headed off the stampeding bull, and, dodging his headlong charge, called the wolf-hounds to the attack. They fought the bull to a standstill, and the rest of the bellowing herd were turned back.

Fathers in Israel, First.

In the first round-up, the animals after weeks of fighting fate, gradually found themselves circled into family groups. Day by day the cordons of riders closed in; many bulls followed by the members of their harem took mad dashes for liberty and safely made their break-away. The crack of revolver and the unearthly yells of the cow-boys restrained others, and in these cases the invariable formation was cows and calves in the center and belligerent bulls on the circle's circumference.

A council of war decided that to prevent a possible heavy loss of calves, it would not be advisable to ship the mothers at this time, so the cow-boys found themselves confronted by the task of cutting out from these tightly packed community groups the bulls and young stock. For seven days they sweated at the work, each minute of the time in imminent danger of death from a charge of those baulked and infuriated bulls. It was no child's play.

The result of the resolute culling was such a collection of bull buffalo as has never before been sequestrated from a herd. Two hundred head, the veteran leaders of many a prairie contest to the finish, great shaggy tons of concentrated fight, there they stood at bay, cornered but not conquered. The task was to run them into chutes and then by block and tackle, fighting and finesse, cursing and coercion, get them into stock-cars.

To get some idea of what it means to load bison into box-cars, listen to the summing-up of a man who knows: "Buffalo? Wal, I guess. An' ole bull aint no tea-party. He 's crammed as full o' concentrated cussedness as a gun-cattridge is with trouble. Take the most ornery steer whose mother come from

the Panhandle o' Texas, substract any shreds o' lingering Christianity that may cling to his hoof, multiply his meanness by twelve, his sin-stubbornness by nineteen, his liftin' power in foot-pounds by twenty-three, add the products, throw a circulatin' decimal of stingin' Satan in for fair measure, and you 'll come to gently realize that handlin' bull buffalo aint the simple life fer little Willie."

Of the first bunch it took just four days to entrain sixty head, and what might have proved a fatal tragedy was narrowly averted. The biggest bull of the bunch was the stubbornest. With iron gads he was being prodded along the car-chute, when he made a sudden turn and roaring like a bull of Bashan caught the gate by the car-door on his horns, and swung out with it impaled there, into space.

Right in front of him stood unguarded the Canadian Pacific Railroad stock inspector, with Messrs. Douglas and Ayotte, and the bull charged. Somehow, Mr. McMullen was n't keen on inspecting that particular head of stock just then; he did n't seem to care if the bull had tuberculosis, appendicitis, or housemaid's knee. The official stepped back with such force that his arm was fractured by the fall, while the two gentlemen who stood by him were stunned. The angry buffalo lost his balance by slipping a forefoot off the platform, and this gave time for the on-lookers to retire at discretion.

Charles Allard, Boss Puncher of Bison Bulls.

The hero of the next round-up was Charles Allard, the son of that Allard who was joint partner with Michel Pablo in the founding of the herd. Charles Allard is a cattle prince on the Flathead, near Polson; he was weaned with baby buffalo, and it was he who by his knowledge, adroitness, and consummate grit changed the buffalo drive from a lost cause to a brilliant triumph.

When Pablo found by bitter experience that the buffalo of the autumn were warier, wilder and in every way more impossible to outwit or outweary than those taken in the spring, he was on the edge of despair. He had sold buffalo but was unable to deliver the goods; giddy bison playing hide-and-seek in the Valley of the Bitter Root might pose as white elephants; they surely were not coin-producing cattle.

Then along the baked alkali clay rode young Allard with an offer: "Want some one to lead in yer gentle lambs fer you? I 'd like a little easy exercise. Can I round 'em up? Well, I guess! Used ter play pussy-in-the-corner with sad buffalo steers when I was a kid. Tell you what I 'll do; I 'll deliver you 125 of yer levantin' pets into the loadin' yards at Ravalli here, or I take no money. Fer 2,000 of Uncle Sam's cart-wheels, I 'll sweep the range."

The offer came like a message from the blue. Allard is not only a daredevil rider, a matador if you will, but he proved himself a general with splendid executive ability. He is a born leader. Engaging such a coterie of cow-punching experts as will never gather again on the great mesas, Allard sent sixty picked remounts to the northern limits of the big range, and then with concerted effort the whole country was swept westward and southward.

In four days, 350 baffled bison were bunched in a great gulch in the mountains, while stray breakaways ran in scattered groups up the ravines of the foothills. Then by a circuitous route the great army of ponderous and agile wild things were worked toward the town. It was no gentle and measured ride; the first day this unique mass of snorting, sweating buffalo, galloping cayuses, and wild-yelling cow-boys covered no less than sixty miles.

It was impossible to hold them all; at one point, like the crack of a whip, a bunch of seventy-five stampeded, and before the tired horses could turn in their tracks, the whole section jumped the river-bank and the water had swallowed them like the smother of a yellow cloud. This lot escaped and are still at large. Canada had consideration for their prejudice, and, allowing them their liberty, formally donated these Ishmaels to the Government of the United States. The marked individuality of these spe-

cial brands from the burning augurs well for their continuance and persistence. They should found a fine herd developing along contemporary lines with their expatriated cousins in Alberta.

The remaining ones were cleverly closed in upon and in a swinging, rushing drive were forced into the Pend d'Oreille, where seventy horsemen gave a wondrous exhibition of a swimming round-up in mid-stream. It is a swift-running river, perhaps 400 yards in width at this point, and deep. The cow-ponies were as adroit as the Maltese cat of polo fame that Kipling made us love.

The buffalo showed no more fight after this; with wet coats and low-hung heads over the hills to Ravalli the drive went forward. Early on Sunday morning, long before the Mission bells of St. Ignatius had called the faithful to prayer, the great army of cowed bison and the tired horses halted in the little village, the ancestral stamping-grounds of those yellow calves of Walking Coyote. It was the passing of the buffalo.

In the field is more than one striking figure. Here in front are three cattalo; they are taken back to the range, for the order has gone forth that no half-breeds are to be expatriated in this band of home-leaving Bison-Acadians. Over in the corner is a militant cow, whose brass-knobbed horns bespeak a history and a past in some city menagerie or tented circus. King, a magnificent beast whom every rider on the range these last six weeks has cursed for his cunning devilishness, has toured half the globe with Bill Cody.

Bison as Freight.

It took fifteen men to handle each of the difficult ones. The buffalo were lashed to uprights in the cars and kept in separate boxes, with the exception of the mothers, who were allowed to have their calves with them; and ten buffalo filled a car. In the case of the half-grown stock, twenty or thirty were allowed to travel together in a sort of loose box and settle the question of precedence en route.

Fifteen cars of live buffalo shipped ignominiously as freight! No wonder the plainspeople turned out big-eyed to gaze and to wonder. The unloading was as difficult as the entraining; if you hunger for kudos as a buffalo rustler, keep a weather eye on the heels as you dodge the horns. A modern buffalo with a purely contemplative lookout rangeward can kick in rapid-fire succession at ten unknown angles with the rapidity of a Texas steer, and the force of several professional government mules.

Few fatalities attended the transshipping of the great herd. A splendid cow had a fatal fall in the runway of the corral, and one of the best bulls of the herd broke his neck in his struggles in the loading car. One or two calves died from the effects of over-driving, but with these exceptions, the hundreds of buffalo passed from the jurisdiction of one Government to that of another without turning a hair or losing a night's sleep.

Much credit in this connection is due Mr. Howard Douglas, Commissioner of Dominion of Canada Parks, and every railway official who helped to handle the herd on both sides of the international line. At the Canadian end of the haul, Governor Bulyea, Mrs. Bulyea, Premier Rutherford and other delighted officials watched the unloading.

Only two buffalo died on the road. This is eloquent testimony to the manner in which the great undertaking was carried through, and in striking contrast to the record of Buffalo Jones, who lost twenty-five per cent of the animals that he shipped from Stonewall to Omaha. But in the days of Buffalo Jones, prairie bison did n't travel by palace cars.

Their New Canadian Home.

As we see the released buffalo shake the dust of the cars from their shaggy hides, and, tossing their huge heads, lope off into the new range, we notice that the gait of a buffalo is like that of no other animal. Their way of covering the ground is a total compounded of many simples, the stride of a coyote, the bound of an antelope, the lurch of a heavy-weight ox, with a bit of the

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bounce of a barnyard yearling calf. And there is complete silence among the ranks of the deported, the silence of enduring dignity and not of indifference.

The eye of a buffalo is full of slumbering fire; there is something in its glance that harks back to the old days of the free range. We catch an answering look sometimes when we come unheralded into the camp of wandering Cree or Blackfoot, or observe a brown-skinned patriarch watching the evening shadows close round the trail of that moving line of braves silhouetted on the skyline.

The newly-acquired buffalo (who for a time were lodged in Elk Island Park, near Edmonton) now have a range so ample that its limitations will not be felt; to all intents it is to the big animals unrestricted freedom. Mr. Howard Douglas, acting for the Canadian Government, selected in the unoccupied portion of Alberta a section of 144 square miles, an ideal natural park, and this is reserved for the new herd.

Buffalo Park, on the Battle River, near Wainwright, Alberta, was established by the Canadian Government for the express purpose of providing range for this Montana herd purchased from Pablo. The park is seventy-four miles in circumference, a high rolling prairie, well watered, with scattered clumps of timber. As a breeding-ground for buffalo the reserve could scarcely be improved.

The Last of An Innumerable Host.

Looking at these precious specimens, we can scarcely credit the tales of the innumerable bygone host that they represent. Before the coming of the whites, the central prairies of North America were over-run with such hordes of buffalo that their possible extinction was an untenable idea. Hennepin, writing of the region between Chicago and the Illinois River, says: "There must be an innumerable number of wild bulls in this country, since the earth is covered with their horns. You may see a drove of them for a league along the sky-line. Their ways are as beaten as our great roads, and no herb grows thereon."

The author of *Plains of the Great West* declares: "From the top of Pawnee Rock I could see six or ten miles in every direction. This vast space was covered with buffalo, one compact mass, the visual angle not permitting the ground to be seen." The reports of hunters on this great herd would give an average of twenty animals to the acre; the band in a compact mass was perhaps twenty miles in width and fifty miles long, and sweeping along in forward march it took five days to pass a given point. This was the last of the great herds as seen in 1870, and its numbers have been estimated at from three to four million buffalo.

The half-breed hunters of the Red River by actual count killed in one historic hunt 4,500 head; and this they did without compunction, having been told 'round the ancestral tepees that the buffalo were not bred by any law of nature, but came upheaved from the bowels of the earth especially for the delectation of the Red Man. The supply was inexhaustible to the faithful; this was the creed of the Indian.

Under the old regime the wild buffalo herds moved south on the approach of winter. The onward movement was that of an army, and so closely did the animals tread on each other's heels that if the fore-runners met any untoward check, hundreds perished before the rush could be stopped. It was a theater panic on the open stage of the prairie, thousands and thousands losing their lives thus on muddy fordings, quicksands and alkali swamps, or through the breaking of spring-rotted ice.

In the old days it was a common sight for trappers and voyageurs to come across bogged buffalo wallowing hopelessly in swamps, the deserted remnants of a big herd that had safely passed over. The momentum of the moving mass had forced them into the soggy places, and their own great weight kept them there, a prey to wolves or hunters.

Not so many years ago a herd of a hundred bison essayed to cross Lac-qui-parle, in Minnesota, on the early ice, and every one of them was drowned. In the

summer of 1867, 2,000 buffalo lost their lives in the quicksands of the Platte River.

The Indian's God-From-the-Machine.

Before the days of the vanishing tepee, the buffalo was munificent Nature's great gift to the Indian. It supplied his every want. The body yielded food, fresh meat for summer and dried meat for winter, and the forced marches, with tallow and marrow, pemmican, dried tongues and fifty dainty by-products. The skin, dressed with the fur on, meant clothing and bedding. In the hide dressed without the hair the Indian had a tough enduring fabric from which he made his tepee. Stretched green over a framework, the skin made an incomparable boat both light and strong. The hide furnished, too, shields and ropes, bags for the traveler and winding-sheets for the dead.

Survivors of a Passing Race.

How many buffalo remain of all the mighty hosts that within the memory of living man roamed the great plains? It is difficult to give exact statistics. Three years ago, a statement from Washington gave the total number of North American buffalo as 1404, a conservative estimate at that time. Perhaps the one place where the buffalo are not increasing at a naturally healthy rate is in the Yellowstone National Park, where wolves attack the young and poachers menace the old.

The largest band in the United States is the Corbin herd, belonging to the Austin Corbin estate of Newport, N. H. This 170 head has a range of forty square miles in Blue Mountain Forest, where they fend for themselves for seven months of the year. The experience of finding their own summer living in a comparatively cold climate has made sturdy individuals of this herd, which some eighteen years ago had its origin in a nucleus of thirty head.

James Pierre, of Fort Pierre, South Dakota, owns another herd which three years ago numbered a hundred head; Charles Goodnight in Texas has perhaps half a hundred pure-breds; Salt Lake City, the New York Zoological Society, and a Wild West show in Missoula each possess about thirty head; while herds of twenty or more each are held by Mrs. Conrad of Montana, G. W. Lilley of Oklahoma, Frank Rockefeller of Belvidere, Kan.; James J. Hill of Minnesota, and Miller Bros. of Oklahoma.

In addition to the thoroughbreds, there are in the United States about 250 hybrids, the outcome of the experiments of amatuer Burbank bison breeders throughout the country. These half-breed buffalo, or cattalo, as they are called, are a cross between a buffalo bull and a Polled Angus or Black Galloway cow, or better still a vigorous Jersey. Oddly enough the hybrids thus produced are almost without a single exception females.

But cattalo are not buffalo. The object of all public-spirited people on both sides of the parallel of forty-nine should be to actively co-operate with those who have so closely at heart the preservation of those pure-bred buffalo that remain to us. The magnificent bull, Sir Donald, the lord of the harem in the Canadian National Park at Banff in the Rockies, who is authoritatively known to be thirty-seven years old, would seem to promise a long span of life to every specimen of living buffalo who is accorded natural conditions combined with thoughtful and intelligent care.

The Wood Bison.

The writer, last summer, visited the country of the Canadian wood bison, far up the map in latitude sixty degrees north. Here, between the Slave River and the mighty Peace, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, roam some 300 to 400 head of true wood bison.

Far from the region of polemics and politics, they live and love, fight when that is necessary, dodge pot-hunters and gray wolves, and (what is of greater importance to all who are interested in the perpetuation of these splendid animals) obey the Scriptural injunction and increase after their kind.

The Saving of the "*Cora Andrews*"

By Lewis R. Freeman

In August, 1902, *the labor schooner "Cora Andrews" put into the port of Kai Island, in the Louisade Archipelago, with her officers dying of the plague and the disease rapidly spreading among the hundred and twenty blacks which she had recruited in New Guinea and the Solomons for the Queensland sugar plantations. An ex-British naval officer, Lieutenant Alvord Bell, while under the influence of liquor, was induced to take the schooner on to Townsville. This astounding feat the many-times-disgraced naval officer successfully accomplished, sailing the schooner for seven days with no help save that of the plague-stricken blacks, only to collapse at the wheel when the treacherous Barrier Reef had been safely passed. The story is told by an old trader of Kai Island.*

He piled the gunboat *Firefly* on the Donocaster Reef;
At the Motu-Iti Passage his *Molluca* came to grief;
In the pearl lagoon of Happa rests his *Suva* in the mud,
And the teeth of Tuka-Tuva ground to dust the *Flying Scud.*

He drowned a hundred niggers in the mouth of Torres Strait,
When his brigantine *Brunhilde* rammed the slaver, *Highland Kate;*
He lost the *Fakariva* where Levuka's breakers roll—
But he saved the *Cora Andrews,* and perhaps he saved his soul!

It was drink—the same old story—that had ripped his after leach,
And dropped him from the navy to a comber of the beach;
But drink it was that won him, 'fore the Devil claimed his own,
If no seat among the angels, yet some mention from the throne.

The fear of Death was on us on that August afternoon,
When the slaver *Cora Andrews* dropped her hook in Kai Lagoon,
With the air above her hatches reekin' like a rotten egg,
An' the skipper, mate an' agent dished and done for with the pleg.
We was fair to goin' crazy when the news spread on the beach,
An' no other thought possessed us but to put her out o' reach;
An' we met in Jackson's bar-room, an' the dirty plot was laid
With the yells of dyin' niggers driftin' landward on the Trade.

Once we got her goin' seaward, she could rot till Judgment Day
F'r all we cared, our one concern was how to get her from the bay—
No man, white or black, would touch her, for the greenest comber there
Knew to climb the *Cora's* gangway was to mount the Golden Stair—
An' the thing had nigh to stumped us, when some fellow said that Bell,
With a load, would cram the *Cora* down the cracklin' craw o' Hell.
So we sent a nig to fetch him, primed him with a drink of "red,"

Talked, an' worked upon his feelings, as the booze worked on his head;
Urged him in the name of mercy, cut him with the lash of shame;
Flattered him an' called him plucky, said we knew that he was game;
Told him that his soul's redemption hinged upon the course he took;
Said he 'd get his name recorded in Jehovah's Judgment Book;
Swore 't would win him reinstatement in the navy when 't was found
How he 'd took her to Australia—an' 't was this that brought him 'round.

No one met his flashing glances when we sped him from the strand,
For we knew Death had his tow-line, haulin' in hand over hand;
But we watched him, shamed an' guilty; saw him crack a bottle's neck,
Take a swig, an' then another, as he touched the quarterdeck;
Saw him set his heavy shoulders, heard the ring of sharp command,
Saw the reelin' niggers swarmin' round the capstan in a band;
Saw 'em swayin' onto halyards, saw 'em tailin' on a sheet,
Heard the bang o' block an' tackle an' the thud o' poundin' feet;
Saw 'em raise and cat the anchor, saw the *Cora* fall away
An' go choppin' through the tide-rip at the entrance o' the bay.

Seven days Bell sailed the *Cora* from the mouth o' Kai Lagoon;
Drove her through a fierce sou'wester, ran her free with the Monsoon;
Tossin' over dead in dozens, keepin' up the rest with gin;
Cussin', bootin', swearin', shootin', breakin' the new sailors in.
Day and night, in every weather, rampin' wild 'tween stem and stern,
Throwin' down a swig o' whisky every time he made a turn;
Drivin' on the dyin' niggers, pilin' on the bulgin' sail
Till the *Cora* split the surges, spittin' like a harpooned whale.

Six days out, he raised the Barrier—coral shoals an' coral jaws,
Crooked teeth o' crusted coral, crinkly lines o' coral claws—
Damdest piece o' navigatin' that 's in all the Seven Seas,
An' Bell took the wheel to steer her with the shakin' o' his knees
An' the burning of his gullet, as he downed another peg,
Flashin' up as danger signals o' the comin' o' the pleg.

They lashed him to a tripod when his head began to reel,
An' he hung there, grim, determined, grindin' steady at the wheel,
With a parasol and nigger blockin' off the sun's hot rays,
An' a siphon an' a bottle fightin' the internal blaze—
Seven hours of steady steerin'—how 't was done defies belief—
An' he 'd sailed the *Cora Andrews* safely through the Barrier Reef!

They saved some three-score niggers in the Townsville quarantine,
An' the news o' what had happened brought a cable from the Queen;
But the man whose nerve an' courage brought the bloomin' thing about
Had dropped his own Life Anchor as the *Cora's* chain ran out.

The Señora

By Emma Seckle Marshall

I WAS visiting the home of my childhood for the first time in many years and was wandering slowly through the older residential portion of the town, noting the changes which had made a prosperous, though small, city out of a sleepy Californian village.

Some of the homes seemed to have been overlooked in this evolution, and appeared unchanged, except that the trees were larger, and, in some instances, the gardens were rank with tangled vines and obtrusive weeds.

I paused reminiscently beside a time-worn cottage, set dejectedly in one of the most neglected of the weed-grown gardens. For a moment I was tempted to enter, since it had once been the abode of an old family servant, but from its unkempt appearance I judged it to be untenanted and made no effort to lift the sagging gate.

My thoughts, however, went back to the days when I was wont to invade the kitchen to beg Mary's grudging permission to make "little pies," but with a deeper motive underlying my apparent desire to achieve housewifery. It was the hope that Mary would give free vent to her penchant for telling of the early days in California, when the Spanish dons were masters of the soil, and their ladies held small courts in the great *haciendas*.

"Ah, Miss Kate," she would say in a tone of subdued rapture, "they was like kings and quanes, and 'twas meself, but a slip of a girl, was maid to the Señory del Acapulco for a whole year."

Mary was nearing middle life when she married Pat Keenan, a worthless countryman of her own, and was as much surprised as the rest of us when their union was blessed by the birth of a daughter.

Margharita, Mary named her, in honor of the old Doña del Acapulco, but it did not take her father, and her playmates, when she grew old enough to have them, long to shorten the euphonious cognomen to Mag, much to the mother's disgust and anger, but, as the years passed, the continual repetition of the nickname blunted Mary's hatred of its sound, and in time, she, too, almost forgot the baptismal name and referred to her daughter only as "My Mag."

Mary had cherished one ambition for Mag, an ambition she had solemnly whispered in my ear when I stopped to bid her good-bye prior to my departure from the village. It was nothing more nor less than to marry her daughter to a grandson of one of the old dons she had known or seen in the days of her youth in the new land.

"Why, Mary," I had said, "those families are scattered, and many of them have lost everything they once possessed, except their pride, and that would not permit them to marry"—I was about to say, "a girl like Mag," but substituted, "outside of their own race."

"Maybe so, and maybe not," she had answered with a wise shake of her old head. "I 'm savin' my money, what Pat dont coax away, and we 'll see. My Mag is young yet, but while she 's growin' I 'll be makin' a leddy of her; a real leddy, Miss Kate, like them *señorys* was, even if I do be takin' in washin' to do it."

And now, as I looked at the desolate cottage, I wondered how her plans had culminated, and smiled to myself at the mere thought of such a seemingly impossible ambition.

My reflections were interrupted by the clanging of a bell, which began to toll in the steeple of a near-by church, and I hurried on, somewhat curious as to whether the soul that had passed out had inhabited a body that I had once known.

Several carriages and a hearse with somber trappings stood near the door, and a few interested spectators loitered near. The funeral party consisted of three persons, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in the vocal demonstration of their grief. This manifestation of sorrow, real or assumed, seemed to afford amusement for the group of loiterers, and I was tempted to rebuke them for the levity which had for its object two women, clad in garments heavy with crape, and a small boy who walked solemnly behind them.

The half-formed resolution was checked by the consciousness of something familiar in the thin, rasping voice of the smaller of the veiled women. As I stood regarding her closely the veil was cautiously drawn aside, and a pair of twinkling black eyes surveyed me for the fraction of a second, then a claw-like hand grasped mine and drew me onward, while a whisper rasped hurriedly:

"Oh, Miss Kate, is it yerself? Come in the carridge wid us, darlin'. 'Tis me darter's husband, Don Ignacio de Rodriguez."

In the brief glimpse I had obtained of her face I had recognized Mary Keenan, and I wondered what had been the means she had employed to bring about a union between her daughter and a scion of the house of de Rodriguez, for such as I remembered of the family were proud, almost to arrogance, of the name that had come to them through a long line of Castilian ancestry; proud of the accomplishments of their men in the struggle for conquest, of the grace of their women, and of the fact that they were among the first to whom the Mexican Government had given vast tracts of land before California had become American territory.

That a story would be forthcoming caused me, for a moment, to forget the casket in the hearse. No sooner did the horses begin to move than Mrs. Keenan threw back her veil with a sigh of relief, and, pointing to the widow, said proudly:

"Annyhow, my Mag is the Señory de Rodriguez, and nobody can take that name from her."

The honor did not seem to rest heavily on the corpulent woman opposite, for no change was discernible in the expression of her broad, large-featured face. I looked from daughter to mother and thought of Covigne, my artist friend, and how delighted he would be could he secure them for models; I wondered what kind of a background he would give the wizened, weather-beaten face and thin, stooped figure, and whether he would really be able to catch the expression of malignity and determination that gleamed in her eyes. How well I remembered the snapping lights in those eyes when, in days gone by, something had occurred to thwart her plans or rouse her anger.

But memory carried no picture of the daughter save that of a stunted, little creature, half-bold, half-wild, and I could trace no likeness to that child in the pudgy woman opposite, with her obese figure, heavy, coarse features and mottled complexion. While these reflections were unconsciously passing through my mind the old woman's talk flowed on in a monotonous strain. I wish I could reproduce her brogue, her facial expression and her strident voice, for they would conduce to the intensity of the story as no repetition of mere words can do.

"Sure, you remimber Magarita whin she was a little girl, Miss Kate," she was saying, when the sound of my own name recalled my wandering senses. "She was purty as a picter, as you 'll recall now. Look at her, the livin' image of what she was thin, only older, as do be natural. An' how could she help bein' purty wid Pat Keenan for a father? Bedad, he was the handsomest man in Californey whin he married me.

"Well, I 'd saved my money. You know I worked out be the day afther I married, but it was n't my idee at all, at all, that folks should be sayin' that my Mag's mother was a common servant, so I quit workin' out and took in washin' instid, that bein' a more retirin' occypation, as it were.

"My mind was set on Magarita bein' a leddy, wid silk dresses and dimant earrings and pins and finger-rings, and all that; an' that she should n't be afther knowin' nawthin' about cookin' or anny kind of work, so I never let her put even the tip of her nose in the kitchen, an' I had the washhouse moved to the back ind of the lot, so she 'd never know the smell of soapsuds, an' she dont, now, do ye, Mag—Magarita?"

Mag shook her head and rolled the diamond rings around on the stubby fingers which no amount of unguents could make white, and felt carefully of the gems in her large, flabby ears.

"See 'em? 'Twas meself as bought 'em for a weddin' prisent. An' dresses! The wardrobes do be full of 'em—silks and satins and velvets. I sez to meself, 'If my Mag is to be a real leddy she must be afther marryin' a real gintleman,' so I begins to look around for one of that same. All the time, mind ye, Teddy Lanigan was tryin' to coort her, and she, bad cess to her, was meetin' him under the big tree by the front gate whin she 'd think I was asleep. But I soon put a stop to that, did n't I, Mag?"

The gleam in the daughter's eyes was not pleasant to encounter, but the old woman did not see it, for she continued, in the same tone:

"No blacksmiths nor greasy mechanics nor dude counter-jumpers for my girl, and as for bricklayers or hodcarriers—Mag would n't dare look at the likes of thim. It was a gintleman or nawthin', an' for a time 'twas meself as feared 'twould be nawthin'.

"What I wanted was one of the real Spaniards belongin' to the old families that owned all the land in Californey before they was chated out of it, because they was gintlemen, and not supposed to know annythin' about law an' common things like that. Sure, 'tis said that if it had n't been for gamblin' and the like, that some of them 'd be havin' their land yet. Bein' gintlemen, they had a right to gamble, if they wanted to.

"Annyhow, there was n't manny of thim left, and I was n't afther knowin' anny of thim that was, except Don Ramauldo de Rodriguez, as I did up shirts for. He did n't have no wife at all, and never did nawthin' all day, but ride 'round on a fine black horse. Sure, ye 'll remimber him, Miss Kate?"

My mind recalled the picture of Ramauldo de Rodriguez, one of the proudest and most chivalrous men of his time. A gentleman of the old school, courtly and polished, yet ever kindly, even to the most humble.

"'Twas a mighty grand-lookin' man he was in thim days, an' he had saved a bit of property, too, so if annybody needed a wife that was a real leddy, 'twas him. Well, he thought nobody could do up shirts like me, which is true, though I say it as should n't, so I told him he must be afther bringin' thim to me, an' comin' for thim. Which he did, regular, an' thim times I was n't to home, do ye see? But Mag was, an' she was always dressed fine and sittin' at the pinanny in the parlor. Once in awhile he 'd stay an' talk a bit, so I begun to have hopes, an' thin—what do yez think?"

I shook my head to indicate a lack of knowledge, and the old woman continued:

"A thin, gawky girl, belongin' to one of the Spanish families that I did n't know, up and married him. Think of that, now? The dirty spalpeen, to be decivin' my darter like that. He brung his washin' just the same, but do ye think I 'd touch it? Nary a bit. I threw it at him whin he come for it, and told him to take his dirty linen some place else, as I only washed for thim as was real gintlemen, an' you bet, he niver brung no more shirts to me.

"But it was his cousin Diego that did. Thim Spanish families has as manny cousins as a Chinaman, do ye mind. Well, Don Ramauldo always snubbed Diego; he said 'twas because Diego did n't keep good company, but, if the real truth was known, it was somethin' else, for thim Spanish is as deep an' secret as the grave about their own business. Anyhow, Diego he got to comin' and he'd set down to the pianny and play, an' thin Mag'd play, an' I sez to meself, sez I: 'Well, Diego ain't got anny money, but he 's as good a de Rodriguez as Don Ramauldo, an' he must be a real gintleman, because

he dont do harder nor more degradin' work than smoke cigareets'; which you could tell by the inds of his fingers.

"Whin he brung his guitar I was so sure my Mag would be the Señory de Rodriguez that I begun to buy her trusso, an' what do yez think? One day a friend of hers, that had a rich street contractor for a father, come out from the city to stay awhile with Mag. Pat said 'twas to git a cheap visit in the country, but thim rich folks dont have to do annything like that, as ye well know, Miss Kate.

"Now what did that blackguard of a Diego do but up an' marry the hussy an' leave me darter almost a widdy. Sure I told the two of thim niver to darken my door again an' you bet they niver did.

"Whin Diego was comin' to see Mag he brung his cousin Ignacio one day. Cousins is mighty unhandy things to have around sometimes an' then again they aint. Ignacio was n't so bad as he might have bin, but he might have bin a sight better. That 's him out there in the casket. Did yez notice that it was a real casket wid silver handles and his name, Don Ignacio de Rodriguez, onto it? It is now.

"Well, Ignacio was cousin to Don Ramauldo, too, but do ye think that proud old thing would notice him anny more than if he was the dirt under his feet? That he would n't, bad cess to him. 'Twas said 'twas because his mother was an Injun woman. As if that hurt him, whin his father was one of the old dons. But he was too high-toned to spake to an Injun woman's childer, even if their father was his own father's oldest brother. Nobody could blame a man for gittin' anny wife he could in thim days, could they, now, Miss Kate? You know girls was scarce thin and I 'll bet Ramauldo would have done the same thing if he'd been old enough thin.

"So, whin Diego wint an' married that sassy Bridget an' she crowed over Magarita, I sez to meself, sez I, 'Magarita shall be a Señory de Rodriguez, too, or I 'll know the reason why not. Ignacio, he was n't very strong an' his mother bein' dead an' the rist of the family no good nohow, he had no home to spake of, so he got comin' more an' more to see Mag, an' thin I was purty sure. Pat said he only come because Mag always got him somethin' good to eat an' made him so manny illegant prisents, an' he thought he 'd be gittin' a soft snap if he married her because thin he 'd niver be afther workin'. As if Ignacio iver thought of workin'. Annyhow, he married Mag, afther I 'd had a persuadin' talk wid him, an' if he did n't, do yez think he 'd be havin' the fine time he did? No, you bet he would n't, for what wid drinkin', an' smokin' fine cigareets, an' racin', an' some other things that dont matter now, he lived like a real gintleman, if 'twas me own money that paid for it.

"But sure 'tis meself that dont be knowin' what he 'd be afther doin' if he did n't die whin he did, for me money 's almost gone, an' 'tis little washin' I can be doin' these days."

The old woman's voice took on a pitiful quaver and I murmured a word of sympathy which she interrupted with a wave of her knotted, wrinkled hand.

"Look at her," she said, proudly. "She 's the Señory de Rodriguez just the same as old Ramauldo's skinny wife, an' she 's a real leddy, wid dimants and silks an' satins, an' a boy as nobody can take the name of de Rodriguez away from, do yez mind."

We were nearing the cemetery and, as the old woman realized it, she drew the veil over her face and her voice suddenly broke into a low, wailing cry. I looked at the "Señora." She was gazing intently through the window and her ringed hand made an almost imperceptible motion to someone outside. Then she glanced toward her mother and I saw a man whom I recognized as Teddy Lanigan, the blacksmith, leaning on the fence.

Three Sonnets of the Night Skies

By George Sterling

Aldebaran at Dusk

Thou art the star for which all evening waits—
  O star of peace, come tenderly and soon!
  As for the drowsy and enchanted moon,
She dreams in silver at the eastern gates
Ere yet she brim with light the blue estates
  Abandoned by the eagles of the noon.
  But shine thou swiftly on the darkling dune
And woodlands where the twilight hesitates.
  Above that wide and ruby lake to-West,
    Wherein the sunset waits reluctantly,
      Stir silently the pinions of the Night.
  She stands afar, upholding to her breast,
    As mighty murmurs reach her from the sea,
      Thy lone and everlasting rose of light.

The Chariots of Dawn

  O Night, is this indeed the morning-star,
    That now with brandished and impatient beam
  On eastern heights of darkness flames supreme,
Or some great captain of the dawn, whose car,
Scornful of all thy rear-guard ranks that bar
  His battle, now foreruns the helms that gleam
  Below the horizons of dark and dream,
Who lifts his javelin to his hosts afar?
Now am I minded of some ocean-king
  That in a war of gods has wielded arms,
And in his slumber hears their harness ring
    And dreams of isles where golden altars fume,
  Till, mad for irretrievable alarms,
    He passes down the seas to some strange doom.

The Huntress of Stars

Tell me, O Night! what horses hale the moon!
  Those of the sun rear now on Syria's day,
  But here the steeds of Artemis delay
At heavenly rivers hidden from the noon,
Or quench their starry thirst at cisterns hewn
  In midnight's deepest sapphire, ere she slay
  The Bull, and hides the Pleiades' dismay,
Or drown Orion in a silver swoon.
  Are those the stars, and not their furious eyes,
    That now before her coming chariot glare?
      Is that their nebulous, phantasmal breath
  Trailed like a mist upon the winter skies,
      Or vapors from a Titan's pyre of death—
    Far-wafted on the orbit of Altair?

The Pacific Coast and Gulliver's Travels

By George Wharton James

ONE of the greatest curiosities of literature pertaining to California and the Pacific Coast is found in that fascinating and keen piece of satire, written by the master satirist of the English tongue, Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, entitled *"Travels Into Several Remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver."*

In the library of Dr. J. W. Robertson, at Livermore, California, are many rare and valuable first editions—indeed it is perhaps the finest collection of rare books on the Pacific Coast — and one of the number is the first edition of this memorable work of Gulliver's. There is a finely engraved frontispiece of the immortal traveler to Lilliput, Brobdingnag, Laputa, and the country of the Houyhnhnms. He is pictured as a man of noble countenance, with commanding brow, piercing though large and luminous eyes, prominent nose with mobile nostrils, the mouth of a poet and the chin of a kind-hearted military commander, wavy hair and long, flowing locks crown his head and hang down over his shoulders, and the inscription around the portrait tells us that it is "Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of Redriff, *Aetat Suae, CVIII,"* and underneath is the Latin couplet:

Compositum jus, fasgre animi, sanctosque recessers Mentis, e'incoctiun generoso pectus honesto, which, being generously translated is "I justify the moral code, the voice of conscience, the sanctity of the mind, and the unsophisticated soul of the honorable man."

The title page tells us that Gulliver was first a surgeon and then a captain of several ships. The work is in two volumes and was published in London, in 1726, and was printed for Benjamin Motte, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet street.

It is in the second part of the book, however, devoted to Gulliver's journey to Brobdingnag, that the reader of the Pacific Coast is most interested. Here we are told that: "Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in ten months after my return (from Lilliput), I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the twentieth day of June, 1702, in the *Adventure,* Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat."

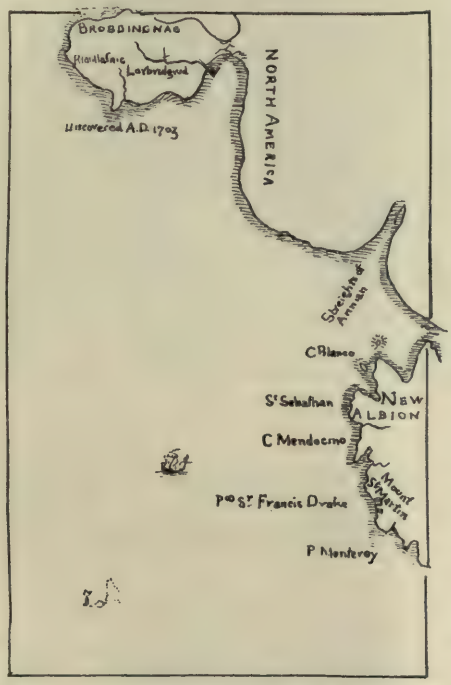
With this circumstantial and detailed start we are beguiled and led along by the ingenious Gulliver and imagine we are reading the most real of experiences and adventures, where a good gale blows them along to the Cape of Good Hope, and we are confidentially told that they landed there for fresh water, "but discovering a leak we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the cape till the end of March!"

When they did get away they had a good voyage till they passed the Straits of Madagascar, after which the wind blew them to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, where, to their great joy the storm ceased and on the second of May they enjoyed a perfect calm.

But a fierce storm arose the following day and amid a plethora of nautical terms we are convinced that the good ship *Adventure* was blown hither and thither until scarce anyone knew where it was, or, as he puts it: "During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west southwest, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest

sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course rather than turn northerly, which might have brought us to the northwest parts of great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

"On the sixteenth of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the seventeenth we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof, was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men, well armed, in the long boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found."



MAP PUBLISHED IN THE FIRST EDITION OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

Such was the discovery and first landing of Europeans upon the coast of Brobdingnag. But poor Gulliver was to be the sole explorer of the country. While the men were hunting for water he "walked alone about a mile on the other side," where he observed the country all barren and rocky. To quote from his narrative: "I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to hollow (!) after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could. He waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides, But our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterward told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of that adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went."

Thus was Gulliver left on the shores of the new country, for the ship sailed away and left him to his fate, and the pursuit of such adventures as were in store for him. And who does not know of these adventures? Who has not read of the monstrous race of people, "who appeared as tall as an ordinary church-steeple, and took about ten yards at a stride," as near as poor Gulliver could guess? Seized by several of these monsters in a cornfield; the stalks of which were forty feet high (by corn here, Gulliver means wheat), he was conveyed to the farmhouse and entered upon a series of incidents that have given joy to countless thousands.

Of these interesting events, and how Guliver fared in the land of the Brobdingnags I have not now room to speak, but the map he drew (upon his safe return to England!) is what occupies my attention. From the copy it will be seen that this land of the giants is closely allied to California and the Pacific Coast. How circumstantially the location is given; how exactly the shore line, the creek, the situation of the cities are marked. From this map any navigator could sail directly to Brobdingnag.

Then, too, how positively the topographer of Gulliver's map locates the Straits of Annian. It must not be forgotten that this was in 1703, for such, we are reliably informed by Gulliver himself, was the year he landed on the shores of Brobdingnag. Even as late as 1800 the California representatives of the Spanish crown sailed northward in the hope that they might find these long-hunted straits. For, it should not be forgotten that, from the time of the discovery by Balboa of the Pacific Ocean, it was assumed that California was a part of the great island discovered by Columbus and his compeers, and that there was a northwest passage or strait connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific. One bold prevaricator—more bold as a prevaricator than as a navigator—declared he had discovered the straits to which the name Annian had long been given, had sailed into them, and he gave as circumstantial an account of his adventures as does Gulliver. It took long years for the geographers to learn that they had been "gulled" by him. It was not for nothing that the name of this mythical strait closely resembles that of the historic Ananias.

In my use of the word "gulled" I think it is apparent that the origin is clearly found in this satire of Dean Swift's. When one is colossally lied to and swallows the lies whole he is "gullivered," or "gulled."

But, gulled or not, many thousands in the years to come, as have already in the years gone by, will extol the memory of Dean Swift as they read and revel in the adventures of his great hero, and now that we of the Pacific Coast know that the land of Brobdingnag is close by our own shores we shall feel an added interest, for, had Gulliver sailed a little further south, the world of his day would have been entertained and instructed with the largeness of his version of "California stories," which were not told until a much later day.

The Exposition, *L' Envoi!*

By P. H. W. Ross

Alaska! thou latest of crescent dominions!
  Where stretches Great Yukon his sinuous length,
What mattered a cloud of conflicting opinions
  Concerning thy usefulness, weakness, or strength?

The years have gone by; Time's Wheel, still revolving,
  Shall bear thee, in thy turn, on Apex of Fame.
A great Exposition, all doubts now resolving,
  O'er all the wide Nation doth trumpet thy name.

Thy Sisters Pacific have gathered to meet thee,
  Thy youth to encourage;—the States of the West,
Thy friends from across-seas,—all,—radiant to greet thee.
  Alaska!—Yukon!—Brother!—Raise thy proud crest!

"LAZY AND INDIFFERENT THERE IN THE CALM OF THE AFTERNOON."

All Day Long on a Hay Schooner

By Arno Dosch

Illustrated from Photographs by E. N. Sewell.

THERE was no hurry. Several other hay schooners lay ahead to be unloaded first, and they were also deserted, lazy and indifferent there in the calm of the afternoon.

Just beyond the city roared, but the long wharves filled with the country-scented bales deadened the tremendous clatter on the cobble-stones, and were also barriers against a time-measuring, interest-figuring world.

The oily waters of Mission Creek, contributed by many and questionable sources, oozed out with the tide, turgid and unwholesome, reflected the schooners on their glossed surface, wriggling into serpentine shapes, jigged by the wind that found its way between the warehouses. But, though their fantastic images were caricatured by the hoodlum breeze, nothing disturbed the hay schooners all the long afternoon. They were asleep, casting their somnolent influence upon everything about them and finally upon me. The boom of the main mast, hitched high above the hay, swung over my head, and the sail hung unfurled in an unseaman-like manner. What of my mind remained awake pondered

whether the men who worked this craft were farmers or sailors.

All at once a hairy forearm stretched across the boom and I saw that from the wrist to the elbow was tatooed a glorious green, red and yellow dragon. From behind the loose sail a voice came wearily:

"Hi 'opes you aint in no 'urry."

The head leaned over the arm and gently scratched the dragon's back with a week's stubble of beard.

"Not unless you are."

"No game in 'urryin'. This hol' tub dont know wot it means. 'Urry? Wot a 'ell of a joke. The hol' man 'e used to make us move, and we seen some bally hol' times w'en I thought she 'd blow the bleedin' marsts out on 'er, but not 'ere, blarst er', nothing like that 'ere."

"When was that?"

"Deep sea, and no more for me! Just a little bloomin' 'ay scow—that 's wot Hi wants. 'Urry? *'Ell!"*

I wanted to remind him that it was he who brought the distasteful word into the conversation, but it was n't worth argument.

It was now toward evening—I could tell by the shadows—and as yet not a bale of hay had been taken from the schooners ahead of us. I opened my mouth to ask why the delay, but I knew his answer already: "'Urry? *'Ell!"*

But, my mouth being open, there was no use wasting effort already expended, so I asked:

"When did you come to dock?"

"Yest'day morning."

Other questions occurred to me, but there was no hurry about asking them.

He stood there perhaps an hour, while I dozed against a bale. Finally, he slouched aft over the hay to where the wheel stood high above the deck on a scaffolding. Climbing down a ladder, he stopped when his head was on a level with the hay and drawled, if a cockney can drawl:

"Aint no 'urry; but there 's a bit o' supper below w'n you wants it."

For the first time I moved and followed him down the ladder. The galley was hard under the square stern, and the smokestack from the galley stove—a few joints of old stovepipe—wriggled up past the hay with many twists. It was the only part of the schooner not ten feet deep in hay. There were two others; a whiskered man who cooked, and a raw youth off the farm. The cook took my eye.

He could not get his entire body into the galley at one time, but shoved one shoulder through the narrow doorway to turn the bacon spluttering on the stove. The mixing, chopping and serving he did on the after-rail. The other two he ordered summarily out of his way, and cooked apparently because he preferred his own efforts to their concoctions.

His legs were in loose-fitting sea breeches. with a seat a yard wide, but their bulk could not be concealed. Above them rose his enormous body, buttoned into a tight jersey. His shoulder was like the joint of beef he had just brought aboard, and his head was set on the neck of a bull. His short hair, thick and bristly even under the long, coarse lobes of his pierced ears, grew like spikes over the flat top of his head and down on the low forehead to within an inch and a half of his thick eyebrows.

When he turned he exposed a heavy jaw, not entirely hidden by a blue-black beard. His mouth showed long and lipless beneath his swaggering moustaches. His eyes seemed to swim under the narrow bridge of his nose. This latter was the dominating feature. It began thin and cruel, but just at the bridge flattened and spread out into buttresses that would have taken a blow, indeed, to crush. It was as if so many generations of his ancestors had had their faces smashed, that broken noses had become a racial characteristic. Below the bridge it narrowed again, but spread out once more to give room for widely-distended nostrils. The very tip turned up and out with a twist.

A proper pirate and on a hay schooner!

In the morning toward noon the unloading began, but, as it did not finish until after two, there seemed to be no use trying to go anywhere that day, and we did n't.

In the meanwhile I discovered a few things about my shipmates. The cook was captain and owner, and the cockney was his slave. The farmer boy was

merely lazy, and preferred loafing on a hay schooner to work in the field. He also harbored an idea that he was a sailor. The captain and the cockney told many tales of the sea, and had reasons for inland voyaging.

About a quarter to ten on the second morning a tug took us out of the creek, the railroad bridges parting in the middle and rising on either side like enormous hands raised up in holy horror at our slothfulness.

Out in the fairway we loafed past the sterns of the ocean liners; but when we had hoisted the mainsail we began to pound the water with our disgracefully square nose—the bow of the scow. I really felt so ashamed of the clumsy appearance it gave us; so sorry for the captain that I scarcely had the courage to turn to see how it affected him. But he was sitting on a box, lazily swinging the wheel, and whistling an air that had the lilt of the sea. The soft morning breeze, the dash of salt water under the bow, and the great spread of canvas made me hope that we might put madly out through the Golden Gate, and this we seemed to be doing, as we skirted the waterfront seaward, making the anxious ferry-boats stand by as we came slowly up into the breeze.

But just as we were about to pass the last slip and head recklessly for the open sea, the cockney loosed the throat halyards, and the mainsail rattled down to the deck. The breeze still held in the jib, however, and a half turn of the wheel brought us alongside a slip just beyond Fishermen's wharf. There lay a score or more of picturesque shallops with their lateen sails and Mediterranean air, in from a night's fishing off the coast.

"IN FROM A NIGHT'S FISHING OFF THE COAST."

They were little fellows, to be sure, but no landlubbers they! *They* braved the sea and flirted with ugly reefs. I turned

to the captain to express the thought in a less offensive way, but he pointed me, as if in answer to my thought, to a limp thing that was being carried along the wharf.

"Drowned," he said, huskily, "at sea."

The break in his big voice made me turn, and there was horror in his face. I studied the man again, and nothing about him explained the look he wore.

We took on a load of lumber, but that was not our affair. We did not do the work. The load was all on by the middle of the afternoon, but we went no further that day.

"Cant do but one thing at a time. No hurry, anyway," answered the captain when I asked him.

We were stirring betimes the next day, the farmer boy and I, and about nine the captain and the cockney, who had spent the night ashore, came aboard. But it was not until the harshness of early morning had drifted away with the haze and left us comfortably lazy that we swung out, too big to notice the tide rips. The sea was pulling out, and down the bay came the dark waters from the rivers, an undulating line, well-defined from shore to shore. Seaward the water was green; in a yard's distance it was colored by the burden of the soil it carried. The line advanced rapidly upon us, and before we squared away only muddy water lapped our side. That was the end of the sea for us.

Soon we were out of the fairway and sailing easterly into the land breeze in the widest portion of San Pablo Bay. The masts creaked and the schooner rolled slightly in choppy water. All about us the white sails of the bay fleet came and went, picturesquely outlined against the shore. The land narrowed ahead to a miniature promontory jutting impudently, with little houses, like aphis, running back over the hill. The opposite shore lay like the flank of a lion, tawny and reposeful.

All morning the cook whistled his fragment of sea song. I waited for him to open a way to conversation, but he contented himself with his little song. Finally I had to do it.

"Quiet life this," I ventured.

"Yes, quiet and easy. I got tired of the sea ten years ago, and opened a saloon on East street, but I got tired of that, too, and wanted to go to sea again. But a trip was enough for me. The sea 's too hard. You would n't look for a remark like that from a man of my build, but I'm sixty-five."

"Why do you berate the sea? It has treated you well. You might be forty."

"It aint that. It 's too—well—big for me now. This," gripping the wheel, "is my easy chair. No midnight watches any more. It seemed to me as if I just had to make up for all the hard life I had lived. So, when I came back from that last trip, which was to Nome, and bitter hard, I just turned tail on deep water. I found this old scow lying on the mud in the Oakland estuary, and I bought her cheap. She could n't stand no kind of a blow; but she 's good enough for this trade. I make a good living, lay up when I please, and just go far enough from the city to enjoy it more when I come back. We never hurry—none of us. Most of us Bay skippers are tired out by the sea. I have n't known what it meant to hurry since I been on the Bay."

We made past a narrow strip of land below Mare Island and across a stretch of water lay a black man-of-war, with big guns fore and aft, painted a savage red.

"Strength that, sheer strength," he commented. "There 's youth in her, and courage. Sometimes when I see one of those fine fellows, or a full-rigged ship getting under way, it makes me young again, too—for a minute—and then it comes like a solace to me that I had that once, that I was brave and young and seen hard days on the sea. I 've fought, too,—wild tribesmen in the South Seas, and nasty fighters. I been through all that, and I can look back without shame. I been a man. I proved it. I dont have to keep on forever to show that."

He was trying to convince himself rather than me.

"I had it all. I feel now like as if I was living on. I had my time, I lived a man's life, and it 's done. This is just like a theater piece to me now, sitting here comfortable and easy, with no more

struggles, the world done with. I like it more than anything I 've ever known. Nothing I want, no crazy desire to do impossible things. I never get up no more with a feeling that I got to git out somewheres or bust. I like it when we put into one of these little landings o' nights and lay there with the doves cooing on the hills. I like it when we drop into the wharf in town and I can go get a glass and a good dinner and see the shows. I like to stand on the street afternoons and see the people go by. When I was a young fellow, and first put to sea, I remember how it felt to be in a foreign port, and knowing that I knowed no one there. It made me feel good all over, and I just dove in and had a time. Well, I get a feeling like that nowadays when I stand on Market street; only it 's different. It makes me understand that other feeling I used to have.

"It is just having all those people around, each full of life and hell and plotting some end of their own. Take them one by time and they dont amount to much—just little fellers running around after something that aint worth getting. But, when there 's a lot of them, somehow they seem to amount to more. It 's kind of queer. I cant put it in words. I don't know that kind of words. But it 's big, like the sea. It hits me most along after supper, when the streets is quiet and everywhere in the houses people are living. Daytimes they are working mostly, men and women, too, but after supper they live for the first time. They got time to stop and look at each other and feel like they was somebody by themselves. It makes me think of the sea along about the same time when the night is coming in close. You see the rollers off the bow, but you cant

MORNING ALONG THE WATER FRONT.

make them out, quite. You think you see ships in the murk, but you aint sure. The air is full of things, thick with something that dont really exist.

"Even the Barbary Coast, which aint much daytimes, and is worse nights, along about this time seems to have some excuse. Even those women hanging out the windows seem human, and you could almost like 'em."

As he talked he had put the rudder to port, and we headed through the Straits of Carquinez, toward what seemed a solid mass of tules. The water was brilliant in the late afternoon, and the great waste of salt marsh turned to wonderful colors. Other bay schooners beyond the turns, among the tall reeds, seemed to be traveling overland. As we approached the shore I could see that a fairly wide salt creek opened out of the tules, and into this we sailed. It wound in and out between the muddy shores, but there was no question of a channel. It was navigable anywhere for our small craft. Up this we sailed. the sea breeze, which had by this time caught us, carrying the schooner steadily up between the level banks.

"SOON WE WERE OUT OF THE FAIRWAY."

The hills we were approaching converged into a valley that began at the peak of the ridge and widened and deepened until it ended among the tules. Hard on the shore there was a little grove, decoratively placed to set off the whole landscape. Buried in it somewhere there was a house and semi-tropical garden. Neither were visible, but I knew by two red lines of geraniums that ran down to the shore at the very head of the channel. It was a bourne.

We came silently alongside the little wharf, and, as our sails rattled down to hang loose over the booms, we startled little birds among the reeds. After we had eaten, I felt like going ashore, but the others made no move. I wanted to stretch my legs after three days, but, being a guest, felt the restraint of my position. It came upon me then in a moment of bitterness that this life of the Bay lacked both the strength of the sea and the richness of the land. But no such thoughts passed through the captain's mind. He stretched his great bulk, passing his hard hand over the rough lumber, and yawned.

"A-goin' to turn in, cap'n?" asked the cockney, who had hardly spoken all day. At intervals he had listened to his master's talk, until he seemed to feel that he had been attentive long enough, and then had gone forward to watch the horizon, as if for ships.

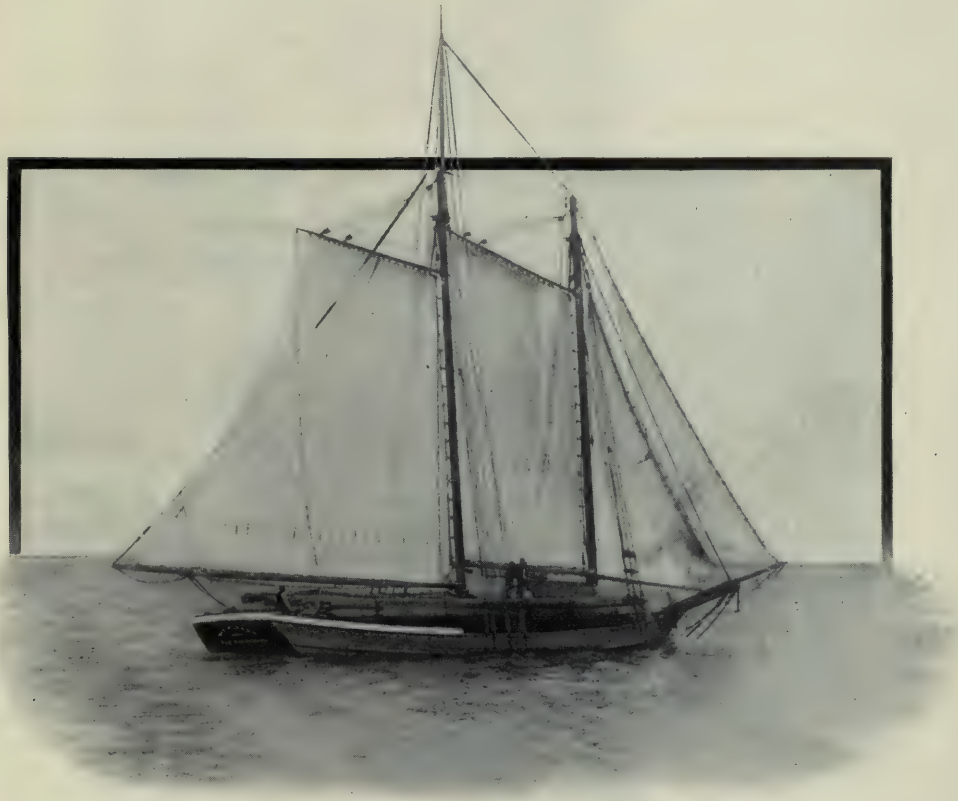
"Seems as if I might, by and by."

"No 'urry about it, but I might meself."

The captain and I sat in the cockpit, silent. In the tense stillness of coming night the tules suddenly filled with life. When it grew darker, the captain lighted his second cigar, passing the match to me. There was not a flicker of air to stir the flame.

We seemed to be waiting for something to happen—something to put a climax to the day. The westward hill was already in deep shadow behind us, and out of it came the sad murmur of a dove. The captain raised his hand from his knee in explanation. Then he slowly let it fall again and listened.

When the sky was spangled with brilliance and the birds in the tules slept, he lifted his great body and turned his great coarse face, now oddly softened, in a silent nod.



ANOTHER CRAFT OF THE BAY.

Drawn for The Pacific Monthly by Charles S. Price.

CRUELTY OF WINTER.

At the End of the Trail

By George T. Marsh

When the shadows creep where the foot-hills sweep
    From the shores of the winding Peace,
I dream of a grave by the Little Slave,
    Where the lonesome prairies cease.
There the breezes pass thro' the rustling grass
    While the waves lap close beside,
As the sunset glows on the glistening snows
    That rim the far Divide.

Oh, my hair went white in the Arctic night
    As we starved in the Barren Grounds,
And the strength of my youth was put to proof
    Where the grinding shore-ice pounds.
I 've known the taste of the trackless waste
    From the Bay to the Coppermine,
Where the caribou hosts drift by like ghosts
    When the hungry wolf-packs whine.

Hark! the thundering beat of the bisons' feet
    I can hear as the mad Cree rides
On the blood-flecked flanks of their galloping ranks
    While the sun in the dust cloud hides.
Thro' Lake Despair we wandered where
    The Fading Waters lie,
And choked for breath in the Chute of Death
    As the rampart rocks swept by.

Still the moose-thongs crack on the husky's back
    As the crunching snow-shoes fly,
And the *brulés* shout as the sleds draw out
    On the trails where strong men die.
The singing crews in the big canoes
    Laugh loud as the waters churn,
But the spent and blind must stay behind
    With the days that ne'er return.

So here in the shade of the old stockade,
    While the drunken half-breeds curse,
I dream of a grave by the Little Slave
    Ere I take the long *traverse,*
And I know she 'll wait at the open gate
    Of the Master's beckoning lodge—
Where the trail-worn rest in the peaceful West—
    When I make my last *voyage.*

Ugly Hilda

A Fairy Tale for All Ages

Part II

By Felix Benquiat

Synopsis of Part I.—Hilda, a very ugly little girl, while in the forest, on her way from her grandmother's cottage to deliver a jug of milk to the King's castle, becomes tired and sits down to rest. She is lamenting her ugliness when a Wood Elf appears and asks for a drink. Hilda lets him drink his fill, and he pronounces the contents of the jug "the milk of human kindness." Hilda is startled when she finds that the Wood Elf has emptied her jug, but her kindness and tears so touch the Elf that he calls upon the does and has them stand while Hilda fills her jug anew with deer's milk. The Wood Elf allows her a wish, and she wishes to become very beautiful. He promises that she shall be the most beautiful woman that ever lived, and leaves with her an acorn, which she is to burn in time of trouble.

Eric, the son of a cobbler, is on his way from the Kingdom of Borrum into the rival Kingdom of Borru to seek his fortune. When he arrives in Borru, he meets Belshazzar, wizard and master pastry cook to the King. Belshazzar takes Eric in and teaches him the art of pastry-cooking, especially the making of a particular tart, of which the King of Borru is very fond. One day, when the tarts have been delayed, Eric arrives with them at the castle, and meets the Princess Ethelberta, who becomes an inspiration to him to write poetry, which Belshazzar uses for candy mottoes.

Prince Berthold. son of the King of Borrum, falls very ill. All manner of physicians are called. Deer's milk is prescribed. At this time Hilda appears wth her jug of deer's milk, and saves the young Prince's life. She is rewarded by being given a room in the castle, and becomes a court maid. She grows very beautiful. Prince Berthold, while hunting in the forest, meets the witch, Evil Eyes, and is changed into a snow-white fox. Given up as dead, he is mourned by all in his father's kingdom, and the King and Queen adopt Hilda as their daughter. Prince Berthold, now a fox, is often chased by his own hounds. Hiding from them one day, he is surprised by a wood fairy, who points out to him the way into the forest of the Kingdom of Borru, where an adventure is to befall him.

ERIC had a small room in one of the towers of the castle and was happy in living near his dear Ethelberta. Still, in the castle he was only the pastry-cook and even in fairy-tales nobody seems to think that cooks are very aristocratic, when really a good cook is rarer and more necessary to health and happiness than a king. Eric found in the forest an enormous hollow oak, which he nicely carpeted and hung with tapestry and cloth-of-gold and in it stored his armor and his princely garments. Here he used to exchange his cook's attire for one of his beautiful velvet suits; then would walk where the Princess was accustomed to go in hopes of meeting her, but Fortune was very unkind to him and the Princess never came beyond the walls of the castle. There was another old oak tree near one of the royal walks through the forest which was called the Trysting Tree; names were carved in its bark, hundreds and hundreds of them, many of which had been young lovers long ago, and then old men and women, and now slept their long sleep in the lap of earth. At last Eric hit upon a strategem. He made some sugar hearts on which he printed these lovely tender words:

> "If me you 'd see,
> Meet me at the Trysting Tree."

One of these he managed to place at the Princess' plate. The moment she saw it she recognized the workmanship and her heart fluttered in her throat. She had heard rumors of some mysterious prince who wandered in the forest and now she could not doubt who it was nor why he was there. That night as she leaned from her window, bathed in the silver flood of moonlight, the earth asleep and only the frogs and the night-hawks wakeful with her, she pensively sucked those sweet words and made them all her own. She was sure this prince was Prince Berthold. She loved him. True she had never seen him, but this is often better. She did not know how she could get to the Trysting Tree undiscovered, but she was happy in her secret.

The next day at her plate at dinner she

found another heart and on it were the same words:

"If me you 'd see,
Meet me at the Trysting Tree."

With the addition:

"Oh, Ethelberta,
I wont hurt you."

Ah, exquisite, passionate words! Oh, beautiful trusting love! How happy she was. She concealed her heart (the sugar one) and when she was alone in her chamber she disclosed all to her maid and begged her to arrange so that they could go to the Trysting Tree, for Ethelberta herself, being a Princess, did not know how to do anything and was afraid of the dark. The maid was a strong, fearless girl of the peasantry and had heard her old grandmother tell many fairy-tales and she knew that the proper way, or perhaps improper way for the Prince to visit the Princess, was for the Princess to let down her hair from the window so that the Prince could climb up by it. They tried this, but as they were in the second story of the castle they saw at once that this would be difficult for the Prince unless he was an unusually good jumper. Then the Princess ordered the maid to get a rope ladder from the closet where they were kept and they hung this out the window. The maid suggested in a timid way, such as maids ought to use toward royal princesses, that they could very easily walk down the stairs, but at this Ethelberta was indignant. She started to descend by the ladder, but this was a terrible thing to do because Ethelberta as a royal princess had precedence of everybody except her father and mother and for any one to go ahead of her was something awful, so Ethelberta crawled out onto the window-sill and got one foot on the rope-ladder, but when she looked down and felt it jump and wriggle she hastily scrambled back into the room, and they went down the stairs. I am very sorry for this and Ethelberta is not my choice as a princess for a fairy-tale. The idea of being afraid to go down a rope-ladder, the most common thing in the world in a fairy-tale! Well, it cant be helped now. We 've got her and we 'll have to keep her.

Every evening Eric faithfully waited under the Trysting Tree, hoping that his sweetheart would appear. One evening as he was standing under the tree, gloomy and almost hopeless, suddenly there was a rush and swir out of the sky and a great hawk swooped down in pursuit of a frightened dove. The dove flew straight to Eric and fluttered into his bosom, and the hawk with an angry scream flew away. Eric held the dove and petted it and the poor little frightened thing clung to him, so he stood with the bird upon his hand when the evening star appeared and lo and behold to his amazement he no longer held a dove, but standing upon his arm was the most exquisite fairy you ever saw in your life. She shimmered like a dragon-fly; her gauzy wings glowed with all the colors of the rainbow. Her dainty figure was draped in a stuff like the silver globes of dandelions and her little cape seemed to be made of the jewel-like wings of blue butterflies.

"You served me well, young sir," she said, in a soft, cooing voice. "I am the Fairy Fortunata and that hawk was the witch Evil Eyes. Once I loved a mortal (Heaven forgive me!) and for my sin I was condemned to be a dove this day in each year for ten years and this, thanks be to Heaven! is the last day. On this day of my transformation all my fay powers leave me until the rising of the evening star. I pray that you may never know the fears and the terrors which in my dove form I endured from hawks, owls, cats and, worst of all, boys. On this day my enemy Evil Eyes would change herself into a hawk, or an owl, or a weasel, and do her best to destroy me. Now, young man, I am going to reward you with a very, very wonderful gift. You shall hear all that the birds and the beasts say." She lightly touched his ears with the tips of her pretty little fingers and immediately he heard all about him the murmur of voices, thin and shrill and deep and murmurous, in all notes and tones. Then he understood that he was hearing the birds and the animals and the insects and all the living things about him talking. He gazed open-eyed at the beautiful fairy and she, smiling at him, said: "Listen to your fellow mortals.

You will learn much wisdom. If ever you need me call 'Fortunata,' but be sure that you face to the east when you invoke me, or I cannot answer." So saying, she darted away into the upper air in a shining spiral flight, like a hummingbird.

Eric hearkened to the murmur about him. He heard the birds and the squirrels, the beetles and the butterflies and the tree-toads saying how warm the sun was and how cool the leaves; how calm the sunset and how clean the stars and how soothing the night breeze. Some thrushes and finches spoke of the sweet haunts they had visited; of the coming summer with its berries, and the autumn with its nuts and seeds. Just then the great, soft, fluffy owl dropped noiselessly down upon the oak limb above Eric and gazing toward the castle with its big round yellow eyes said very solemnly, "Here comes the Princess."

"Yes," said the thrush, piping up in a shrill note, "she is coming to meet this young man who is waiting for her."

"That is good," said the squirrel, perched on a log on the other side of the road.

"But it is very improper," said a beautiful black-and-white skunk with a deep growl in his throat.

"Bosh," said the owl, blinking his big eyes three times.

Then a tree-toad said in a wee, small, shrill, gritty little voice: "Here she is. Here she is. Here she is." And they all became perfectly silent, except the thrush, which, screened by the leaves, warbled, most beautifully, a love song without words.

Eric was so astonished by these voices and by the sudden coming of the Princess that he stood silent before her, but she spoke, saying very sweetly: "My Prince, what is it that you wish?"

"You, my Princess," said Eric earnestly. "You. I think of you. I dream of you. I love you."

"Oh, Prince," said the Princess, blushing, "this is so sudden."

I do not like to interrupt such a pretty scene as this, but I must explain that Ethelberta was brought up in good society and knew that it was very wrong to be natural in any way, and though his words thrilled her she thought it more proper to pretend that they did n't.

Just then the birds commenced to twitter and talk again and he, listening to their words, repeated them as well as he could to the Princess. That is, he pretended they were his own words.

"Oh, my Princess," said he, "when the thrush is wooed, does she say it is sudden? When the spring flowers wake at the touch of the sun, do they complain?"

He heard the thrush saying to his mate, "What is this world to me but a place of painted images without you; but with you, dear little mate, songs will arise from the very grass." So Eric copied that, too, and said it to the Princess, and he went on repeating after the thrush, "Summer will laugh for us. Autumn will burn for us, and we will fly away from the cruel winter and always live among sunny leaves and stores of fruits."

And just here the squirrels came in and he repeated their words, saying, "Happy we will be in springtime, when the earth begins to smile. Happy in the summer, which spreads her leaves over us. Autumn will shake out to us her lap-full of nuts, and winter will be our brave, kind enemy which makes our snug and happy nest seem so warm and dear."

"Go on. Go on," said Ethelberta, with closed eyes. "Go on. You talk just like an actor."

He timidly took her hand, but she drew it back, and he exclaimed, "I wont hurt you!"

"I know it. I know it," she said. "Oh, those beautiful, beautiful words on those beautiful hearts. How sweet they are. Oh, how I love them. I have eaten them all.

> 'Oh, my darling Ethelberta,
> If I could I would n't hurt you.'

Those words are graven on my heart."

"Sweetheart," said he.

"Yes," she interrupted, "Sweetheart. Sugar heart. Listen," she continued, "I have but a few moments. Even now I may be missed and cruel dragons may be searching for me. Listen."

"I do," said he.

"My father will never consent to our marriage. He still keeps at bitter enmity with your father—"

"With my father?" thought Eric, wondering what the poor old cobbler had done to be so honored, for abuse by a king is really an honor, you know.

"Yes," she said, "and you stand in his shoes."

"True," thought Eric, but wondered how she knew it.

"Listen," she said.

"I do," said Eric.

"We must conceive a plan. You might bring an army against the castle and demand me.—Oh, no," she said discontentedly, "your army I suppose is on the frontier watching the asparagus, and, besides, Father's army is six times as many as he is."

"Who is?" said Eric.

"Your army," said the Princess. "Listen."

"I do," said Eric.

"—Or you could come to the palace as a stranger and win father's confidence and become the general of our army and then demand me. I would help you. Listen."

"I do," said Eric.

"You might—no, you could n't."

"What?" said Eric.

"Listen," said the Princess.

"I do," said Eric, and impulsively he added, "But what would become of the cream-tarts?"

"Heavens!" said the Princess, "the very thing. The tarts."

"Yes," said Eric, "the tarts."

"Listen," said Ethelberta. "You could come to the castle and kill the young pastry-cook and denounce him to father for putting poison into the tarts."

"Yes," said Eric, "but I dont want to kill the pastry-cook. That would be suicide."

"Dear, merciful, tender-hearted Prince," said Ethelberta. "Listen."

"I do," said Eric.

"Oh, if you only could make the wretched hair grow on father's wretched head; then all would be well, for he has promised by his royal word that he will bestow my hand upon his hair-restorer. Listen. I have but a few moments. Perhaps already I am missed and cruel dragons are seeking me. Seek a hair-restorer, dear Prince, that we may be happy. Now I must go. You may kiss my hand. Oh, Prince, make the hair apparent on my hairless parent and you shall be the heir apparent," with which delightful jest, well worth a guinea from Punch, she withdrew to where her maid was waiting her in the distance and they disappeared toward the castle, leaving Eric in a state of delirious joy. The little voices had all gone to bed. He heard only the big solemn owl with his big wide-awake eyes on the limb above him whispering very softly to himself, "Oh, for a mouse."

ALAS! alas! Lovers propose, but kings dispose. There never was a second meeting under the Trysting Tree. Eric repaired faithfully to the spot, but on the third day after that first interview he heard the owl announcing solemnly to the thrush that the King and the Princess had suddenly gone back to the city. Eric sat upon a log dejectedly bewailing his fate, when by shrill outcries he became aware that there was great excitement among the squirrels and one ran to the end of the log on which Eric was sitting and the others gathered around him, chattering like a tea-party; and the crow and the dove and the owl and, last of all, the skunk gathered around, for the squirrel that was such an object of curiosity had lost all the hair from his tail.

"Does n't he look queer?"

"Oh, he looks like a rat," and such like remarks passed around the circle.

"Oh, me, oh, me," chattered the weeping squirrel. "I shall never dare show my face again."

"Tail, you mean," said the owl in his deep, low bass voice. "Bosh." (This was a favorite word with the owl.) "Go rub your tail with the root of maidenhair ferns dug in the full of the moon and you will have a finer growth of hair than ever."

By a happy coincidence peculiar to fairy-tales, it was just now the full of the moon. Off scampered all the squirrels except the invalid and presently they re-

turned bearing in their mouths the root of maidenhair fern which they rubbed on the naked and skinny tail and immediately a fine bushy tail grew out and the happy squirrel leaped away with his mates with the most beautiful tail of them all.

Eric jumped to his feet in ecstasy. He would have said "Eureka," but he had never heard of it. He rushed like a wild man into the forest toward the beds of maidenhair ferns. The birds and squirrels fled before him. Fortunately for him the skunk had already gone. He dug several pounds of fern root and filled his pockets, and having packed his belongings so they would come forward with the King's train, he set out on foot for the city. He was so filled with joy that he could not contain himself, but laughed and sang and leaped as he went, dancing and caracoling like one out of his wits, so that the simple peasants who saw him coming hid themselves. Eric was a poet and could not refrain from expressing his joy in words, so he sang continually this beautiful refrain:

> "Begone, dull Care.
> I 'll give him hair.
> I cannot fail,
> For the squirrel's tail
> Was sere and bare."

Ah, poesy, poesy, thou dost rise even unto Heaven on winged words!

When Eric arrived, the red-faced, fat fairy clasped him to his stomach and welcomed him home. Eric breathlessly told him that now he intended to cure the King's thinness of hair and wed the Princess Ethelberta. (No one called it baldness when speaking of the King.) Belshazzar entreated Eric not to rush to his death, but Eric was determined not to be the first young man to accept advice, so insisted that Belshazzar lay the matter before the King.

"Now, listen to me, Belshazzar," said his Majesty. "Does this young fool understand all the conditions?"

"Alas, yes," sighed the pastry-cook. "He seems to want to die."

"Very well," said the King, adjusting his collar with both hands. "Very well."

So the heralds paraded the streets and made proclamation from the palace walls to the effect that his Majesty, the King, was graciously pleased to suffer one Eric to attempt to cure him of thinness of hair, in failure of which the said Eric was to be beheaded as gently as possible by the King's headsman in the palace square in open presence of the court.

When Ethelberta heard this proclamation she shut herself in her room and wept bitterly, wondering who this bold Eric was who was seeking to take her from her beloved Prince.

On the appointed day the whole world was at court. All the councilors and ministers, the chancellor, lords, knights, equerries, squires, pages, politicians, postmasters, keepers of the seal, the keys, the cows, forest rangers, masters of the rolls and of the hounds, lords of the bedchamber, carvers, servers, ewers, generals, men-at-arms, justices, constables, policemen, ladies-in-waiting, noble dames and damosels. Such a flashing of jewels and plumes, swords, pikes, armor, cloth-of-gold, velvets, satins, gold chains and general magnificence you never, never saw. A vast sea of the common people crowded to the inner court and looked with pride upon all this luxury, nobility and idleness which they supported. Last but not least stood the tall, grim, awful headsman, all in sombre black with a black velvet mask over his face; the shining huge ax resting on the wooden block where shortly Eric's head would be chopped off and his body go jumping and jerking about just as if he were only a chicken.

The poor, red-faced, fat fairy loved Eric so dearly and worshipped him so as a great poet that he was completely overcome at the certain death which he foresaw for him and he took to his bed and there bade Eric a tearful and last farewell.

Eric set out for the palace clad in his most magnificent suit of russet velvet, but you may imagine his surprise, and you will be just as surprised as he was, to hear that his name was called and turning around he found himself face to face with the good Belshazzar who had followed him. But I will tell you the truth, which Eric did not know and which you

must not for the present under any circumstances disclose to any one. This was not Belshazzar at all. Who do you think it was? Who? Yes, indeed, it was none other than the witch Evil Eyes who had taken the form of the good, red-faced, fat fairy in order to deceive and ruin Eric. (This is one of the commonest and in my opinion one of the meanest tricks of witches, gods, goddesses and such disreputable people. How can any unsuspecting mortal possibly protect himself against such contemptible deceit?) Poor Belshazzar at that very moment lay groaning in his bed. Now, how could Eric possibly know that? So when the false Belshazzar with hypocritical tears in his eyes said, "Dear son, let me behold these wonderful roots on which you risk your life," Eric did not hesitate a moment to put into his hands the magical fern-roots. Belshazzar—or really as we know the witch Evil Eyes—handled each root, muttering to himself, or herself, and casting spells into them. Then he, or she, handed them back, saying, "May they do more than you expect. Much more." Fatal words. Wicked words of ruin, as you shall see. Only remember them. "May they do *more* than you expect." Saying which he, or she, wept again, crocodile tears, kissed him on each cheek and turned homeward, but at the very first corner she changed into a big black crow and flew off screaming harsh discordant laughter. (The nasty thing.) And poor, innocent Eric went on to his destruction and the poor, innocent Belshazzar lay groaning in his bed. (I do despise witches.)

Eric was announced at court by a flourish of trumpets and there was a general flutter to see the man whose head would soon go skipping across the court like a turnip, hit with a hockey-stick. The Princess Ethelberta saw him and immediately fainted and had to be carried out. She knew him; her Prince. Ah, the eyes of love! The King sat upon his throne, which was really very much like a barber's chair only it would not tilt back so nicely. The Queen sat beside him on her throne which was a smaller barber's chair and a step lower down. The Queen was a strong-minded woman and a great comfort to the King. She kept saying to him, "John, be a man. Remember the people's eyes are upon you. Set an example to your people, John. Be brave. Be brave." Occasionally she would nod and smile at an acquaintance in the crowd and adjust her crown and fuss with her sceptre.

Eric came forward between two ushers and the King looked at him severely, saying, "Young man, where have I seen that face before?"

"Before me, Sire," said Eric, bowing very low.

"Yes, yes," said the King. "That is it." (The fact is the King did n't grasp the point at all. Kings are awfully stupid.) "Do you know the penalty of failure?" asked the King.

"I shall lose my head," said Eric.

"You have lost it already," said a shrill, cracked voice at the King's elbow. Eric knew who it was very well, for he had often seen him about the court. It was the King's jester, a funny little hunchback, who was seated on the steps of the throne, rattling a dried bladder full of peas.

"Now let me tell you," said the King, scowling at Eric, "that already forty enthusiastic hair-restorers have lost their heads. Let me tell you that I have in vain tried Danderene, Capillerine, Hairine, Baldine, Hirsutus, Nusutus, Dontsutus, Herpicide, Germicide"—

"You 've never tried suicide, Uncle," chuckled the little jester.

"So let me warn you," concluded the King, not noticing the joker.

"I am ready," said Eric.

Then the Herald came forward and proclaimed the terms: If Eric succeeded in making the hair to grow on the King's head he was to have the hand of the Princess Ethelberta and the half of the kingdom. ("The worst half," squeaked the little jester.) Failing to make the hair grow, Eric was to be beheaded as comfortably and quietly as possible.

"Pigtail I win, or head you lose," squeaked the little jester.

"Be brave, John," said the Queen. "Be brave. Remember the welfare of the nation rests on you."

The King took off his crown and

handed it to the Queen and then signaled to Eric that he was ready.

All that vast multitude became as hushed and motionless as if they were turned to stone. Eric took from his pouch some of the magical fern-root and rubbed it on the royal pate after it was carefully inspected by the court physicians, who said it was ridiculous. The band played a dirge and the Archbishop asked a blessing.

"Ouch," said the King, as Eric rubbed the root hard into his scalp; but scarcely had he said it when, wonderful to be told, a fine growth of hair started all over the King's head and before you could say Jack Robinson it was covered with what is commonly called a luxuriant suit of hair. Then the assembled multitude sent up such a great shout that the palace walls shook, the church-bells pealed and the priests returned thanks to God for his mercy to the nation.

At this moment the Princess returned and knelt at her Father's feet. He raised her and gave her hand to Eric and said, "My boy, she is yours. What is your other name?"

Ethelberta thrilled with joy. But, alas, at the very moment of their completed joy cruel Fate overtook them. The spell of the wicked Evil Eyes began to work; already the King's hair was on his shoulders. In a moment more it was half way to the floor. Then it was on the floor and, oh, horror, it commenced to pile up on the floor and rise about the King with increasing rapidity so that it threatened to smother him.

"Cut it," shouted the court physicians.

"Cut it," shouted the Queen.

"Cut it," shouted the Chancellor.

But no one dared touch it, for by court etiquette only the royal barber is permitted to cut the King's hair and better that the King die than that the custom be broken. But happily before it was too late the royal barber came flying in and cut the hairy torrent. But wonder of wonders, and more wonderful, it grew faster than ever. It ran across the floor like a great, soft serpent, and pitched out at the back window.

"Behead him," shrieked the King.

"No. No," screamed the Princess. "He has made your hair grow."

"Well, I should say he had," howled the King. "Behead him! I tell you."

"False monarch!" shrieked the Princess.

"Take her away!" shouted the King, motioning toward Ethelberta, and then shaking his royal fist at Eric he continued to call out, "Behead him! Behead him! Imposter! Trickster!" The Princess again fainted and was carried out and the Court Chronicle said next day, "At this point the utmost confusion prevailed."

"Behead him," clamored the King, livid with rage and foaming at the mouth. "Does nobody hear me? Take him away and behead him."

"Be calm, John. Be calm," said the Queen. "Remember—"

"Go to," said the King. "Go to!" And now the guards having recovered their senses rushed upon poor Eric, tore his fine clothes from him, and were carrying him off to be beheaded when some of the court recognized him as the pastry-cook's boy, now that his clothes were off. —Clothes do make a difference. And they called out, "It is the young pastry-cook." At this moment a breathless messenger arrived to say that Belshazzar, sole inventor and maker of the cream-tarts, was dying.

"Hah!" said the King. "Hold." Pointing his finger at Eric. "Put him in the lowest dungeon"; and the wretched Eric was hurried away to the very deepest and downest dungeon which was full of water and toads and snakes and beetles and other inconveniences common to dungeons.

"That was a hairbreadth escape," chuckled the little jester, but nobody paid any attention to him, for the King now had to be rescued from his hair. Cutting only made it worse. The more it was cut, the faster it grew. The royal engineers devised a plan. They tilted back the throne till it was like a barber's chair, (in fact, this is the way that barbers' chairs were invented), and they placed the King in it. Away traveled the river of hair, rippling across the floor. the people bowing to it and kneeling to it and kissing it because it was royal hair. Away it went. Out at the back window, down to the ground, and on and on.

You may have read in inferior fairy-tales put forth to deceive the public, of a magic pear or a magic apple which, being eaten, the nose of the eater began to grow and grew outrageously along the highway into the adjoining county. Now, the ignorant and unprincipled authors of such improbable tales did not understand that, to support such a monstrous rapid nasal growth, excessive feeding would be necessary; but I, being truly scientific and full of all kinds of knowledge and telling nothing but the truth, must let you know that in order to sustain the King's vitality, drained by this miraculous growth of hair, it was necessary that he be stuffed constantly, for it is as true in hair as it is in everything else, that you cannot get something from nothing. Therefore, the King lay upon his throne and, night and day, by an army of attendants, was stuffed just like a Strasbourg goose.

At first they sold locks of the royal hair with certificates under seal that it was the real thing and from this the Lord Chamberlain privately made a very pretty penny, and when this demand subsided the Lord Chamberlain and other courtiers started a curled-hair factory, and though they told the King that the hair was in eager demand by his beloved subjects, it was in fact being used as stuffing for mattresses and carriage cushions.

You may be sure proclamations were loudly made and published everywhere that whosoever would stop this devouring growth of hair would receive half of the kingdom and the hand of the Princess Ethelberta (the usual offer). Especial mention was made of the fact that unsuccessful adventurers would not be beheaded. They came from near and far, the old and the young, lean and fat, short and tall, ragged and rich, flocking toward the court like blackbirds toward a marsh at sunset, but all to no avail. Still the cataract of hair leaped from the royal head and galloped across the floor and out of the back window into the mattress factory, which kept buzzing and whirring night and day.

As Eric sat dejected and uncomfortable amid the toads and snakes and slime of his dungeon he bethought himself that now if ever was the time to call upon the Fairy Fortunata. But alas, and alas, and alack-a-day. In that deep, dark, blackest and most subterraneous dungeon, how could he even guess where was the East toward which he must face or his calling would be in vain? Long, long he suffered, fearing to call, lest he fail, because he knew he must call correctly the first time. He questioned his guards. "Where does the sun rise?" said he. But none would so much as answer him. Once a day they gave him, in silence a pannikin of water and a loaf of mouldy bread to share with the rats, and, in silence, retired. So in fear of failure he endured until he could endure no longer, and then grown desperate, after long thinking as to where might be east, he turned to that quarter which he instinctively felt to be that of the sunrise and called despairingly, "Fortunata! Fortunata!" There was dead silence. He waited, hoping to hear or see some sign, but all was dark and silent save for the hissing of the snakes and the flopping of the toads. Then in a wild dilirium he whirled about in his cell, shouting, "Fortunata! Fortunata!" to every point of the compass, but as he had failed the first time all his cries were useless, and the only answer was the hollow echo from the dark and damp and dripping dungeon-walls. At last, worn out, Eric crouched in the slime, among the horrid things, and wept. Ah, if only I could put a copy of this unequalled and never-to-be surpassed tale into the hands of every hair-restorer; every barber.

DEAR, gentle, little readers, you will notice, if you have remembered the thrilling incidents herein narrated, which I am sure you have, that the King languishes on his throne a mere hair-factory; Prince Berthold languishes in the deep and gloomy forest of Borru, amid the rocks, a white fox; the good Belshazzar languishes on his death-bed; the Princess Ethelberta languishes in her royal chamber, with all the curtains tightly drawn; Eric languishes in his dark and loathsome dungeon, amid toads and snakes, and all of this the work of

the witch Evil Eyes. Surely this is as much wretchedness as any witch could possibly desire.

The news that the King of Borru was bewitched with a flood of hair spread, as such important news always does. Guards were necessary to prevent the curious from storming the royal castle; and indeed the Lord Chamberlain drove a very pretty business in admitting certain people to the royal presence for large bribes (strictly in advance).

When the King of Borrum heard that his enemy, the King of Borru, was laid low in affliction, he exclaimed, "God is merciful," which really is not very clear, so far as the King of Borru is concerned; and the priests of the Kingdom of Borrum held special services in all the temples, giving thanks unto God for his mercy and calling attention to the fact that he was a just and a righteous God because he had afflicted their enemy, King John of Borru. But the priests of the Kingdom of Borru were not to be behind hand, for the news having spread abroad that Prince Berthold had disappeared, they held special services in all their temples and thanked God for his mercy because he had killed Prince Berthold, or, as they put it, because God in his inscrutable wisdom had removed their enemy to another place. They did n't designate the place.

The King of Borrum became possessed with an uncontrollable desire to see this hairy miracle, so he proclaimed peace between the two kingdoms and prepared for a visit to his royal brother, the King of Borru, thinking that if he found that kingdom badly demoralized he would benevolently assimilate it for its own good, as every Christian monarch ought to do to people who do not know what is best for themselves. Therefore, the army was ordered to grease and wash the royal coach and look over the royal harness and put on the royal livery instead of his military uniform.

The court set out with coach and four upon its progress to the Kingdom of Borru. The army rode the near lead horse and the navy the wheeler, for you see people are naturally so stupid that it never occurs to them that they can do anything different from their forefathers, and people are such slaves to custom that it was a long time before the idea ever occurred to any one that a driver could sit on a coach and guide the horses with reins. If I were myself a fairy, one of the gifts that I would give to my dear readers would be the courage to depart from a custom.

The Queen and King of Borrum rode inside the coach on the back seat, according to strict court etiquette, and on the front seat, facing the King and Queen, sat Hilda and a maid-of-honor. A maid-of-all-work and the Lord Chamberlain rode behind in the rumble, with their legs hanging down, and the royal hair-covered trunk was strapped on the roof of the coach. It is true the Lord Chamberlain ventured to suggest a doubt as to the diplomatic delicacy of taking so suggestive a trunk to the court of the unfortunate King of Borru, but his Majesty of Borrum said, "Pouf! If they dont like it they can make a *casus belli* of it."

"Dont you mean a bellows' case, your Majesty?" said the Chamberlain timidly.

His Majesty looked at the Chamberlain long and hard, puffing very much, and then finally sputtered, "We will let it pass." So the trunk was hoisted to the top of the coach.

In the days of real fairies roads were perfectly abominable: deep ruts, chuckholes, roots, stumps, rocks, small rivers to ford and all manner of obstructions, so that on this journey the King and Queen were rolled and jumbled and jolted about just as if they were common people, and they knocked their crowns together so often that the King got exceedingly peevish and finally the good Queen took one of her bodice-laces and tied the crowns together in the top of the coach where they dangled about in a fairly harmonious manner considering that they were royal crowns and married.

"This reminds me," said the King, comfortably sighing and rubbing his head, "of what one William Shakespeare will say some day: 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"

"Who will he be?" said her Majesty, the Queen.

"Aha," said the King, wagging his head sagaciously. "No, no, you 're not going to inveigle me into that discussion on this trip, which again reminds me," said he, "that I wish we had some bacon and eggs."

The Queen, always thoughtful, had put into her hand-bag a very nice lunch of ham-sandwiches, roast chicken, bread and butter and dill pickles, with a bottle of cold tea for the ladies and a bottle of cold punch for the King. She now triumphantly produced these evidences of her thoughtfulness and good taste, which the King received eagerly. He passed out the fragments of lunch to the Lord Chamberlain, but there were no fragments of punch left to pass and presently his Majesty fell into a deep sleep in which he snored with such royal and commanding snorts that the horses would suddenly stop, thinking some one had called "Whoa." As no one dared wake the King and as it would have done no good (he stoutly affirmed that he never snored and no one dared contradict him), this bad habit of the horses occasioned frequent delays and caused the army and navy to hate each other.

When the coach was near the walls of the royal City of Borru, heralds were sent forth clad in costumes of red and yellow velvet with gorgeous purple caps and great black plumes and they proclaimed the approach of their Royal High Mightinesses and Mighty Royal Highnesses, the King and Queen of Borrum. Flags were displayed on the walls and citadels; the people of Borru ran together in the streets; the band came out on the wall and played, "Hail to the Chief," and in the midst of music and drums and shouts and uproarious confusion, the royal coach of Borrum swayed and rocked and reeled and whirled up to the palace steps, the army and navy secretly prodding their horses to make them seem full of fire.

As soon as the coach stopped the Queen of Borru ran down the palace steps to meet her royal sister, the Queen of Borrum.

"How good of you to come, dear," she said, kissing her visitor and wondering how long she would stay.

"Well, you know, dear, the King and I could n't keep away when we heard of your trouble."

"Trouble?" echoed the Queen of Borru.

"Yes, you know; the King."

"The King," exclaimed the Queen again in affected surprise.

"Certainly, dear. The hair, you know."

"Oh, your Majesty," said the Queen of Borru, haughtily, "we are proud of that. No other monarch in Christendom is producing so much from his head. No, nor the half. But come in. You must be tired traveling so far with the King. Dear me, how thin his hair is getting. I want you both to come in and see dear John. You never saw such a head of hair in your life," and when the Queen of Borrum saw the stream of hair slowly passing out at the back window, she admitted that she never had.

"How soft it is," murmured the Queen of Borrum, wishing to be polite.

"Of course," said her royal husband, "consider the source."

"It 's an heirloom," said a shrill little voice, followed by a cackling laugh and a great rattling of peas in a bladder. Then the Lord Chamberlain of Borrum stepped forward and making a profound obeisance said, with a great many hard words difficult to pronounce, that their Majesties of Borrum had come to offer to their Majesties of Borru, in a truly Christian spirit, their undying affection, and whatever assistance the Kingdom of Borrum could offer to the Kingdom of Borru.

"Liar!" thought the King of Borru.

But the Chamberlain of the Kingdom of Borru took the floor in his turn and with much longer and more difficult words than had been used by the Chamberlain of Borrum, signified that their Majesties of Borru had yearned to see their Majesties of Borrum for whom they cherished sentiments of the most unswerving affection and the one thing which brought joy to the heart of his hirsute Majesty of Borru was to see his brother of Borrum standing beside him.

"Liar!" thought the King of Borrum.

"Let me show you to your rooms,"

said the Queen of Borru, and with this the audience ended.

The hair-trunk had been carefully unloaded from the roof of the coach and carried into the palace, but in the excitement the two crowns were left swinging to the roof inside and the coach was driven off to the stable.

This neglect of the crowns was a dreadful, dreadful mistake. So dreadful, dear children, that I must really take time to explain it to you. You must know—or if you do not you poor little innocents, you will find out—that this is a very curious world, with not one mistake in it made by Nature and just brimming over with blunders made by the foolish ape which calls itself Man. One of the most amusing stupidities is that every man is perfectly sure that he would do just what is right himself, but that all other men need watching and governing to make them do what is right, and therefore men themselves create governors to rule over them and give them different names: Emperors, Kings, Presidents, and the governors make all the laws and, of course, make them so that they can get taxes and exact contributions and bonuses from the common people. Therefore, there become in time lots of poor people and they get so poor that they get bad and they have to steal. Sometimes they kill. And then instead of making it easier for the common people so that they may be less poor, the governors increase the police and the army to live on the backs of the people who get poorer than ever, and so it goes around in a circle, with the governors always on top and the poor always growing poorer. Now these governors are nothing in the world but ordinary men; some of them most ordinary and stupid. And in order that the people may know their governors, they put crowns on the Kings, wigs on the Judges, and gowns on the Priests, pretty clothes on the soldiers and the police, whom they arm with swords and clubs. Of course, therefore, all of the virtue is in the crowns, the uniforms, the wigs, the swords and the clubs; and without these Kings and Judges, police and armies would be no more than you or I.

You may imagine, therefore, the excitement of the King and Queen of Borrum when, on preparing for bed that night, they suddenly discovered that they had left the crowns in the coach and they were really not King and Queen; they were nobodies; just plain Mr. and Mrs. Borrum. They sent in a great hurry to the stables for the crowns, but they had disappeared. The tocsin sounded, the culverin was fired, the trumpets screamed and everywhere it was proclaimed into the night that the King and Queen of Borrum had lost their crowns. The warders were cautioned to look out for the precious jewelry and search was made high and low, but no trace of them could be found. They were gone. There was the greatest consternation. The King and Queen of Borrum had lost their crowns and were no longer King and Queen.

When the news was brought to the King of Borru he expressed his sympathy with his bereaved brother and thought to himself with a groan, "If it was n't for this infernal head of hair keeping me flat on my back, now is the time I could benevolently assimilate his kingdom."

You may say, my dear readers, how very foolish to have forgotten such important articles, but let me ask you: Have you never done those things which are the very foolish ones? Have you never forgotten articles of the utmost importance? It often happens. I have myself mislaid my spectacles.

WHEN the White Fox reached the Forest of Borru, he was very, very tired; and not being really a fox but a Prince, he was dreadfully afraid to sleep alone in the open forest. So he trotted wearily along till by chance he came to the mouth of a deep cave. Into this he crept and found it very dry and comfortable, with a floor of white sand; and here he fell into a profound sleep, a sort of fairy trance.

He was awakened by the clicking of steel against stone and by rude surly voices, and slyly peeping out, as even a real fox might, he beheld two men digging a hole in the sand of the cave. One

was using a sort of butcher's cleaver; the other, a wicked-looking, strong knife. Beside the hole lay two objects which glittered and shone and scintillated in the dark of the cave. As the men talked the fox learned that one was the wicked head-groom of the Stables and the other was the envious Head Cook to the King of Borru and that the glittering objects were the crowns of the King and Queen of Borrum which these men had stolen from the coach. The White Fox knew well enough that without these crowns his father and mother were nobody and then he, of course, was nobody, and even might have to work for a living.

Hope is the last thing we ever give up, and the White Fox deep in the very bottom of his foxy heart continued to hope that in some way he would again become a Prince. So when the men had gone he dug up the crowns with his paws and carried them in his mouth, one at a time, to a hollow oak which he knew of, where he buried them with earth and leaves, weeping bitter tears over them as he put them away, those dear familiar objects he knew so well, especially his Mother's crown which he had played with so often when a baby.

The very next day (which was the day before Christmas, though the Fox did not know this) as the Fox lay hidden in the cave the wicked, envious Cook returned stealthily and began to dig at the spot where the crowns had been buried, but suddenly when he saw the empty hole he stopped. Then he dug furiously all around the spot and while at this work the wicked Groom came in, who said, "Aha! I was right. Villain, you would rob me."

"Scoundrel!" hissed the Cook, jumping to his feet, "it is you who have robbed me."

It is certainly very strange how people who themselves steal things feel robbed if their plunder is taken away from them, and it does n't seem to make any difference in what way they stole them. But I am interrupting the two gentlemen.

"Thief!" shouted the Groom.

"Traitor!" shouted the Cook.

And then they flew at each other with knife and cleaver. Round and round on the sandy floor they struggled. Now one would chop, now another would stab. They had no breath to call each other names, but breathed hard and fast at their bloody work. The Groom had the whole side of his face cut off with a stroke of the cleaver. The Cook had his whole chest laid open by a stroke of the wicked knife. Their blood flowed down into the thirsty sand. Each staggered and grew weaker and weaker. Finally they clinched and fell together, rolling over and over still stabbing and hacking each other, till at last both lay quiet, and when the silver moon looked in she saw two dead men, but she only smiled and passed on; she had seen that sight so many, many million times.

IT WAS the day before Christmas. Christmas is such a lovely time because it is such a loving time. People are n't happy at Christmas just because they are getting presents. They are happy because they are giving presents. They are making others happy by showing their love, and it is love which makes happiness and nothing else.

It was the day before Christmas and every one ought to have been happy—most of all, Kings and Queens, so it would seem—but nobody was happy. The King of Borru lay groaning on his throne of torture. Poor Belshazzar lay groaning in his bed, wasting away in the absence of his beloved Eric. Eric sat with water up to his ankles, listening to the flopping of the cold toads and the hissing of the slimy snakes. Ethelberta lay groaning and sighing upon her own little bed. The King of Borrum, perfectly reckless of the example before him of the King of Borru, sat with his head in his hands, tearing his hair out by the handfuls, because he had lost his crown, and the poor Queen, though from force of habit she was preparing to hang up her stocking, took no pleasure in it, and the little note she had pinned to it was blotted with tears: It read:

"Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring our crowns back to Mr. Borrum and me. I ask nothing else. Your loving Mrs. Borrum."

Perhaps Hilda was the most unhappy

of all, because she said so little and tried to comfort others. Night and day and every minute of the night and day, except when she was asleep, she thought of Prince Berthold, and the world seemed empty to her and, were it not that she might care for and comfort the good Queen, life seemed worthless. Even at night her dreams were of sorrowful partings and she woke with the sense that she had lost all that there was in the world and would never be happy again.

After comforting the King and Queen of Borrum, as we will call them, just for politeness, and telling them that perhaps Santa Claus would bring back their crowns, Hilda walked out into the forest to be alone for awhile and get some of that help and comfort which come from the silent trees and the skies. On and on she walked, over the cool, soft fallen leaves, busy with her thoughts and yet half-conscious that great Nature was walking beside her and pouring peace into her heart. In this mood she did not know how far she had penetrated into the forest when suddenly she became aware of pattering footsteps behind her and turning she saw, following her, a white fox. He stopped and looked at her timidly and then trotted off a little way and stopped again, as if waiting for her to follow. The sight of the fox and the strangeness of the forest made her aware that she was lost, so she anxiously started to retrace her steps, as well as she could, but all the time the fox seemed to be trying to draw her in another direction.

Presently he got bolder and coming up took the hem of her robe in his teeth and gently pulled it in the direction he wished her to go. The fox seemed such a pretty and gentle creature and was so small Hilda could not be afraid of him, and she made up her mind that as she did not know her way home she would at least follow the fox. In time he brought her to the mouth of a cave, where she saw the Head Cook and the Head Groom lying dead. At this dreadful sight she was frightened, but the fox gently pulled her robe again and led her to the oak tree where with his paws he uncovered the two crowns and showed them to her. Hilda, of course, recognized them at once, and fell upon her knees in delight and thankfulness and lifted her hands to the skies, while the fox jumped about playfully, looking as happy as possible. Hilda was now sure that he was no fox but some fairy in disguise, so when she lifted up the crowns she did not hesitate to follow him. He trotted only a few feet in front of her, looking back over his shoulder every now and then in the most affectionate way, and led her to the edge of the forest where the plain road was and there he stopped and nothing could induce him to come farther, but after watching her for a distance he turned and disappeared in the forest.

"Ah," sighed Hilda, "if only I could find Berthold."

Hilda thought this was a very wonderful and happy Christmas adventure, but she made up her mind that she would play Santa Claus and say nothing about the return of the crowns until the next day. So she hid them in her robe and smuggled them into her own room in the palace.

Christmas day must bring happiness to the world, even though some are sorrowing. At midnight a splendid Mass was said and the Cathedral and the churches were illuminated and there was the smell of incense on the air and the sound of music and sweet singing everywhere. As the day grew older the kitchen chimneys began to send up their smoke and even before the time of breaking fast the palace kitchens began to prepare for the great Christmas dinner which was to come. Custom is so strong that though there was nothing but trouble in the palace, the King and Queen of Borru did not dare to omit the great feast and the great ball which they were expected to give to their people on Christmas day.

Everything went on as busily as if King John of Borru were still able to ride his horses over the fields of his subjects and throw the tail of his royal robe about in a furious rage, as he was wont to do.

Carts and packhorses came to the courtyard of the palace kitchen; fat stags, wild boars, hares, pheasants and

all manner of birds were unloaded in a beautiful heap and pounced upon by the scullions, kitchen-boys and maids, the butchers and dressers, and hurried away to be made ready for the feast of the day. Trout and salmon, pike and eel, oysters and mussels—tributes from the rivers and the sea—fell in shining heaps on the stone floor, the salmon more beautiful than a heap of silver. The pastry-cooks were already at work in their white aprons and white caps, making the most delicious pastries, big and little, to be filled with the jewel-like, lucent jellies, marmalades and preserves. But the cream tarts! Ah, the great cream tarts! They had always come from Belshazzar, and this year there was none to furnish them, for when Belshazzar became bedridden even the King had to give up his cream tarts, and that delicious confection was a dream of the past. Such a hubbub and a bustle down in the great wine cellar you never heard. Great streams of ruby and amber spouting from the huge oaken casks, that loomed in the shadowy half-light like monsters; the vintners, cellarers and their assistants hurrying the dusty flasks into battalions like armies about to attack, and, indeed, a battalion charged and was badly defeated when one of the cellarer's boys, with his arms full of most precious bottles, tripped and fell forward on the stone floor amid a crash which, judging from the shouts of the vintners and the cellarers, you would have thought was the fall of the world.

In their little rooms far up in the towers, or down amid the foundations of the castle, you could hear the tinkling of zithers, harps, the piping of flutes, the notes of the hautboys and the ecstasy of the trumpets, as the various musicians were rehearsing and practicing for the great feast and the great ball.

In her own private room, shut off from all this festivity, sat Hilda, weeping. She held in her hand a small, smooth, polished brown object, and as she looked her tears fell upon it. She was thinking of the time that seemed so long ago, when she was a little girl, and the strange adventure came to her which had changed her whole life. The brown object in her hand was the acorn which the Wood Elf had given her, and had told her to burn in the time of her trouble if she needed him. Ever since Prince Berthold disappeared she had been longing to burn the acorn in the hope which she felt in her heart was vain that in some way the Wood Elf might be able to restore him; but she remembered the injunction to use this only for herself, and so she hesitated and was uncertain and knew not what to do. But now she knelt down by the hearth, where the oak logs had been blazing; and drawing a long breath, shutting her lips tightly together, she threw the acorn upon the coals. Instantly a thick, black smoke arose, and coiled slowly up the chimney, and a strong, overpowering perfume, as of incense, filled the room. Hilda began to grow giddy. She saw waving arms and fantastic shapes in the fireplace. She thought some of them were like the little Wood Elf, and then they disappeared. There was a darkness before her eyes and flashes of light, and when she awoke, a tiny chirping voice was saying to her, "Well, my dear, what is it?" And, behold, the Wood Elf stood beside her.

Hilda could not speak until he repeated several times, very sweetly and kindly, "Well, my dear, are you in trouble? What is the matter? Dont be afraid. You may be sure I have not forgotten that jug of the milk of human kindness." Then Hilda told all of the troubles, the King and Queen of Borru and Ethelberta and Eric, as it had been told to her. "But this is not your own trouble," said the little man, beginning to frown. "This was not our bargain. You were to call me only for yourself." Hilda hesitated a moment, and then with tears in her eyes, which she tried to keep back, and sobs in her voice which she tried to keep down, she told of her love for Berthold and how he had disappeared, and she feared he was dead and she would never see him again.

The little man shook his head very solemnly and said again, "But this is not for yourself. You have broken your bargain, and I cannot help you. I only promised to help you for yourself in your troubles."

"Do you not call it my trouble,"

said Hilda, "if the world is all empty to me without him? If I had rather die than live without him? If the sky, is black without him? If the birds in the springtime will sing no music to me unless he be by my side to hear them? What am I but he? I am his, body and soul. We are one. If this be not my trouble, then I shall never know trouble, and if you cannot help me in this, then your promise is mockery, for I shall die if I do not see him again."

"Well, well," said the little man, "this is serious. ("Temporarily," he muttered under his breath.) "I will see what I can do; I must leave you now, but at the hour of the great feast I will return. Give me those crowns the fox showed you." Marveling how he knew, Hilda gave him the crowns, and the little man walked away with them with the same ease he had lifted the jug of milk.

The hour for the royal feast had come. The guests were arriving. A steady stream of beauty and grandeur was pouring into the palace, and the chamberlains, captains of the guards, the ushers and lackeys, were flying about, like swallows over a summer pond. Hilda, sad at heart, for now even the crowns were gone, was dressed by her maid, and at the last fanfare of the trumpets, calling the assembly, she descended to the great hall. There in state, sending out his boa of hair, lay the King of Borru, and beside him stood the Queen, saying, "Be brave, John,—be brave,—remember, the people depend solely on you." The King and Queen of Borrum were there—but without their crowns, and feeling foolish and ashamed—before the people.

"Ah," thought the King of Borrum, as he looked at his afflicted brother of Borru, "if only I had my crown now I could certainly assimilate his kingdom."

The great hall was full; coronets sparkled and plumes waved, jewels flashed and the robes of velvet and satin made the hall look like a vast, brilliant flower-bed. Yet the cloud of affliction dulled the scene and everyone felt uncomfortable. As for Hilda and Ethelberta, the tears lay close behind their eye lashes, and the sobs were right in their throats in a sore lump; they had given up all hope. At this instant there was a roar outside from the assembled mob, like the hoarse roar of the sea; then a tumult began in the outer halls and passed to the antechamber. The chamberlains flew to see what was the matter, and presently the ushers parted the crowd and slowly toward the thrones passed a strange three. Who do you think they were? One was a little man with a face like an oak ball, but wreathed in smiles, and his eyes twinkling. He wore a pointed hat made of silvery stuff, seeming like that of hornets' nests. His clothes were of wonderful fabric, like the grey-green velvet of lichens on oak trees, his stockings were of a silk, like cobwebs, and his shoes of a soft leather, like that of the puffball ripened.

On his left was the most beautiful little creature eyes ever saw, with golden hair, glossy as the sun, her gauzy wings like those of the dragon fly, but shimmering with all colors of the rainbow. She was clad is a soft flowing robe, like the mist of a cataract where the rainbow tints play. Between them walked a snow-white fox, not at all afraid, but looking steadily at Hilda. The musicians stopped to stare, and amid silence these three walked to where Hilda stood. Hilda knew the kind and gentle fox, and, kneeling put her arms about his neck. As she did so the little man struck the fox with a bough covered with acorns, which he held in his hand, and instantly no one knew how Hilda found herself with her arms around Prince Berthold's neck. She drew back—but yes, truly, it was he, clad all in white, looking so well, and as his eyes met hers such a happy look in them. She stared and everyone stared. Ethelberta screamed and threw her arms about the prince, saying:

"They shall never part us again, dear, dear prince." (You will remember Eric and the prince were the image of each other.) But Prince Berthold, much astonished, gently put her away from him and said:

"Alas, lady I know you not."

Poor Ethelberta drew from her sleeve one of the large sugar hearts with the beautiful poem on it—

"Oh, my darling Ethelberta,
If I could I would n't hurt you."

"False prince, do you deny this?" she said, weeping.

Prince Berthold read the verses and then said, indignantly:

"I certainly do."

"Oh, perjurer, do you deny our betrothal under the Trysting Oak?"

At this Hilda looked from one to the other, ready to cry again.

"Sister, it is time to produce your Eric," said the little man, laughing merrily and shrilly, like a cricket singing. Then the Fairy Fortunata turned to the Lord High Chamberlain and said:

"Bring forth Eric."

The message was sent to the dungeons, but presently the messenger returned breathless, saying the dungeon was empty. Eric could not be found.

"There he is," said Ethelberta, scornfully pointing at Prince Berthold.

At this instant all eyes, except King John's of Borru, were turned to the great window. In the sky a black object was seen, seemingly like a chariot. The windows flew open of their own accord, and a flock of ravens whirled into the room, drawing an ebony chariot, from which descended a tall, solemn man, enveloped in a long, black robe, and wearing a steeple-crowned hat. After him followed Eric, clothed resplendently in cloth-of-gold, with a ruby-hilted dagger at his side. The ravens flew about the hall twice and then out of the window with the chariot, and disappeared the way they had come.

The barons, dukes, counts, marquises, knights, squires, pages, the duchesses, countesses, baronesses, ladies-in-waiting, maids-of-honor, and everyone stood open-eyed and open-mouthed, looking from Eric to Berthold, and from Berthold to Eric. Even now, as they were seen together, they could scarcely be distinguished. Eric, without a word, walked straight to the King of Borru, and seizing the rope of hair close to his head, with one stroke of his dagger severed it and lifted the king to his feet. Then, kneeling, he said:

"I have done it. I have twice earned my reward."

Lo, and behold! The growth of hair had ceased. Eric rushed to Ethelberta and clasped her in his arms, while poor Ethelberta sobbed:

"I thought I had lost you. Now I am so happy." And Eric murmured:

"Have you forgotten so soon? Oh, my darling Ethelberta, if I could I would not hurt you."

"Bless you, our children," said the King and Queen of Borru.

"Now," said the King, "let the trumpets sound for the feast, and we will celebrate as never was done in the two kingdoms."

"One moment," said the clear voice of the little man, who motioned to the tall man in the black robe. He drew from under his robe the two stolen crowns, and placed them on the heads of the King and Queen of Borrum, who wept for joy at being again a King and Queen. The trumpets screamed as if mad, and as if really hungry themselves. The servers and ewers, squires and pages, streamed into the hall. The tables were loaded with all the good things to eat in the world, except, alas, except the wonderful cream tarts.

"Where is Belshazzar, Belshazzar and tarts?" cried the King of Borru, and everyone echoed the cry. No sooner was it said than a wondrously beautiful woman appeared, sparkling in a diamond-strewn robe, as if she were dewy morning herself. By her hand she led Belshazzar. True, a thinner Belshazzar, from his wasting away, but really much improved. As all gazed upon her she said:

"I am the Witch Evil Eyes. For one hundred years it was my punishment to do evil. But no one really rejoices in evil. All men and women and fairies would rather do good. Now I am released from my evil thrall, and I bring only kind wishes and love and good fortune. I bring you all a Merry, Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year."

Such a storm of shouts and trumpetings you never hear. The roof fairly shook with "Merry, Merry Christmas." The King beckoned to Belshazzar and whispered: "Any tarts?"

"Yes, your majesty, loads of them are on the way."

"Good," said his majesty, rubbing his hands.

"And, Belshazzar," he whispered again, "set all your men to work to prepare for two weddings. Two." And the King winked toward Hilda and Ethelberta, who were deep in talk with Berthold and Eric.

"Might I say three, your majesty?" whispered Belshazzar. "Evil Eyes has reformed, and by way of penance has consented to marry me. You know I am half-fairy. It was from my fairy godmother I learned the wonderful secret of tarts."

"Good," said the King again. "Good, indeed." The King seemed to have waked up from his hair-cutting a thoroughly good fellow.

So the greatest feast that ever was known was held, and Hilda then and there was betrothed to Berthold, and Ethelberta to Eric. Everyone ate, drank and was merry, and the Archbishop published that there would be three royal weddings on New Year's Day (as if all weddings were not royal). The musicians struck up a stately dance. The magician in the steeple-crowned hat threw off his solemn robe and led out Evil Eyes. Then it became known that he was her brother, and that greatest magician, the lactopathic physician. The Queen of Borrum danced with the King of Borru, and the Queen of Borru with the King of Borrum, Hilda with Berthold, and Ethelberta with Eric. There was not one unhappy heart in all that great room. Yes, one. As the Wood Elf sat with his chin in his hand on the steps of the throne watching the bright whirl of happiness he had caused, and himself already forgotten, he felt a gentle touch, and there stood the little hunchback, the royal jester.

"Make me like other men," whispered he. "Make my back straight," and his lips quivered.

"What! my brother," said the Wood Elf, "would you, indeed, be like these others? Look at them. What do they do? What do they think? What good are they? No, no, dear little brother, you have more than a back. You have a head. Come with us."

While all the great ones were dancing above and all the inferiors were feasting and rioting below, and everywhere rang a babble of shouts, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," three small figures might have been seen leaving the castle, going toward the forest; but no one saw them. They were Fortunata and the Wood Elf, and between them was the little hunchback.

To Be With You

By Alice R. Warfield

Dear, this is my dream, to be with you,
On a sullen day of beating rain,
With you, in an old familiar room,
Content to be together in the gloom.
With things we love about us, here and there;
The cherished nook, a soft settee for two,
A mimic tower of books beside your chair.
To be with you on some such day of rain.
And watch the fire-light picking from the gloom
The bindings of the books, the vase of blue
On which a proud wild flower lifts its bloom.
To lean and touch your hand. To know you there,
Your head pressed in the pillow of your chair,
With eyes that meet, where some dear thought rings true.
I dream for some such day of rain and gloom,
Dear, with you in some old familiar room.

The Fisherman

By Helen A. Mulhall

The fisherman laughed, for the day was fair,
And the sea was yellow with gold of the sun.
Oh, the amorous sea with its perilous coo,
And its passionate whispering: "Love, be true,
"Till my heart, and thy heart be one!"

The fisherman laughed as he sprang to her arms.
Oh, the treacherous sea! How she kissed and smiled!
While with secret nod, she summoned the cloud,
The gray North-wind, and the thunder loud,
And the Night with its voices wild!

The fisherman laughed as he shortened his sail.
"I fear," said he, "that my love is a shrew!
"Scold! Rave! Storm! Hiss! I've had my kiss!
"Ah, love! There is none of your moods like this,
"That can draw my wild heart to you!"

The fisherman laughed—and the sea grew sly,
For she wanted him down in her haunted cave;
So she softened her voice to an amorous croon,
While the North-wind wheedled the cloud from the moon,
And she signed to the wise, green wave!

The fisherman laughed at the palpitant breast
Of the covetous sea, in its moonlit rout!
While the wise, green wave worked well in the dark,
And rent and shattered the keel of his bark,
And the sea rushed in with a shout!

The fisherman laughed as his boat went down,
And the green wave laughed that its work was done.
Then the sea drew him close in her cold embrace,
His strong, clean limbs and his laughing face,
And the man and the sea were one!

Dave Bowman, Miner

By Frank A. McGraw

Drawing by C. S. Price

HE never did anything to distinguish himself, so he was always Dave Bowman, never Mr. David Bowman. It is true that in his boyhood days he plucked up courage enough to stick to his books until he finished the high school, an unusual occurrence among the youth of his native town; but as he was compelled to go to work to support himself, and to continue working to that humble end the rest of his life, his little pot of education did him no more good than make of him a dreamer. That of itself was good, for to be able to dream after the hours of toil were over gave him the power to roam at will in fancy's realm, thus bringing into his colorless existence a little of the romanticism that helps to make life endurable.

He was a young man when he left his home for the West. He went to the mining camps and worked, saving his money until he had enough to buy a prospecting outfit, and provisions sufficient to last him for a period of three months. With the first days of summer he would set out for the hills, and no one would see him again until his supplies were gone. Then he would return and work for wages until the following summer, when another outfit would be

purchased and packed upon a burro, and he was away in search of some rumored Eldorado.

This plan was followed for several years, then suddenly abandoned. One night he lay in his bed thinking hard of the fortune he would find. Up to that moment a doubt had never entered his mind. His dreams were so nearly real that it needed but a few added years to make them tangible. But suddenly his thoughts leaped from the land of dreams to the realities of the life surrounding him, and before he fell asleep he beheld his castles tumbling all around him. He saw the men working in the mines as he worked, and imagined them doing the same thing until age, or the vicissitudes of life, drove them into other fields of labor. He saw the prospectors winding their tortuous ways over the interminable hills, spurred on by hope and dreams as he had been, always reaching out for a chimera, the illusion of wealth, until at last, burdened with a life of toil, gnarled, gray-haired and bent beneath the weight of hard-fought years, they brought up before the gate that, opening, leads into eternity. He knew many of them. There was old Buck Spencer. What good would a gold mine do him now? There was Sam Rogers, old enough to be his grandfather, and penniless; also Smithy, and Tim Scottern, and Lord Scott-Elliott, and a score of others. They were living examples of the folly of dreams. "Why not chuck it and hike?" he asked himself. And then, "I will, by God!" And he did.

He did, in a way. He meant well. He left the mining camps and the hills and the old companions, and went to a little city that tried to hide itself among the trees and the shrubbery in a pretty valley surrounded by high mountains. There he worked steadily for awhile, then married. There was to be a short period of relaxation. It was necessary, he thought, in order to become used to the new mode of life. Then he would begin anew. He now had something to work for. A definite responsibility rested upon his shoulders.

The days flew quickly by. It was a time of joy. With nothing to do but dream new dreams of the beauty of life, he lived in Arcady. But, since he had always been an active man, it was not long before a reaction set in. It began with a gradual lengthening out of the days. He could not understand. He was as much in love as on the day of his marriage. He thought of the strange phenomenon and frowned. But that did no good. He was restless, he knew that, but he did not want to go to work. He realized that if he would get up and do something the restlessness would disappear; but why was he restless so long as he had no desire to be up and doing? It was beyond his comprehension. And so the days dragged themselves by. The hours hung heavily on his hands. A listless spirit held him in its grasp, and he was powerless. The old energy, the love of labor, the will to do were gone.

In his idleness the old dreams returned, and forgetting what he had learned and determined, he nurtured them and dreamed again of the Eldorado where the gold of great, magnificent ledges gleams in the sunlight and beckons the miner from afar. It is never that way in reality, but always so in dreams. He did not know that this was an inevitable circumstance. He did not know that when the charm of an illusion is cast upon the soul a spell is wrought which holds a man to a certain destiny as surely as if he were bound with chains of steel. Apparently he was the same as when he left the little Eastern village, but in his soul a change, imperceptible yet sure, had come about. The years he spent with the pick in his hand, and the hope in his heart, and the illusion before his eyes left him a mere miner, and though he might go into the cities and work in the factories, or into the fields and till the soil, he must sooner or later return to the old dreams, to the pick and the hope and the chimera that lures but ever illudes. He was a miner, and a miner he must remain.

It was then the change began which left him a shiftless, lazy, prevaricating, good-natured miner. The transformation was not wrought in a night. It came about after years of wavering betwixt

the alternative of working for others—by which means he might hope to make a home for himself and family, laying away in the garret of his memory the old dreams, an impossibility—and the brighter outlook, that of searching for gold. He could not help choosing the latter, but in doing so there was no intention of returning to the mining camps and the life he had abandoned. He would get along as best he could where he was. Perhaps he might get a contract now and then. He was not averse to that. And in the city there would be opportunities to interest various parties to the extent of an occasional grubstake. It was not a bright outlook; but then, there were the dreams.

He was right in part. He found many who were willing to spend something on a grubstake for the chance of securing a half interest in the valuable claims he was sure he could find. He had been over most of the mountains round about his home, and the stories he told of the bright prospects here and there, of the claims he had discovered that would bear inspection again, of the gold-embossed rumors he had heard, given an air of reality by the display of gold-bearing rock he always carried with him, were good to listen to, and often inspired the unwary with the confidence he himself felt in the ultimate outcome of his endeavors. On the other hand, it was not such an easy matter to secure contracts, and, as with each succeeding year his taste for labor grew less, he became poorer and poorer and his family suffered all the hardships of poverty.

Through it all, however, he retained his genial nature. In the face of countless failures he never lost hope, never became despondent. Poverty was merely an unpleasant incident to be endured with a smile. Indeed, it seemed as if the poorer he grew the more good-natured he became, so true is it that one's happiness increases in proportion with the decrease of one's responsibility.

It was his irresistible geniality that saved him the usual consequences of his tendency to prevaricate. Lying was not a part of his nature. It came to him with the deeper troubles of poverty. Those who knew him well learned sooner or later that beneath his deceit there was always a smile; and when one smiles with equal good nature, both when lying and when facing the consequences of a lie, man universally treats the matter as a joke and laughs in turn. To this curious fact Dave owed much. When reproached for his fault he showed surprise, then smiled, and in the end laughingly acknowledged the fraud. And those who listened to his explanations, that came within a thousand miles of their object, and those who laughed with him, remained his friends. It was impossible to be angry.

The charm of the play was a new source of pleasure to him. Resorting to his imagination, utilizing the old dreams, he drew bright pictures of untold wealth and the ease with which it might be acquired. Without the turn of a hand he thus found a means of satisfying his appetite for the unattainable. He took infinite delight in hoodwinking the rich. They had money to burn, and grubstakes were rare. There was no wrong committed, since his main object was the fun of the thing; and, besides, it gave him an occasional chance to follow the chimera that never failed to call. But in time it had its effect. Those who loved to take a chance in the game turned their backs when he approached. They knew, without being shown, the nature of his precious specimens of some distant prospect. And, although he asked for no more than a mere grubstake for a share in its hidden wealth, they would have nothing to do with it.

In the latter part of the month of May of a recent year, Dave met Felspar DeWit. DeWit was a young man who had used a little inherited wealth to good advantage in the mines. Dave put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small piece of ore in which the gold fairly glistened.

"No, no, Dave," said DeWit, before the miner had a chance to speak, "I dont want a share in it. But I do want someone to go to my placer claims up in the mountains about thirty miles east. I am going to consolidate them. There are thirty-two claims. How much will

you charge me to go up there and post notices for me?"

"Three dollars a day and expenses," Dave replied.

DeWit thought the charge unreasonable, but found it was useless to argue with him. He wanted a miner's pay or nothing. Any one could do the work. It required absolutely no knowledge of mining or surveying. DeWit offered him a sum equal to half what he demanded and expenses. He was not a member of any union. He was idle, and if he did not accept the offer he would probably not make a penny during the time it would take him to do the work. His answer was always the same. He was a miner and must have a miner's wage.

DeWit posted the notices himself. A few days after his return he saw Dave driving a span of horses attached to a wagon loaded with provisions. A white cover was stretched over the wagon-bows, leaving only the driver's seat visible. A water barrel was wired to the side of the vehicle, a tin bucket was swinging at the rear, a long fishing-pole protruded from the back and whipped the air with its tapering point as the wagon jolted over the rocks in the road.

"What is it, a midsummer excursion to Eldorado?" DeWit shouted.

"Yes," Dave answered. "Want to go along?"

There were some further questions asked and answered, and then DeWit climbed up beside him. Dave explained that the outfit belonged to Judge K. C. Smith, and that he, Dave, was going on a prospecting trip to the Sunset mining district, where many promising prospects had been found, but which had produced no paying mines. It was one hundred miles away, and the trip was to last three months, hence the wagon-load of provisions.

Before leaving the city Dave drove to his home, a small frame cottage, which he rented for five dollars a month. His wife always had to work to get the five dollars, but that did not seem to worry Dave.

"What are you going to do here?" DeWit asked.

"You see this?" Dave replied, taking a sack of flour out of the wagon as he spoke. DeWit nodded.

"Well, I'm going to leave it here, together with some other things. The Judge gave me enough grub to last six months, let alone three, so I think I'll leave some of it with the folks. They might need it."

DeWit laughed, and Dave proceeded to unload.

It was the first day of June. Their course lay to the northwest through a fertile valley, over a range of low-lying hills, then a day's drive over a desert to their destination. The sun had not yet started to burn the grass along the roads and on the hills. Seen from an elevation the valley looked like a checkerboard of green and gray colors, with more gray than green. In another month some of the green would be yellow. The alfalfa was a foot high, while to their right the mountains, green at the base, were capped with snow.

They traveled by easy stages. There was no hurry. Dave, as usual, was not in a humor for anything that resembled work. Nor was DeWit. So it seemed from the start that it was to be more of a pleasure trip than a strenuous search for gold.

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On the evening of the third day they made the edge of the desert. Their destination was one day's drive away in a westerly direction. Behind them lay the low-lying hills. Thus they appeared from a distance, and were so in comparison with those nearer home, but in reality they were high and in places very rugged. Down the canyon through which they had traveled a small river tumbled over its rocky course. At the mouth of this canyon, by the side of the stream, they camped.

They were tired and did not notice the beauty of the place. As soon as the horses were hobbled, the supper cooked and eaten, they were ready for bed. But the next morning, when the sun peeped over the hills and things brightened up under its transforming rays, they began to look around. The river flowed due west down a canyon about five miles long. Its course was marked on one side by steep cliffs, on

the other by clumps of willows, cottonwood and quaking-asp trees. The road down which they had come was hardly more than a trail. Where their camp was located the canyon broadened out, the stream flowing through the center. It presented the appearance of a gently sloping field through which ran a little river. The mountains, on the other hand, broke away abruptly at the mouth of the canyon, forming mighty buttresses through which the river ran as through a giant gateway into the desert. Once out of the mountains the river turned southward, winding in and out among the rolling foothills. Under foot there was grass, soft and green, which in a short time would go to seed and become hard. Westward as far as the eye could see stretched a desert of sagebrush and sand.

That day they fished and otherwise enjoyed the little paradise in which they had unwittingly pitched their camp. The next morning they smoked cigarettes and looked out over the forbidding desert. And the more they looked the less they liked the journey before them. By contrast their camp seemed all the more inviting.

"I sometimes think," said Dave, "that I would like to camp in just such a place as this for the rest of my life. Life in a city is well enough in its way, but I dont like the way. It can never equal this."

"And I think," DeWit replied, "whenever I happen to be in a little camp like this, that this is just the sort of paradise Omar had in mind when he wrote:

"'A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!'"

"Well, I think so, too," Dave answered, "only I dont know about the woman. Would n't like to bring a woman here; she'd spoil it. Would n't seem like camp with a woman in it. The first thing she'd do would be to spread carpets on the grass, hang a looking-glass on one of the trees, try to make more shade with withered boughs, cook with a stove, and the Lord knows what else. No, it aint a camp with a woman in it."

"Maybe so," DeWit said. "But while we talk the desert does n't get any closer."

"That 's true, but I'm not in a hurry, if you 're not. This suits me exactly."

"But we decided to go on today."

"Yes, that was our intention, come to think about it. But a resolution may be good even after it is broken. Ever think of that? Now, as long as we keep a resolution at some time, no matter how often it 's broken, it 's still good, I take it. Suppose we table this resolution for a day, take it up the next and consider it, then keep it the next? Apply it to a habit. If you keep on making resolutions, that is, renewing the old one, and finally make it count by getting the better of the bad habit, there 's something in the resolution you 've broken, aint there? I think we ought to camp right here for a little while, and then go on."

"That suits me, but how about the prospect?"

"Well, there aint any prospect yet, and as long as we dont know anything about what we miss we wont care. We might be losing a bonanza by staying here, but if we dont know it we wont grieve about it, while if we went on we would n't forget this," with a comprehensive wave of his right arm. "Get money is the spirit of man. Get money is the principal reason for this trip, but I think a little enjoyment by the way wont hurt us any. Besides, I saw a likely little pool up the river yesterday. If you dont object to more fishing, we 'll go on tomorrow."

It was about nine o'clock when the miner shouldered his rod and sauntered up the canyon. He left without cleaning the breakfast dishes, and when he was gone DeWit busied himself with this neglected work. There was a frying-pan, in which they had cooked the fish left from yesterday, in which they also cooked their bread for each meal, a coffee pot, two tin cups, two tin plates and two spoons. They used their pocket-knives for both knives and forks.

The horses needed no care. The river-bank sloped gently to the edge of the

water. They could drink whenever they desired. The grass was plentiful. If they should become possessed of a wild desire to inspect distant parts of the canyon they would be prevented from doing so by the hobbles that bound their legs together.

A gentle breeze blew down the canyon. It stirred the leaves and the trees, and the noise they made, mingling with the ceaseless bubbling and plashing and murmuring of the water of the river, gave the place a charm that stole into DeWit's spirit and left him happy and contented.

He loafed all day in the shade of a cottonwood, nodding over a novel. Late in the afternoon he arose stiffly and went in search of Dave. When he turned a bend in the river he saw Dave seated near the river-bank smoking and watching intently the line that fell from the end of the pole into the water. He was about four feet back from the edge, out of sight of the water, motionless. As DeWit appeared he motioned to him to be silent, and to keep back out of sight. A fisherman is always touchy about noise made by some one else while he is fishing. Reaching his side, DeWit sat down. Neither spoke.

Dave had a string of some score trout. But they were not biting now. Presently DeWit spoke.

"Hungry?"

"No," Dave answered.

They sat without speaking again for some time, then, as the fish did not seem inclined to bite, DeWit ventured another remark.

"Pretty good luck, eh?"

"Got 'em all the first hour," Dave replied.

"No bite since?" DeWit asked again. The other answered with a shake of the head.

"Too bad," DeWit persisted.

"Not bad," Dave said. "We cant expect to be pulling 'em out all the time. Like to fish?"

"No; too monotonous," DeWit answered.

"Wrong," said Dave, laconically. "Great sport." Then, losing interest in the fishing, he began to talk. "Sit here all day and think you are having a fine time. The pleasure in the thing is not so much in pulling them out of the water as it is in the expectation of getting a bite. There is a charm in it that never grows old. I am a fisherman as well as a miner. A fisherman always goes back to the rod. He cant get away from it. Some men dislike their trade, but that is never the case with a fisherman. He might often try to get something else to do, but his love for fishing never dies. Once a man tries it, it gets a hold on him that he cannot shake off."

"Something like a miner?" suggested DeWit, interrogatively. "But fishing is prompted by a love of sport, mining by a desire for wealth."

"Maybe, at first," Dave answered. "But when the charm begins to work it is in both cases for the love of the thing itself. Ever notice that according to the miner's story his prospect is a bonanza? Well, it is. That is the charm working in his nature. He dont stop to consider that what he says aint true. It is enough for him that it is what he has been thinking and dreaming about every hour and every day and every week in the year. He cant help it. I guess it 's the dreams working their way out. The fisherman is the same. He sits and dreams so much that it aint his fault if the dreams and the facts get mixed up sometimes."

"That may be true," DeWit interrupted, "but why dream?"

Dave's eyes left the line long enough to throw a questioning glance at him. He did not answer immediately. When he did, he said:

"Say, do you know how hard it is to tell that a man aint a fool just by looking at him?"

DeWit smiled and pondered over this, and Dave continued:

"Well, it 's just as hard for a man who aint a dreamer to understand what pleasure there is in dreaming. Every man has his hobby. Some are good, and some are bad. And nobody can understand what there is in a hobby but the man who rides it. Have you got the makings of a cigarette in your pockets?"

DeWit handed him a cigarette case in lieu of the "makings," and they fell into a silence that was practically unbroken the rest of the afternoon.

That night they built a great, roaring fire, and, sitting well back from its leaping flames, they watched it blaze and flare and paint fantastic pictures on the background of darkness. And when it died down they still sat for a long time watching the embers glow, and then their eyes grew heavy and they went to sleep.

One day in a mountain camp is much the same as any other, and yet the sameness never becomes monotonous. The next day came and went, and the next, and still another, but they did not move. A week slipped quickly by, and the desert glowed in the west as uninviting as ever. July came.

One morning in the latter part of August Dave looked long and ruefully at the interior of the wagon. Presently he said:

"We 've got enough to last us about a week, maybe ten days."

"Got what?" DeWit asked.

"Grub," he answered.

It was true. Their provisions were nearly gone, and with them was slowly ending their "midsummer excursion to Eldorado." Dave continued:

"And so I think it 's up to us to move on tomorrow. This has been a fine prospecting trip, 'bout the best I 've experienced for a year. Last year I went the other way, east, into the reservation country. Spent three months out there, and the prospecting, much the same as we have had, was certainly pleasant."

DeWit searched his face for the smile he expected to see there, but he was as sober as if the confession of his little graft were a sad story. DeWit smiled without speaking. At any other time he would have taken the trouble to compliment him, but now the silence of the mountain solitudes had had its way with him, and he did not care to speak.

In the afternoon Dave tucked a sack under his arm and went across the river and up the mountain a short distance. When he started he called back: "I'm going over there to get some specimens. Have to have something to show, you know."

Yes, DeWit knew, and again he laughed at the farce. It was not long before Dave returned with the sack one-quarter full.

"It 's just rocks," he said.

The next day they began their return journey. It had been a pleasant outing. For three days they let the horses wend their slow way homeward. Their last camp was but a short distance from home. Dave prepared breakfast, their last meal before the end of the trip. DeWit sat on the wagon watching him. It was a simple fare. They were to have some coffee, bread, and eggs that they had purchased at a farmhouse by the way. As DeWit sat waiting for Dave to finish his task he reached into the wagon and pulled toward him the sack of ore samples. They were truly unpromising enough. Nevertheless, he looked at them and idly picked one up. He asked Dave for his magnifying-glass, and with it scrutinized the rock. As he looked he grew excited, hurriedly put the piece of ore down and picked up another; then another. They were all alike, all filled with glistening specks of native gold. Having made sure of his discovery he called to Dave. The latter noticed his excitement and went immediately. His practiced eye quickly sought out the little particles of yellow metal, then he gave a mighty whoop, threw his arms about DeWit, and with a half-sob in his voice cried:

"It 's come at last, boy; it 's come at last. The twelfth hour, that 's it, and that 'll be its name. Hurrah!"

"It 's 'Eureka' for you, sure enough," DeWit said.

"Sure, sure. And to think that I just picked 'em up and threw 'em into the blooming sack without looking at 'em at all. Just something to show! Well, they will do very well to show. Let 's hitch up, we 've got to get back there now."

"Not so fast; breakfast first," the other said.

"What! With all that gold out there unclaimed?" he shouted.

But he became calm in a little while, then they ate breakfast, turned round,

and started back. It was necessary to be quick. They knew not what danger there was in delay. They had been on the road three days. They were but two days going back.

In a way they were the happiest Dave ever spent. He builded many castles in the air. There was no end to the things he would do. His two boys would go to college, and become great. (He forgot that they were already grown men). He would buy the finest home in the city where he lived, and give it to his wife. They would live there part of the time, part of the time in New York and Paris. He would see the world. That he would surely do. He had spent the best years of his existence in the rough work incidental to the life of a miner; now he would play for the rest of his days. And out there where he had discovered the mine he would build a sumptuous home, and every summer live again the happy time he had spent there. Then he thought of the change that a great mine would make in the natural beauty of the place, and decided it would not do at all. He would have to find another spot in the mountains of equal beauty. But he was sure he would not be able to find one to suit him so well, and for the moment he felt sorry that this particular spot would have to be spoiled in exploiting the mine. Nothing can rob nature of its beauty so quickly as a mining camp.

Then he cursed mining and everything pertaining to it, not realizing at the time what it meant to him, forgetting the part it had played in his life. He said that he would leave it, notwithstanding his love for the occupation. But, perhaps, if DeWit had asked, he would have explained that that applied only to the worker, not to the successful miner. The finding of a bonanza is the realization of his dream. Then he lays down the pick once and for all. Ah! the paradox of it. He loved his work so well that he would not leave it for anything, and yet he dreamed eternally of the happy time when he might end this much-loved labor and pass the remainder of his days in a palace of gold.

His joy was like that of a little child. He talked continually. Before there had been long silences. Now he talked on without end, sometimes of the things he would do, and then again of the great fact, the discovery of the mine.

"Think of it," he said, "I have been after this very mine for thirty years. Began when I was twenty-five, now I am fifty-five. Thirty years' search for a mine! And when I ran into it at last, fished around it, slept under it, rode with it under my feet, I did n't know it! Had to be told what it was! But think of all those years. It 's a lifetime, nearly a third of a century. Why, when I came out here the whole country west of the Mississippi was a desert compared with what it is today. See what has been done since I began hunting for this mine. It is wonderful how things will move on while we stand still. The world takes no account of individuals. I 've stood in the one place for thirty years. No change in all that time. No progress, nothing gained. Dont know as much now as I did then, taking into account the leakage. Suddenly I change, presto, like that," trying to snap his fingers. "I can hear the fellows say: 'Well, well! So old Dave Bowman has struck it at last.'

"But I wont be changed at all, come to think about it. Wealth cant change us much, can it? I used to think that all I needed was plenty of money to make me just what I would like to be, but now that I 've got it I'll be old Dave Bowman still, just the same as ever."

"Look at my hands," he shouted once, holding them out for DeWit to see. "Nice hands for a millionaire to have, aint they? Wont they look nice now decorating a broadcloth, tailor-made suit? By Jiminie! I wonder if I'll have to wear them kind of clothes? If I do I'll have to go to one of them Turkish-bath fellows and get softened up a bit, eh?"

Once he fell into a long silence, out of which he awoke suddenly, and gave DeWit a tremendous slap on the back.

"By damn!" he exclaimed. "It was n't me at all. You found it. I did n't have a thing to do with it. It is yours, and mine, and the judge's."

So they occupied themselves, Dave talking, DeWit listening, while they

urged the horses on over the rough, dusty roads. It was not a pleasant trip, for they were tired of riding, but the end in view was sufficient to induce them to go to the extreme of endurance if it should be necessary.

When they reached the divide and started down toward the place where they had camped, they both felt that it was the last stage of the journey that was to end in Eldorado. And as they hurried the tired horses on, and first one mile and then another was left behind, their excitement became so great that they leaned forward in the wagon-seat as if they would thus hasten the end. They were not well enough accustomed to such things to take the matter calmly. During those last five miles they spoke but little. The wagon jolted along uncomfortably. There seemed to be more rocks this trip. The horses continually showed a disposition to slow up. But they were not to blame. They had been driven hard.

At last there was but a little way to go. There was a clump of trees to pass, then the trail made a sharp bend to the left following the course of the river. Once around this curve they could see down to the mouth of the canyon and out over the desert. DeWit had stood there often and admired the view. One could follow the course of the river, see the place where they had camped, and the cliff across the river from whose base Dave had picked up the precious specimens.

But they went no farther than this curve. As the horses turned and the prospect spread itself out before them, Dave lifted his hat with the intention of giving a wild yell of exultation. The cry died on his lips, and his arm fell limply to his side. The camp which they had left but a few days before was no longer deserted. Where their wagon had stood there was now a tent and two wagons. Several men stood around. Down at the river two other men were hurrying across toward the camp. Scanning the cliffs on the other side their practiced eyes detected little monuments here and there, marking the claims these men had already staked out. And even as they looked there came a dull roar, and from the ground where Dave had picked up the gold-bearing ore leaped a cloud of smoke and flying rock.

Dave replaced his hat without a word. The disappointment was overwhelming. What he felt he never expressed, but his countenance spoke more eloquently than words could do of the sadness in his heart.

He went home a changed and saddened man. The dream of the years had been within his grasp, and he had let it slip away. He was old, gray-haired and gnarled, and there was a weary droop to his shoulders. He had aimed to be different, but time and a strange fortune, something over which he seemed to have had no control, his destiny, perhaps, had brought him to the condition he had foreseen many years before and which he had meant to avoid. He thought of the forgotten days of youth; the old faces and the bright beginnings came back to him, and he wondered how and why it was that he should be left a lonely, disappointed man. The days had lost their brightness, and somehow the unlovely realities of life bore heavily upon him. After all the years of dreaming, and the failures that had never been disappointments, which he had always met with pleasant smiles and renewed hope, after all the years of dreaming he could dream no more.

THE SANDERS-HARPS HOME.

Dwelling on Marshall Street, Portland, Oregon, the Contents of Which Were Turned Topsy-Turvy, Thursday, October 28, 1909, by an Unknown and Invisible Force. During the entire afternoon of "Manifestations," the Place was Visited by Hundreds of Persons, Scores of Whom Saw One or More Exhibitions of the "Force."

A Nine Days' Wonder

By Frank J. McGettigan

IN broad daylight, in a commonplace street of Portland, Oregon, in a most commonplace, modern dwelling, the abode of a simple, every-day American family, many scores of persons of all classes recently witnessed a series of "phenomena" sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of all the Societies of Psychical Research and similar bodies in existence. Portland has puzzled itself to a standstill over the matter. All kinds of cranks, investigators, "professors" and plain individuals have written or voiced various theories, and one or two persons of more or less profound intelligence (but who were not present at the "manifestations") have loftily dismissed the whole matter as "poppycock." This article will give merely the facts, without attempting argument or explanation.

The Associated Press, noted for its conservatism in news, its extreme care as to facts, gave to the world a brief account of the occurrence, as follows:

Portland, Or., October 28.—Influenced by an apparently inexplicable power, the contents of the house at 546 Marshall street, in this city, for four hours of the afternoon, between one-thirty and five-thirty o'clock, were turned topsy-turvy from cellar to garret. Furniture as well as other inanimate objects moved as if things of life. These occurrences are vouched for by hundreds of people who visited the house today and were witnesses of the phenomena. Energized by no visible power, a six-foot extension table raised itself on two legs and fell on its side; a sofa moved from its place against the wall and careened on its side; a clock on a shelf turned almost completely around and stopped at three-fifty P. M.; dishes, on even surfaces, stood on edge and rolled to the floor; a Morris chair fell over; a half-filled tea-kettle and a coffee-pot refused to remain on the cook stove, although replaced there repeatedly, and a basket of onions traveled across a drainboard and dropped to the floor, though put back a dozen times. At five-thirty o'clock the phenomena ceased as suddenly as they began.

Various theories have been put forth, one being that it was caused by an electrical storm which prevailed today, and another that an unknown potential was energized by an eleven-year-old boy whose grandparents occupy the premises. The child is declared by one of his relatives to have previously caused articles of great weight to move. The family that occupies the residence does not believe in the occult, and no supernatural cause is assigned for the phenomena.

"It 's the boy; he has a devil in him," was the harsh explanation first given by an uncle of little Ernest Harps, the lad blamed for the weird manipulations.

"Ernest possesses a funny power," said Mrs. Annie Harps, the boy's mother.

"He has been queer ever since his birth," asserted his grandparents.

"I know I do it, but cant do it when I want to," is recorded as the lad's own explanation.

To recount the disturbance in detail would require a volume. Every article of furniture, every piece of bric-a-brac, every dish in the two stories and seven rooms of the house participated in the odd locomotion. The basement seems to have escaped, and from the fact that it was the only part of the house not visited by Ernest Harps on the day of the wholesale confusion, some persons find corroboration of the theory involving the boy.

LITTLE ERNEST HARPS.

First among the inanimate objects to move was a sugar-bowl on the table just left by Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and their grandchild, the only occupants of the house at the beginning of the disturbance. Ernest Harps drew his grandmother's attention to the toppling of the sugar-bowl, and she, righting it, proceeded with her household duties. Then began the upheaval.

Unaided by human force, the dining-table, of the six-foot extension type, raised on end, the parlor chairs scurried to the center of the room from the four corners and crashed into the stand upon which reposed the family Bible. A writing-desk toppled, scattering its contents, and the parlor-table, flanked by the chairs that rushed to it in the first commotion, rising in the air with Bible, album, books and all, fell in the midst of the confused mass of uptilted furniture.

Simultaneously with the crash of furniture in the parlor and dining-room, the dishes in the pantry cupboard rolled off shelves, jumped to the floor or sailed through the air as if carried by sprite Abigails. Knives and forks in the kitchen and elsewhere, scaling the edges of drainboards and tables, fell to the floor with a clatter; breakfast and dinner leftovers stored in the cupboard were dashed off shelves; heavy platters on level surfaces either rose and fell, or, lifting, shot out straight, to fall in a thousand pieces on the kitchen floor, already strewn with demolished crockery and china. Pictures on the walls either jumped and dropped to the floors, raced along the moulding or swung on their wires like pendulums. Only one picture on the lower floor retained its place throughout the day. First, shaking like a spasm, the cuckoo clock on the dining-room wall turned almost completely around and stopped at three-fifty o'clock. The time-piece was removed later, when, after one of its weights snapped like a thread, it jumped and tossed as if in the grip of a spook about to dash it to pieces to complete the household ruin. One of the most incessant, if the least powerful, of the efforts of the unseen force, was the continual movement visited upon a basket of dry onions left on a drainboard in the kitchen. Fully a dozen times, this basket, by a series of tiny jumps, reached the end of the drainboard and hurled itself to the floor. Replaced, it soon repeated the movement, until, in disgust, Mr. Sanders left it on the floor, where it remained stationary.

For every type of movement, which, combined, made pandemonium of the

Sanders household, there are reliable witnesses by the score from among the fully 2,000 curious visitors that surged through the house after the first upheaval. Of this crowd about 150 "saw with their own eyes" movements that dispelled all doubt that the first disturbance had occurred as related by aged Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sanders.

Following are statements by several of the visitors:

"I was one of the first to visit the house after the odd movements, and saw many small articles of furniture and utensils move. The strangest occurrence to my mind, however, was the toppling over of my woodpile, stacked directly across the street from the Sanders home."—*A. W. Allen, proprietor of the drugstore across the street from the house.*

"I passed the Marshall-street house at about two-fifteen o'clock on my way down from the Good Samaritan Hospital, and naturally taking a professional interest in the crowds that were passing into the house, I followed. The first phenomenon to come to my notice was a heavy dining-room chair in the front room, which spun around like a top on one leg. The boy was not in the room while the chair spun, but had just left it. Five other people were in the room at the same time. Passing into the kitchen, where there was a shelf of plates, I saw a plate leave the wall and float in the air. It appeared to come about three feet toward me and then was withdrawn, a moment later flying with incredible force toward me, precisely as if an unseen hand had hurled it. It crashed to pieces on the wall behind me. Young Harps was present. On the table some knives rose on the tips of their blades and seemed to float toward the floor, but to my firm belief, remained for some seconds absolutely motionless in midair. A woman, who said her name was Mrs. R. T. or R. B. Edwards, at this juncture fainted, and in the confusion I could not be sure whether the boy was present. There was a kettle full of water on the stove. From time to time I observed this utensil tilt forward and empty some water on the floor, a little at a time. This happened on several occasions, several minutes apart. In common with others I heard a groaning sound that seemed to pervade the house. I can only liken it to the sound heard in the after-cabin of a sailing ship in a gale; the sounds seemed almost exactly similar.

"I hurried back to the hospital to get an electrician, who, at the time, I believed, might furnish an explanation, but was unsuccessful in obtaining one. I returned to the house and was refused admittance, the occupants telling me all the reporters had been in who were going to get in."—*Orton E. Goodwin, of the "Oregonian" staff.*

"I went over to the Sanders' home today. I was working near there when the neighbors heard the commotion, and investigated. I went right in the house. The family did not seem frightened. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and their grandson were in the rear rooms. I myself saw the chairs turning upside down, and a boiler of water setting on the stove began to rise slowly and turned over onto the floor, spilling the water. I saw the dishes swept off the sink in great piles and break into small pieces, and great heavy articles of furniture moving about."—*Charles Cading,* 210 *Sixteenth street.*

"What I saw today astounded me. A chair jumped up and down three times right in my sight and I heard the sewing machine tumble. Mr. Perry blames the little boy, and I guess he is right. Perry came over to my house tonight as pale as a ghost and explained the mystifying things to me as best he could. 'It's the boy,' he said, 'the devil's in him.' Perry promised to have the boy examined and put out of the way. If he does that, they can stay in my house, as they are quiet people. But I will not let them stay there with that boy."—*R. Southerland, owner of the house occupied by the Sanders.*

"I cant explain it. All I know is that the devil is in the boy. He is a medium and so full of electricity or whatever you may call it that his presence sets things moving. I noticed that today. I saw two chairs clap together as quick as a flash when he passed them, and the telephone dropped as he walked by through the hall. But a funny thing about it is he did not have to be close, as things fell and crashed and ran around upstairs when the boy was downstairs."—*G. R. Perry, uncle of Ernest Harps.*

"I saw a chair rise right up in the air and fall to the floor after staying in midair for a second. Then the teapot ran off the stove and knives and forks from all over dropped and made an awful racket. Nobody was near any of the things that moved."—*Scott Perry, an employe of a drugstore across the street.*

"The chair I saw move jumped into the air, stayed there and tumbled on its side."—*Jerry Harley, employe of the same drugstore.*

Miss A. Bishop, niece of R. Southerland, owner of the house of mystery, saw a chair rise in the air, quiver for an instant and topple. She picked up her skirts and rushed pellmell from the place.

Dan Williams, a resident of the neighborhood, saw a utensil slide unaided off the stove. Jess Churchley, of the Churchley Wood & Coal Company, at Thirteenth and Marshall streets, three blocks from the Sanders home, saw the end of a sofa rise three times in rapid succession.

To these the testimony of the writer may be added. I was hurried to the scene by A. W. Allen, from his drugstore across the street, my informant urging me to make haste if I would see "the most wonderful thing that ever happened." I arrived at the Sanders home about three-thirty o'clock, or it may have been three-forty-five o'clock. The house was crowded, everything was topsy-turvy, and Mrs. Sanders was engaged in clearing the wreck. Every now and then little Ernest Harps would advise her not to pick things up, as they would only fall down again.

I heard many noises, presumably caused by falling dishes, but after waiting in the house for more than an hour, I witnessed but two odd movements. In the kitchen I saw a chair tip back by itself, as if occupied by somebody, and as it rested its back to the wall, only one leg of the chair touched the floor. Little Ernest Harps was probably four feet away from me at the time, and laughed heartily when he saw I was startled. Two women rushed out in great haste at sight of the moving chair. Soon after I heard

something crash in the parlor, and, turning to see what it was, I heard a similar sound behind me. Turning to catch this movement, I saw a tin plate and some knives and forks land on the floor after dropping from the drainboard in the kitchen.

It is a moot point whether the upstairs portion of the house collaborated in the turmoil of the lower floor or supplied its own upheaval after the odd doings had transpired below. But the commotion upstairs was just as severe as that with which the lower rooms were stricken; the beds, however, not contributing to the disturbance. Upstairs, the center-table of the main room, laden with a bulky parlor lamp and odds and ends ordinarily accompanying the male lodger, rose, turned a somersault and mysteriously landed on its top. The position of the table, the lamp and other articles under it, demolished, proved that this odd caper of the table had happened. Nothing in the upper portion of the house escaped, save the beds; chairs toppled, as was the case on the lower floor.

To these recitals, add the statements by the boy's relatives that a former house occupied by the family had experienced some disturbance, and that the lodging-house, to which he was taken directly after the events related, was visited by freakish upturning of chairs and tables and you have all there is at present of the "Ernest Harps mystery."

Causes ascribed by savants are numerous, but seemingly unintelligible to the lay mind. Dr. A. A. Morrison, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, of Portland, declares it to have been a "psychic phenomenon, a manifestation of an unusual intelligence." Dr. J. Allen Gilbert cites it as a "psychical, not a physiological feat." One psychist says "poltergeist," or hobgoblins; another says "levitation."

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sanders, the aged grandparents of little Ernest Harps, are Baptists of the old school, believing not a whit in the occult, spiritualism, or spooks. Mrs. Annie Harps, the boy's mother, like her parents, is a Baptist. She is housekeeper of a Portland lodging-house, where her sister, Helen Sanders, is also employed. One of the Sanders boys works in the railroad freight sheds, and another is a janitor for a Portland bank.

Little Ernest Harps does not differ in any way from the ordinary boy, with the exception that in talking he hangs his head perhaps a little more than the average youngster. His eyes are a piercing dark brown. His hair is coarse black, and he is a stout, good-looking lad. He attended the public schools of Portland until recently, when a peculiar ailment caused his mother to keep him at home. "He gets an attack of something between a cough and a sneeze, and keeps at it until he drops unconscious." The boy had an attack the Sunday preceding the Thursday which witnessed the mysterious shake-up at the Sanders home. Both families came to Portland from Saxon, Wisconsin. They are poor people upon whom the loss of nearly all the crockery and other fragile articles in their home is no slight blow.

It is unnecessary to add that the Marshall-street house was carefully examined from basement to garret by a large number of persons, including electricians and trained scientific observers, but absolutely nothing was disclosed which could in any manner account for the disturbance witnessed. The boy is now in the hands of a group of local scientific men, including prominent physicians and an alienist. The result of their observations is awaited with great interest. Of course, it is not impossible that the lad had nothing to do with the phenomena described.

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Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments, are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL.

The Fight for Conservation.—The conservation controversy is put very narrowly when we speak of it as the Ballinger-Pinchot fight. Likewise the term *may* be an injustice to Mr. Ballinger. The differences between Secretary of Interior Ballinger and Forester Gifford Pinchot are departmental, incidental. The real fight is between forces as opposite as north and south, between contrasted temperaments

and different views of life. The conservation idea and movement was first launched by Mr. Pinchot's long hard fight for forestry. Mr. Roosevelt said, during the opening session of the Governor's Conservation Conference at Washington, that such a meeting would not have been, nor could not have been, but for the previous work and inspiration of Mr. Pinchot. So Mr. Pinchot has come to be looked on as the real leader of the conservation movement in America, and its spokesman. Pinchot does not fight individuals; he is fighting selfish individualistic temperament, and a tendency to grab, waste and destroy. He says that civilization would be impossible without law, and that he believes in law. He likewise says, as everybody knows, that laws must be interpreted, but he insists that this interpretation should in every case favor the public as against those who seek special privileges and monopolies—the enemies of conservation. To place Ballinger in opposition to Pinchot, to call the conflict a Ballinger-Pinchot fight is to make Ballinger the spokesman of the opponents of conservation. This is rather hasty. True, there is a general feeling that Mr. Ballinger's acts thus far have not proved that he is the friend of conservation—and in his speech before the National Conservation Association at Seattle he asked that he be judged by his acts rather than by his words. There are those who have jumped at the conclusion that he is the enemy of conservation, and spokesman of the enemies of conservation. Yet President Taft has spoken most strongly for him, and ought we not in all fairness to wait more definite developments before asserting that the great pacifier is utterly mistaken. Mr. Ballinger, by type, temperament and training would perhaps be classed as a *conservative*, so far as the conservation movement is concerned. But that movement is being fought—and the man who carries its banner to victory for the Nation must be a fighter—a man of no half-hearted impulses. Let no one doubt that Mr. Ballinger, at the start, at least, had the confidence of the West, and no section of the country will be more disappointed than the West if he should not make good in the movement for conservation.

Increasing Tourist Travel to the Coast.

Figures presented by the Transcontinental Passenger Association indicate that during the five-months tourist season ending August 31, 1909, the westward travel was five times as large as during the same period in 1908. To make the comparison a little more fair, the same statistics indicate that the tourist travel this year is almost sixty per cent greater than the tourist

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travel to the four Coast cities of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles during the record year of 1905, the year of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The figures by which this estimate is made are those of the validating records of the joint railway offices of the four chief terminal cities of the Coast. The figures are incomplete in that they merely indicate the point at which the short-time-limited tourist turned back in his transcontinental round trip. The records show that of a total of 112,450 tourists, during 1909, Los Angeles was the turning-back point for 7,327, Seattle for 23,303, Portland for 38,491, and San Francisco for 43,329.

President to Urge Bond Issue for Reclamation.

That the Government reclamation projects already under construction should be rushed to completion as quickly as possible, is the opinion of President Taft, as expressed in his Spokane speech during his recent tour in the West. He couples with his opinion a remedy. He will urge before Congress that bonds to the amount of $10,000,000 or more be allowed to be issued by the Secretary of Interior. He urges that this relief is made necessary from the fact that many settlers have invested their time and their money with the expectation that the Government projects would be completed within a reasonably short time. The presentation of this situation and the remedy was preceded with a mild chiding of the former reclamation officials for "going ahead too fast," in the starting of more projects than could be promptly completed with the funds in hand. The President granted that "the pressure was doubtless very great and the Reclamation Service yielded to the pressure within the letter of the law."

It is regrettable that the President would limit the bond issue merely to the finishing of projects already begun. He may intend to go further. It is hard to imagine anything that would be of more benefit to the present and future generations of America than doubling or quadrupling the *total* available funds for Government reclamation in the West. The Reclamation Act was passed ten years ago as an experiment. The experiment has proved successful. The West and the Nation is clamoring for reclamation. The funds available under the original act have been but $50,000,000 during the period from 1901 to 1908, this fund being scattered among sixteen States and Territories—an average of but little more than $3,000,000 per State. The amount already appropriated for the eight largest of these projects is about $32,000,000—an average of over $4,000,000 each. While it is true that the original fund will begin to be returned in larger amounts each year by the settlers, yet the fund is totally inadequate to the needs of the country. According to the spirit of the Reclamation Law, each State is entitled to only such portion of the reclamation fund as is provided by the sale of public lands within its borders. Arizona has turned into the fund during the period 1901-1908 the sum of $436,206; there has been appropriated for the Salt River project in Arizona $7,650,000. At this ratio Arizona will not be entitled to another large Government project for eighteen years. Yet some of the most promising reclamation sites in the West may exist in Arizona. It is not right that these sites should be kept from private capital and the people for eighteen years. But if these sites are left open, and since private capital can rarely handle a $7,000,000 project, they will be "spoiled." Little parts will be taken out here and there, and the larger project will thus be defeated—with an irreparable loss to the people of thousands of acres of reclaimed land, and hundreds of possible home-sites.

Scientific Study of Natural Resources of the Nation.

The conservation of natural resources obviously must be based upon scientific investigation. We must know what we have before we can plan for its best use, its conservation. And one of the great national regrets of the future must be that we did not make such an investigation, such a scientific study, fifty or a hundred years ago. But there is no need of crying over burned and wasted trees; the present and future problem is to save what we have left and to grow new ones. Parallel statements apply to depleted lands, wasted minerals, grabbed water rights. But while we know little, let us not assume that we know nothing of our remaining public resources. Lands, forests, minerals and waters are being investigated and mapped as fast as small funds will permit. The agency is the State and the Federal Government. Two agencies, the State and the Federal Government, combine in creating experiment stations and in the study of the soil. The Forestry Service has been a great educational factor during the past ten years. The United States Geological Survey has the greatest field, perhaps, of all. It plans to make a comprehensive study of the natural resources of the United States. The findings of the scientific investigators are condensed in periodic and special bulletins, topographic maps, geologic folios, water-supply papers, and many special pamphlets relating to the mineral resources of the United States. These papers and bulletins can be had free or at cost-price at the different headquarters of the Geological Survey, which includes nearly all of the large cities of the country. For example, practically all of the publications relating to the Northwest can be had at the Portland office

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of the Geological Survey. While many of these bulletins may be of the dry-as-dust order to the non-interested, they are nevertheless, to the interested, a liberal education in the resources of our land.

The Rush for 320-Acre Dry-Farming Homesteads.

As an illustration of the appeal of the open land of the West, may be mentioned a little incident in Oregon, following the latest designation of large bodies of land as open to settlement under the 320-acre dry-farming homestead law. One of the tracts so designated happened to be a body of 250,000 acres of land in Central Oregon, a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles from the railway, according to the direction of approach. The word went about that the tract was promising wheat land, also that it would be near the Hill and Harriman railway extensions into Central Oregon. The fact of the great distance from the present nearest railway did not deter the homeseekers. They came afoot, on horseback, in the stage, any way. The climax was reached when one party from the Willamette Valley drove the entire distance of 150 miles across the Cascade Mountains in an automobile in a single day. It may be well enough just here to correct the impression that has gone abroad that these lands are open only to the residents of the States in which the tracts are located. Contrarily, they are open to any American citizen who has not used or lost his homestead right. By the very act of homesteading he *becomes* a citizen of the State where he locates, since he must establish continued residence on the land in order to acquire title.

Well-Irrigation for Small Farms.

The irrigation of the small farm by means of the private irrigation system will be one of the important stages in the future growth of reclamation and irrigation in the West. The possibilities of this "well-irrigation" system can hardly be overestimated. The system is already well known in such older-irrigated sections of the world, as India, Egypt, Italy and other sections of Europe. Also hundreds of the farms in the older-irrigated sections of California, Colorado and Utah have their private irrigation plants. The greatest possibilities for this system in the Northwest is along the larger rivers such as the Snake and Columbia, and in the broad valleys west of the Cascades. The San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys of California, and the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys of Oregon are perhaps the largest bodies of rich land to be found in Western America. These valleys of Oregon contain an estimated irrigable area of 3,550,000 acres. The rainfall during the *growing* season in all of these valleys is much less than needed, and experiments prove that irrigation will easily double the possible crops. Moreover, it is probable that artesian water can be found in many sections, making well-irrigation very cheap. With cheap fuel and abundant water-power in many sections it is likely that electrical energy will be largely used in the future in pumping the water for the private irrigation system. Well-irrigation is yet in its infancy, but the matter is not without its students and advocates. An excellent pamphlet on this subject has been prepared by R. M. Brereton, of Portland, Or. (and being distributed free by the Southern Pacific Company).

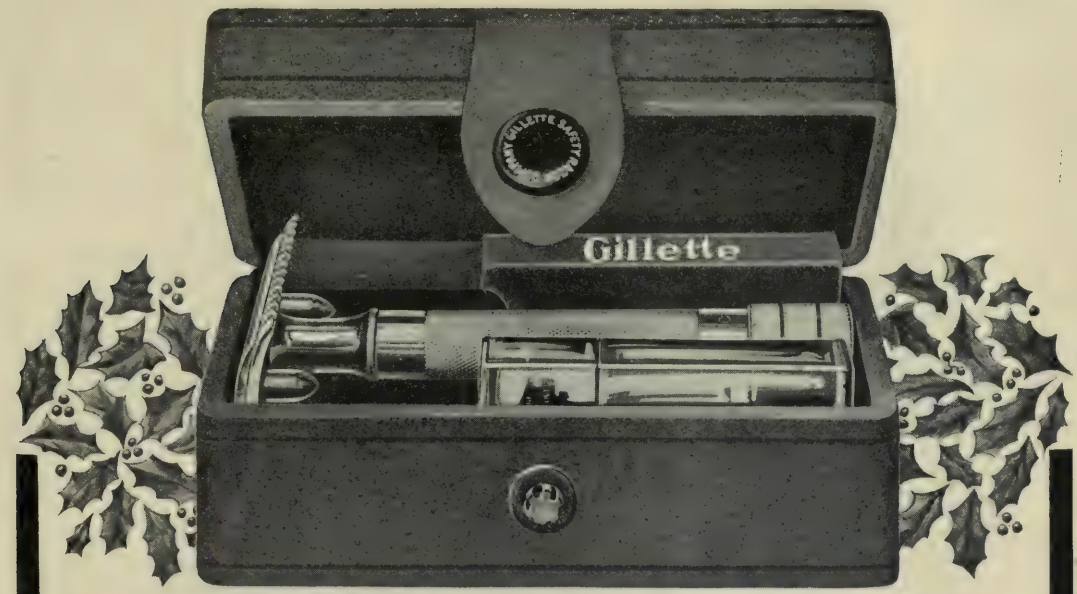
OREGON.

Want Mount Hood Created a National Park.

To make Mount Hood and surroundings a National Park is one of the serious movements being promoted in Oregon by the lovers of the grand and the beautiful. They argue that Mount Hood is to Portland and Oregon what Mount Rainier (or Mount Tacoma) is to Tacoma and Seattle and Washington. Then, since Washington's premier peak is already a National Park, Oregon's premier peak, Mount Hood, should also be created a National Park. The flora and fauna of the Mount Hood region are already afforded considerable protection by the fact that the district is within the Cascade National Forest Reserve. The timber of the section is thus given some protection from forest fires, and the timber destroyer is kept at a distance. Likewise the strict rules of the grazing department of the Forest Servive protect the section from the ravages of over-grazing and tend to the preservation of the natural beauty of the Mount Hood region. But the creation of this new National Park would not only afford better means of police and grazing protection, but would likely lead to the making of the section more accessible. Oregon is not without other nature-attractions that have received the national mark of recognition. One of these is the strange, marvelous Crater Lake region, further to the south. Another is the recently created National Park which includes the "Marble Halls" of Josephine County in Southern Oregon, a weird cave region that is supposed to excel Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in extent and wonder.

Portland as a Prospective Educational Center.

Such an educational authority as Dr. Butterick, Secretary of the General Board of Education, which has the responsibility of administering the $50,000,000 Rocke-



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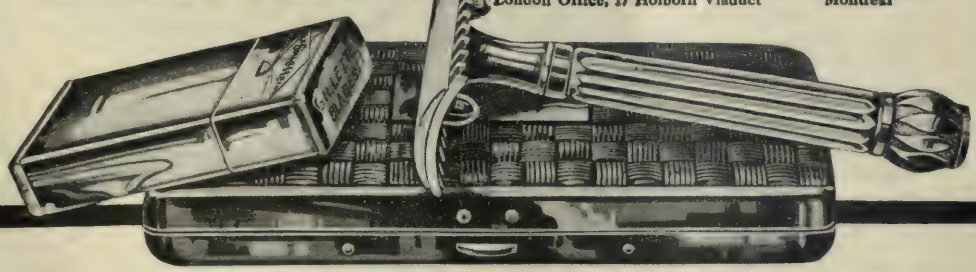

feller endowment, has called Portland "the most promising unoccupied educational center in the United States at the present time." Such a statement is made possible by the fact that Portland, though one of the four largest cities of the Pacific Coast and the center of nearly every other form of activity within the State, still has no large institution of higher learning. Such a condition, and the promised assistance of the General Board of Education towards relieving it, comes in happy coincidence with another fact. By the late bequest of Simeon G. and Amanda Reed, the "Reed Institute" has been founded with an original endowment of $1,000,000 (stated as $2,500,000 by the Journal). The trustees of the Institute have not yet determined the exact use to which the original fund and other funds that may be added, will be put. It is probable, however, that the fund will be used for the support of such branches of higher educational training as are not provided by the other institutions of the State. Whatever branches of higher education may be favored by the trustees of the Reed Institute, it seems certain that their action will be an important step towards making Portland an educational center, and towards occupying the most promising center in the United States.

Irrigate 30,000 Acres Near Vale.

Present indications are that the section of northern Malheur County, near Vale, in extreme Eastern Oregon, will see great developmental changes within the next few years. Irrigation and reclamation will be the key words in the promised changes. Already is one project of 30,000 acres announced to be under way of construction, and three other large projects are being planned and promoted. The former of these projects is what is known as the Willow Creek project, which will reclaim about 30,000 acres of the Upper Willow Creek Valley, centering about the new town of Brogan. This place is located about twenty-five miles up the Valley from Vale, from which place there is promised an extension of a branch railway line within a year. Two large reservoirs are being constructed for the water-supply for the Willow Creek project and ditches are said to already cover a large part of the land to be irrigated.

A second project of the Willow Creek region that is being talked of and promoted is what is known as the Bully Creek project. A reservoir-site has been located about sixteen miles west of Vale, and it is planned to store enough water to cover about 40,000 acres of promising land. That the reservoir will be an immense one is shown in the fact that the contour line around the water-edge of the proposed storage lake will measure twenty-three miles. A third large project that is being investigated in the same district proposes to use all of the surplus waters of Willow Creek, storing them in two large reservoirs and reclaiming the lands of two road companies who received large land grants in an early day, as well as private lands of the section. The lands covered by these various projects are among the richest to be found in the State, it is reported by soil experts.

Bend, Central Oregon, and Its Tributary Resources.

John F. Stevens, formerly engineer of the Panama Canal, is quoted as saying, following a trip of inspection through Central Oregon, that with the coming of the railway to this vast section, Oregon's annual production of wheat would be raised from 14,000,000 to 40,000,000 bushels. The same traffic expert, who was at the time of inspection acting as a lieutenant of James J. Hill, has estimated the possible lumber output of the Deschutes country at "five hundred carloads of lumber daily for fifty years." Other big facts may also be added to the estimates of the development possibilities of Central Oregon. The Deschutes River has been mentioned in these pages heretofore as one of the most wonderful irrigation and power streams in the world. Experts say that its power is many times greater than that of Niagara. It has become noted as an irrigation stream because of its steady flow and the easy diversion of its waters to the thousands of acres of irrigable land of the Upper Deschutes Valley. The Deschutes River Canyon also affords the only north and south water-grade route into Central Oregon and along which both the Harriman and the Hill railway systems are at present rushing construction. The avowed terminus of the Hill road is Bend, which may be the future Spokane of Central Oregon, but it is likely that this road, as well as the Harriman road, will be pushed on to California. Besides the timber-shipping and manufacturing possibilities of such a center as Bend, the town is also the center of the vast irrigated area of the Upper Deschutes. A single Carey Act segregation of this district embraces an area of 218,000 acres, and a number of smaller projects are also under construction or being promoted. Also, southeast from Bend is a vast area known as the High Desert, which has recently been included among the lands open to entry under the 320-acre dry-farming homestead law. With the exception of those persons who have for several years past been "squatting" in this section in order to get in on the ground floor ahead of the railway, this vast section of an estimated area of 250,000 acres is said to be practically without settlement. It is thought that this section will prove to be very valuable wheat land, with the coming of transportation. Water can be secured at a reasonable depth at a number of points. Besides the lumber, wheat, irrigation, and

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manufacturing possibilities of this section, stock-raising, dairying, fruit-growing, and diversified agriculture will continue to have a large place in the future development of the Central Oregon country. As a single illustration of these possibilities, it is stated that a fine grade of commercial strawberries grown on irrigated lands near Bend mature practically three weeks after the close of the strawberry season in other sections of the State, thus affording an original market.

Notes from Oregon Reclamation Projects.

Eight hundred bushels of onions per acre is reported from the Umatilla Government Reclamation project centering about Hermiston, in Umatilla County. It is reported also that already 1,000 acres of the project are set to alfalfa, and that a large acreage of fruit trees has been planted.

From the Klamath Reclamation project, in extreme Southern Oregon, comes similar reports of productivity and profits. It is already spoken of as "an ideal sugar-beet country," and berries and vines promise to become sure profit-bringers. A farmer who came from one of the most noted of the Southern California irrigated districts thus testifies concerning the land which he has purchased in the Klamath section: "Land that I paid fifty dollars an acre for will earn enough this year to pay for itself. This is going to be the wealthiest section of the State, and the farmers here will be surprised at their own prosperity."

Fifteen-Thousand-Acre Harney Ranch Sold for $300,000.

The rapid increase in real estate values and the possibilities of settlement in Harney County, Central Oregon, are well illustrated in the recently reported sale of a 15,000-acre improved ranch for the sum of $300,000. The price received represents an advance of fifty per cent in the past eighteen months, and with the promised coming of railways to this section the advance of another eighteen months is likely to be equally large. About 7,500 acres of the ranch are under cultivation, and the ranch is reported to have water for an extensive irrigation system. It is stated also that the place boasts of a herd of elk.

WASHINGTON.

Tacoma Makes New Building Record.

The value of building permits issued in Tacoma during the twelve months ending September 1, 1909, is $4,821,167, or more than a third greater than for the preceding period. This is considered a remarkable record for a city with an estimated population of between 100,000 and 125,000, and gives great promise for the future of the city. There is evidence that Tacoma is destined to grow into one of the great manufacturing cities of the Northwest. It is estimated that even now one-half of the population of the city derives a living from the various forms of manufactories that have already found location. Tacoma has many natural advantages towards her promised growth into a manufacturing center. Formerly a one-railway city, she is now reached by four great transcontinental systems, besides the several steamship lines that reach to Alaska and the Orient. Tacoma is within easy reach of immense electrical power which will turn her factory wheels of the future. The location of Tacoma is also especially favorable for manufacturing. Her tide-lands afford cheap factory sites, and her immense prairie-lands give unlimited room for growth. Coupled with location and power are the large resources and immense amount of raw material that is easily adjacent. Time will come when much of the lumber, hides, wool and minerals that are at present shipped across the continent in the raw state will be turned into the finished commercial product at home. With the coming of that day, Tacoma, and the other cities of the Coast that are destined to be great industrial centers, will have seen a wonderful advance in growth of population and wealth.

Will Irrigate Camas Prairie, Klickitat County.

Eastern capital is behind the Portland promoters of an immense irrigation and water-power project centering in Camas Prairie, Klickitat County, in the south-central part of Washington. It is the plan of the company to divert the waters of the Upper Klickitat River, near the town of Glenwood, for the irrigation of approximately forty-five square miles of rich land and the creation of 40,000 horse-power. The rich Camas Prairie has an average elevation of less than 2,000 feet, and the larger part of the six-mile-wide and ten-mile-long level Valley is still covered with its primeval forests. The population of the Valley at the present time is said to be only about 500, though it is clearly capable of supporting several times that number of people. The developing company owns, besides the water-rights which it intends to exploit, 3,000 acres of the land of the Valley that will be under the proposed irrigation ditches, and it is their intention to make this area the nucleus of a big dairy business, which the Valley is especially fitted to support, as soon as better transportation facilities have been secured. Work has already begun on the dam which will divert the waters of the Klickitat into the six-mile side-hill flume, it is announced.

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The water will be carried along the sides of a steep canyon, 250 feet deep at the point of diversion. The water will be returned to the river near the town of Glenwood, affording a 700-foot fall and promising at least 40,000 horse-power. A part of this power will be used to pump water to the still-higher lands, and for the pumping of water from the Columbia to fertile fruit-growing plains.

Irrigate and Colonize Large Central Washington Tracts.

Successful experiments in the irrigation of small tracts in the Wenatchee Valley by means of pumping plants has seemingly marked a new irrigation era in Central Washington. Following the success of the small pump in irrigation, bigger schemes were started and a number of large tracts are now being thus reclaimed. Still other and larger projects are announced. One of the largest of these, which promises to lift water to 20,000 acres on Quincy Flats, is being promoted by a Holland syndicate, through Wenatchee representatives. It is said that this syndicate has secured control of power sites along the Columbia that will generate 45,000 horse-power. The power will be used chiefly in pumping water for irrigation, though it is reported that a part of the power will be used for the operation of an electric line down the Columbia River in order to give the reclaimed area the best of transportation service. One of the largest of the water-power units will be at Chelan Falls at the lower end of the Chelan River in Chelan County. It is estimated that 15,000 horse-power may be developed at this point, and it is said that a large body of land will be irrigated near here. The same capital has also secured control of three promising power-sites on the Methow River, in Okanogan County, it is reported. One of these, in Black Canyon, will develop 8,000 horse-power; one near Winthrop will develop 10,000 horse-power; and a third site near Twisp is said to be more valuable than either of the others.

Pasco Irrigation Scheme to Reclaim 15,000 Acres.

It is reported that construction work is being rushed on an irrigation project that will bring water to 15,000 acres of land lying between the Columbia and Snake Rivers, near the town of Pasco, in southeastern Washington. Eastern capitalists and a number of well-known Washington men are promoting the project. The plan of the promoters is to develop water power from the Snake River in the vicinity of Five Mile Rapids, for the pumping of water to what is known as the 100-foot level. By lifting the water twenty-five feet higher 7,000 acres more could be added to the project, and this will doubtless be done in the future. The completion of this project will mark an epoch in the history of Pasco, for such a project has been known to be feasible and has been talked of and boosted for the past twenty years.

Destroying Timber at Bristol to Raise Fruit.

The faith of the residents of Bristol, Klickitat County, in the fruit-growing possibilities of the county is evidenced in the report that great bodies of fine timber are being slashed and burned in order that the cleared land may be used for fruit-growing purposes. The surrounding country is fast being transformed into small orchard tracts, which are proving to be very profitable. This has induced the slashing of the timbered tracts, regardless of the fact that there is said to be no present market for the timber of the section. It is reported that the ranch owners have in many cases offered the timber free to the local sawmills if they would haul it away. Another important factor in the burning of the timber, is the high timber land taxes that prevail and the lack of a present market for the trees that are being burned. Though the transformation of the section from a wooded one into a fruit-growing district is costly and destructive, the land owners feel that the future promise of the land justifies the action.

Settlers Would Aid Tieton Government Project.

It is reported that certain of the water users under the Tieton Government Reclamation project in the Yakima Valley have taken steps looking to the floating of a $400,000 bond issue, the proceeds to be loaned to the Government for the speedy completion of this project. Such a step would prove a spirit of mutual helpfulness existent between the Reclamation Service and the settlers on the unfinished project. It would also prove that the would-be irrigators are becoming impatient because of the slowness of the Government in the completion of the project. As to the latter point allow one of the prominent Reclamation Service officials to speak in justification. The following words are credited to him at the time that the proposed private bond issue was announced:

"A great many persons do not understand what has caused the delay in the completion of the Tieton and other reclamation projects in the West, but an explanation is easy and is backed up by the records, so that all who desire to judge the service fairly can learn the facts.

"It has been simply a case of shortage in money, more projects having been approved and initiated than can be rapidly finished at the rate the money is now coming into the fund.

"In one way, the present situation is a good thing for the States embraced by the Reclamation Act. It has not been very long since strong efforts were made in Con-

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gress to take part of the money in the Reclamation fund and appropriate it for draining swamp lands in Eastern and Southern States.

"When these measures were put up to the former Secretary of the Interior he merely had to show the Congressmen that the irrigation projects approved and authorized would more than absorb all the funds in the hands of the Service and would consume the yearly receipts for a long time to come."

The official goes on to explain that the work of the Reclamation Service is carried on with the greatest care as to permanency of structure and water-supply. He further stated his opinion that Congress will authorize the $10,000,000 bond issue recommended by the National Irrigation Congress which recently met at Spokane. It is proposed that this bond issue fund would be repaid to the Government from the receipts of public land sales and from the income of the Reclamation Service, and that such funds be used for the speedy completion of the reclamation projects of the West that have already been begun.

Yakitat and Luzon, New Washington Towns.

What is said to be the largest original town-plat ever filed in Washington is the one that has been given the name of Yakitat and recently filed with the Board of County Commissioners of Benton County, South-Central Washington. The town plat comprises over 500 acres, and includes 5,300 lots. The new town lies between the Yakima River and the proposed large canal which will irrigate a large area of the Horse Heaven country. The new town is also between the Northern Pacific and the North Coast railways, eight miles east of Prosser and one mile west of the new station of Chandler.

The town of Luzon, on the North Bank Road, in Benton County, is reported sold to Eastern and Seattle capitalists by whom it will be promoted. A lighting and pumping plant has already been established and a number of business buildings form a part of the property consisting of over 500 acres. It is said that the pumping plant will be used for the reclamation of large tracts of land near the new town.

IDAHO.

The Wonderful Snake River.

Irrigation has made and is making the State of Idaho; and in turn the Snake River has made irrigation possible. Idaho has the largest single irrigated areas in the world—and more of them are yet to be added. Land openings of from 30,000 to 200,000 acres along the Snake River and its tributaries, are almost of weekly occurrence, and other projects are being constructed and still others are projected. All of this would be impossible but for the wonderful Snake River, which has more than 800 miles of its course within the Idaho borders. Yet engineers estimate that the Snake River could supply from twenty to fifty times as many irrigation projects as now depend upon it for their life. But the Snake has other claims to usefulness. A well-known authority has made the statement that there is more horse-power in its rapids than would be needed to operate all of the railways and all of the factories in the United States. It has nine successive falls in a distance of thirty-five miles, one of which, the Shoshone, has almost as great a volume of water as Niagara Falls and are 210 feet high as compared to Niagara's 160 feet of fall. The waters of the Snake fall more than 900 feet within the borders of a single county in Southern Idaho, and the deep Snake River Canyon affords numerous sites for the erection of great power plants. The great wealth of the Snake River is but little appreciated in the West, much less fully utilized. It is to be hoped that the value of its present and possible power-sites will be appreciated in time to fully conserve them for the best use of future generations. On the other hand their utilization will take care of itself. At the present time only a fraction of one per cent of the power possibilities of the Snake River has been developed. The further development of irrigation, the building of new towns and cities, the coming of manufactories to the West, and the promised electrification of the railways of the Nation will all make their demands on all of the water-power resources of the country. The future will see the waters of Snake River become very life to millions of acres of irrigated land, and the center of vast heating, lighting, and power enterprises.

Irrigate 30,000 Acres in Council Valley.

It is announced that work is well under way on a system of dams and ditches that will irrigate between 20,000 and 30,000 acres of rich land in Council Valley, in the west-central part of Idaho. The large dam, 350 feet long and fifty-five feet high, will create a 1,000-acre reservoir, with water at an average depth of forty feet. It is expected that the dam will be completed in time to store enough water for the irrigation of a portion of the land under the project next spring. Experiments of the past have proved that this section of the State is exceptionally suited to the production of certain grades of fruit and it is likely that the irrigated area will be used almost exclusively as orchard tracts. The large storage dam of the project will be located near the town of Council, which is reached on a branch railway line from Weiser, on the

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west-central border of the State, and the Weiser River bed will be utilized for a part of the carrying channel for the stored waters.

Sixteen Thousand Acres of Land Opened to Settlement.

A large tract of timber land, located thirty-five miles east of Kendrick, in the north-central part of Idaho, was opened to settlement at the Lewiston Land Office late in September. A considerable part of the land has been occupied for some time past by "squatters" who have anticipated the opening. Some of these settlers have made improvements to the extent of several thousands of dollars on the land. After the satisfaction of the rights of the squatters the State had a six-day priority right for the selection of any of the lands that it wished, after which the remainder of the land was open to settlement under the land laws of the State. It is said that wagon roads have already been built through the 16,000-acre tract, and that school districts have been established.

Plan Great Power Project on the Salmon River.

To construct a power-project that will require an expenditure of $3,000,000 and that will generate three times as much power as the great Spokane Falls, is the announced plans of Eastern promoters. The central feature of the great project will be a seven-mile tunnel through the "backbone" separating the Salmon from the Snake River in the west-central part of Idaho. The tunnel will leave the Salmon River near the town of Freedom and will reach the Snake River near Pittsburg Landing. This route will allow a drop of 470 feet at Snake River, giving a power location of immense value. While the identity of the Eastern promoters of the $3,000,000 scheme is not definitely announced, it is thought that it is the same capital that is at present constructing a railway up the Salmon River. The power-project might imply that the railway system is to be electrified at this point at least.

Fortunes From Lewiston Valley Irrigated Lands.

As an index to the fortunes that Lewiston Valley "boosters" say are to be had in their irrigated lands, may be taken the returns from a single five-acre tract near the City of Lewiston, in the northwest corner of Idaho. A quarter-acre produced 7,200 cantaloupes which were marketed for $320. The remainder of the tract is given to the production of vegetables, from which the return will be at least $2,000 this season. Lewiston Valley is also noted for its fruit-production, and for the great variety of products made possible and profitable by the climate and the soil.

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CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco Celebrates Her Rebuilding.

The whole West joined with San Francisco in her recent Portola Festival, which celebrated the rebuilding of the city and commemorated the historic event of the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco in 1769 by Don Gaspar de Portola, the first Spanish Governor of California. In fact, the celebration was world-wide, more than twenty of the nations of the earth being officially represented during the five festive days. The Bay of San Francisco has so long been a factor in the life and progress of the West and the world that the celebration of its discovery a century and a half ago was given second place to the other event that the Festival commemorated. The whole world remembers those days in April, 1906, when the greatest disaster of modern times was visited upon San Francisco. During those terrifying days more than 3,000 blocks in the heart of the city were burned; 28,000 buildings were brought to ashes and ruins; and a loss of $300,000,000 was suffered. People wondered if San Francisco would ever recover from the blow. But those who knew the spirit of the city merely waited—and they did not have long to wait, for the rebuilding of San Francisco has been the construction record of the world. Within forty months a large part of the buildings had been re-constructed, better, more costly, and more beautiful than in their original form. True, the scars of the great disaster remain to this day—the day of the celebration before the world of the rebuilding of the city; but they are only scars. The new San Francisco bears testimony to the spirit of the West and points out beyond this spirit to the basic resources of the Pacific Coast and to San Francisco's strategic location in the progress of the world. The Portola Festival was a pageantry and a display that will not soon be forgotten. A score of the vessels of the United States gave hospitality to the North Pacific fleet of England, and warships of Germany, Holland, Italy and other world powers. Foreign diplomats carried the congratulations of their rulers and joined in the celebration of the rebuilding of San Francisco.

Promise of Tobacco-Culture in Southern California.

Just a generation ago citrus fruits were being experimented with in Southern California. Today California is noted everywhere for this product. Likewise the next generation will have its changes, changes which are the calling opportunity today to those who are wanting to "get on the ground floor." Experiments have proved that cotton can be profitably grown in certain sections of Southern California. Experiments also show that tobacco may be profitably grown in Southern California.

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The world's greatest musicians could not play for you the world's greatest music with more artistic finish than is possible on the Krell Auto-Grand.

You or anyone, at first sitting, can produce works that have baffled the composers themselves—that world-famous virtuosos have struggled years to master.

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Our written five-year guarantee is your security that player and piano are all we claim.

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Before you buy a player-piano, post yourself on what points to look for, what to avoid. Our booklet, "How to Select a Player-Piano," is a valuable guide that every intending purchaser should read. Sent you on request. Write for it. You will be well repaid in greater knowledge of player-pianos, and of the Krell Auto-Grand in particular.

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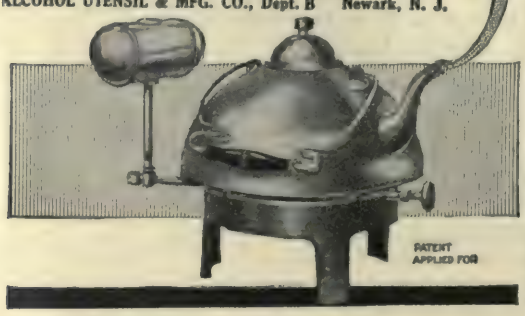

ALASKA.

Coal Wealth of Alaska.

One of the greatest resources of Alaska is her coal beds. These have received but very slight development as yet, only enough coal bejng mined to supply the local needs. And this local demand has fallen off rather than increased, due to the late industrial depression and the increasing competition of petroleum as a fuel. A late bulletin issued by the United States Geological Survey indicates that up to the close of 1908 only between 300 and 400 square miles of the coal fields of Alaska had been surveyed in detail. The unsurveyed coal fields of the Territory are estimated to cover 12,000 square miles. This vast unsurveyed field is known only in a general way and the number of workable coal beds that may underlie the area cannot even be estimated. The two most valuable coal fields of the Territory that had been located up to the time of the Geological Survey report, namely the Bering River and Matanuska, are untouched in a commercial way, due to the lack of railway connections with tidewater. It is estimated that it will be two years yet before any considerable coal development will be accomplished. The excessive cost of transportation has also hampered other forms of mining. It is shown in the report that the whole Territory of Alaska, with its area of 600,000 square miles, has but 452 miles of wagon road, 397 of sled roads, and 255 of improved trail. The total present mileage of the railways of the Territory is but little more than 300, and a part of this is said to be not in repair and use. During 1908 there were but fifty miles of track laid in this vast section. Telegraph, telephone, and steamboat service are improving fairly rapidly, however.

Coal-mining has been temporarily discouraged because of the delay of the Interior Department in granting coal-lands patents, none of them having been finally approved up to the close of 1908. This fact, however, will no doubt be to the ultimate good of the industry, and most certainly to the ultimate benefit of the general public and the Nation. It would not be surprising if, as charged by certain agents of the Interior Department, that great combinations of capital were trying to gain a monopoly of the immense coal fields of Alaska. And it will be a most humiliating blow to the conservation policy, to which this Department and the President are pledged, if such a result is permitted. Under the old interpretation of the coal-land laws, this great resource was almost given away, the charge for such land being placed on a flat acreage basis, regardless of the value of the coal deposit. Following the new interpretation of these laws, which Former-Secretary of Interior Garfield inaugurated, this same land is sold at from ten to fifty or more times the former price.

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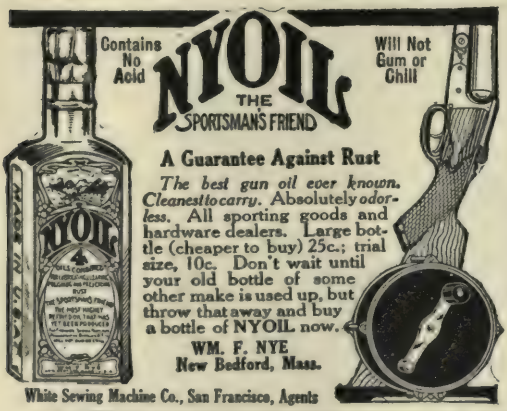

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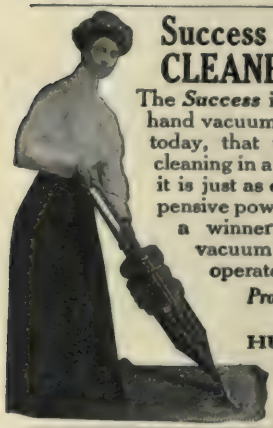

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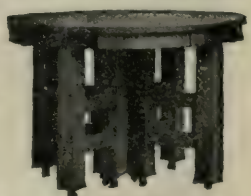

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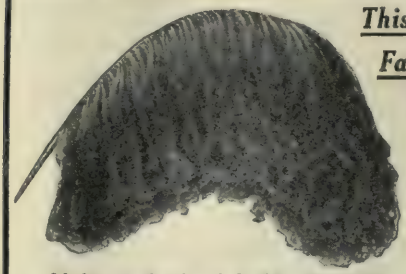

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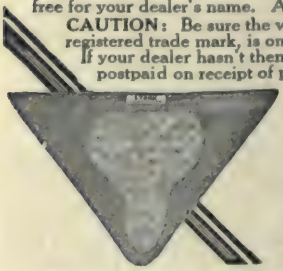

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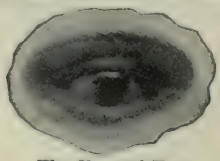

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Illustration shows, greatly reduced in size, a few of our Holiday Offerings of rare native handicraft. To introduce, we offer here at these bargain prices.

203. Lace Collar, hand-made from linen thread wheels in Mexico; rare and very dainty. 38c.

610. Mexican Silver Filigree Brooch, 3 daisies with gold centers, hand-made, 50c.

604½. Mexican Silver Filigree Scarf Pin, 30c.

402. Rare Mexican Handkerchief, hand-made in linen lace wheels. 11x11 ins.; price, $2.50. Mailed, to introduce, for $1.69.

3120. Real Mexican Drawnwork Center, 3 rows work, fine pure linen, vastly finer than Japanese, 20 in. square, for $2. Same thing in 24-in. for $2.50; 33-in. $3.75. 6-in. Doilies to match, with 2 rows work, 25c, 6 for $1.35.

1049. "Lo-Kee," the Indian Good-luck Pottery Idol; original of all the white man's imitations; 6-in. high, genuine and rare. Boxed, by paid express, with "The Legend of Lo-Kee," for 84c.

5103. Match Safe; Indian Squaw, hand-colored; apron scratcher. Indian ollas for holders; 7x9 in., 25c.

81½. Real Navajo Silver Bracelet, hand-beaten from dollars by Navajo Indians; ½-in. wide, $1.50.

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588. Mexican Sacred Eating Bird. A strange toy, never seen before outside of Mexico; hand-made of wood by Mexicans; adobe pendulum moves it in life-like amusing manner. 25c.

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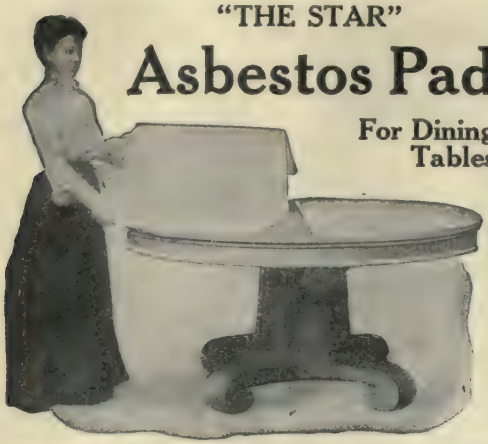

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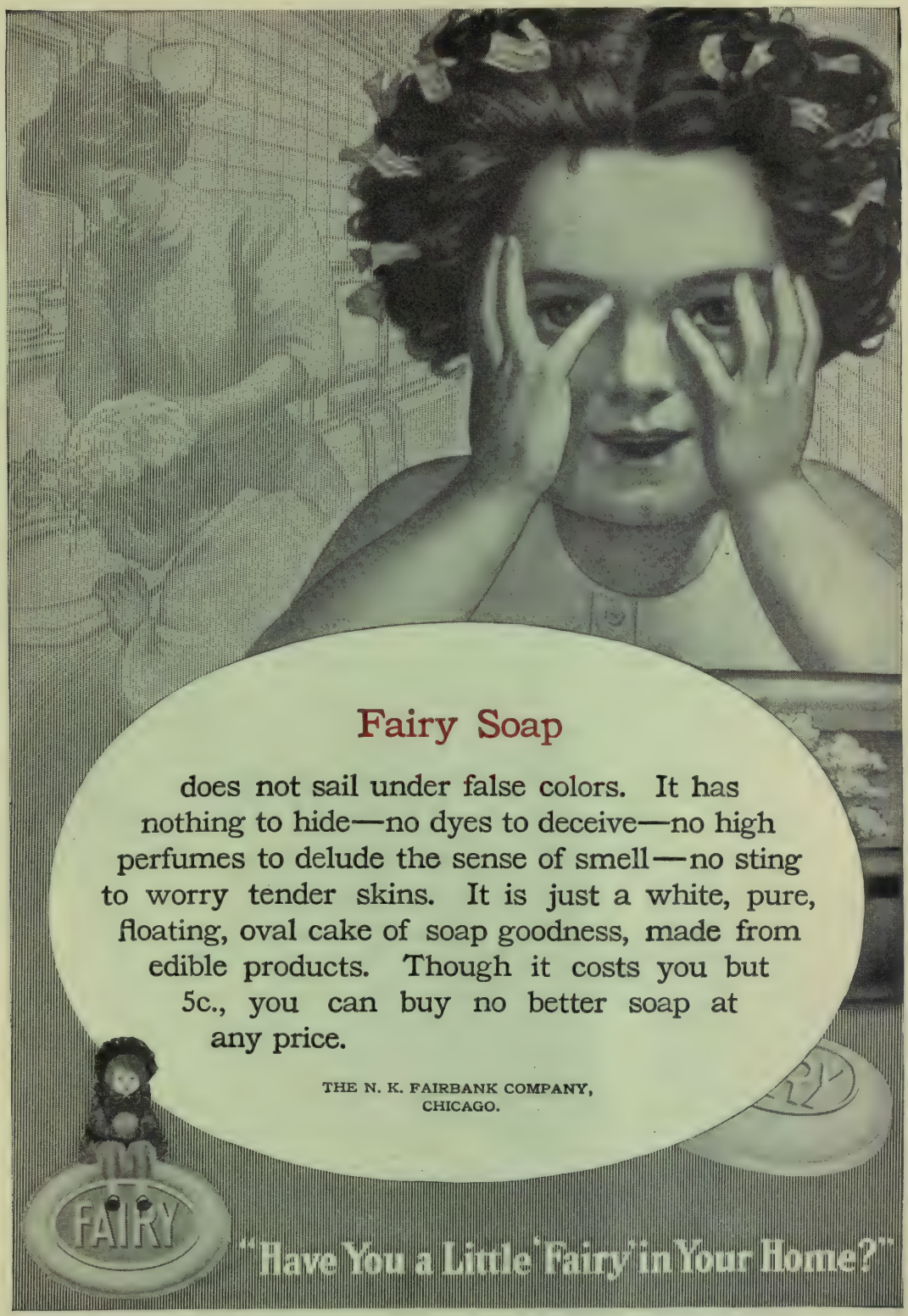
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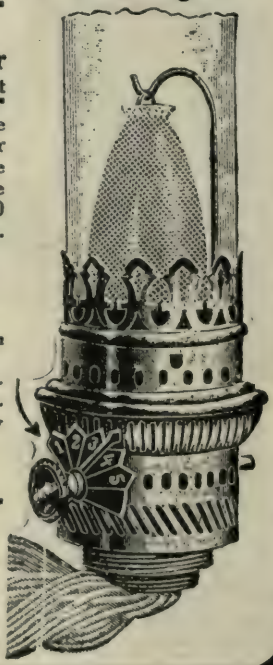

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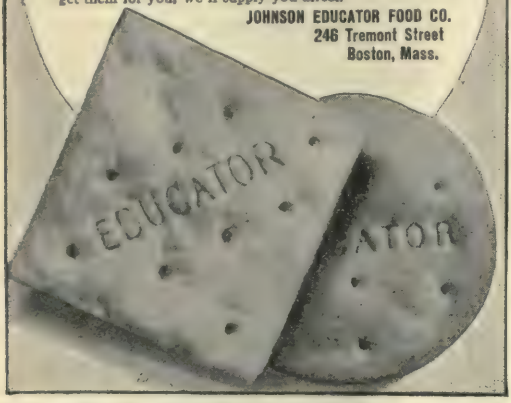

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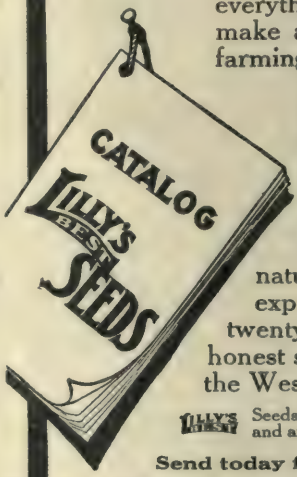

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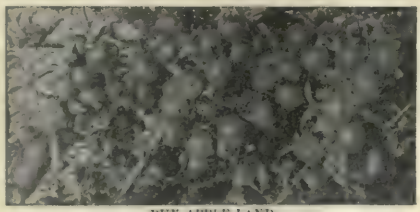

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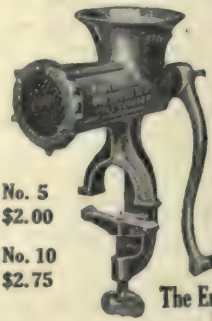

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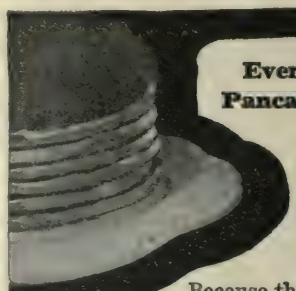
Write for the "*Enterprising Housekeeper*," containing over 200 special recipes and kitchen helps. Sent to any address for 4c in stamps.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Pa.
Dept. 12, Philadelphia



Everyone Can Eat Pancakes Made With

Olympic Pancake Flour

(Self Rising)

Because they're digestible, no unpleasant after effects and nothing quite so good. Pure—tender—healthful—delicious. Olympic Flour is made from the choicest portions of selected Northwestern wheat combined with the purest leavening by our own special process. You are sure of successful results and good digestion—no worry—less trouble—no salt, soda, yeast or baking powder.

If your grocer can't supply you we'll tell you who can—we'll send you a valuable Recipe Book if you write for it and send us the name of your grocer.

Portland Flouring Mills Co.
Portland, Oregon

There isn't any just as good as Olympic

OLYMPIC PANCAKE FLOUR

Money Saving Lamps

THE new Westinghouse Nernst Electric Lamp means smaller light bills for everybody, whether now using gas or electricity. It is the only high efficiency lamp that comes in units of all sizes for all purposes. It is the high efficiency lamp with the low cost of upkeep.

By special arrangement these lamps can be had on exceptionally favorable terms for use on the circuits of the lighting companies of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland.

ADDRESS

NERNST LAMP COMPANY

SEATTLE, 220 MARION STREET
PORTLAND, 377 STARK STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, 88 SECOND STREET

Offices in all large cities — Factory, Pittsburg

Burns 5 Hours for 1c Worth of Gas

A New, Gas-Saving, Brilliant Home Light that you attach to Fixture in one minute's time. Use your own globes—either gas or electric.

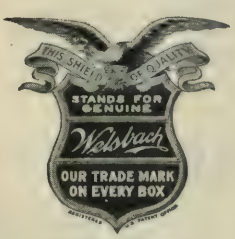
Welsbach Junior

PRICE 35 CENTS

The Welsbach Junior is five inches high, consists of burner, mantle and chimney, and gives a cheerful, soft and mellow 50-candle power light approaching sunlight in *quality*. It is restful on your eyes—a perfect home light.

The cheapness of the Welsbach Junior (boxed complete for 35 cents), its simplicity of attaching (screw it on as you would an electric light bulb) and its tremendous gas economy (burns 5 hours for 1 cent's worth of gas) recommend its use on every gas outlet in the home.

Sold Everywhere by Gas Companies and Dealers



Genuine Welsbach Goods have this Trade-Mark on the Label

Buy one Welsbach Junior Light and test every claim made for it. Then equip your entire home. You'll save 80 per cent. of your gas bills—and have a cheerful, soft, mellow and perfect light.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Welsbach Company

—the Original and Largest Manufacturers of Incandescent Gas Lights and Mantles in the World

Beware of imitations. All genuine Welsbach goods have our trade-mark—the Shield of Quality—on the box. It is our guarantee, and your protection.

Our illustrated booklet—"The History of Light"—mailed free on request. Address Dept. H, Welsbach Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR LITTLE CHAPS

CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment are priceless in the Comfort they afford skin tortured and disfigured infants and children in the treatment of eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, chafings, chappings, redness and roughness. Peace falls upon distracted households when Cuticura enters.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

☞ Cuticura 32-page Booklet, post-free, tells all you need to know about the Skin, Scalp and Hair.

LUNG TROUBLE

BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH
ASTHMA CURED

Trial Treatment of California's latest and greatest discovery, together with an elegantly illustrated book telling all about it, will be sent to anyone afflicted with consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any nose, throat or lung trouble in order to prove that the cure can positively be made in the patient's own room, without change of climate, without detention from business and without stomach dosing.

This new direct treatment, **Condor Inhalation,** cures in wonderfully quick time **pain in either lung or between shoulder blades, hemorrhage, spitting up matter, coughs that stay, difficult breathing, lingering colds, head noises, raw throat, stuffed nose, foulbreath, fever or chills, night sweats, general weakness, loss of weight or strength, etc.,** and is now curing 95 out of every 100 cases treated in Phoenix, Ariz., Indio, Cal., and other consumptive centers.

By means of vapor from burning a pastile the healing powers of the discovery are drawn into nose or lungs and instantly penetrate and **Disinfect** the **Ulcerated Tissues.** This inhalation method at once destroys and clears out the poison germs, opens wasted cells, loosens and throws off the distressing mucus, ebuilds tissues, heals lung cavities, and creates bodily strength and vigor. If you are taking medicine, S T O P.

Write today, stating what you wish to be cured of, and by return mail you will receive complete trial treatment and illustrated book, both absolutely free. Address, without stamps or money

CONDOR MEDCINE CO., Blk. 28M, Los Angeles, Cal.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

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Write for "*Other People's Opinions*" and Table of Contents

PURITAN PUBLISHING CO.

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ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for anyone giving full description of the case and sending names of two asthmatic sufferers.

Address FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.
Dept. V. American Express Building, Chicago.

Electric Light is Now Cheaper

At one sweep the cost of Electric Light has been cut in two by the invention of a new lamp which fits any electric light socket

General Electric

TUNGSTEN LAMP

A night picture of Madison Square Garden, New York, during the recent Electric Show—the most beautiful example of Electric Lighting ever seen. The General Electric Tungsten Lamp was used exclusively —the highest tribute of the Electric Lighting World.

Ask your Electric Light Company about this new lamp tomorrow morning. Find out why it is so economical. Learn how you can now have Electric Light at one-half the old cost. When you have these new facts you will plan to use Electricity immediately.

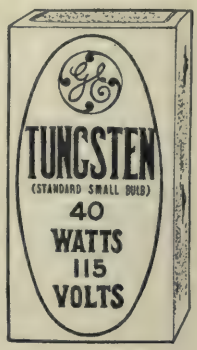
G.E. 32 Candle, 40 Watt *Tungsten* Lamp.

Here is the lamp and the carton it comes in. Accept only the genuine General Electric Tungsten Lamp. The G.E. monogram on box and lamp is its guarantee.

This lamp has a new metal filament which uses less than half the Electricity used in old style lamps of equal candle power. It burns at any angle and has an average life of one year or 800 hours' use.

Standard Sizes—Watts Used 25 40 60 100 250

(Candlepower is four-fifths total watts used.)



(Valuable Information on Electric Lighting is given in G.E. Tungsten Booklet No. 35. Write us for it.)

General Electric Company, Dept. 47 *Schenectady, N. Y.*

The Largest Electrical Manufacturer in the World

The Utility Electric Outfit

Iron, Dish and Stand packed in Leather Bag

The Aristocrat *among* Electric Irons

HERE is an electric iron that is lighter, daintier, prettier, than any other. It is so built that it has wonderful ironing capacity, and will do more work than many irons weighing twice as much.

But the Utility outfit combines **Iron, Stove, and Tong Heater.** When you unpack the nifty ooze leather bag, you find the following:

—a nickel-plated iron weighing 2½ lbs., with cooking stand.

—a nickel-plated copper cooking dish, with cover and ebonized handle.

—attachment for heating curling tongs.

—a switch plug with 8 feet of flexible cord and connecting plug.

Everything, bag included, weighs 3¼ lbs., and the package is less than 4 inches square and 6 inches high.

The Utility Iron is the newest member of the Hot Point family. We make the famous Hot Point Iron that has been sold for several years in all parts of the country. The Utility Iron is the refined expression of the experience which we have accumulated during the five years we have been manufacturing electric irons.

The Utility Iron is simple and sturdy and strong. It will iron all kinds of light work, and does such things as shirtwaists even better than a bigger, clumsier iron.

WITH electric lights in your home, you cannot afford to get along without a Hot Point Electric Iron.

For all kinds of domestic work, you should have a 6-lb. Standard Model. But even then you should have this new, light-model Utility, for your own personal use and for traveling.

Hot Point Irons attach to any light socket instantly; heat up so that you can begin ironing in a couple of minutes; cost very little to use and last for years.

Our Binding Guarantee

We guarantee every electric iron we make against mechanical and electrical defects, and troubles of any kind, not due to carelessness.

What the Utility Outfit Does

As an Iron, it does all sorts of ironing, except the heaviest household work.

As a Stove, it will boil two or three cups of water in a very few minutes, in the dish that is provided.

As a Curling Tong Heater, it will heat the tongs quickly at no expense for extra current.

How to Get a Utility Outfit

The Hot Point Iron is on sale by a great many dealers or lighting companies all over the United States. Go to your dealer or lighting company first. If they do not have it, order direct.

We are so anxious that you should examine this Utility Hot Point Iron that we will prepay the express charges ourselves from the factory to any town in the United States where it is not on sale.

Be sure to give voltage. If uncertain, call up the lighting company or look for the label on one of your lighting bulbs.

This is the Only Utility Iron

There is no other Utility iron that weighs so little and does so much work. No other iron with a dish and curling tong heater. No other iron packed in a dainty ooze-leather shopping bag.

No other iron has the Hot Point so that you can iron right up into the tucks and folds; nor cool handle so that you need never use a holder.

For these reasons, and many others, we urge you to accept no substitute. If you cannot get the Hot Point Iron (Standard or Automatic or Utility) in your town, use the below coupon.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

Main Office and Factory: Ontario, Cal. Eastern Factory: 560 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Send order to nearest point.

Central Station Managers and Dealers

This is but one of the many advertisements we are running. We want to turn orders in your town to you. Order samples subject to 30 days' approval. State number you will be able to use and we will name special quantity price. Give voltage.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

ONTARIO, CAL. CHICAGO, ILL. (Address nearest office.)

Please send me further particulars about Hot Point Electric Irons. Send me, charges prepaid, one Utility outfit. $6.00. Enclosed is check in payment of same.

Name .....

Street ..... Voltage.....

City ..... State .....

I inquired about it of.....

CHRISTMAS Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

IN SINGLE PAIR BOXES 50¢

Why not buy him a pair of Bull Dog Suspenders for Christmas in a beautiful gift box?

The city business man who receives Christmas morning a pair of hand-knitted stockings from his grandmother in the country is no worse off than thousands of other men. For while all remembrances prompted by affection are deservedly acknowledged, it's the practical, service-giving gifts which a man really appreciates.

This explains why every year, as the holiday season approaches, there is an enormous demand for **Bull Dog Suspenders** in handsome embossed single pair boxes.

A Seasonable Suggestion

Order a few boxes from your dealer today (there was not enough to go around last year) and have them ready to put on the tree. They will please father, brother, nephew or sweetheart, and their pleasure lasts because **Bull Dogs** are so durable and satisfactory.

They outwear three ordinary kinds

Christmas Bull Dogs come in many beautiful colors and designs, with leather ends to match and gold gilt metal trimmings; light or heavy weight and extra long at same price.

A Sensible, Pleasing and Inexpensive Gift for 50 cents

Refuse substitutes. Look for BULL DOG on the buckle and box—50 cents at your dealer's or by mail, postpaid if he will not supply you.

HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 896, 87 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

Largest Makers of Suspenders in the World

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The Most Practical Holiday Gift

In selecting President Suspenders you know in advance that they will please. Our beautiful holiday boxes include three exquisite designs by the celebrated artist, Leon Moran. Subjects: "Fair Rosamond," "Bachelor Girl," "Lady in Yellow."

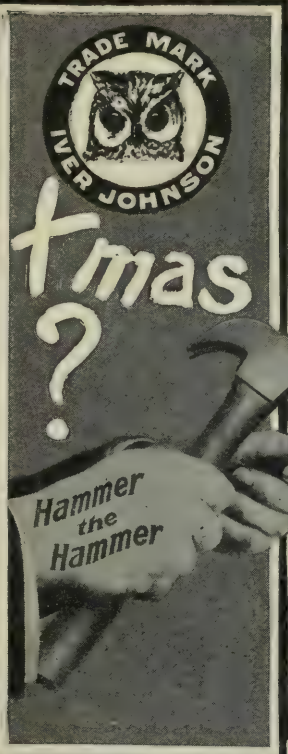
AT REGULAR PRICE **50 cents**

PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS

are popular with all men, as the most comfortable, stylish and durable suspenders made. Light weight lisle for dress and office wear. Medium weight for ordinary wear. Extra lengths for tall men, also youths' size. Makers guarantee on every pair. *Buy today at your dealers. Or write us. We mail direct to any address enclosing your presentation card if you wish.*

Send 25 cents for beautiful 1910 calendar. Has all three box designs and Poinsettia flower cover panel (size 7x15) carrying the calendar. No advertising on art panels. Beautiful to decorate den, living room or narrow places

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. COMPANY
1712 MAIN ST., SHIRLEY, MASS.



A Safe Gift to Him

There seems to be inborn in every man a love for good firearms. When the annual Christmas question, "What shall I give him?" comes around, it is always safe to decide upon the

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

It is so perfect and so safe that as many Iver Johnsons are being sold as of all other makes combined. It's the best house and office weapon, and the best for the pocket. If the hammer hits against the top of the bureau-drawer, or catches in the pocket, the revolver cannot discharge. In fact you can **"Hammer the Hammer"** without fear of accidental discharge. But pull the **trigger** and it shoots quick and true.

Our Free Booklet "Shots" Tells More in Detail just how the Iver Johnson works. Our handsome catalogue goes with it.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire; or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in.bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼. in. bbl., - - **$6.00**

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER. Richly nickeled, 32 cal. center-fire, 2-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-in. bbl., - - - - - - - - - - - - - **$7.00**

On either revolver, extra length barrel or blued finish at slightly extra cost.

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 192 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
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GENUINE JAPANESE MINK SET

$20.75

Price for separate Scarf $12.75 Price for separate Muff $10.25
Express Prepaid

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

This set is made of excellent quality Brown Japanese Mink trimmed with Wolverine Tails and natural paws, and lined with Skinner's Guaranteed Satin. This is one of our most popular models and we can make it up in Brown Sable Coney, Scarf $4.50, Muff $3.25. Brown Blended Brook Mink Scarf $8.00, Muff $4.75. Black or Brown Kamchatka Fox (American Opossum) Scarf $8.75, Muff $5.50. Natural American Mink, Scarf $38.50, Muff $37.50. All lined with Skinner's Guaranteed Satin.

Compare these prices with those of any other first-class house, and you will see why everything we sell is sent with the understanding that if unsatisfactory, for any reason whatsoever, it can be returned ***at our expense*** and money refunded immediately.

It is impossible to procure better furs than you will receive from us, and we positively guarantee every article we sell to be exactly as represented.

Our complete Fur Catalogue sent free upon request

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Reference: 1st National Bank of Cleveland

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Simply Delightful — Delightfully Simple

CAST *in the* MOULD *of* BEAUTY
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THE

COLUMBUS ELECTRIC

EARLY *won the* SEAL *of* SUPERIORITY
and in SIMPLE, FULLSOME ELEGANCE
was crowned
QUEEN *of the* ELITE

Ask a user how well this DIGNITY is upheld

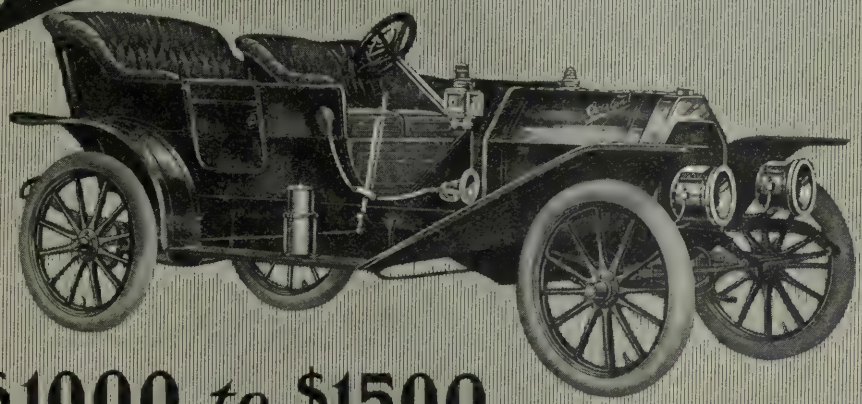
Write TODAY for CATALOGUE No. 1

The Columbus Buggy Co., 501 Dublin Avenue, Columbus, O.

Builders of the Famous Firestone Columbus

Overland

AN AMAZING CAR AT AN AMAZING PRICE



$1000 to $1500

The most serviceable, most classy car of the season, at the price you ought to pay.

What You Get:

In an Overland you get actually $3,000 worth of real car-value at one half or less than half the price.

Combines power, strength and easy riding qualities to a greater degree than are had in any other car at double the price.

4 cylinder engine on three point suspension, shaft driven, planetary transmission, double system of ignition with high tension magneto, long wheel base, long elliptic springs.

1910 Improvements:

Larger and more powerful engine, greater radiating service, larger wheels, larger tires, longer and roomier bodies, increased brake service. These insure greater power and speed with less chance for engine heating; easy riding, absolute comfort and safety while making descents.

The Overland means a car that will carry you farther on a gallon of gasoline, will give you more real service and carry a bigger load farther and faster at a smaller expense than any other car. A car that's built right and stays right. *A car whose construction insures maximum service, power and speed at minimum expense.*

See the New 1910 Models at the nearest Overland dealers. Write us for the new Catalog.

OVERLAND AUTOMOBILE CO. *Member A.L.A.M.* *Licensed under Selden Patent* **Factories, TOLEDO, O., and INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Offices, TOLEDO, OHIO**

Half a million dollars more to clinch the leadership of

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

This is the only electric manufactured entirely—motor, frame, gears, body, upholstering—by the same maker.

The importance of this fact, if you are a prospective buyer, will be instantly apparent.

Here is an electric carriage whose every moving part is in perfect operating harmony with every other: for the simple reason that each is manufactured with precise relation to every other.

It is impossible to secure perfect fit and perfect accord if motors are built here, gears there, frames elsewhere, and bodies at still another distant point.

The last step which makes this announcement possible was our purchase for half a million dollars of the Elwell Parker Electric Company, Cleveland, Ohio, where all **Detroit** motors will henceforth be produced.

This absorption gives to the makers of the **Detroit** manufacturing facilities equalled by no other maker of electrics.

In elegance, dignity and style, in luxury of appointments and upholstery—in mileage and speed and all the other attributes desired by the electric owner—the **Detroit** easily excels.

The **Detroit** was the only electric that attempted to cover the route of the Munsey tour, finishing in perfect condition.

Write for the literature descriptive of the superb 1910 models.

ANDERSON CARRIAGE COMPANY

Department P. M. **DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

OILWISE?

"3 in One" is the *only* oil for lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust. There are many oils, but "3 in One" is *first—best—only.*

"3 in One" goes right into the action part of all delicate mechanisms; spreads evenly over bearings, removes dirt and makes every action part of every sewing machine, typewriter, gun, bicycle, etc., work easily, accurately and surely.

No other oil really cleans and polishes piano cases, fine furniture, and all varnished or veneered surfaces. Also polishes nickel, prevents tarnish on brass railings, cleans and polishes bathroom and kitchen fixtures.

"3 in One" is the one oil that *positively prevents* rust on metal in all climates and weather. Try on gun barrels—inside and out—traps, skates, tools, locks, clocks, harness trimmings. Library Slip in every package.

FREE Write us at once. Give name of your dealer. Get sample bottle of "3 in One" and valuable booklet—both free.

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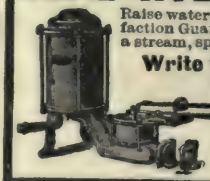
PUMPS WATER

Day and Night Automatically

Low in first cost, easy to install, no expense to operate, any capacity desired for Country Homes, Farms, Dairies, Gardens, Irrigation, Town Plants, Railroad Tanks, etc.

RIFE HYDRAULIC RAMS



Raise water 30 feet for every foot of fall. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Over 7,000 in use. If there is a stream, spring or pond within a mile—

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NEW YORK

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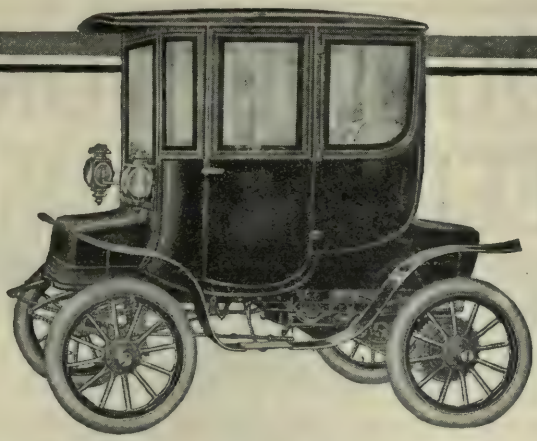
"BUILT FOR BUSINESS"

You can make from $100 to $500 a week with one of these cars. Facts and figures mailed free.

Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.

10 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.



Royalty Could Desire No Finer Gift

This is truly the car for Christmas—the gift beyond compare.

All the appointments are in such exquisite taste, the lines so graceful, the upholstering and finish so luxurious and the power control so perfect that this car captivates every woman at sight.

The seats are wide, soft and deep—you fairly revel in their comfort and roominess.

The upholstering of rich, imported broadcloth or leather, matches the body in any desired color. Every body requires ninety days in the making. We put into its building the experience gained in 57 years of high-class carriage making for particular people.

Only one thousand Rauch & Lang Electrics can be built in a year. But each one is a masterpiece, superb in style, finish, power and charm.

The Car a Woman Can Drive With Safety

All the power is controlled by one single lever. A Rauch & Lang Car cannot be started accidentally—the controlling lever must first be in a neutral position.

Yet all the power can be shut off instantly in any position.

The small, flat key which locks the power connection can be slipped in the pocket-book when leaving the car.

The highest type of Exide batteries are used. giving power to run a Rauch & Lang car as far as you'll want to go in a day.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

Get It For Christmas

Our dealers in most of the principal cities will be glad to demonstrate this exclusive car. Delivery will be made to suit your convenience, on Christmas day if desired.

Cut out the memo below and mail it to us today for the catalog with prices.

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
2210 West 25th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send your catalog and name of your local agent.

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Address _____

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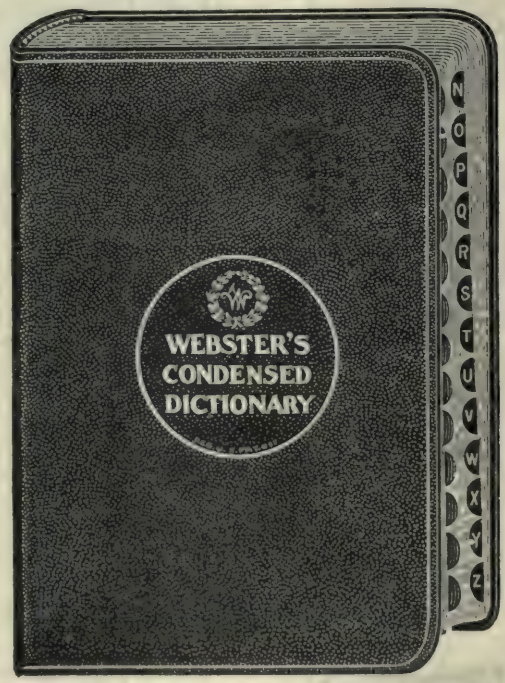

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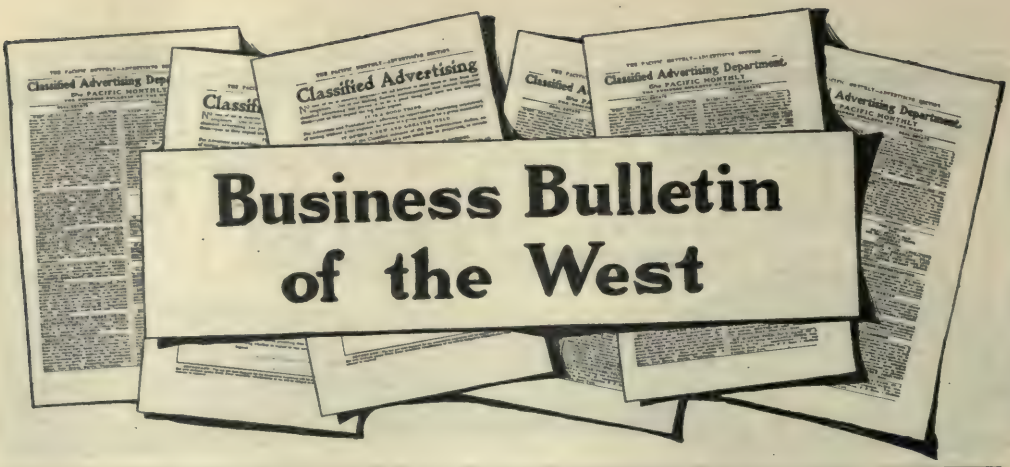

Business Bulletin of the West

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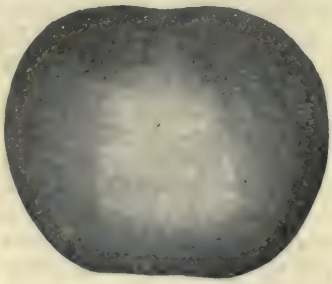

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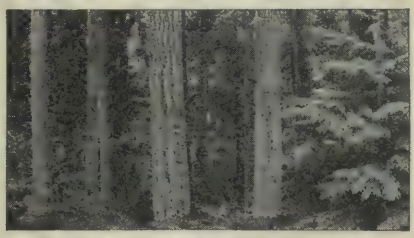

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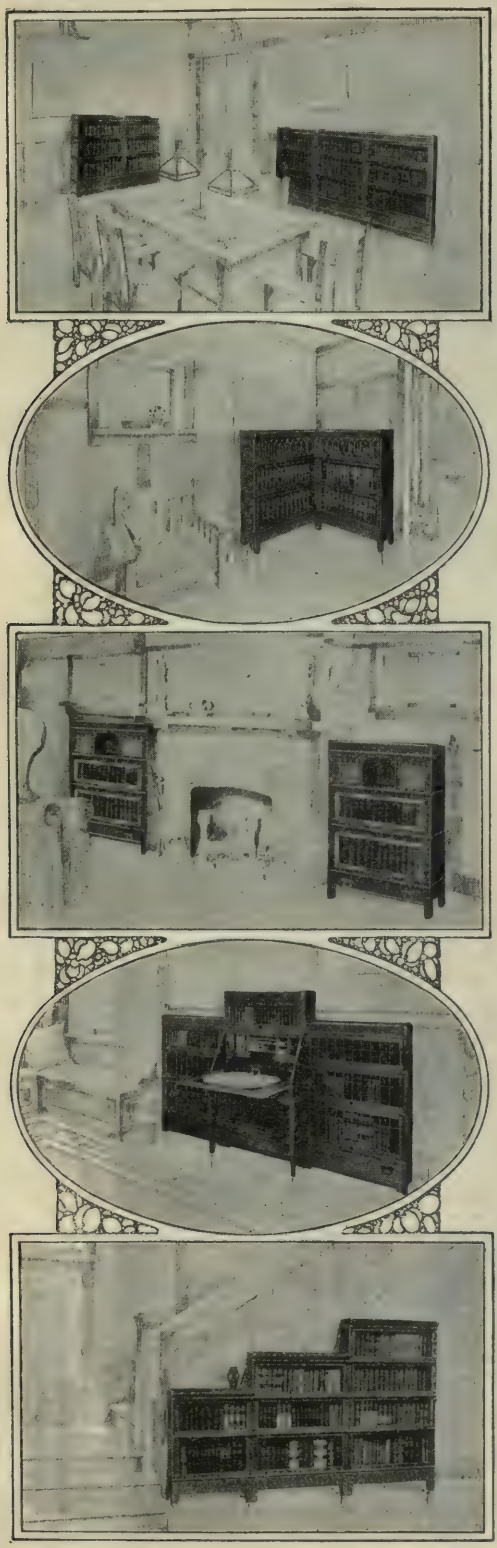

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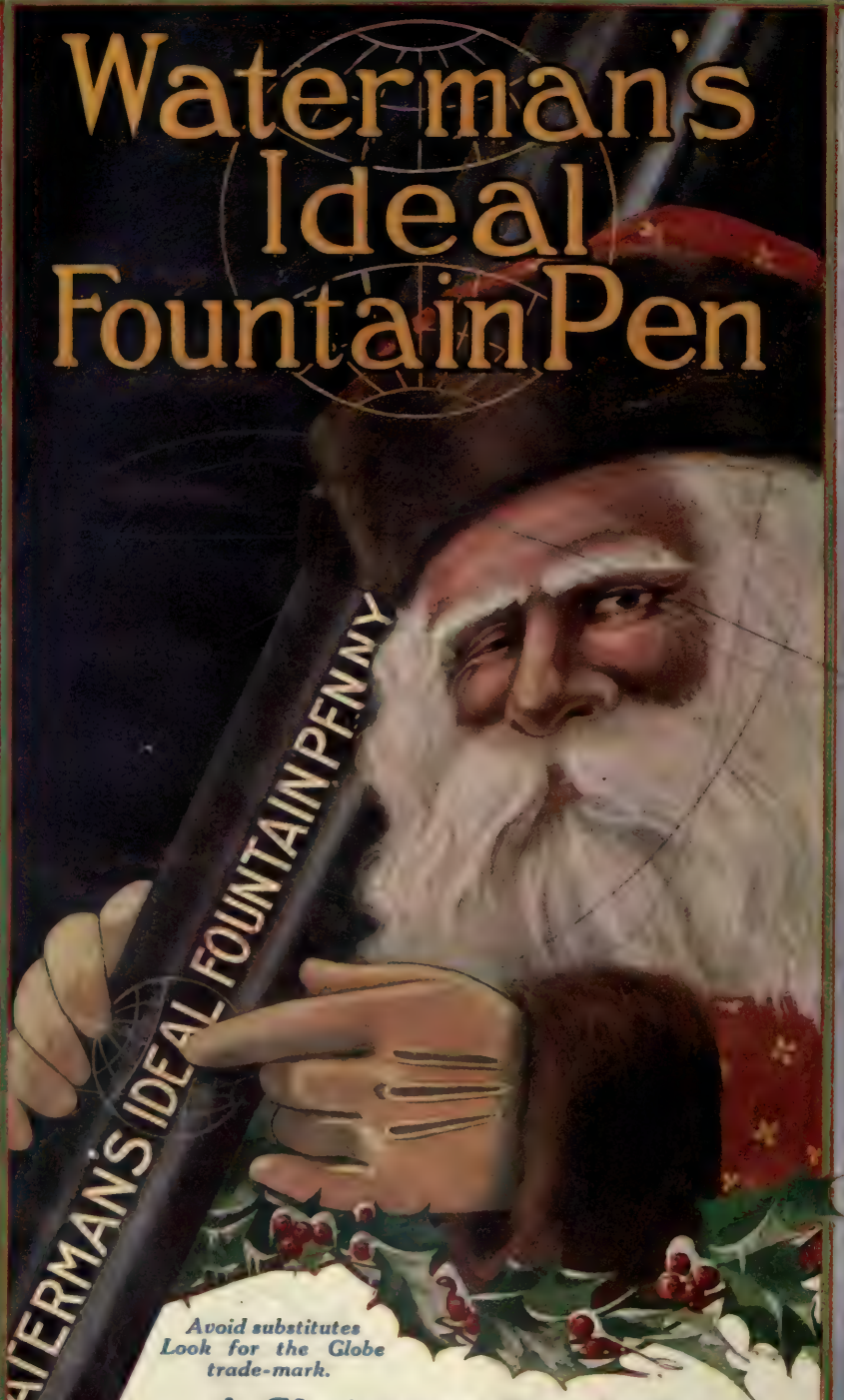

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